The true story of the illegal practices of the United States Dept. of Agriculture . . . of the arrogance and lies of numerous Government Officials . . . and how one woman dared to challenge and expose them.

"Sue the Bastards!"

by

Billee Shoecraft

Introduction by
Frank E. Egler
“SUE THE BASTARDS!”
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Dedicated to:
SMOKEY THE BEAR
(whom I love very much)
but dedicated mostly to YOU

Regarding the characters (and I do consider some of them “characters”!) in this book: Any similarity to persons now living (or dead) is purely intentional, and I stand ready and willing to prove any statement made by me herein. Their true names have been used . . . to protect the innocent, and condemn the guilty.

Billee Shoecraft
This be my prayer, I ask tonight, Oh God!
Bring back the flowers . . . and start my world anew . . .
Help move the rocks! I'll use what strength I have . . .
Don't let me fail in what I have to do!
Touch my heart with faith again I pray . . .
And let there be new vision for my eyes . . .
Oh! Let the rivers find the ocean wide!
And put a rainbow in my tear-swep skies!
The little blue-bird missed my house this Spring . . .
So cold the leaves, so still the flowers now dying . . .
The song my heart sang was so very loud
That I forgot that eyes are made for crying . . .
The song the pine sings is a loud lament . . .
The naked earth will reach her arms in vain . . .
I will avenge each needless useless death . . .
And share within my heart their silent pain.
Preface

"I welcome those present for the first of these two days of hearings we are holding to examine the effect of the herbicide known as 2,4,5-T on man and the environment. I suggest that what is at stake at these hearings is virtually impossible to evaluate at this moment in light of the uncertainty about this frequently used pesticide.

"The questions which have been raised recently concerning the hazards of 2,4,5-T and related chemicals may in the end appear to be much ado about very little indeed.

"ON THE OTHER HAND, THEY MAY ULTIMATELY BE REGARDED AS PORTENDING THE MOST HORRIBLE TRAGEDY EVER KNOWN TO MANKIND. IN VIEW OF THE POTENTIAL DISASTER THAT COULD BEFALL US, OR CONCEIVABLY HAS INSIDIOUSLY ALREADY BEFALLEN US, ABSOLUTELY NO DELAY IS TOLERABLE IN THE SEARCH FOR ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS POSED."

These are part of the opening remarks of the Honorable Senator Phillip A. Hart, (D-Mich.) at the hearings held in Washington, D.C., April 7, 1970, on "The effects of 2,4,5-T on Man and the Environment".

Except for a little mountain town named Globe, Arizona, these hearings might never have been held, and the use of these defoliants might not have been stopped in Vietnam and other areas around the world. As a result of those hearings, the world of deformities in plants, animals and humans may have a few less members, and the disease known as cancer may claim a few less victims. Possibly some of the findings disclosed may force us to realize that man as he now exists is on the verge of extinction.

During the Senate hearings, it was disclosed that the chemical defoliants 2-4D and 2,4,5-T caused deformities in at least five animal species. A government study known as the "Bionetics Report", which cost three and one half million dollars, was begun in 1963 and completed in 1968. This report had also shown that these chemicals produced deformities, but the information it contained was kept secret.

These chemicals were developed at Ft. Detrick, Md., during World War II to be used as biological war weapons.

These are the chemicals that have been used in Vietnam against the enemy.

These are the chemicals that were used by the government in Globe, Arizona.

(Author's Note: Since my typewriter has an aversion to typing anything except poetry, it reacted to this entire book by misspelling some words (particularly 2,4-D and chaparral) dropping capitals, and forgetting commas. Since time was of the essence, I ignored its misbehavior. I trust that you will do the same.)
Reports from Vietnam and Globe indicate they have caused birth deformities, miscarriages, and severe illnesses in the human and animal population, in addition to the loss of livestock and crops.

The U.S. government has paid several million dollars to the Vietnamese and Cambodian people as damages caused by these chemicals.

Altho the government agencies involved deny the same chemicals caused the damage which occurred in Globe, several of the area residents are suing the U.S.D.A., four chemical companies, a helicopter company, and a private water users association for damages.

Why has the government recognized that these chemicals caused great damage in an enemy country, but refuse to admit that they have caused damages in the United States of America?

Is it less of a crime to use biological war weapons in America than it is in Vietnam?

The deformities reported in Globe are identical to those produced by these same chemicals in the government studies. These deformities were reported by the people of Globe BEFORE the findings of the Bionetic report were disclosed, and before the disasters caused by them in Vietnam came to light.

Research shows that as early as 1948, 2,4-D was known to produce liver and kidney damage, heart attacks, severe destruction of the central nervous system, genetic changes, reduction in potency, hemorrhages, paralysis, personality changes and extreme mental disturbances. Yet none of these facts have been made known to those using these chemicals by the companies who manufacture them or the U.S.D.A. who approves them for use not only on forest and range land, but also on millions of acres of food crops in America.

Altho a few meaningless restrictions, such as relabeling, have been imposed on 2,4,5-T, because it was shown to cause deformities, NO RESTRICTIONS HAVE BEEN PLACED ON 2,4-D, altho it was shown that in addition to producing deformities, it also CAUSED TUMORS IN THE CANCER STUDIES, while the 2,4,5-T did not.

2,4,5-T was never registered for extensive use on food crops, but 2,4-D is still registered for use on:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>apples</th>
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<td>blueberries</td>
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<td>oats</td>
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At least 20 to 50 times more 2,4-D than 2,4,5-T have and are being used, altho the 2,4-D appears to be the deadlier of the two. No tolerance levels relative to human testing have been established for these chemicals in food or drinking water. Therefore the U.S.D.A. is violating the 1954 Pesticides Chemical Act which prohibits the registration for use on food crops of any chemical which is residual until safe human tolerance levels have been established.

It is impossible to establish "safe tolerance levels," as there are none for these particular chemicals. Their use anywhere in America is a violation of our rights.

Banning the use of 2,4,5-T "on food crops" on which it was not registered in the first place, while allowing the increased use of 2,4-D, is an insult to at least those members of the human race capable of reading as high as the sixth grade level.

Altho each state has some form of "pesticide controls," there is no law requiring the government to respect these controls. Nor is it necessary for them to file the information required of private applicators in their use of these chemicals.

It has been disclosed that a contaminant present in their manufacture and identified as the "most toxic chlorine-containing compound known," is 100,000 to 1,000,000 times more potent in its ability to produce deformities than was thalidomide in the animals tested.

There is no known antidote.

Altho the government has attempted to "white-wash" the incident of the spraying of Globe, Ariz., the county in which Globe is located is leading state in liver damage, homicides, and deaths of early infancy. The State Health Director also issued a statement that the number of fetal malformations in the county is "cause for alarm." Yet the local members of the A.M.A. are reluctant or ignorant of the facts in showing any concern. They were not aware that these are referred to as "female hormone chemicals" of the chlorinated hydrocarbon family.

The water from the Globe area drains into reservoirs to be used as irrigation for the crops and citrus, which is shipped to other areas of the United States. The cattle feeding on the vegetation shown to contain these chemicals are also shipped to various markets throughout the country.

Some of the "government investigators" sent to Globe to investigate a government blunder are the same men sent to Vietnam and Cambodia, one of whom saw "no lasting damage" there, either. I accuse them of deliberately misrepresenting the facts, of suppres-
sing the truth, and of lying in their attempts to disqualify our claims of
damages filed against them.

A recent news release states that these chemicals used as de-
ofoliants in Vietnam "have caused millions of people to suffer the
same fate as victims of the Hiroshima and the Nagasaki atomic
blasts in World War Two".

It continues by saying that medical studies revealed the chemicals
provide important "chromosome alterations in the local population"
and that "the victims . . . are condemned to the same fate as the sur-
vivors of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki atomic tragedy".

These chemicals are now banned in Vietnam. They are banned by
the Department of the Interior. They are banned by the Forestry of
England. Fifty eight countries of the United Nations declared them to
be weapons of biological warfare and their use against even an
enemy country as illegal.

BUT THE U.S.D.A. CONTINUES TO ALLOW THEIR USE IN
AMERICA . . . NOT ON FOOD CROPS THAT ARE TO BE DESTROYED,
BUT ON THOSE WHICH WE MUST EAT.

This book is written to expose the lies, misrepresentations, and
half-truths told by men who appear to be far less concerned over the
tragedies happening in the United States of America due to the use
of these chemicals than over their use against an enemy in a foreign
land. Without Truth, man is nothing . . . for this is the only thing which
is eternal. That is why the true facts of "The Spraying of Globe,
Ariz." must be told. Truth often remains a prisoner, locked behind the
walls of "inspired ignorance" and false beliefs. When these are
challenged and set aside, Truth becomes visible once more, standing
unafraid and unadorned, with no props to support her claims, for
Truth never needs any.

There is a quiet place within . . .
   Far from the sound and Fury . . .
   A quiet place where you may go
   And hear . . . and see . . . and know . . .

Foreword

Man has upset the "thought processes" of Nature . . . her way of
life, evolved through centuries of learning to survive, and making use
of all the knowledge she has gained, has been carelessly discarded . . .
she knows instinctively that everything which exists is part of life,
even the process known by us as "dying" . . . and that all things,
whether visible or invisible, are a result of an idea, a thought
even the rain that falls, or a bridge to span the ocean, or wars that
have no beginning and no end . . . or a desecrated, ravaged, dying
earth, populated with its masses of desecrated, ravaged, dying
people . . .

Man's decisions most of the time are based on what he considers
an immediate need . . . and he does not draw on the experience he
should have learned from the past, nor study the long-range effect
on the future. Nature does both, and yet Man is said to have a
"mind" while Nature does not. Thru his brilliance, he has seemingly
attempted to destroy her, forcing her to produce far more for him
than her "thought processes" had designed. He gave her no
warning, no sound of alarm, no time to prepare herself for the assult
. . . he has assumed that he could take from her all that he desired,
and then discard it as he wished . . . and give her nothing in return.
He has altered her soil, her air, her water, and her seeds. BUT NOT
HER MIND! For she is a jealous mistress, and when the temporary
confusion which has momentarily overtaken her subsides, she will
quietly rise up and view her enemy . . . and destroy him . . . for Man
is expendable, and she is not.

Everyone it seems, is writing a book about ecology, ecosystems,
phytoplankton, or photosynthesis . . .

I would prefer to be writing a book of poetry, which is what life
should be as it was originally planned . . .

One of Webster's definitions for poetry is "the expression in ap-
propriate language of beautiful thoughts" . . . and this is what Nature
was originally. But man has chosen to change the poetic reality
of life as it was intended to be . . . and continues to delude himself that
he is doing it "for his own and other's good". Why? I have revised
and rewritten my answer to this question many times . . . and I am
still searching for the answer.

Ignorance is one thing . . . stupidity is another. A man cannot be
blamed for ignorance if the opportunity is never available to him to
dispell his lack of knowledge; but stupidity exists when he refuses to
learn . . . or even to see . . . or admit he can see . . . when learning
This brings us to: what is "the Government"? That happens to be you; it happens to be me — for this is America. And "the people" are the government. "Of the people, for the people, by the people" should not be just a parrot phrase. Whatever it was that caused this sleeping sickness to slowly engulf many of those in our country and numb them into silent acceptance does not need to be perpetuated forever.

What happened in Globe, Arizona, is part of what has happened to you. You cannot shut yourself away and say "It does not involve me"; for you are involved. I am bored with the expression so many of the "environmentologists" are using, which is "Get Involved!". It is not a matter of choosing to be, it is a matter of being, for you became involved when through choice or design, you were born on this earth. Those who seek to delude themselves, even in government offices, that the incidents which happened here in no way affect them, are only lying to themselves. The lies which they told about a mountain town in Arizona will ultimately cause their own destruction. And in their attempts to suppress the truth about what these and other chemicals are doing to an expectant mother in Vietnam, a worker in a Factory in Germany, a reindeer in the forests of Sweden, or a Mexican American in Globe, Arizona — they injure not only themselves, but you also.

I believe one of my greatest disappointments has been with those who now emerge as a new "Environmental Establishment" — whose titles and surface endeavors appear to be a great concern for this earth of yours and mine. They hide themselves behind the name of an organization yet many of their ranks are filled with names of those destroying them. They use the very organizations themselves as merely a vehicle for personal gain.

Within every man is at least a spark of desire for the truth, for this is inherent in all men. But if it lies there, unused, or worse yet, banked and smothered with the ashes of false beliefs and self-delusions, even that spark can finally be extinguished. This has been my deepest desire in writing this book: that I might give courage to those who sometimes feel they are carrying a very dimly lit torch, alone in their efforts to change those things which they believe to be wrong. It is also for those who have become so disillusioned in their efforts that they have retreated into a "never never land" of believing any attempts to rise in protest against a power structure of any kind, even when facts show that power structure to be wrong, are futile. This is not true. The greatest victory achieved by those of us in Globe, Arizona, was the refusal to say, when these tragedies befell us, "It's no use trying to fight them — they're too big to tackle!"
It has meant fighting a powerful, private industry called “Salt River Project” and the strongest branch of the government, the United States Department of Agriculture.

Why did we choose this rocky, lonely, painful path of protest? Our reasons were honorable, and as old as truth. I do not know each personal reason of the others who rose up to defend the violations of their rights, anymore than I know all of the reasons of those who did not.

But these reasons were mine:
At the top of the list is this sentence:
“...and all the people, hard-pressed and hungry, learned to trust me, as well as my integrity still intact. I say them with a feeling of anger mixed with pity for those who cared so little, when we cared so much. I say them with deep pain and a sense of great loss, knowing those things which are gone, are gone forever; but worst of all, knowing that so many will not miss them, for they didn’t know they were there. I say them because I am not a martyr, and refuse to become one. But most of all, I say them with love. This, then, is the answer. Not just for me, but for you. And this is also why it is so hard to accept — because it is too simple, and too easy a solution. The complex methods of learning and doing are the ones which are sought. It is as though the human mind had now been geared to reject anything but the most difficult approaches to any problem, using calculus methods for kindergarten arithmetic, grasping ultimately the shadow, and not the substance. All of us have become accustomed to the maze, the intricate labyrinth route in arriving at the answer, the confusion confounded on confusion and the wheels within wheels, until it is a rare incidence to even pause and question “why?” We seek the difficult answer rather than the easy one. So my reply was often a shock to those who in an attempt to tranquilize their own sense of guilt for standing by and doing nothing, especially when it became evident we had no intention of losing, would mouth the conciliatory words, “how very splendid of you to dedicate yourself so unselfishly to humanity!” For my reply was always the same, even in Mr. Hardin’s office, Secretary of the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C., and the words were loud, plain and clear:
“What I am doing, what I have done, or what I will do, is not for humanity. It is for me — for myself — for this person I refer to when I say ‘I’, not for you, not for the man across the street, not for a peasant in Vietnam, not even for the unborn generations, but for me.

For only when I care enough about what happens to ME, so much so that I refuse to have my rights violated, my laws broken, my mountains destroyed, whether they are the Finals in Arizona, or the Smokies in Tennessee — only then, will I care about what happens to you, and the rest of humanity.”

Rather than this being a selfish idea, this is where unselfishness must begin. When I no longer look at a situation and say “That’s your problem”, but see it instead, as my own, then I can change it, and help get it solve. When I no longer view these men in Washington as some formidable army of intellectual wizards, and learn not to be overwhelmed by their prefacing each edict with the implied attitude: “This is God speaking” — but see them instead as employees hired to do a job in which the rules of conduct were established long ago, and included “with honor, with truth, with integrity” among them, only then am I able to challenge them to do their job, be fired by me, or quit!

Many of these men have deluded even themselves into the idea that they are “the government” and therefore immune to error, immune to having to account for their failures. This is untrue. But before this concept of “employer and employee” can be put into actual practice, our own image of each of us to ourselves must be pulled up from the level where we have permitted it to sink. I am tired of many things, but most of all, with the idea that I must spend so much of my time separating what is truly representative of my country, and what is not. I am sick of those who have used their positions, in elected and appointed offices, allowing their own ignorance or personal desires to cripple and wound this nation called America. I am sick of the false image they have allowed to be presented to the rest of the world. If a man owned a business, and those who were responsible for operating it for him constantly ran it at a loss and when confronted with the facts, arrogantly told him the business was theirs, not his, and then spread lies about his character, he would fire them — all of them, if necessary, clear down to the mop-woman.

When I am asked, “What are you?” I reply, “many things: A poet, designer, architect, writer, mother and friend”. But most of all, I am an American, and a citizen of the world. And as such, I am free to say that no one, not even those who call themselves “Government Agencies” have a right to destroy what is mine.

As an American, I am free to fight for what I believe.
As an American, I am free to win.
As an American, one individual with a claim and a birthright in this land I call mine, I can change injustices done to me, and to anyone else.
As an American, I do not have to accept lies, even if told by Government Agencies, unless I want to.

Government is "big business" but it is MY business, and some of those operating it for me, because I hired them, are doing a real sloppy job. So, I intend to help fire them with a weapon called "Freedom to Vote".

What good are new laws if we are so lax we do not enforce the old ones? There have been and are, more than enough laws to have prevented a catastrophe in Globe, Arizona, the rape of Black Mesa, and the extinction of the bald eagle. The necessity is not for more laws, but for men with "heart interest" instead of "money interest" to enforce these laws which are in existence.

The ruling which was agreed to by the United States, October 18, 1907, is still in effect today. This ruling clearly prohibits the use of the chemicals being used in Vietnam, or in America.

I believe that only in America could a handful of people have voiced so loud a protest when their rights were violated, that we've been heard.

I do not use the word "perhaps" to preface the statement that because of us, changes have been and will be made in many United States Government policies and departments. I state that because of us, many dramatic changes have been made around the world, because of us, many trees and flowers will see another spring, many birds and butterflies will know the warmth of another summer, and there'll be a child somewhere who will never know the pain of being "different" because of a deformity to his face, or eyes, or legs.

All around us is the chant "Save the Environment!" and what does it actually mean? The environment as it now exists is very sick indeed - but the sickness is us. We let it happen. Whether it is a cloud of smoke emanating from a chimney through which we cannot see the sunset, clouds of chemical emanating from a plane and falling on us, our crops, and Viet Nam, or smoke made of the lies told by those in Government offices in their effort to hide the truth from you and me — and all the other individuals who are part of this world.

Stop saying "The Government" has just committed another error — and say "I committed the error, because he works for me." In ownership of a Radio Station, the licensee is the one held responsible for any mistakes made; he is the one who gets the citation, not the disc jockey who made the mistake — and that license is a very precious right. If it is abused, the owner can lose it, and find himself sitting with just a lot of old used equipment that is worthless to him, without the right to use it. And the license of being the Government is ours, yours and mine, and through the mishandling by those we hire, and our own unconcern, we can lose our precious rights. It seems strange, but I found these government offices and agencies which I dared to assault were fully prepared for the attacks of some of them have been under by the masses, but totally unprepared for the determined and armed with truth individual. I learned the facts, and the answers to the questions, before I ever asked them. I surprised many of the scientists by saying "we do not need the research - it's already been done. Here are the answers, and they were all worked out a long time ago!". Many of these men had just assumed no research had been done.

I found this to be the quickest alibi for their ignorance that there were no answers available to my questions, because they were just learning how damaging these chemicals could be. Then I knew I was speaking to a man ignorant of his subject — or a liar.

The dates on the research data are old, but the dates on some of our sick philosophies are older. What good is the research if we do not apply it, or understand it, or even know it exists.

If the ancient philosophies are not working because they are basically unsound, then we should stop the rationalization that "things in time will get better," "while we sit back and 'study'" the problems. This does not solve them. But no solution is possible unless a man first recognizes that there is a problem. How could anyone solve the problems in Globe, Arizona, when the government investigators lied, and said there was no problem? How can national problems be solved if those in power to solve them insist everything is fine — or go to the other extreme, and beat the drums of fear so loudly in order to stay in control that no one can hear the voice of reason or truth about the racket?

Obedience, through respect and trust, is a beautiful thing to see; but obedience that stems from fear of the consequences eats into a man’s soul and destroys him, and the one who inflicts it on him. Men who use their power as a weapon are cowards, using it only on those whom they believe to be weaker than themselves. It is first necessary to dispel the illusion in one’s own mind that they represent strength for they do not. And then face them with honesty, knowledge, and truth and their bravado leaves them. Since this was their only cover, they become quite vulnerable in their own ignorant nakedness.

My prayer would be to restore the dignity of my country and of man; for without dignity, they both become creatures of pity.

I would hold your hand through these pages and say to you: "Be aware of yourself, of the dignity and worth of you. Know your true value, that you are a very rare and precious thing on this earth which is still good". When you realize your own true values as a human being and how vital and important you are, then you will cease to say
"I can't do anything; I'm only one person". You will remember that changes for good or for evil have always been made by the individual — not by the masses. And the only person who can limit your ability to change your life is you. Whether it is to clean up a wrong image of America, or to get rid of those in offices guilty of not doing their jobs, or of changing the world.

I wrote a longer version of this particular poem, by the same title, for the Indians of Alcatraz, because I admired their courage. This is a revised version for the "White Eyes". I share with the Indian his deep love for this land that was his birthright. I will not sit idly by and see it destroyed by anyone — not even those professing to be "my government".

This land is Mine...
As long as the rivers shall run
On their way to the sea
And the sun shall shine...
This land is mine... and always shall be!
And so, if I care about this land that is mine,
I'll care about you... for it's your land, too...
And if I did not,
I would sit in the crowd
And be silent and still... saying
"Go help if you will... But not me..."

I would die for this good earth I love
This land that I trust
Not because I'm a martyr
But because I am not... and I must
Thus I refuse
To accept less than Truth,
Whatever the cost...

For this land is mine...
And always will be... as long as the sun shall shine
And the rivers shall run
On their way to the sea...
AND NO ONE BUT I
Can lose it for me!

A Boy and a B.B. Gun

No one has ever been able to assess the importance of the apparently insignificant occurrences in life. With this in mind, I recount the incident of a small boy and his B-B Gun... and how they brought together several individuals, and altered their lives, tho not their destinies.

About twenty-five years ago, two war-weary disabled veterans managed to coax their equally weary and ancient Packard over the mountains and into the town of Globe, Arizona, where it collapsed. They were on their way back to the South, which had been the home of one of them before the war. It was going to be a "Lost Rites" and embalming job on the auto, or a matter of establishing residency for an indeterminate stay. Since parts to repair this Smithsonian Institute Museum escapee would require weeks to obtain, they chose the latter.

Both of them had been commissioned officers. Both had been injured in "Line of Duty". One was the holder of the Silver Star... and wounds which would never heal. The other had served as "captain" in the Army Nurse Corps. Their honeymoon had been a train ride from one hospital to another.

Because Globe was still Western enough to be friendly, they spent those weeks while waiting for auto parts to be sent, or carved out by hand, learning about the rugged old town and the people in it. And they liked what they saw. So they stayed. One day the female half of this team was discussing the events of a nite-before party on the telephone with one of her new-found friends. Suddenly her husband appeared in the doorway roaring that their entire conversation was being broadcast to the world on the "Catholic Hour" Program! His anger then carried him out the door in the direction of the local radio station, muttering "Invasion of privacy" and a few unprintables, as he went. His eyes are covered with dark glasses because the lens are gone, his lungs are covered with scars and schrapnel, but he's still a fighting Irishman when he's mad. He limped into the radio station, and supporting himself on a cane to stand erect, he faced the manager... and one of the most disarming men in the world who did not rise as he reached out his hand, his smile and his friendship... for he had no legs on which to stand. The man with the cane was my brother-in-law... the man with no legs was Willard Shoecraft. Thus began a long friendship and an explanation: A little boy with a B-B gun had fired at a bird sitting on the telephone wire, and missed, but he had managed to fuse the telephone line into the network line carrying the "Catholic Hour". It was
because of this friendship that I ultimately met this charming individual on a visit to Globe from the East and became his wife... Had it not been for a boy and his B-B gun, I might not have been standing outside the door of a home on the edge of the Tonto National Forest in June 1969—and the story of herbicides and history might have been different.

What goes through the mind of a seven year old boy when he finally awakens after being in an operating room... and sees only a big flat dip in the sheet where his legs used to be? I don't know. Severe burns almost cost Willard Shoecraft his life, so the amputation of his legs was a compromise with death. If he missed them severely, he never let it show. It is hard for anyone who knows him to remember that they are gone. Because he never realized that persons without legs do not attempt certain tasks, he got them done. Alone and as individuals, we have accomplished many things. Together, we have often accomplished the impossible. His ability is without measure. My anger against circumstances that would prevent the knowledge or expression of the full value and worth of any person has sometimes spilled over. My reaction to these circumstances has often stemmed from my inability to convince others that legs, or arms or eyes are not important, so long as the soul is intact.

If my physical road has been harder, due to these circumstances, it is of my own choosing. This man showed great courage in accepting the responsibilities and challenges of a competitive world. I could list his accomplishments, but that will be in another book someday. His place in radio history is second to none. The awards he has received are many... but they aren't hanging on his wall. That wasn't his purpose in acquiring them. I just pulled one from a desk in the barn. It reads "Gallantry Award"... "For valiant spirit and determination exhibited in building a normal and successful life". I still remember his kidding remark as this award was presented to him, saying our life together was ANYTHING but normal! The date on this plaque is October, 1966. This was the year our area was sprayed twice. This was the year he bought his tractor and helped build the bridge. He hauled shingles, and hauled siding and rock for the floors and the walls of his home. His tractor was the legs he never had and the good earth was his birthright. He talked of the garden he would have, and the orchard with peach trees, and plums and apples, and of roses that would grow by the wall.

The seed was placed in the ground. The holes were dug and the trees planted deep. They were watered from the stream, and cared for, and loved. But the seeds wouldn't grow. And the trees wouldn't bloom. And the roses withered and died by the wall.

It was after this that it became increasingly difficult for him to wear his artificial limbs—until he finally could not wear them at all.

These things are told not to alibi the use of the pronoun "I" in the following chapters, but to explain it.

Many are the crimes of conscience these arrogant men and chemicals committed against us. The losses we have suffered are greater than we can measure. But one crime which I place high on my list, is this: They made this man so very conscious of a loss suffered a long time ago... because neither of us had any choice except for me to accomplish some of these tasks alone. It is with deep affection and great love that I say to my husband, Willard Shoecraft: "If I could have traded places with you in an operating room when you were seven, I would have done so; and if you could have traded places with me standing outside my door on a Sunday morning in June, 1969, or facing a charging bull drunk on these chemicals, or interviewing and unmasking these various government officials, I know you would have done so, too, and that your deepest pain has been because you couldn't".

A TITLE IS BORN

One of the first letters we received from various individuals around the world concerning over the spraying of our area by the USFS was from Dr. Frank Egler. His advice was sought by Rachel Carson, and his name appears often in Frank Graham's book, "Since Silent Spring", published in 1970. This letter was dated July 23, 1969, and one of the sentences reads: "As for the damage to private property from spraying on the Tonto, my sentiments are "give 'em hell!"... and in the words of Yannaconee, "Sue the Bastards!".

As early as 1966, I had cautioned the Forest Service that if the use of these chemicals on the forest adjacent to my land ever harmed any of the trees, I would sue them for damages. They assured me they were harmless to everything "except manzanita", or "chapparel", which they despise. But they lied.

After the last tragic spraying in June, 1969, it was quite apparent that it was these chemicals which killed many of the trees, flowers and animals. It made no difference whether they were on the forest land or on mine. When I informed one of the forest personnel that I was going to sue them for what they had done to my land... and he... he replied "you can't sue the government". My answer was: "Stick around, and watch me!" That was sometime in June, 1969.
By the time Christmas arrived, my emotions ... and my health ...

had suffered a great deal. So had the other members of my family ... 

and many other area residents. It would have been much easier to 

have given up. But anger is sometimes a great ally ... even when it 

involves pain.

On Christmas morning, I opened the gift from one of my sons. 

Out tumbled a little grey porcelain figure, with a law book tucked 

under his arm. Across the pedestal on which he stood appeared the 

words: “Sue the Bastards!”

It was apparent after the passing of seven months and a constant 

exposure to the methods employed to cover up the damage caused 

by these chemicals, that the only language the persons who had 

committed these offenses against us could comprehend would have 

to be expressed in monetary terms ... not in terms of sick or dead 

trees, sick or dead animals ... or even sick or dead people.

On the walls of my mind are hanging many branding irons ... 

some well-worn and shiny, others only slightly used. But it will be up 

to each man who was part of this incident to choose his own partic-

tular brand. The choice is not mine to make ... it is his.

Rachel Carson will be remembered for her many contributions to 

the world of science and literature, but most of all for her master-

piece “Silent Spring”. As a scientist, she tore away the mythical 

beliefs surrounding the unexposed world of pesticides. The sale of 

this book has been phenomenal around the world. But it failed to halt 

the alarming increase in the use and sale of pesticides. According to 

information contained in "The Report of the Secretary’s Commission 

on Pesticides and Their Relationship to Environmental Health", at 

the time of Rachel Carson's death in 1964, the “total dollar value of 

all pesticides produced in this country was $440 million dollars. This 

has increased to $12 billion in 1969" (or an increase of 30 times). 

The increase in herbicides has been the most spectacular as “herbi-

ocide sales HAVE RISEN 271% SINCE 1963, which represents more 

than double the rate of increase for all pesticides.” End of quote ...

and end of the world.

The U.S. produces 75% of all pesticides manufactured in the 

entire world. In 1967, we exported about $200 million of agricultural 

chemicals.

Very few persons are aware that 2-4D was released on the com-

mercial market almost simultaneously with DDT. Thus this phenoxy 

herbicide also began its destructive work in the early 1940’s. Alarms 

were sounded for DDT, but this far more subtle and insidious killer 

has walked and drifted unquestioned around the world.

Many of those who should have heeded the warnings sounded by 

Miss Carson turned away. Their reasons for doing so are many ... 

but they are only fragile alibis. It was her belief that the presentation 
of factual evidence exposing the hazards involved in the mis-use of 

pesticides would cause a re-evaluation of this many headed monster. 

But those who should have cared and who could have brought about 
a sane approach to these problems chose to shut their eyes, ears and 

hearts to the pleas of reason. This unforgettable woman considered 

her life expendable, and she gave it, not to “make a 

better world”, but to help save the one we have while there is a little 
time left. The sword she used was her knowledge of science and her 

ability to translate that science into words. Since the various govern-

ment agencies and others responsible for the welfare of us and our 
nation would not heed her genteel and scientific approach, the only 

alternative is to pick up her sword where it fell when she died ... 

and learn a new battle-cry: “Sue the Bastards!”.

And so it was that the title of a book was born. Its birth-pains 

were long and painful. The labor room was a rough mountain side ...

and the sounds of a dying earth its only anaesthetic.
Introduction

by

FRANK E. EGLER

I would wish that before anyone reads this book, he might first have a slender volume by Billee Shoecraft called *Moondust and Other Poems* (Philadelphia: Dorrance, 1960). Here is a poetess not only competent in the techniques of her craft, but one with a sensitivity to the beauties of nature that rivals William Wordsworth himself. And as I read her poems of friendship and love, I was constantly reminded of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. No man could be more favored by a woman than he who is at the receiving end of such thoughts as these lyrics express.

Billee Shoecraft and her husband moved to the Pinal Mountains at Globe, Arizona in 1965. Subsequently and unbeknownst to them, the U. S. Forest Service was aerially spraying adjacent land with phenoxy herbicides in a Global (truly global) equivalent of the ill-famed now-phased-out Operation Hades, in Vietnam, for military excuses of "de- foliation". But the U.S. Forest Service finally made one mistake: They sprayed Billee Shoecraft herself, as she stood before her home in a pink chiffon nightgown.

The result was astounding. One hundred pounds of love and adoration for her family, her pets, her garden, her home, her mountains — finding all this jeopardized — was metamorphosed into such an energized force that I even believe an irate mother grizzly bear would be put to shame. In this case, the force was compounded with intelligence, self-education direction, persistence and faith. It is the sort of syndrome that lesser mortals bow and bend before, and try to preserve their own egos by calling it "emotionalism" and "paranoia".

This book is the story of what happened after that fateful nightgown-wetting day in June, 1969, up to the time that she slapped a 4½ million dollar lawsuit against the U. S. Forest Service, and 4 herbicide manufacturers. It is a story of laughs, and tears; of incredible bureaucratic bungling at county, state and federal levels and within industrial circles; of disillusioned dreams and of anger and contempt, of whitewashing, coverups, alibis, legality, duplicity, arrogance, conceit and crass ignorance; and of a few knights in shining armor.

I have always maintained that the problems of Environmental Management are 95% those of People Management. Before we can intelligently manage people, we must understand people. And before we understand people, we must describe People Behavior. This book is an important documentary in the descriptive science of People Behavior.
I recommend it most enthusiastically to all those environmentalists who are — and will be in the future — involved in trying to balance the imbalance resulting from the sacrifice of quality for quantity where too many people demand too much, from too small an environment.

The problems of Chaparral Management in the arid Southwest are very very real.

The White man inherited a landscape that had been in relative equilibrium with Indians, fires, drouths, floods, and fluctuations in animal populations.

The White man killed off most of the Indians and animals; he decided he could not stand drouths and floods; and he overgrazed the land, continuously, with too much livestock. Then he kept out fires. The result of course was less and less grass, thus less and less livestock, with more and more brush, with more and more of a conflagration hazard.

I feel truly sorry for the U. S. Forest Service. As with any person near to a nervous breakdown, the recourse is to drugs, alcohol, suicide, or their administrative equivalents.

Enter the phenoxy herbicides, during World War II, especially those known as 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T and their relatives. Now I was one of the first to work with these. I was the first to publish of their effects on woody plants. I still recommend their use — as a brain surgeon would use a scalpel, not as a butcher would use a meat cleaver. For two decades I have fought — unsuccessfully — their indiscriminate use on 50 million acres of electric power transmission lines and other right-of-ways. I have never recommended them for power or aerial application, or for use on food and water, or mixed with other chemicals.

One day 20 years ago I was inspecting a helicopter-sprayed rightofway in Vermont. The spray had mostly landed on an adjacent scenic highway crossing the Green Mountains, and here the U. S. Forest Service was suing the power company. But where the spray did land on the rightofway, it selectively killed the deciduous brush, and released a superb young stand of mixed conifers. "A truly magnificent Conifer Reproduction technique" I thought. Should I go to forestry meetings, and tell the boys?" I decided not to. The technique was far too foolproof (i.e., fit for fools to use). Besides most foresters were then far too unsophisticated in basic Vegetation Science (plant ecology) really to know what they were doing. (and still are).

But the foresters learned things, thanks to the winning and dining salesmen of the chemical manufacturers. I keep in touch with all the research coming out of the U. S. Forest and Range Experiment Stations. There was and still is an increasing stream of "research" on aerial-spraying of forest and range lands. I remember sadly discussing the subject with Rachel Carson when she was writing her book, "Silent Spring". Little did any of such research shows any Vegetation Science sophistication. "Spray; 'kill' brush; get grass and conifers; now". "Do not ask about other plants, animals, man, economics or the future. That would upset the simple "design of the experiment".

And so Billee Shoecraft and her environment were sprayed; and she reacted. I dread the day when advances in "Biological Engineering" will allow us to duplicate individual human beings. But when that day comes, I hope you all vote that this remarkable lady be one of the first to be replicated. We need her kind.
My omission of an index is intentional, with the hope in my heart that in a search for his own name in my book, whether guilty or innocent, there may be a member of the USDA, HEW, FDA, the United States Forest Service and the Science Advisor to the President who will READ MY BOOK and study the research it contains, since evidently they do not read their own.
Map from U. S. Forest Service files of area sprayed.

XXXI
"THIS IS MY MOUNTAIN!"

It was Sunday morning, June 8, 1969, when I stepped outside my bedroom door in a pink chiffon nightgown and was covered with a spray mist from a helicopter flying over my house located at the foot of the Pinal Mountains in the Tonto National Forest, Globe, Arizona.

The only comment I could think of at the time (although I have thought of and used many since!) was "Damn!"

Now the files number "46" under A, "27" under B, and "31" under C; that's 104 altogether. If each file were condensed to only ten pages, that's 1,040 pages, and no one wants to read a book that long! So where do I start?

"Catch the reader's interest with the opening sentence" . . . that's the advice to all book-writers. And it's imperative that I must hold you long enough to read the things which I have written.

Please listen to the words as you read . . . listen with your mind and with your heart. The factual things will appeal to your mind, and, if it's too stubborn to do anything about the catastrophes that are surrounding our world, yours and mine, then maybe some of the "heart words" will get through . . . if you'll let them.

For twenty-three years, I have known and loved a mountain; located in the Tonto National Forest at Globe, Arizona. For twenty-two years I have had a summer home located here. I have watched fires sweep across her face and scar her sides. I have held her hand while she recuperated. I have watched the violence of her summer storms send flooding torrents of water cascading down her steep slopes and rocky canyons denuded by these fires.

When all that remained of my home on the mountain in 1953, was a blackened fireplace chimney standing like some giant totem pole, with pieces of tin roofing jutting out on each side like wings, I could not stop or rest until it was restored. For to me, the rubble that remained was a blight on the beautiful face of my mountain.

It took five hours to haul five ton of lumber in an old cattle truck over the seventeen miles of narrow mountain road — and at least a dozen more trips alone across the Arizona desert in 116 degree heat, to haul the stones and shingles and glass. But three weeks after it burned, my home was standing again.
Here I will pause for a moment to say I do not apologize for the word "I" which shall appear repeatedly. More and more through my encounters with different agencies, government and private, have I found that the "we's" many times didn't get the job done, where the "I's" did.

Time and time again I found organizations and government agencies so bogged down with their mass of memberships and personnel, that the number of people alone contributed to creating a new problem.

So if my "I's", "my's" and "mine's" appear to be egocentric, so be it.

Three years after my cabin which had burned was rebuilt, the one we called "the big fire" came sweeping up her backside, and fourteen homes out of about twenty-one, were gone when the smoke cleared. But not mine. The memory of that particular day stands out quite vividly. I had waited on the mountain until the report came in that the fire was under control. Then I left for the sawmill, in the "Indian Country" of McNary. When I arrived, the news was coming in that the fire had broken out again, and had reached the cabin area. The foreman of the lumber yard asked me what I'd do if mine burned again. My reply was, "rebuild, I guess. But I know mine won't burn this time, it just can't burn twice." Then I remembered Frank Lloyd Wright — and the story of Talisien — and how it did burn twice — and he rebuilt it for the third time. But I kept believing that mine would still be there when I got back. I remember saying, that I had left it in good hands when I pulled out in my truck at 5:00 a.m. that morning.

My way back was a long, slow trip. I could finally see the top of the mountain. The red smoke was greasewood burning, and the blue smoke was pine. The black puffs that occasionally went up were the tar-paper roofs. But I kept telling myself over and over that all the smoke was still "to the left of mine".

When I reached my house in Globe, my family had already been informed that the cabins were gone. I insisted that ours, and those to the right of it, were still there. And at 5:00 a.m., when the smoke cleared enough to reach the top, we started up the mountain. I didn't take time to read the morning paper or I would have seen our name listed as one of the families whose cabin was gone. But when we reached the last steep curve, there it was just like I left it twenty-four hours before! There were two bull-dozers in the yard; Indian fire-fighters from New Mexico, and U.S. Forest Service personnel, with smoke-streaked faces.

All of them had worked together to stop a fire, and save a mountain, and together they had won. Anyone who has ever witnessed the horror of a raging, crowning, out-of-control forest fire, knows there is nothing more frightening, and there are no wages on earth that could ever compensate these men for the work they do. Fighting a burning building with proper equipment, plenty of men, seeing the outside perimeter boundaries of just how far the fire will extend is one thing. But reading the mind of a forest fire is something else — and one little error in judgement can devastate thousands of acres, and trigger a chain of costly events in loss of timber; destruction of wildlife and numerous floods. All this in addition to the aesthetic loss that is immeasurable. For what is the price of the sound of the wind blowing through the pine trees? Or seeing a silver spruce silhouetted against the sunset? Or an aspen grove with their leaves like spinning golden coins, in autumn?

This particular mountain would never have been considered "Double A Grade Number One" quality by the standards of what most people probably expect a mountain to be . . . and now less than ever.

There are no streams for fishing, and the hunting isn't much. The trees aren't timbering quality. The canyons are steep and rocky and her face is scarred and pock-marked from the siege of many fires. Man's eternal effort to conquer earth, sea and sky has caused him to place many electronic installations on her top ridges. Giant microwave dishes tower above her peaks. So time, in her relentless march of progress, moves on.

It seems strange now, to recall that the only electric power on my mountain until 1958 was a very crude generator which had a habit of running out of gas just as the mystery on TV was about to be solved . . . and that the refrigerator was an ice box that is now a collector's item, and a 50 pound chunk of ice was down to 25 pounds by the time it was hauled up the mountain road that was almost impassable in the summer time after the rains, except in a Jeep.

The stove I cooked on until 1958 would bring $200.00 at any antique auction now! (But the quality of bread it baked would probably bring more!)

It almost seems that even the summer rain storms as they used to be are also a thing of the past. Once during a storm, the lightning struck so close that it bounced from the big iron range, and knocked the stove-pipe down. And August was always the time when we could gather tubs of hailstones and make homemade ice cream in the evening.
This would be after “fire-season”... and the forest ranger and the rest of the fire crew and forest service personnel would be part of all the “fun things” we planned on our mountain. We would visit them and they would visit us, and it was no strain, and quite easy to say “my forest”; “my ranger”; “my friends.”

Somewhere in this transition period from “my mountain” and “my Ranger” to this period of “now”, I requested the use of a tree saw from the ranger in charge on the mountain to trim the dead branches on a pine tree by my cabin. I was told “Sorry, that’s against regulations”. I knew then that something had happened to the “good old days”. Later the ranger came down out of the particular ivory tower in which he was living and drove to my cabin to let me know he had relented, called Albuquerque or Washington, D.C., and decided it was alright to use the saw. If he reads this book, he’ll remember the incident... and he’ll probably remember exactly where I told him he could put that damn saw! In spite of my present anger, I find myself reminiscing about the “days that were”. One of the most remarkable women I ever met was the female half of the fire-tower lookout team. She and I sat it out alone through a couple of big fires that raced their way up our mountain. Both of us had tremendous respect for fire... but neither of us lived in fear of it or anything else. And both of us have known what it was to get black on our faces and blisters on our hands using fire shovels when we had to. The corral and the barn I referred to earlier are gone now. Our combined efforts kept them from burning a long time ago. But they weren’t able to withstand the “new era” any more than I. They were removed by man, not fire, just like the trees, to make way for grass and ignorance.

But this particular person was quite a woman. Her love of that mountain equaled mine. She gathered ladybugs which were sold to organic farmers all over the United States and Canada. Even twenty years ago there were men who believed using dangerous chemicals to kill bugs on food was not such a good idea. So they used ladybugs. They return to the same areas every... millions of them. The rocks and the trees become red with their bodies. It’s not uncommon to gather a gallon of them from one bush. Last summer I watched them die on our mountain, too. My sons would gather pine cones in burlap bags. These were used to help transport the ladybugs to Phoenix to be shipped out. They would crawl around the pine scales and this kept them from smothering for their trip across the desert.

After one of the fires, a clean-up crew was working on the mountain. The crew was made up of various males interested in picking up some extra money during summer vacation. One of them appeared more eager than the others in not passing up any opportunity to pick up anything else that wasn’t tied down including a pretty woman. This wife of the tower lookout was more than pretty; she was beautiful. And every day this particular crew member thought up more excuses to stop at the ranger’s cabin. The coffee pot was always on, and all of us shared the mountain and our friendship. But this kid made her nervous! Levi’s fit pretty close in those days, too... he had a way of making a woman a bit too conscious of just exactly where that little red tag is on the pocket. He came by for coffee one night while I was there. She and I were the only females on the mountain at the time for the regular crew were off on a fire. But neither of us were afraid of man, beast or God! That’s because we loved all three very much and respected them, too. When she reached over to refill my already full coffee cup, she signalled for me not to leave... so I out-sat him. And I’ve laughed many times over her recounting the balance of that night after we left.

She said sometime during the night she was awakened by the sound of footsteps on her porch. With her heart pounding wildly, she quietly got her gun... hers was a shot-gun, mine was a .30-.30... and tip-toed to the door. She could hear loud breathing all the way through the heavy door... then the knob rattled and the door moved under the pressure against it, but it still held. She had just one thought and it was “That crazy damn kid is back up here and he must be drunk or he wouldn’t try something like this!” So in a very loud voice and faking absolute calmness all the way, she said “I’ve got a shot gun and if you come through that door, I’ll blow you full of holes!” There was stumbling around outside, the garbage pail fell over, the sound of retreating footsteps... and then silence.

The next morning when she looked outside, there on her porch and on the ground and by the overturned garbage pail were the biggest bear tracks ever seen on our mountain! I hope wherever she is, she’ll remember, too, and laugh. I’d like for her to know how much I treasured her friendship.

These were some of the things that happened before the disease of “regulations and bureaucracy” set in.

When did it all change? What happened? When did the divergence of interest and opinions and beliefs occur? What has caused this loss of friendship between the “American Public” and the “American Government” — including the branch known as the Forest Service?

What would prompt the local ranger, prior to the first spray of the Globe area, to type out this sentence in his original news release, regarding the spray: “I also anticipate adverse criticism and harrass-
ment from those who devote their lives to criticizing and harrassing"? Were those changes so sudden that I didn't have time to see them coming? — or so insidious that I was not aware of what had happened? Because I have had to sit back and question the friendship and understanding I once had with a branch of the Government known as the "Forest Service", it has caused me to more closely inspect many of the other branches of Government also; and in doing so, I have stood a little in shock at those things I have learned.

I have seen the shock turn to anger, and the anger slowly retreat before the onslaught of disillusionment. I have watched my disillusionment sit sometimes with its head in it's hands, crying, but I've waited long enough to see it lift its eyes and say that Truth is not a matter of opinion: Truth is! That beliefs can be accepted as truth, but if they are not, that will not make them so! Only if we search out the truth, and are not afraid of disclosing or accepting it after we find it, can we ever hope to eliminate the "trolls that would sit on our backs". Where there is a lack of communications, there is a lack of friendship. You cannot have one without the other — and the breaks in these lines must be repaired. But when they are once more in operation, it will do no good (without an interpreter!) to communicate in a language foreign to the other person.

It is my belief that these lines of communication were almost non-existent between the people of Globe and the local branch of the U S Forest Service, prior to the time of the chemical spraying of the area on June 8, 1969. This was due to many unhappy and unresolved incidents. After many years of what had been a cooperative and friendly relationship, the "creeping sickness of bureaucracy" seemed to have invaded even our small town. Time after time we were rebuffed with admonitions that "it must be done according to regulations" — even if those regulations were formulated in ivory towers, 3,000 miles distant, under different conditions than those which might apply to a rugged mining town, still a little untamed and more than a little bit of the last frontier! Had it not been for this "new era of spit and polish", what has become known as the "Globe Incident" would probably never have occurred.

"OPERATION HADES"

In Vietnam, the spraying of 2-4D and 2,4,5-T was called "Operation Hades".

Since the chemicals used in America are identical to those used against the enemy in Vietnam, it seems quite fitting to also call it "Operation Hades" in America.

In August, 1965, without any explanation, or possibly any understanding, of the hazards of the chemicals to be used, and with the assurance of the local ranger of the United States Forest Service that "neither 2-4D or 2,4,5-T is harmful to birds, insects, fish, wildlife or humans" ("Arizona Record", August 19, 1965), 1,900 acres of our area were aerially sprayed. It was applied only to the areas which were part of the watersheds of the Salt River Project. This included the streams which flow through our private lands and stock watering ponds located in these areas.

Two weeks after the spraying, in 1965, several individuals became alarmed at the appearance of the foliage on adjoining private land. They called it to the attention of the Ranger, and were assured by him it was not caused by the spray. No further checking for any apparent damage was ever done by the Forest Service.

This area has now been exposed to five aerial sprayings, covering a period of four years, with 2-4D, 2,4,5-T, and 2,4,5-T (Silvex) in various strengths and formulations. What exactly was used where or when, or in what mixture, appears to be unknown. At least in the last spraying, June, 1969, water was substituted for oil, which more or less caused the chemicals to reach their targets undiluted. The hot, dry air of an Arizona summer, combined with excessive winds on the particular days of the spraying, caused the water to evaporate almost immediately. The town of Globe is possibly two air miles from the area shown on the Forest Service map to be sprayed. Its altitude is 3,500 feet. The Pinal Mountain reaches a height of 8,000 elevation. To aerially apply chemicals in the rugged terrain and above the jutting steep canyons, it would be necessary to fly variable distances above the ground, making it impossible to safely apply these chemicals in this area.

On June 8, 9, 10, and 11, 1969, we were sprayed for the fifth time. We are determined it will also be the last!

Five months later a news story from Washington read: "Chemicals Sprays (2-4D & 2,4,5-T) another Kind of Massacre In Vietnam"... and ended with the dramatic words: "Not since the Romans salted the land after destroying Carthage, has a nation taken pains to
visit the war upon future generations!" We were not aware in June 1969 that these were the chemicals used in Vietnam, for this had been denied by the local Forest Service. But we had already reported many of the same deformities in our animals that were later exposed in the smuggled copy of the "Bionetics Report". We had also reported the same illnesses in humans and animals that are now slowly coming to light through the exposure of toxicology findings and research, which was known twenty years ago.

The file open before me is labeled "A-1". It has nothing to do with a beer made famous in the West by paintings done a long time ago by Megargee. One of those paintings is entitled "The Cowboy's Dream" ... and if you look closely at the cloud formations, you can see the outline of a horse and a beautiful girl NOT dressed in cowboy boots and a Stetson.

This indicates at sometime in the history of the West, a cowboy was capable of considering a few things more pleasurable than applying Herbicides on his range land. Nowhere in the picture are any flowing meadows of man-planted weeping love grass fighting to replace the chapparal on the steep slopes of a rocky mountain — nor any bellowing herds of white faces stomping each other to death in search of the grass which won't grow there.

For years I've been a believer in the tales I've heard of the mis-treated cattle rancher, how the United States Forest Service has just really made it rough on him. Cut down his allotment; fenced him out, and fenced him in. Sometimes I've bled — really bled — all over the floor for him! If any of you have been suffering the same disease, call me ... and read file A-1. My blood has now coagulated, and I don't think there will be any new wounds suffered for him for a long time (or any tears, either). This new lack of feeling was caused in part by the following: The heading states: USDA — Forest Service, Globe, Arizona. Date: 7/29/65. It reads:

"During the latter part of August, or early September (weather permitting), the Globe Ranger District will be the site of a rather large Chaparral Spray project. Globe District personnel will conduct the project. Briefly, the purpose of the job is to "open up" some 1,400 - 2,000 acres of very dense chaparral stands. Based on smaller projects conducted on the Tonto N.F. within the past few years, it is felt that probably 60% of the present overstory will be killed. This means that a very great forage and water yield potential can be ultimately realized. Primary brush species to be controlled are: manzanita, and mountain-laurel. The oak species will not be killed, but will experience "tip-kill"."

"The spray will be 2-4D and 2,4,5-T (herbicides) and dropped by helicopter. Within 3 years following this phase, we expect to have a good stand of palatable forage grasses taking over where the brush now thrives.

The herbicides will be mixed with diesel oil ... THE DIESEL WILL SERVE AS A WEIGHT FACTOR TO INSURE AGAINST WIND DRIFT. NEITHER 2-4D NOR 2,4,5-T IS HARMFUL TO BIRDS, INSECTS, FISH, WILDLIFE OR HUMANS.

"We don't anticipate any adverse impacts whatsoever. The project is being setup with every consideration for the adjacent private lands, wildlife, cattle, water, and recreation. Each of these resources will benefit. There is a strong possibility that as this work progresses in the future, Pinal Creek may well become a permanent stream. There'll be more cow feed, more wildlife feed, and improved habitat, and as I've said — more water yield."

"I've written this letter to those folks who I feel have a constructive interest in the National Forest."

After the 1969 spraying I requested the list of persons referred to in the last paragraph — those with "constructive interest" and discovered the only letters written were addressed to four ranchers, on whose leased land these chemicals were to be sprayed; and one of these four ranchers was an employee of the Forest Service. So he was paid to help spray all this mess on his own leased land!

Paragraph one of this news release states "the purpose of this" is to "open up" dense chaparral stands. If you think it was dense five years ago, you should see the mess it is now! Green brush at least bends when you go through it; but have you ever tried to walk through dead, dry, brittle brush — some of it in the form of giant trees which have been stimulated in growth by this chemical which is a
hormone spray and makes anything it doesn't kill dead on contact, grow like it's possessed! The mountainside now is a tangled, overgrown matted dying jungle.

When I inquired as to the location of areas mentioned in sentence 4, I was told we were the "number one guinea pigs" as far as "big overstory" is concerned, that we were the first area on which they were experimenting with the effect of these chemicals in "mature brush". (Some of this "mature brush" consists of sycamore trees 100 feet tall and 100 years old, that are dead or dying.)

And the last sentence in paragraph one: "The oak species will not be killed." Who says it won't? Please refer to Dow Chemical Company's Technical Bulletin, No. 1, January, 1954, Page 2, Table II: "application on oaks: using 100 gallons water. Killed 39.2% to 75.8% of the plants, respectively."

This is just one of hundreds of publications that state what herbicides can do to oak trees. Even the label states the chemicals are designed to kill oak.

Paragraph two informs the world that grass is going to be waving in the wind by July 29, 1968 — but not one grass seed had been planted at the time of the fifth spray, four years later.

The formulation used in 1969 in Globe, Arizona, has been stated to be either ½ gallons of chemical 2,4,5-T or 2,4,5-TP or 2-4D or all three, in 7½ gallons of water, OR 2 gallons to 7½ gallons of water. No one really seems to know what was actually used. Some of the comments made by this ranger are tragically comic.

Maybe they didn't anticipate any "adverse impacts" but they sure managed to get a lot anyway. Since I am living on the closest "adjacent private land" I can swear (and I do quite loudly much of the time!) that they used no consideration for me or my land or anyone else living in the area! As for the wildlife, most of it has disappeared. When I see the word "cattle", I admit I have become quite prejudiced and may become a vegetarian) since residues of these herbicides have been found in 75% of the meat samples in the area.

I read again the references to "water." As for quality, our streams, stockpox and wells are still contaminated with 2-4D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex. And as for quantity, most of us have had to haul water, for the wells and the streams are dry, although a news article, dated October, 1969, stated that the reservoirs for the Salt River Project were above normal in capacity! So the Salt River Project accomplished their purpose, I guess. They did get more water for the Phoenix valley, but at what a cost to us!

The last word in the sentence is "recreation". Our only close recreation area was included in the spray zone map, marked "Public Use Discouraged!", and it was sprayed. So that took care of that!

The words, "there'll be more cow feed" bother me considerably. First of all, there is less than ever and the cows, bulls, steers and calves are eating anything that doesn't eat them first. Yucca, stems and all. Cactus, covered with long spines. They're now crazy about my walnut trees, and wild cherry. A lot of the prickly pear turned bright orange. They really love it when it looks like that, and there are now 18,000 less cattle than there were 10 years ago in our area. The grass seed that was finally planted after five years failed to germinate. But if there were grass stands four feet tall, I resent replacing mountain laurel, mahogany, oak trees and sycamores — especially on my own land — to grow "cow feed". I could care less how much feed it produces for the ranchers if I'm the one who pays the final bill!

It has been five years since the ranger made these statements . . . and four additional sprays have been completed. Two in 1966, no one really knows whether any were done in 1967; one in 1968, and the last bell-ringing hell-raiser in June, 1969. So enough time has elapsed to assess whether at least a portion of the crystal-ball-gazing predictions have come true.

Did they? I'm afraid not. The grass didn't germinate; the "desirable browse species" didn't get planted; the landscape did alter . . . that's for sure! But not like it was predicted it would. And somewhere along the years, the 2-4D and 2,4,5-T mixed with oil, "to insure against wind drift", evidently was not considered important. For the oil was replaced with water, and boy! . . . did we get drift! The sentence that really makes me shudder is: "neither 2-4D or 2,4,5-T is harmful to birds, insects, fish, wildlife, or humans!"

So now I am looking at File A-9, and the word: "Toxicology". Here is some of the information it contains: "2,4,5-T is slightly more toxic to animals than 2-4D. Dogs are considerably more sensitive to 2,4,5-T than most mammals. Myotonia and anorexia are produced in dogs. In rodents, stiffness, lethargy, paralysis and coma, preceded death;"

"2-4D, applied ½ pound per acre" (and the rate in Globe was anywhere from 2 pounds to 12 pounds per acre; no one really knows!) and "the only animal loss, was a few insects". (Didn't that item say "harmless to insects"?)

Above quotes are from "Game Bulletin #7, Pesticides and Wildlife, Herbicides, 2-4D and 2,4,5-T Department of Zoology, University of California, Davis." The Date? — 1966!

It becomes necessary to insert another letter here. This letter is also from the Department of Zoology, University of California, Davis,
which is the residence of the chairman of the MRAK Report, and it contains these sentences: “Thank you for your letter of January 21, 1970, requesting information on the toxicology of certain herbicides; we don’t have any information on herbicides 2,4-D or 2,4,5-T.” Humorous or a little sad? Maybe I should make a copy of their “Game Bulletin #7” and send it back to them.

More quotes from a Forest Service publication:

“Cold blooded animals may be injured.”

Forest Service Health and Safety Code (213) cautioned that 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T “are poisonous and flammable in an oil base.”

“When mist treatments are used, a respirator is a desirable piece of safety equipment.” (In the news releases of August 19, 1965, Arizona Record, prepared by the local ranger, the public was invited to drive up and watch the operation! and no masks were suggested!)

“Indirect poisoning stemming from the use of herbicides has been suggested.”

The above information is from Report #16, Southwestern Forest Experiment Station, USFS, Asheville, North Carolina. Date of Publication, 1965. Where did I get it? You guessed it: the local Ranger’s office.

This particular paper contains many interesting items; such as:

“Soil bacteria can de-activate 2,4-D; other microorganisms can convert 4 (2,4-DB) to 2,4-D.”: “In dry soils, it remained active 1½ years.”

“When aerial spraying, unsprayed strips should be left, to produce wildlife cover and food”. (How can you possibly leave “strips” when USDA folder 98 says with no wind, aerially applied, it can drift a radius of four miles!)

Monsanto Chemical Company Bulletin No. 0-50, published in 1963, states: “When sprayed with sub-lethal doses of 2,4-D, some plants . . . have been known to accumulate lethal quantities of nitrates!” Shades of Rachel Carson! That’s just what she said it would do!

It goes on further to state:

“The lethal effects are due to conversion of nitrates into nitrites which interfere with the blood’s ability to carry oxygen.” Doesn’t this happen in cancer?

Then it further mentions liver damage, myotonia, anorexia, and weight loss.

All I ever managed to squeeze from DOW chemical regarding what research they’ve done on humans, was that they haven’t done any.

The only toxicology paper we could obtain from them consists of a one page directive in case someone swallows “KURON” 2,4,5-TP. It does not list an antidote because there is none.

However, this one page bit of advice might come in handy, since a teaspoonful is a lethal dose for a 150 pound man . . . and since I weigh 104, it wouldn’t take much for me! (and a dog will lie flat on his back with his feet in the air and play dead for real at about one fifth that amount! No wonder dogs in Globe died!)

If I hadn’t read this paper and one of my friends had swallowed 2,4,5-TP I would probably have killed him, because the first thing I would have done would have been to “induce vomiting” . . . and this is a “no-no” if you swallow 2,4,5-TP! But I learned “inducing vomiting” may really give him fits and he might just up and die! So whatever you do, don’t make him vomit!

Just in case I want to know about such things, this one page document also mentions the lethal dosage for a mouse which is 2140 mg/kg, but forgot to mention that for dogs, it’s about 100 mg/kg, and for man it’s between 300 and 500 mg/kg! Long live the mouse! But it can do me in real fast! And old Rover doesn’t stand a chance!

Then it informs the doctor what’s in all this chemical mess except it forgot to mention Dioxin, (but not one of the doctors in our area had ever heard of the stuff until after June 9, 1969 — and then they didn’t give a damn!)

It also states “respiratory embarrassment caused by pulmonary edema and pneumonia, is the primary danger”. And if the good doctor had any thoughts about using chemotherapy on me it tells him to forget it! “It would have no effect on the chemical pneumonia.” And, “Depression of the central nervous system may also be a problem.” The next part takes care of my liver and kidneys:

“Liver damage may be minimized by diet low in fat, and high in protein.”

“Kidney involvement rarely sufficient for special treatment, and for rare cases where the kidneys are seriously involved, treatment should be the same as for toxic nephritis.” Date of publication, May 28, 1959.

I love the classic ending of this particular Dow paper: “Notice: this information is given in good faith, but while it is believed to be correct, no warranty is made.” Warranty of what? That I will die, or that I won’t? And my “faith” by now in Dow is non-existent!

Another publication, by Dow, HG125, and presented by Mullison, 1966, discloses that the Coho salmon lived for 24 hours after a 15 to 30 minute exposure to 2,4,5-TP! (I don’t know what happened to him.
after that! But the blue-gill was wiped out immediately in the tests.

quote: "No safety margin for blue-gills".

The oyster shell made it for 96 hours, but there was an adverse effect on the "natural phytoplankton" after 4 hours. The one which worried me the most was the redear sunfish. In addition to "liver degeneration lesions", they discovered "testicular degenerative lesions resulting in apparent exhaustion atrophy of the spermatic tubules and production of immature atypical and abnormal spermatozoa." I don't know what all of that means, but it sounds like the redear sunfish is in for a big shock when he tries to reproduce!

Another publication from Monk's Wood in England states: "When 2,4-D was fed to a sow throughout gestation, 10 of the underdeveloped and apathetic piglets she produced died within 24 hours and the mother subsequently had to be slaughtered because of abnormalities that developed in her spine." This study was more than 10 years old. So why is it so unbelievable that these chemicals could still deform the spine of a goat in Globe?

Regarding the manufacture of 2,4,5-T in Germany 20 years ago, here is a partial list of ailments suffered by the workers and submitted as evidence against these chemicals by the FDA in the hearings in Washington 11 months after we were sprayed:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Condition</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dermatitis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abdominal Complaints</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Damage to Liver</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Myocardial damage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pathological urine finding</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Muscular pains</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General fatigue</td>
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<tr>
<td>Headaches</td>
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<tr>
<td>Paresis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hypaesthesia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Decrease in initiative</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loss of Memory and concentration</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Disturbance in libido and potency</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Decrease in impulsion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Experimental weakness in mental capacity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Individual neurotic traits</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sulfensness and irritability</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sense of fear and uneasiness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Increased emotional reactions</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hypersensitivity to light and noise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alienation of total personality</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patches of Pigmentation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reduction in General Condition</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pulmonary emphysema</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edema</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Renal damage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weakness in legs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parasthesia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orthostatic collapse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coordination disturbance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reflex irregularities</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hyperesthetic emotional traits</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alcohol intolerance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Depressions</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fits of temper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hypochondria</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chronic Bronchitis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weak willpower</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rapid exhaustion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reduced efficiency</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

... and one final startling thought from the same paper: "of the 31 workers, 9 are still receiving medical attention 5 years later, especially for marked psycho/pathological disturbances."

I could lengthen the list, but that's enough for now. I'll close this chapter with a quotation of my own: "why would anyone in the Forest Service or out of it ever make the statement: "neither 2-4D nor 2,4,5-T is harmful to birds, insects, fish, wildlife, or humans?"

"A HOUSE FOR ICE HOUSE CANYON"

So we put away file A-1, and reach for the next one. It's entitled "1966 and subsequent sprayings."

On these pages before you, the reader, whomever you may be, are facts as they are, and as they occurred; some of them humorous, some of them sad, but all of them true. Most of these writings express very personalized situations, and this is because the "Globe Incident" was from the very beginning, a very personalized experience.

Since I was eight years old, I have been the writer of poetry that has been tossed like skipping pebbles across a too quiet pool. Some of these have occasionally been published. One of them was read in the Halls of Congress and reprinted in the Congressional Record and is contained in the Memorial Book for the late President John F. Kennedy, a copy of which was sent to me by his Widow.

Inside the jacket of my book entitled "Moon dust" are these words: "She believes in the philosophy" If you wisely invest in beauty, it will remain with you all the days of your life." These words were written by Frank Lloyd Wright, who was known and greatly admired by the author. She has lived in Arizona for many years, loves the desert and the mountains ... the vastness and freedom for which that part of our country is so famous. In decorating and design, which is her vocation as well as her hobby, she includes manzanita, time-worn tree trunks, and driftwood in her work ... We repeat the author's dedication: this book is for you."

I am very grateful that I had the privilege of knowing Mr. Wright, and that I can say with my heart: "He was my friend." I learned from the books which he gave me. ... I learned that true architecture is a philosophy, a way of life. When I was nineteen years old, I purchased a set of Audel's Carpenter Books, and learned how to be a builder ... but a builder must be someone who can do more than nail boards, or hold a level straight ... His designs have often been referred to as "natural building" or "integral building". Building with nature, and
building with integrity. I learned that even in building, as in everything else, man and nature and life, are all one. And that when these are separated or this principle forgotten, all will suffer.

These words were written April 10, 1959, one day after the death of Mr. Wright and many years before the home (and the setting which it describes) became a reality at the foot of Pinal Mountains in the Tonto National Forest:

He was my friend . . . and as I look I see
These things he has left for me:
A warm low house with streams that run near by
And walls of glass that face the mountain high . . .
Open space that lets my soul run free . . .
All these things my friend has left for me . . .
Wide hanging eaves to shelter from the sun . . .
A FIRE TO SIT BY WHEN THE DAY IS DONE . . .
Forever did he seek to bring man Truth . . .
Forever did he seek to set man free . . .
He did not bow beneath the yoke of "style"
But ever kept his soul's integrity . . .

This was my friend . . .
And so my soul takes time to cry today . . .
And I am sad because he's gone away . . .
But I shall see him every place I turn,
and from these things he's left me I shall learn
That I must ever climb . . . and face the sun,
And if I fight, and lose, I still have won!
Man's soul alone shall rise eternally . . .
And only Truth shall ever set him free!

So I can truly say that my home was a Frank Lloyd Wright inspiration, for it expresses principals in which he believed . . .

There are 36,000 board feet of lumber laminated together to form the ceiling. The giant beams are from the first theatre in Arizona, the old "Lyric" in Tucson. One of them weighs 850 pounds and we hoisted it into place by building a crib of ancient railroad ties that were hauled across the mountains from near the border in Mexico. Some of them were oak, and all were hand hewn. I was the contractor, and my "crew" was made up of cowboys, mine-workers, alcoholics (they were the most talented!) preachers, a Mormon Bishop, an auto mechanic and some of the boys from the county jail, who would get "time and a half" so they could get out sooner. There was a strike on . . . the big copper strike . . . so nobody had any money . . . and everybody needed everybody else . . . (don't we always?) and we all worked together . . . and somehow we made it.

My "crew boss" was a real genius: he had been a great builder in California, but his money more than his luck had run out just as he got to Globe, Arizona. When I showed him the plans, he said he'd wanted a long time to build this one! There are a hundred and sixty five tons of rock in it. I know how many, because I helped haul every load! The stone mason was a real artist: he came to build one fireplace, and was there for five months! One stone wall is seventy feet long, and there are four fireplaces. And I have my "walls of glass". Much of the lumber is from the old copper mine at Christmas, mellowed with age. There is no back door . . . but there are seven entrances. And on the deck by the glass turret is the little square bench Mr. Wright gave me so long ago.

The tile on the lower level was hand made in Mexico to match the gray bark of the giant sycamore trees. Each load hauled, represented a distance of almost 400 miles and each of the five loads, I hauled alone over the mountains.

The newspaper story called it "A house for Ice House Canyon" . . . but it was wrong. A house is made to look at . . . a home is made for living . . . and retains a little bit of everyone who passes through its doors . . . and all my dear and cherished workmen put together all my dear and cherished pieces of material which I brought them, and created a home, not a house. If they ever resented taking orders from a woman, they never let it show, for we all worked together as friends. It took over two years to build.

This was what I had
This was the home they sprayed.
I've loved Arizona forever, I guess, and especially her rugged untamed qualities; that special sense she can give you of being alone, but not lonely. Once in awhile over the years, I've been real lucky in stumbling across, and being able to buy, a little patch of land still untouched by too many visible signs that man has tried to make her over — and dress her up with roads across her face — and leveled and bulldozed and squared.

One of these places we refer to as "the Castle Hot Springs Country": wild, rugged cliffs — too high to climb — and canyons that take your breath away.

The late President Kennedy used to ride there when he was a boy, and everyone called him "Jack". Even the injury he had in his spine didn't keep him from seeing and loving that country. It's probably more primitive now than ever, for the road is certainly more impassable than ever.
Another we call the "Auga Fria Place"; just north of Phoenix, 20 or 30 miles — where the river always runs, and tall willows grow on the banks and giant Saguaro tower in the aky. I designed a home to cling to the rock cliffs with part of the floor made of glass to see the river below. But it never got built, for we found the land at the foot of the mountains, in Globe, Arizona: 20 acres that wasn't leveled or chopped, or cut; with sycamores and cottonwoods and walnut trees and a stream, and this was the spot we chose to build our home.

The work was started in the winter of 1965. Then, in May, 1966, we learned that the Forest Service was going to spray "something to kill the manzanita" and since this is my favorite decorating material, I personally visited the local Forest Service office. When their map indicated our land was not correctly located, the ranger returned with me and located the corner markers which were chiseled in boulders. He even remarked on the beauty of the wild daisies growing in abundance on our upper field. (They never bloomed again.)

Although he assured me that the chemicals to be used would harm nothing except manzanita, I cautioned him and other Forest Service personnel in the office, that I did not want anything to harm mine.

On the particular days of the spraying, we were on vacation; but when we returned, I requested that the ranger visit our land, because of the appearance of the trees. The leaves were curling and yellowing, and dropping off. I asked whether this could possibly have been caused by the spray they had applied to the mountain and he assured me it could not. (I did not know until 1969 that part of our land was shown as being included on the original spray map, for no one ever corrected the location on it of our land.)

In October, 1966, I again contacted the United States Forest Service in Globe, and the assistant Ranger — and at my request, due to the appearance of an orange color turning to brown on the needles and subsequent death to the trees in about two years — he inspected the pines located in our yard on the mountain. He told me a mysterious disease seemed to be affecting quite a number of the pine trees; the discoloration on one side only — toward Globe. I also requested he examine the plant life on our land at the foot of the mountain as many of the walnut and sycamores were losing their leaves after they curled and yellowed. He did not inform me that they had sprayed. It was also at this time that our hamsters which we had on the mountain, died. It was after this that our son started raising guinea pigs. He purchased his first pair in 1967, and we moved into our new home in February, 1968 at the foot of the mountain.

After the dates of the May and June 1968 sprayings, the baby guinea pigs died, many were born dead, and the adults lost weight and did not reproduce for several months. He took several of them to school for observation in September 1969, two females and one male, but he finally brought them home in December, as they never did breed.

Also in June, 1968, all of his white mice (about 10) died within 48 hours. Please recall, we were not aware they had sprayed in 1968. I later checked back on the dates (he has a "pet cemetery" — the dates were a few days after the spraying). We had only one dog at that time — a female. She became very ill, lost her hair, and would not eat.

1966 marks the beginning of many unexplained and unusual and painful experiences that have occurred in our area, to ourselves, our land, our animals, our plants, and our friends.

I recall my arms swollen and dripping with open sores on them — and trying to work with them wrapped to my shoulders. I remember not being able to see clearly, and being afraid to go to a doctor in the fear that I was going blind. I remember an emergency room in the middle of the night because I couldn’t talk or swallow and writing excuses to a gym teacher for a 13 year old boy because of pain in his back and nose bleeds, and his inability to walk without limping and arguing with an eye doctor that his prescriptions must be wrong, for no boy who never wore glasses before would suddenly need them changed 3 times in one year! And seeing at least two men have to quit working on my house because of rashes and nausea, and muscle spasms. When my oldest son received his Master’s degree, I attended the ceremony in a long-sleeved dress, which I hated, to cover the bandages on my arms. And I remember people saying "you’re working too hard; you’re just tired." I would wonder what had happened to me when I couldn’t get work done that had always been so easy before. My husband found it increasingly difficult to wear his artificial limbs. If they wanted to try it out on a good specimen to see what it would do, they picked a good one in me! No "outside influences" such as drinking or smoking (not because my halo is that shiny — I just never got around to them, I guess. Seems that nothing makes other women as curious as when you tell them you never smoked or drank. The best answer I found to give them are that you belong to A.A., or have so many other vices these would be mild!)... and I’ve always had a real "thing" about doctors. Why go to them for a checkup if you’re healthy? if you stay healthy, you don’t have to go! So this little bit of advice to myself always worked real well; never had a tranquilizer in my life.
I will include elsewhere in my book, the report of Charmion McKusick, who is a scientist, of her observations relating to the area, and her own personal observances and occurrences relating to her own family; so these that I have recorded are those pertaining to my own personal situation and verified by me. By doing so, I do not intend in any way to limit these unhappy events to my family and myself alone. I am only remembering what a lawyer would say: “If you repeat it from someone else, that’s only hearsay.” But I can verify it that many families in our area suffered losses that I believe were caused by these chemicals and their careless application.

I have many recordings of our “Open Line” radio programs that touch on these things, and I have seen first hand the devastation to private lands, garden crops, trees and animals in our area. I have listened to some of their complaints, for they had no one else to turn to except the meager handful of us who set out to do (and did it!) a giant’s job. I’ve looked into the eyes of old people who had no reason to lie, who said: “I’m too old to try again”. I’ve watched tears stream down the face of a Mexican whose partial paralysis attack strangely enough coincided with the spraying dates in Globe in 1966 — and have in my files, his pitiful claim for $450.00 for the crops and trees he lost in 1966 — and THIS CLAIM WAS TURNED DOWN! The USDA kept repeating like some parrot that only one claim had been turned in! When we learned of it, and that it had been denied, we figured it was time to get a lawyer, and a damn good one! — or a whole brace of them, which is just what we did! (My claim I believe, has the distinction of being the biggest one ever submitted to the USDA to the tune of poetry and organ music — I wrote no letter — for I have a worse phobia against letter writing than I do doctors!) So it was a tape-recording and they either had to listen, or forget it. I figured they’d listen, in the hopes of finding some little gem to counter-sue me! And the organ music I felt would be appropriate, just in case anyone dropped dead from shock! All that was missing were the flowers. I almost sent a collection from our “Victory Box” — which we hauled to Phoenix after the spray, full of dead fruit, dead plants, and dead roses. This brings us to that fateful June, of 1969.

We were not contacted prior to the spraying of our land, or persons, etc. After stepping outside my bedroom door at the sound of the helicopter, on June 8, and being covered with whatever mess he was flying, I called the ranger’s wife when I saw the helicopter turn into the direction of the mountain, and then fly out again from an elevation on the side of the mountain of about 6,000 feet. A dense white cloud emanated as he came flying toward our land again.

So I assume he also “high-pressured” it (which is one more “no no” on a long list). The ranger’s wife told me she had no radio contact with them until after 8:00 a.m., and as it was only about 7:00 a.m. she suggested I try to meet them at the helispot, the location of which she was not aware. While standing on my land, I was again covered with the spray, and after chasing the helicopter in my auto, on the road at all times, I finally caught up with him when he landed.

Following are some interesting quotes, well documented, from my “009 D-I” file, (D-I stands for “deep intrigue”!)

Date: July 11, 1969. File No. 2520.
From: District Ranger
To: The Files
Subject: Watershed Protection; Kellner-Russell Chemical Maintenance KY69

“This memo is a resume of the TY maintenance project. The spraying was done on June 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1969. We started at 0640 on Sunday, June 8, at the helispot on Ice House Canyon Trail. At 0651 after the 3rd load was dropped, the pilot flew to old CCC Camp to check his spray booms. WHEN HE LANDED, MRS. SHOECRAFT ARRIVED AND TOLD HIM SOME OF THE SPRAY HAD LANDED ON HER PROPERTY. THE PILOT RETURNED TO THE HELI-SPOT AT 0714 AND SAID SOMEONE SHOULD GO TALK WITH HER.”

Did anyone “go talk with her?” Don’t be ridiculous! I wouldn’t be writing all this if they had, and we probably would have gone on
stumbling around blindly not knowing what in the world was wrong with the trees, with us, or with the animals.

They not only didn’t stop, or contact me, they sprayed for FOUR MORE DAYS! I had called Washington before they stopped!

But I feel certain I can safely say and fear no contradictions from anyone, that if anybody in the United States Forest Service, whether in the air or on the ground, or anyone working for them, ever again sees a wild-eyed blond standing on the ground, jumping up and down and madly waving her arms, they’ll damn-well stop, and find out what in the hell she wants!

“WAR DECLARED ON FOREST SERVICE”

These were the headlines of the Arizona Record, July 10, 1969.

The editor, Tom Anderson, prints news as he sees it, not like a puppet on the end of a political string. When he “editorializes” you can bet on it that he’s saying what he believes, not what someone told him to say. I’ve never known him not to have “guts” enough to carry both sides of a story.

The front page article read:

At the conclusion of a public meeting held at the Globe Chamber of Commerce last Thursday night and attended by approximately 60 area residents, the group took dead aim at an aerial spraying project which has been carried out in the Pinal Mountains since August 1965.

All of the group who voted — and this was about 95 per cent of them — endorsed the adoption of a nine-point proposal on the subject which had been drafted by Bob McKusick and Mrs. Willard Shoecraft.

In addition, most of those present signed petitions which had already been in circulation and which read as follows: “To — U.S. Forest Service and Salt River Project. We, the undersigned, hereby protest the spraying of Pinal Mountains near Globe, Arizona with 2, 4, 5 trichlorophenoxy) propionic acid (silver) due to damage that has been done by said spraying of property of individuals in the area of Pinal Mountains near Globe, Arizona."

The nine points of the “proposal” were as follows:

1. All spraying or killing by any method of any plant life on Pinal Mountain, whether with the help of Salt River Project or not, shall cease immediately.
2. That never again shall the U.S. Forest Service be allowed to set up a program to destroy plant life without the consent of the people of the entire area involved and until after all of the hazards or outcome of any such project is known beforehand and understood elsewhere.

3. That never again shall we be used as guinea pigs.
4. That it is made a law that no spraying or herbicidal use or destruction of plant life can be done until a complete analysis is made public and approved by the public prior to any action.
5. That the U.S. Forest Service no longer have immunity from the controls as set forth by the State Pesticide Control Board and must come under the same controls as they apply to private operators.
6. That no recreation area can be abandoned at the whim of the U.S. Forest Service just because it happens to be located where they wish to experiment.
7. The removal from office of any U.S. Forest Service personnel who directed, or was in any way responsible for the manner in which this project was conducted and/or condoned same — First and foremost, Robert Courtney, forest supervisor for the Tonto National Forest, for having proceeded with his own particular brand of “Doing what is good for you,” even if it kills you.
8. That the Salt River Project be restrained from any further destruction of this area for any reason whatsoever.
9. That we intend by whatever means necessary to see that the above proposals are carried out in full and are publicly announcing that we as citizens of the U. S. and recognizing that as such we are “we the people,” do declare that we shall defend our own land from any further desecration.

McKusick, Mrs. Shoecraft and others present reported that fruit trees, other types of plant life and even animals had either died or been affected in various and peculiar ways recently, shortly after the Forest Service sprayed close to Globe. McKusick also charged that the soil in some private areas had been rendered sterile.

Charges were made that the helicopters sprayed from too great a height, sprayed over private land, sprayed on windy days, used a chemical mixture not recommended by the manufacturer, did not know what effects the spray would have on plant life and animals outside the area sprayed, and proceeded with the project without interruption after protests were made.

As far as is known, the Forest Service has concluded the spraying for the season but plans to continue in the fall or spring.

IN COMMENTING on the controversy, William Moehn of Globe, Tonto forest ranger, said: “The stories about ducks’ eggs, owls not able to fly, and other wild tales are a bunch of malarkey.

“Insofar as some leaves falling off trees, in some cases this happens every year at this time.”
I have often wondered if the local ranger ever regretted the quotes attributed to him after the Senate hearings in Washington on these Herbicides. In April 1970, it was disclosed by the FDA that they produced deformities in the test animals.

Deformities occurred with all three chemical formulations, 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex — including deformed legs and "inadequate fusion of the skull." 80% of the test animals were born dead, and many of those born alive, had intestinal hemorrhages. The feathers were bleached on the chickens, indicating a change in the "normal pigment formation."

The report also mentions "Alopecia", or loss of hair. I've recalled many times the rangers comment "lot of malarkey!" as most of the eggs didn't hatch in Washington either.

Ten months prior to that Senate hearing, and 6 months before any information "leaked out" in the Bionetics studies, exposing the deformities caused by these chemicals, we had reported many abnormalities in goats, ducks, pigeons, and guinea pigs, including deformed legs, short twisted feet, curvature of the spine, and missing eyes. These same deformities occurred in the test animals in the FDA studies. The Bionetics Report called it "incomplete fusion of skull"; all I knew to say in my unscientific language of my guinea pigs, was "part of their heads seem to be missing or not grown together."

We couldn't say it in big long technical terms, so the USDA decided nothing really happened to our animals — altho a lot of them died.

One really bright member of the medical profession in Globe, was quoted in the Phoenix Gazette, February 13, 1970, as saying that this was "the biggest farce he had ever encountered" and that it was a "political question designed to make headlines for Mr. McCarthy." He "doubted it would ever become a medical question." (Won't it, Mr. Medicine Man?) His name was conveniently left out. It won't be too difficult to find him in time. Perhaps he will offer more gems of medical ignorance in a courtroom when he finds out how little he knew about phenoxy herbicides! It would take a brave man in the medical field to admit he didn't know anything about pesticides. And I've never known any real medal-winners in the AMA for that kind of bravery. It takes a big man to say "I don't know", and then a bigger one to try to learn something. This particular member is probably one of those who considers all females from age 20 to 80 to be "suffering from menopausal syndrome" and attributes any rash, loss of hair, blindness, or vomiting blood, to a "case of nerves!"

I wonder if it would have made any difference if I had been able to say to this particular "closed mind — don't tell me for I don't want to know" individual, in a very quiet research tone of voice: "I wonder what is causing my alopecia, and anorexia, and my dog's also?"

Possibly just the sound of those euphonious words might have turned him on like gang-busters! Maybe he and I would have had a real toxicology researchers' hey-day! As tragic as many of these things were as they occurred, I can't recall a lot of them without realizing their sheer humor also; such as an incident when my eyes were nearly swollen shut, I was almost unable to walk, my arms and legs were swollen twice normal size, part of the skin was dark and purple, my hair was coming out in patches, and my eyelashes were gone. As tears squeezed from my swollen eyes, the doctor concluded these various ailments resulted because I was nervous due to the deaths and burials of the various animals. My reply to this display of medical ignorance was "My God, Doctor! But why did the animals' hair fall out and their skin look like mine just before they died?" Even the fish outside my living room in the pond died, and a bob cat 3 feet long expired 20 feet from the house. I knew it was no use to call the Fish and Game Department. We had done that before. All they ever did was bury them. They never checked to see if they died of herbicides. I called a neighbor to ask if he had any room in his freezer, for I wanted to get it to a lab. He said he didn't, because his was full of dead birds! Now it seems hysterically funny, but that day, I cried!

Maybe if we had known all those words way back in July and August of 1969, they would have listened and seen the animals. But we didn't know those big words then. That Bionetics report with the fancy medical terms wasn't smuggled out of its little hiding place 'til many months later.

I can possibly overlook the attitude of any doctor who is not aware of the hazards of a pesticide if this is not his field. I can even understand his saying "but these aren't pesticides or poison, they're herbicides!" — not knowing that the term "pesticides" does include "herbicides", and they are poison.

But I cannot forgive an arrogant or "don't bother me I'm busy" attitude in any doctor, especially when I'm paying him at the check stand on the way out.

The Phoenix paper carried a story that "nine doctors in Globe had been interviewed" by the great scientists of the USDA. We didn't know we had nine doctors; the yellow pages only list 7 and most of the time it's impossible to locate even one!
But suddenly it appeared the community was overflowing with "medicine men!" It also reported that the interviews revealed there was "general agreement" (My God! — some of them hardly speak to each other, let alone "agree") — that there had been no "significant increase of illness that related to the spraying". It's astounding to us that these "interviews" were so quickly arranged by USDA members when many of the area residents can't get an appointment when they're dying! How would any of them know whether any of the illnesses were "related to the spraying" when not one of them, by their own admissions, was a pesticide specialist? A short time after the last spray, I recall a particular conversation with one of the doctors of the Eastern Arizona Pathology Laboratory, Globe.

I had been referred to him after emergency treatment in the local hospital, due to an inability to swallow, accompanied with severe chest pains.

His attitude was one of extreme annoyance when I inquired if he knew anything about these herbicides and whether they were related to the chlorinated hydrocarbons. He said they were not; that they were absolutely harmless. (But you were wrong, doctor. They are chlorinated hydrocarbons — and far from harmless.)

I told him that even the "crop dusters" whom I had interviewed said these were extremely hazardous to use. His reply was that "crop dusters don't know anything" and that he was sure his friend, who was the vice-president of "Agro-Chem" Chemical Company in Phoenix, "wasn't excited" about what we were saying had happened, because of these "harmless herbicides." I informed him that his friend of Agro-Chemical Co. was excited sufficiently to come storming into our radio station threatening to sue us for our "open Line" Radio program. The doctor retorted that "if a radio station was running your product down and costing you money, wouldn't you be upset?" I advised him that at no time had we or any of the listeners calling in, ever "run down" the chemical company products. (We didn't have access to all that knowledge about the deadlies in them at that time, Doctor, or the words wouldn't have been "running them down" it would have been "stopping and wiping them out"!) When I asked the "ignorant-of-herbicides" doctor about the makeup or effects of these chemicals, he was not aware of either. I also asked if he had listened to the radio program, stating if he had, he would realize we were not "attacking" his friend's chemical company. He replied he had heard none of the programs, and certainly didn't intend to listen! Then he stated that "they" (whoever that may be) "keep trying to ban DDT and there's nothing to it — it's harmless." (Where have you been, doctor? I thought in Arizona it had been banned on a lot of things!) When I said I had talked to a couple of chemists in Phoenix, he told me they didn't know anything down there either! He even said there was no "lab" down there. (Sorry, doctor, there are several.) Yet this doctor is the County Medical Examiner and Pathologist for Maricopa County which includes Phoenix, with 525,000 people. He's also the County Medical Examiner for my county, and another located between here and Phoenix. I keep wondering why he is County Medical Examiner for Phoenix, when he lives way up here in my tough and rugged contaminated town. Seems odd not to have chosen a doctor closer than 90 miles from Phoenix just in case someone in the Valley got sick and died, from what might be pesticide poisoning! Maybe none of them believe there is such a thing down there, either.

While he fiddled around with my throat, and was unable to find the growth which later was found there, he said "I'll bet $5 these herbicides are harmless." He lost the bet.

But he can keep the $5; maybe he'll buy a book with it like Frank Graham's "Since Silent Spring" which tells about some of those chemical company boys, or Whiteside's "Defoliation"; it's a paper-back, 95¢. These books came out long after I was in his office, so I didn't know these things that day, or that these chemicals are called "Orange" and "White" in Vietnam, or that they can kill and deform, and destroy.

On my way out he said he had always been a skeptic, but that I "intrigued" him with some of the things I had said, and he might "check on them." (P.S. Did you ever check, Doctor? I doubt it.)

He was also the doctor who signed the autopsy reports on two agricultural workers who died in Phoenix, May 2, 1970, stating it was "tree tobacco" that killed them.

The first news release had stated it was poisoning from eating vegetables sprayed with insecticides. It also told of a third man who survived and was being treated in the County Hospital for "parathion poisoning." The director of the county hospital's patient administration office said the hospital received a positive gastric analysis report on parathion from "Affiliated Pathologists." The same news story reported that Dr. Roan, University of Arizona, (Pesticide Study Director) stated the vegetables blamed for deaths contained "no agricultural poison". Later Dr. Roan admitted to me that no vegetables had been taken for analysis from the field, because the "survivor was an alcoholic and unreliable" and that he had really been treated for alcoholism. So, no vegetable samples were taken or tested. The men who died and the one who lived had no relatives or friends.
and the poverty program moves on ... and one more lie is added to the list of those told by the "privileged liars."

**A VISIT TO MT. TONTO**

You will not listen to my words
Because I shout ...
And when I speak in softness,
Then you do not hear ...
And if I wait in silence,
You never know I'm there ... How do I talk to you?

By the last week in July, 1969, things were pretty desperate in our little area. Above the silence of dead plants, dead birds and dead animals, we still heard the familiar chant that what had happened to us had in no way altered the plans of the Tonto National Forest Headquarters in Phoenix, Arizona, to continue the spray program as planned. And when we tried to find out just what the "as planned" meant, we were given vague, misleading answers.

Some of those whom we had contacted by then included Governor Jack Williams, Senators Barry Goldwater and Paul Fannin, Representative Sam Steiger, in addition to our local health department, supervisors, the Mayor and city manager, State Health Department in Phoenix, the Maricopa (Phoenix) County Health Department, the State Pesticide Control Board, the USDA Office in Phoenix, the Water Pollution Board in Denver, Dow Chemical Company, members of the Agriculture Department of the University of Arizona, Dr. Roan, and Dr. Morgan of the Commission on Pesticide Study in Tucson, the State Game and Fish Department, the Salt River Project, State Land Department, the Department of the Interior, and others.

We had received a letter from Sam Steiger, our representative, which stated he had contacted the Forest Service and had been assured the spraying was stopped. But when I interviewed Mr. Courtney, Tonto Supervisor, he stated it was stopped only because the project was completed for that particular time and that he had full intentions of continuing their program. I had asked the local Ranger to urge Mr. Courtney to view our area personally — to see the animals that were ill, and although it was a great physical effort for me to do so, after the Ranger told me that "Mr. Courtney has more important things to think about than the spraying in Globe", I saw Mr. Courtney personally and requested he visit our area. A news release from his office in July stated that "no proof had been submitted that the spraying had affected any area outside the forest and if any were submitted, the program would be modified to insure it would not happen again."

Prior to my visit to Mr. Courtney, I had called William Fleischman (the Tonto Forest Grazing Officer) and asked him to view the area after Mr. Courtney refused our invitation nor would he permit a group to call on him. Mr. Fleischman told me in the presence of witnesses, including Mr. Moehn, the local Ranger, that he could see Silvex damage as close as my back door. Also in my files are copies of letters signed by Mr. Fleischman and Mr. Moehn whom Mr. Courtney had sent to Globe as part of the first "task force." These letters were addressed to Mr. Courtney two weeks prior to his news release that he had seen "no proof of damage." These letters state that damage had been seen on my property and "we also got some drift of spray down Kellner and Icehouse Canyons", beans, peas, tomatoes appear to have been hit severly by the spray. The corn is stunted and melon type plants also affected. Many fruit trees, as well as other trees, also show effects of the spray."

How could Mr. Courtney not have been aware of this information when the visit and reports of the damage found were made to him prior to my visit?

Please note those two names in particular:
"Mr. William Moehn, Globe Ranger."
"Mr. William Fleischman, Tonto Grazing officer."

You will particularly notice the absence of these names from any so-called "Task Forces" of the future, nor did I manage to get a copy of these letters until NINE months after they were written (and when they read this, it will be the first time they will be aware that I have these copies, even now!).

Why did Mr. Courtney choose to play his particular role this way? I do not know. I only know that by his attitude, by his obvious and total lack of concern for our problem, or our welfare, he pushed possibly beyond the brink of repair the already almost shattered image of the Forest Service in our area. I left his office on the day of that particular visit stunned. As Mr. Steiger's office is in the same building, I stopped to report that Mr. Courtney still refused to assure us that spraying of these chemicals would be stopped in our area, on us, or on our homes. I was still "walking blind" in the land of herbicides; for I did not know what they were, nor how hazardous, and I want to believe that Mr. Courtney did not know either. I have wondered many times in reviewing this man's stubbornness to continue with his plans in spite of our pleadings — and our proof —
if he has ever looked back and regretted his reactions to us in those early days. I think of the personnel who made up the branch of the US Forest Service, and those in the US Department of Agriculture who planned the series of events that cause this story to have to be written at all; and whose lack of knowledge of what they were doing was only excelled by their lack of concern — and wonder if they have any regrets.

And I consider the role played by those great "untouchables" in Arizona known as the Salt River Project, who shared in the perpetration and costs of these events with no greater show of knowledge or concern than that exhibited by the U.S. Forest Service. If they have any feelings of guilt over the part they chose to enact, they've never let them show. The original scheme appears to be theirs. They purchased the chemical and directed it to be sprayed on their own watershed, which they so jealously guard. I wonder about the helicopter service company that applied the chemical. They should not have exhibited such a display of disregard and carelessness involving the rights of others. And I include the birds, the animals and the silent leafless trees.

I wonder too, about those apathetic beings who somehow more by accident than design still inhabit this earth, but who will not "stand up and be counted", nor even seek nor accept the facts as they are in answer to the question "what did the US Forest Service, with the consent and aid of the Salt River Project, do to an area called "the foothills of the Pinal Mountains, Globe, Arizona?"

Those of us who recall those nightmare days, remembering more than we'd like to, know that nothing will ever erase their memory. As I look at these mountains of papers, files, letters, tapes, photographs, all the humor has left me and the anger rises again. Anger that such a sad thing could happen. But more anger directed at those who should have cared — but didn't. I recall some of these so-called "government scientist - experts" who have been here (and who, upon close examination, were totally unqualified for their job.) I remember their saying "we mustn't let emotions enter into it — just facts — and nothing else, Mrs. Shoecraft."

How do you stifle the emotion when it's your dog, or horse, or child, or yourself, or so small a thing as a one-eyed guinea pig? I agree that I believe it was quite easy for those who came from Washington wearing their various disguises to be totally and even heartlessly unemotional, but the land and animals and children were not theirs. I remember the tortured mountain, the silent streams, choked with dead plant life, the seedless, sickened flowers, the great, good earth out there that lies in confusion and distrust, and my anger finds a new key.

Petitions were signed and they ultimately carried over one thousand names — a lot for this small area, and a letter was composed and mailed with them addressed to Mr. Courtney, the ending of which read "we are here petitioning that you cease this program and immediately begin reparations, if this situation is to be solved without greater grief to all. Should further flights of spraying occur over our private lands and homes without our permission they will be regarded as dangerous, and necessary measures of self-defense will be employed."

Copies were mailed among others to Representative Sam Steiger, Senator Paul Fannin and Senator Barry Goldwater, Henry M. Jackson, Chairman of the US Senate Sub-committee on Environmental Resources. This was the middle of July, and time seemed to be running out.

But even this could not obtain a statement from Mr. Courtney that the spraying of our area would be halted permanently.

A telegram representing several thousand signatures was ultimately sent to the President. By then it was apparent that the Pulliam Newspapers in Phoenix were too involved with the Salt River Valley to help us. I wonder how different the whole picture might have been had only the US Forest Service been involved and not the Salt River Project. But Phoenix is headquarters of the Salt River Valley, and the Salt River Project has convinced more persons than one that they have "top priority" down there. I recall someone commenting to me when this first started that "you can't sue the government, and nobody can touch the Salt River Project" — my anger roared back: "The Hell We Can't! Stick Around and Watch Us!"

We were past the "point of no return". The message was loud and clear; only it was spelled out in the "silent treatment" from every local and state and national official we had contacted, except Sam Steiger.

I'd dreamed up a name for us — the "I C U Committee" and it meant just that: "I See You!" and "I'll be watching every damn thing you do from here on out!" That was it; Plain and Simple. I understand a lot of time and effort was spent by the Government to see if the "committee" was a subversive agency! After the Range Management meeting in which Mr. Robert Moore of the Salt River Project kept referring to those of us in the spray area as the "uninformed", I added a second meaning to the letters: "The Informed Citizens' Union!"

One morning I was thinking of what in the world we could do to end this stalemate. I've always believed that there is some way to
get anything done in spite of those not-so-funny signs that say: "I Tried! — and I couldn't do it either!"

So, since Mr. Courtney insisted he had "seen no evidence of damage" to our area by the spray, and still refused to visit us, the logical solution began formulating: "Let's take the damage to Mr. Courtney!"

NOBODY GIVES A DAMN!

A lot of illusions were shattered after the spray of 1969, and a lot of them were mine. But since I don't believe in hanging on to anything that isn't real, I shed no tears over their passing. I started into this thing feeling like "Pollyanna" and then I had to step back, and watch as one little dream after another went up in smoke.

Shock and disillusionment set in, because of lies and arrogance, and finally I blew Pollyanna a kiss of farewell when she couldn't take it any more, and made room for Scarlett O'Hara! But I guess most of the time the Scarlett O'Hara's get the job done.

Although I had observed personally the lack of concern and failure of local and state officials to perform the duties for which they were elected, I was totally unprepared for this to occur on the national level also.

This to me, was a far different situation than complaining about smog on the waterfront or radio-active fall out from an atomic bomb blast in Utah, it was real basic, like saying: "Okay kids, here it is:"

1. You sprayed right on top of our land and us.
2. Your map shows you did.
3. Your files show evidence you admit you did.
4. The analysis of plants, water, soil, (and me!) shows its presence.
5. What you did was a "no-no!"

That Pollyanna kid was still around at the time, and she cheerfully tucked these bits of information in the back of her head, set out with her singing heart, still believing those law enforcing bodies out there and other people who run my state and nation, really meant it when they said they were working for us and taking care of our country, and that meant they were concerned about those of us who live in Globe, Arizona. And somewhere I'd read nobody could just wipe us out and destroy what belonged to us without "due process of law" or something! No where could I find that anyone was given any special treatment or exceptions to be allowed to use the air above our heads to circle and spin and turn and whirl and spiral and spray ANYTHING! EVEN WATER!! — on top of our houses, trees, land or us. So, we decided to tell my buddy the Governor, and my friend Harry Goldwater, whose house I used to pass on the way to mine, when I lived in his precinct in the shadow of Camelback Mountain, and voted for him — and my other ex-neighbor Senator Paul Fannin, whom I used to wave at when he was Governor, and he lived across the street from me. The water was contaminated, and that means "polluted", so I decided to call the Water Pollution Board. They're in Denver, that's Mr. Blackburn, and the City of Globe Health Department, that's Mr. Metcalf; and the State Water or Environmental Water or Something, in Phoenix, that's Mr. Bartholomew, and we called Governor Jack Williams; he used to read my poetry from my book "MoonDust" on his radio station.

And since we didn't know what to do with the dead birds, dead skunks, dead porcupine or dead bob cats, we called the Arizona Game and Fish, and the "pesticide control board", Bob Rayburn; (he'll think this is just terrible, He'll say; "Good Grief! They did what? And on your own land! My that's terrible! And leaky booms, too?") And Mr. Ryan at the State Land Department because he seemed so happy in 1966 when I told him about my beautiful land where I was building a house. And Bill Warskow, Salt River Project; he looked up my water rights to this old homestead in 1966 and said it dated back before Salt River Project was allowed to keep people from getting a water right off that mountain. He told me to plant more trees when I bought it, and to keep using the water, because that's what makes the water rights stay right there! He'd be glad to know I planted 22 trees in 1966; don't know what happened, but they all died in 1968 except 4, and they don't grow any fruit, and we called Rocky Mountain Experimental Station. They're part of the Forest Service and they are interested in "experiments", and this must be "an experiment" or it wouldn't have turned out like this. The Army Corps of Engineers were using this stuff too (and the Department of Interior better be told what it did) so I called the Bureau of Indian Affairs at San Carlos; they've been spraying it on the Gila River that goes into Coolidge Dam. And since it's in our food, and garden crops I also called the FDA and HEW in Washington.

Then there's the big land outfit, BLM — Bureau of Land Management, and the State Highway Department. I heard they got in an awful mess with this a few years ago, and they haven't used it since, Figured maybe they'd know what to do.

And we called Mr. Hardin, USDA, and Mr. Cliff, USFS, since a lot of their rules had been violated. And we called some of those big doctors at Beltsville, whose names appear inside the Secretary's book on pesticides with the name "Environmental" tucked into the title, Dr. Richard Bates and Ian Mitchell, they've been experimenting...
around with the stuff; and the Adjutant General, since he's used it in
Vietnam, and the Science Advisor to the President, Dr. Lee Dubridge,
and those other doctors at the USDA, Byerly and Bailey, and our
congressman, Sam Steiger. We even told the President, Mr. Nixon.

These are a few of the ones we called as soon as we quit
vomitting, and could walk again, and the pains in our chest let up so
we could breathe, and the hemorrhaging slacked off a little, and the
swelling went down so our eyes would open and we could focus the
left one if not the right, to see to bury the animals and birds that died.

We called them all. And what happened? Nobody gave a damn... except Sam... and he let us down!

THE LONG, BLACK HEARSE

The month was still July 1969 and all we apparently had to show
for our efforts was a $500.00 phone bill and no reassurance from
the "Valley of the Sun" or the Forest Service that there would be no
more spraying of our area.

There were rumors that various government boys were around
although none of them came by. We saw many new faces in
Department of Agriculture trucks, and a lot more in those marked
"Salt River Project". Some of them were shiny rented cars with
unsmilting faces peering out. These may have been the boys from
"Dow".

After taking another hard look at Mr. Courtney's statement "I've
seen no damage", we decided to change all that. If he wouldn't come
to Globe to see what these chemicals had done to our crops, fruit,
flowers and other plant life, we would take them to his office just up-
stairs from Barry Goldwater. It was about this time that another bob
cat and a skunk died on our land. You've already guessed what I
considered doing!

A great many documented facts had occurred by this time which
made the propaganda about seeing "no evidence of spray outside the
forest area" utterly ridiculous.

Analysis run by a laboratory recommended by the Agriculture
Department of the University of Arizona showed contamination with
the chemicals in more than a dozen samples of plant life including
food crops, stream bed material, flowers and fruit.

Analysis of water samples taken by the State Health Department
after prodding by our attorney several weeks after the spray showed
contamination in all samples. One of these was from my kitchen sink.

A report of which we were not aware had already been made to
Mr. Courtney by the Globe Ranger and the Tonto Grazing Officer
saying they had seen evidence of drift and damage on private
property in the area.

On July 15, 1969, Mr. Courtney sent another "task force" since
he and USDA headquarters decided to disqualify the first report and
those who made it, although these two men were in charge of the
spray project. One of them was the grazing staff officer for the entire
Tonto National Forest which is the SECOND LARGEST FOREST IN
THE UNITED STATES. The second task force whom the USDA chose
to call the "first" hoping no one would ever see the report turned in
by the "first team" was composed of twelve men. But none of them
came to my place. Since the Forest Service road and the County road
go through our land, it is impossible to "inspect" the area without
passing our house and land, BUT NONE OF THE BOYS STOPPED.
And I was going to be a "real good kid" that day... stayed home... shut the dogs up in the bathroom... they were too sick to bite any-
body anyway... got out the sixteen cup Chemex coffee pot... and
the spoons from England with roses on the handles. Wore a dress
with long sleeves to cover the sores on my arms instead of boots and
levi's. And dark glasses to cover my swollen eyes. But nobody came.

So when I discovered it wasn't just the dark glasses and my swollen
eyes that made it look like it was night, I threw out the coffee, pushed and carried the dogs back outside, and decided we'd better
use what strength we had left to haul the damn dead stuff to "big
chief sitting still" in Phoenix.

And since all of the "victims" died honorably and in the line of
duty, we believed they should be given honorable funeral rights. Who
ever heard of anyone hauling anything dead to someone in the back
seat of a car especially in Arizona in July? Dead things belong in a
coffin hauled by a hearse. A hearse with just a lot of vacant space
inside showing past the pulled-back velvet curtains and no coffin
isn't quite the same idea. Since I've always believed "go first class
even if it broke", we had to have these two items for a funeral.

I don't imagine there are many "used" caskets for sale, hire or
loan. But in Globe, we have everything! "Rocky" Miller, about whom
a good sized book could be written, just happened to have one handy!

Time out a moment, for "Rocky". Many unusual stories surround
him, but the one about the "Arco-Iris d'Mexico" is my favorite:

His name "Rocky" was attached to him early because he likes
"Rocks"... just that plain! Whether it's a chunk loaded with copper,
one that has some asbestos sticking out... turquoise, tiger-eyes, or
apache tears. He loves them all, and has made it his life's vocation.

A GHAT
That, and working mining claims. He can tell you about one of those rocks while he holds it in his hands, and if you keep looking, you'll finally see it breathe! Some people call them "stones"—but he calls them all "rocks." I've always believed that "special things" find their way to "special people" and if you have an affinity for anything, it will find its way to you eventually.

Rocky's "Old Ghost Mine" was also his rock shop in Globe. By climbing over various "collectors' items" usually parked halfway in the door and a lot more stored around the walls, it is possible to view his rock collections which are second to none. There are also barrels of rocks, wash tubs full of rocks, burlap bags containing rocks and trays of rocks. The trays are marked with signs reading "10¢", "25¢", "50¢" and "$1.00". The dollar ones don't move very fast.

Several years ago he bought some rocks from Mexico. A few of these had been dumped in his "1.00" box. After two or three years he dumped those that were left in the "50¢" box. Then a year or two later in one of his "rare if ever" moods of house cleaning and "straightening up a bit", the few ugly remaining rocks wound up in the "25¢" box. A couple of years later he decided to "organize his stock" or something, and one of those old rocks was still there. Nobody wanted it. Rather than discard it to the "10¢" box which was rather an insult to any rock, he decided to see what was inside. When it was cut which was a long tedious process, hiding inside its ugly exterior was the largest Mexican fire opal ever discovered, and the only one ever found with a repeated triangular pattern. It was displayed at the World Gem Show in 1966 and won first prize. Its true value is unknown but estimates of $2 million dollars have been made. There is none other to equal it in the entire world. It is kept in a bank vault and on rare occasions its fire is displayed. I was very honored and very lucky for I was allowed to hold it and feel its magic and see triangle after triangle flashing and glowing and breathing deep in its heart. Rocky calls it the "pearl of a great value", but the true name "Arco Iris" makes me call it "Rocky's Rainbow".

So "Rocky" supplied the casket for our funeral. Not one of those plain, contemporary 1969 kind, but an 1899 pleated and tucked and very used one. It looked just as dead as our plants killed by these chemicals. But it still had a lot of character and pride. Once it had been a spectacular creation. Someone had borrowed it before us, and they forgot to return all of it. Just the magnificent old moth-eaten lid came back. That meant we had to do some fast carpenter work, for without the bottom, the top wouldn't be very effective. I had a bolt of shiny black satin left over from a long time ago when I decided to "do" a bedroom in white walls, green rugs and black satin ruffles on the bed. It was ghastly! So this satin had moved around through various boxes and houses waiting for this ghastly hour! And since nobody wants to raise a coffin lid and find it empty my musical teddy bear was placed inside. He came home with me from St. Croix, Switzerland. We named him "Smokey" and I made long curly lashes to cover his open eyeballs so he looked very dead indeed. The stream bed was full of dead plant life which looked like raw wool blankets. We covered him with this. It was later shown to be highly contaminated with the herbicides. Even those who were unable to attend the funeral still brought their damaged crops and plants, some neatly boxed and tied with ribbons. A big box which had contained a real casket, 1969 variety, was draped with red, white and blue bunting. This was placed on our pick-up truck on which we used up the balance of that dreadful black satin. The deformed and rotted plants and garden vegetables and dead flowers were gently placed inside. A 20 ½ deformed century plant and a twisted sotol were tied to the top. The wife of a commercial sign painter whose gardens and flowers were ruined, painted our banners and signs.

The local mortician loaned us his ancient hearse which he keeps as a relic of the past. His ambulance driver volunteered his services at no cost. So the ingredients were quickly and efficiently put together for "Project Funeral" or "Hearse Day" as we called it.

My husband and our news man arranged the advance publicity. Both of them did an excellent job. The Associated Press issued the following release the day before our scheduled trip to Phoenix:

ASSOCIATED PRESS JULY 24 1969
ARIZONA AT NOON (FOLIAGE FUNERAL)
GLOBE AREA RESIDENTS ARE PROTESTING THE RECENT SPRAYING OF THE CHEMICAL CALLED SILVEX BY THE FOREST SERVICE IN THE MOUNTAIN HILLS SOUTH OF GLOBE BY ORGANIZING A FUNERAL PROCESSION. SPONSORS OF THE PROTEST CAMPAIGN ARE CHARGING THAT THE TONTO NATIONAL FOREST SUPERVISOR ROBERT COURTNEY DOESN'T BELIEVE THEIR COMPLAINTS ABOUT DAMAGED PLANTS FROM THE SPRAY—SO THEY ARE SENDING THEIR DEAD PLANTS TO HIM
FRUIT TREES, GARDEN PLANTS AND OTHER FOLIAGE—WHICH WERE ALLEGEDLY KILLED BY THE SPRAY—are being put in a coffin and will travel by a hearse from Globe to Phoenix and will arrive at the Federal Building tomorrow at 2 P.M. The coffin will be delivered to Courtney's office. Petitions have been signed by some
900 TO ONE THOUSAND PERSONS IN THE GLOBE AREA PROTESTING THE SPRAYING PROGRAM.

Summers in Arizona are hot, and they begin in May. When some "snow bird" is here in January or February and says, "Oh, this is really like nothing I’ve ever known! I’m going to hurry back to the wheat farm in Kansas, or the Fifth Avenue flat in New York, and gather up my 3 kids and come right back and stay!" ... we always advise him to tippy-toe back in July before he calls the Bekins man or rents an oversized do-it-yourself U-Haul. For if you think you’ve never seen anything like our winters, you never saw anything like our summers, either! And July 25, 1969 had no intention of breaking that record!

So this was “Hearse Day” and it was hot! Phoenix was 90 miles away across the desert. By the time I reached the Chamber of Commerce meeting place in Globe on the morning of July 25, most of our little “mourning” group was there.

The “official mourners” were the teenage girls with black veils and black dresses. Four young men were pallbearers.

Then I discovered the reason our little group was standing solidly together just outside the Chamber of Commerce door. Guess what? Mr. Courtney had decided to come to Globe, and was standing in the doorway! I heard snatches of conversation, like: "... being here anyway" and, "no need for you to go down to Phoenix now" ... and "we can talk here."

One of the teenagers offered him a letter which she wanted to give him in Phoenix. He refused it. Then he said, "The man that runs the Federal Building in Phoenix won’t let you in." That one I heard loud and clear!

Since I always keep my “Craig” recorder handy, I decided I’d better get an interview, because of this most unexpected member adding himself to our little group. But it was even more unexpected when the “Craig” was knocked out of my hands by his wife. I listened to Mr. Courtney for a little while — long enough to hear the words “chapparal” and “grass” and “better forage”. Even then, without this year’s practice at sifting and separating some of those words that were lies, I remembered that NOT ONE GRASS SEED had been planted in the entire four years and five sprayings UNTIL AFTER we started our Hell-raising over the damage, and by then, the ground was in such a mess and all that damned, dead brush so tight a grass seed couldn’t even see if somebody crawled up there on his hands and knees with one of these planters and planted it seed by seed!

You’ve heard how these army-trained dogs react when you say “kill” ... and they climb right up the wall?” Well, by July 25, 1969, all anyone had to do to head me out in the opposite direction was to say the words “replace chapparal with grass” or “plant grass where we’ve controlled the chapparal” or “chapparal is not as aesthetic looking as grass.”

It never made any difference which way the words came out. If the words “chapparal and grass” were in the same sentence, that would do it! I had a real mental block! Maybe it’s because I’d asked around what chapparal was. I never got so many crazy answers in my life! So back to Webster’s, 5th Edition. Page 169 — 7 words from the bottom on the right hand side:

“Chapparal: A thicket of dwarf, evergreen oaks.” In fact, it says the word is from the Spanish “chapparoo” meaning “evergreen oak.” It doesn’t mention the big live oaks, the cottonwoods, the aspen, the sycamores, the locust, the walnuts or the maples, but they were sprayed too.

As I listened to Mr. Courtney making a speech in the doorway, I could hear time ticking past; and TV and Radio wait for no one ... not even an 1899 used casket! So I interrupted him with something like being a little late in getting around to this big moment. He stated he was not talking to me ... just these “other people”.

Well, those “other people” happened to be “my people” and we’d come through a lot of hell together and were prepared to go through a lot more if necessary. I don’t remember whether I said it quietly or loudly, but I replied I wasn’t speaking to him right then either — just that great little bunch of people standing there when I said: “We’ve got two hours and 15 minutes and a long way to go! I’m sorry Mr. Courtney can’t be there to meet us — unless he wants to turn around and go back to Phoenix and get there before we do! We’ve got a date in Phoenix ... let’s not keep anybody waiting!”

I don’t know how the “Trail Boss” used to feel when he said “Wagons Ho!” or whether there were any Annie Oakley characters among the women who might have given the orders to “roll ’em out!” or whatever they said in the days when the West was just beginning to stagger up from its knees to become the giant it is now — but if they felt anything like I did at that particular moment, they had a lump a yard wide in their throats and they had to turn their heads fast so no one saw the tears.

I didn’t have to look over my shoulder to see if they were there as I climbed into my car. It was beautiful team work and nobody dropped anyone’s hand! I’ll always see that big hearse driver, a huge man, coal black hair, and a face that shined like the sun. He wasn’t
When we arrived at the Federal Building the street was roped off for us and the crowd was waiting and the newsmen from the TV and radio stations didn’t let us down. The teenage assistants rode together in the black truck with the red, white and blue covered box, their faces red from the sun, but there was a quiet, sombre beauty about each one. If they were acting, they played their parts well.

The casket was lifted out, the plants taken gently from the big box. Shriveled, blackened peaches, some with a second growth on their sides, some with four seeds; orange colored, four sided egg plants, four kinds of peppers grown on a single vine. Some were purple, some black and twisted; others were red and weird green ones. There were blackened roses and rotted orange cactus.

There was corn from my garden, six inches tall, with tassels, and two inch ears of corn. There was golden bantam corn 9 feet tall, with the ears out of the top, and none on the side, and no grains on the ears! Pumpkins that were hollow, and only shells. Shriveled dried apples; okra 7 feet tall with no leaves, and split, twisted growths on the side. One tomato plant 15 feet long with no tomatoes. And that crazy squash, 8 feet long, all turned inside out! Smokey kept his eyes shut and didn’t make a sound!

When our job was finished the casket was reloaded, the plants put back in the red, white and blue box, and our trip across the desert, over the mountain, through “Devil’s Canyon” and back to our little town at the foot of a mountain we love, and would die for, was over.

If I’ve taken a little longer than I meant to with this chapter, it’s because it’s the only way I know to let you . . . that reader out there, know what prompted our long black hearse in the first place; that it was not a “publicity stunt” for “publicity’s sake”, but that it was the only way we knew to let you know about what had happened here that was so wrong! And that it must not happen anywhere again.

This was the only way we knew to break the strangle hold of suppressing what we had already seen first hand about the effects of “phenoxy herbicides”.

Everything we have told is true. I do not need to use this book to prove anything; that will be done in due time and very quietly in a courtroom. This is one more part of “telling it like it was”, and also “like it is.”

I had always believed until this happened that if something has been done, unless it is intentional, which is wrong and the person’s attention is called to it, that he will try to make it right again. But this was not the case. The threat of more spraying was hanging over us. And those who had injured us showed no remorse or regrets.

one of our “bunch” either, but a real, honest-to-goodness ambulance driver! Driving a real honest-to-goodness hearse! And he wanted no pay for the job! And he stopped traffic on Main Street when he rolled that big black wagon onto the highway with the others falling in behind.

Some of them were in old cars that didn’t look like they’d make it to the end of town, but they did, all the way across the mountain and the hot desert valley. Miners, a florist, a woman manager of a trailer court whom even God should have known better than to argue with when she pulled out an 8 foot long squad that had tentacles growing from everywhere and said to Mr. Courtney: “look at this thing and what that spray did!” There’s one I’ve always called “Tex” since that day. He works at the mines but he was in his best western clothes and ready to go to a funeral!

Two of them were owners of the local communications system and I’m sure most persons in their position wouldn’t have “stood up and been counted” like they did. Their signal tower is located on Forest Service land on the mountain.

There were those who said “we’d like to help, and we believe you’re right, but we’re in a spot where we don’t dare make the Forest Service mad, or they’ll get even with us.” Not only do they show their own ignorance by such reasoning, but I believe they do the USFS a terrible injustice. For if a thing is wrong, it’s wrong. Allowing it to continue doesn’t help anyone. If someone who is in charge of a particular department or job is so small himself that you can’t show him an error, and then work with him to straighten it out, this person is no one to fear, for in time, he will eliminate himself. And if you hunt far enough, you’ll always find someone somewhere who will listen, IF YOU’RE RIGHT!

So our little caravan moved out. The word reached us at Florence Junction (half way) that the Television and Radio Stations had been informed they wouldn’t need to wait, for Mr. Courtney had come to Globe to detain us, and we wouldn’t be there! So we pulled in at Salt River Project Headquarters. It was my first time to meet Mr. Victor Corbell, President of SRP. And because I choose my friends by my own standards and no one else’s, I wish to say that he is one of the most courteous men I have ever met, and that I believe he is honorable and sincere, and would have that trait which I consider more important than any other: integrity. Had the circumstances been different, I’m sure we would have been friends. He kindly and gallantly offered us the use of his offices and his phones where I called to tell our news man at KIKO to “pass the word on down the line . . . let them know we’re this far, and that we’re still going to be right on time!”
I learned a long time ago that if a man is afraid of the spotlight of publicity, he has much to hide. For if he does not, then digging out all the facts will not make him panic and run. So we gambled on a long shot. But it turned out not to be a gamble after all. For, if exposing the truth about the incident in Globe made those responsible for it panic, and lose their places, then they were guilty. If it did not, they would put their shoulders to the wheel with us, and grab our hands and help get the catastrophe that had happened to us straightened out. They would offer aid, not blocks in the path. They could have afforded to gamble that we were sincere; that perhaps we were telling the truth. But they didn’t, and they lost anyway.

THE COUNCIL MEETING

We made our way to July 28, 1969, three days after the “black hearse”, and the Forest Service Supervisor came to Globe to appear at the City Council Meeting. I had been requested by the Mayor to be the speaker for our group. He later had a “lapse of memory” regarding this, until I reminded him of his phone call to me.

This was again one of those “grass and chapparel” “chapparel and grass” meetings — with charts and maps, and fire and chemicals, and drought talk. The word “chapparel” wove in and out as the forest supervisor spoke and the crowd grew restless. There were about 200 of them and they wanted to know if somebody was going to do anything about what had happened to their plants, to them, and their animals, not hear a program on “range and chapparel management” or how much “burnable material” is in an acre. Phrases such as “schematic drawings” “slower seepage through draw-down pipes” meant nothing to them that night and it probably never will.

Somewhere in his talk, Mr. Courtney told them that the Forest Service had considered burning the mountain first as they had done in all other areas except ours prior to using the chemicals, but didn’t do so here because of the “very steep slopes”.

I guess that’s all we would have needed — set us on fire; especially when it says not to burn the damn brush that’s been sprayed.

By then we were aware it wasn’t to “get grass” since none had been planted in the four years of the chemical treatment.

Following are some of the statements made at that meeting, and some of the contradictory information that was given at other times:

Forest Service: (7/28/69): “The first three treatments were financed entirely by Forest Service dollars, but in 1968 and 1969 jointly financed by Salt River Project and Forest Service dollars.”

Contradictions: Fact sheet, submitted to Globe Chamber of Commerce, September, 1969: “By 1965, Salt River Project was contributing to this program”

(6/24/69): Personal interview with Forest Service Grazing officer:
Me: “Has Salt River Project financed or helped finance all of these projects since 1965, or just this last spraying?”

Forest Service: “My recollection is they didn’t finance anything in 1965; they did this year, and I don’t remember last year.”

The Forest Supervisor, in an enclosure to Congressman Sam Steiger, June 19, 1969: “By 1965, the Salt River Project had begun to contribute to this program, allotting $80,000 to the project.”

M.M. Nelson, Deputy Chief, 7/24/69: Forest Service, Chief Cliff’s office, Washington, D.C., letter to Senator Goldwater: “The project area was treated with Silvex. (a 2,4,5-T herbicide) provided by the Salt River Water User’s Association, June 8-11, 1969.”

USDA, February 11, 1970, “The last two years of the project were jointly financed by the Forest Service and the Salt River Project.” (That would be 1968 and 1969.)

So that makes six contradictions to that one!

A few more “quotes” regarding 1967, at the Council Meeting:

(7/28/69): “... and in 1967 there was no treatment made on any of these areas, mainly because of lack of funds.”

Forest Service Fact Sheet, obtained 9/17/69, shows 5,600 acres in the Tonto National Forest treated with herbicides in 1967 — at $7.00 per acre = $39,200.00. No funds?

M.M. Nelson, Cliff’s office, Washington, D.C., 7/24/69: “Similar treatments (herbicides) applied in 1967 and 1968 were apparently acceptable locally. (They damn well weren’t acceptable, we just didn’t know we’d been sprayed!)

Other quotes from the meeting:

Forest Service: “In 1968 and 1969, we changed (from 2-4D and 2,4,5-T) to Silvex, due to 2-4D and 2,4,5-T being totally unavailable; 2-4D being scarce as a result of the demands of production made by the military.”

But the “Fact Sheet” shows: (9/17/69):
1968: Forest Service sprayed 8,100 acres, 2-4D-2,4,5-T; only 2,800 acres with Silvex.
1969: Forest Service sprayed 10,160 acres 2-4D-2,4,5-T; 2,800 acres Silvex (Globe only!)
The inventory taken in February, 1970, shows at least 5,000 gallons 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T still on hand and all of it was purchased prior to 1969!

So why tell us they used Silvex because they “couldn’t get 2,4-D or 2,4,5-T” for 1968 and 1969 when they sprayed at least 18,000 acres with it in those two years?

Forest Service: “We were able to obtain a supply (Silvex) in 1967.”

The Forest Service did not obtain it; it was purchased by Salt River Project, with 100% of their dollars!

More quotes, same meeting, same night:

Forest Service: “The forest service furnished the herbicide.” (One more lie, even Mr. Nelson, of Chief Cliff’s office told the Senators it was Salt River Project that furnished it)

Forest Service: “This mixture was designed to be effective on oak!” (It sure was! It killed it! Dr. Tschirley, USDA, in a paper published in 1954, tells how ‘resistant’ oak is to phenoxy herbicides, 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T). But he lied.

Forest Service: 7/28/69: “Diesel oil was not added to solution of 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T or Silvex, as it increased drift problem.”

District Ranger, August 19, 1965: “The herbicides 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T will be mixed with diesel oil and water; diesel oil will serve as a weight factor to insure against drift.”

Besides the blasted label SAYS to mix it with diesel oil! Every damn one of them say if you’re going to fly around in the air with it, and don’t want to get it all over Hell, put some oil in it!

Forest Service: “Over the years, on other projects in the Tonto, we have used 8 gallons per acre.”

Fact Sheet: Shows 10 to 100 gallons per acre — not 8.

Forest Service: “Aircraft of “medium particles” type.”

USDA directions say to use a coarse spray.

Forest Service: “Because of the fire season, we were receiving detailed forecasts, detailed weather information from the Phoenix weather bureau and the Albuquerque weather bureau office. This was sent by teletype to our fire dispatcher’s office and relayed to the people on the project by radio, and at all times, the radio was on and in use, and turned on, at the helispot.”

(I’m sure glad they knew what the weather was in Phoenix and in Albuquerque, because it’s a cinch they didn’t know what it was on the job!)

Remember the letter: “Kept no wind records on the job” “Wind exceeded 10 miles per hour!” The ranger’s wife told me when I phoned and told her about all that mess on my pink night gown that

...who couldn’t get in touch with them by radio until after 8:00 AM. They could get to Albuquerque by radio, but not 4 miles into town!

But I guess they only said they had the radio turned on, they didn’t say what they were listening to — maybe they were tuned in to our early morning cowboy music — comes on at 7 AM.

Forest Service: “We had the helicopter spotted at all times.” (Then the helicopter would have been at least 800 feet above the ground!)

Forest Service: “Flight records were maintained.” (But they’re unreadable. And I wonder if the FAA would feel a little like I did when I looked at those records.)

Forest Service: “The pilots were shown the areas to be treated by one of the district personnel.”

(Then why in the world did he spray our land?)

Forest Service: “These were experienced pilots in spray work, not pilots used in fire control.”

(You boys in “fire control” don’t know how lucky you are! What if one of your “fire pilots” got careless and put all that “slurry” where there wasn’t any fire on the wrong land?)

Forest Service: “These fellows have made a career out of flying helicopters, doing various types of spray work.”

(If these were the real “career boys” I wonder what the amateurs could have done!)

Forest Service: “The operation guide states they were to cease when the winds approached 10 mph.”

(Let’s get rid of that “operation guide” and use the USDA Regulations which says to ‘spray only when winds are under 6 mph!’)

Forest Service: “The maximum height was 100 feet over terrain.” (Impossible on those spray jobs in Globe. Especially if you “saw him all the time” and Dow Chemical recommends 10 feet above ground.)

Forest Service: “As with all such materials, extensive studies have been conducted to determine the effect Kuron (Silvex) might have on people...”

There are no “extensive” nor even short term studies — not even one!

We had been assured by the Mayor prior to the meeting of equal rights, of time, etc., but from the moment of introduction, it was apparent that this was not going to be a “question and answer” period like my little bunch expected. First, no one was allowed to show the Forest Service Supervisor any of the plants that were dead, nor would he go outside to see them. Something about this not being ‘dignified’ or something. This group had grown to about 200 and
some of them were a little perturbed that Mr. Courtney wouldn’t look
at their plants in Globe since he didn’t want to see them in Phoenix.
Some of them asked me to please find out why, since I was going to
be the only one allowed to speak for them and only then after I
fought for the floor by reminding the Mayor of his phone call to me.
One councilman interjected his support for us over the protest of one
of the other council members, whose name appears on a memo in
the files of the Forest Ranger which states that said council member
had called the local ranger and informed him that a group “made up
of cattlemen and various other Globe people” were going to attend a
public meeting being held in Globe, concerning the spray job, and
“they are going to support our (The Forest Service’s) case.”

It further states in this memo that this council member wanted to
know if there was anything this particular member “should mention
on behalf of the Forest Service”. (So all these little unbiased helpful
“let’s get the facts” overtures to us had been just a coverup it
appeared.)

How did I get a copy of this letter and many other documents? I
wish I could say it was real “cloak and dagger” operations. You
know, where I put on my telescope hole glasses with the platinum
frames and a long black fall which I wear backwards so they think
I’m leaving when I am really just coming in. (This would give me a
certain similarity to some of the USDA personnel whom I have met
in the past few months who don’t know whether they’re coming or
going!) Or it would be exciting to say I used one of those new kits
that even slices off your fingerprints — and also an electronic radar
kit that knows what you’re thinking! But there was no intrigue to it. It
was real simple. I simply asked for every document I have in my
files. On one occasion I was informed there was no copying machine
in the particular Forest Service office. But I was told that if I had my
own machine and operator, I could copy whatever I wished,
providing I did it there — in their office! Thirty minutes later, I was
back with a 150 pound copying machine, two boy scouts out of
uniform and me, and we just copied up a storm!

As the council meeting progressed, there was more chit-chat,
with the Mayor assuring Mr. Courtney that he had cordially invited
him, but not even so much as a smile at us. My cowboy who builds
fences, sets railroad ties, paints, cleans out the barn, babysits and
drinks beer, interrupted all the handholding between them by saying
that if “Mr. Courtney of the Forest Service” wouldn’t answer
questions of the people at this meeting, set a date, and real quick
like, and “rat now” of when he would; and “let’s get this damn show
on the road boys! I’ve got some horses to shoe!” And that got a big
hand of applause from our bunch, so there I was with a “Dow” label
in one hand, a USDA bulletin in the other, and down the road we
want, as the Mayor finally acknowledged I had the floor and
permitted me to speak. Some of my questions and the Forest Service
answers follow:

Me: (to Mr. Courtney): Are you aware of the cautions listed on the
label and in the literature that is published by the USDA as they
apply to the esters of Silvex?

Mr. Courtney: Yes, we are; we have the label.

Me: Did you have a “three man team of forest personnel” rec-

ommend this treatment, “after intensive studies?”

(This is what Mr. Courtney stated he had done in his enclosure to
Congressman Steiger, 6/19/70.)

Courtney: Recommend what treatment?

Me: This treatment in the Globe-Miami area.

Courtney: You mean for 1959, or 1969? (I didn’t know they
sprayed in 1959!)

Me: This whole project — 1965 through 1969.

Courtney: I don’t recall that I did; I may have.

Me: Did you order grass seed planted by air, June 26, 1969, for
the first time since this spraying was started in 1965?

Courtney: Yes. (Thus admitting none had been planted in 4
previous years!)

Me: Did you state in an enclosure to Sam Steiger, on June 19,
1969, (prior to any grass seed planting) that “all areas had been
seeded and now has a good grass cover 10 to 15 inches high?”

Courtney: No. (But I have the letter, and he did!)

Me: Were you aware of the “do-nots” on the label, and did you
see to it that they were carried out?

Courtney: “We have a copy of the label here.”

Now that’s an evasive answer if I ever heard one! Seems like
everybody just carries those labels around, mails them back and
forth, recalls them and rewrites them, but no one reads them!

I then directed the questions to the Tonto Grazing Officer, who
had spoken earlier and had read the information supplied by the Dow
Chemical Company. I indicated to him that my reason for further
questions to him was because some of the statements he had made
before the council were in variance with the interview I had with him
the previous month. He jokingly replied that maybe that was because
he was smarter now than he had been at that time.

My own belief and conviction is that this particular person had
endeavored in my earlier interview to be as honest with me as he
felt his job would permit him to be. I reviewed the transcripts of the

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interview with him on June 24, 1969, with what he said on that night of July 28, 1969 and realized that some of the statements were direct contradictions. I cannot help but think that outside pressures from those who evidently decide in this particular branch of the USDA just how much of the truth shall be exposed or suppressed had a great deal to do with his answers. I also recall that the report he wrote concerning his visit to my home and viewing some of the evidence of damage, was never included or even referred to in the subsequent “Task Force” reports of men who later wandered around rather aimlessly over the area. Most of them avoided my place completely.

I recall his stating that he could see “Silvex” damage as close as 15 feet from my back door... and that he “wished to Hell” I had called him in 1966 when I questioned the appearance of my plant life regarding possible damage from those chemicals instead of the local ranger.

I understand why many of these men have reacted as they have to this situation in Globe. But I can never condone their actions. Many times although what they told did not appear to be lies, they were only ‘part truths’.

Following are some of the statements or references to them, made by this grazing staff officer in charge of Range Management for the Tonto National Forest, in the previous interview of 6/24/69. Please note the variance in the answers given to the same questions asked one month later.

I asked if he attributed the dead brush and trees that were visible to spraying of these chemicals.

Forest Service: Yes, I am sure that most of the kill is due to the spraying of these herbicides.

Me: What do they (the Forest Service) propose to do with the dead debris of trees and shrubs?

Forest Service: We do not propose to do anything to remove this stuff. We propose to let nature take care of this.

I asked how long this might be.

Forest Service: “Perhaps 4 or 5 years — maybe 6 years. Would depend on the amount of moisture, etc.” Then we discussed the “holly leaf buckthorn” which he stated was a desirable game species."

Forest Service: “Our observation is we have some top kill, but I don’t think we have killed the plant”. But they did.

Then I asked if the pine trees should be harmed by these herbicides.

Forest Service: “Not at the rate we applied it. I don’t know what would happen if it was sprayed full strength.” (They die from lesser amounts than sprayed on us.)

Me: Have they (the Forest Service) ever tested the pine trees on this mountain to see if it is possible to defoliate them with it?

Forest Service: Not to my knowledge.

Then I asked about “invert emulsions” etc.

Forest Service: “When we sprayed in 1965 the application was made in the invert form. And our spraying in 1965 was all with chemicals in the invert form.

(Note: One of my questions July 28, 1969: “you told me in 1965 you mixed the herbicides in the invert form”. Forest Service: “No, we never used the invert form over here.”)

I requested more information regarding the advantages of the invert form; why they used it in 1965 but not in 1968 or 1969.

Forest Service: (6/24/69): We sprayed about 5,000 acres in 1965 in the invert form, with the idea that this perhaps is a better way to do it.

Me: What was the advantage? Was it less hazardous?

Forest Service: The advantage being that because it was in this form, like mayonnaise, it would more likely stick on the plant life... and you would get better kill. And supposedly, you would reduce drift. But we still got some drift.

(Note: When I asked him 7/28/69 what the label (Dow Chemical-Kuron) recommends for aerial spraying — he stated that although it reads to use oil in mixing, they (the Forest Service) had an “administrative decision” and substituted water.)

(He also stated in his talk prior to my questions 7/28/69: “Diesel oil was not added to the solution as it increased drift problems.)

(Make up your mind! Does it or doesn’t it? Or does anyone really know?)

Then I inquired about “vapor drift” — and how far this might be.

Forest Service: (6/24/69): I’m not familiar with the term “vapor drift”.

Another question from me was regarding the wind velocity recommended for safety:

Forest Service: (6/24/69): As a rule of thumb, we use 10 miles an hour, as a general rule we shoot for about 10 miles an hour. (My God, man, was that another “administrative decision”?... when all your own literature, bulletins etc., recommends “under SIX miles per hour”. If that’s a “rule of thumb” how about wetting a couple of fingers — and sticking them up there when the wind is blowing, and using those instead?)
When I asked about the altitude of the aircraft in relation to the ground, he said:

Forest Service: (6/24/69): It is very difficult in rough country like this for a helicopter pilot or an aircraft pilot to maintain constant altitude. You can't do it. (Then why did they spray our area?)

(Note: Forest Service, 7/28/69: "The flying height was written into the contract; maximum height 100 feet over terrain" (most of the experts I talked to thought 15 feet was about average)." It's impossible for him to get down into sharp canyons, so he has short periods when he's flying at a higher elevation than the spray equipment has been calibrated for."

Me: (6/24/69): "Would it be safer (in preventing drift) if this pilot was lower to the ground or higher above it?"

Forest Service: "As a general rule, I guess probably the closer to the ground, the safer it would be."

Me: "Would it be possible for trees that apparently have recovered one year, to still die?" (from the herbicide application?)

Forest Service: I would be very dubious of it. We haven't had that experience. I don't really know. (Now we know. Once the plant is contaminated, it may take years, but the chemical finally kills it.)

Me: "What are the residual effects, if any?"

Forest Service: "I don't know what you mean by "residual effects." (And he was in charge?)"

Note: Forest Service: 7/28/69: "Silvex, (2-4D-2,4,5-T) cannot accumulate in the environment and cause long term effect."

Now we know it CAN accumulate, and there were lots of USDA and USFS and Dow Chemical Company research papers to say that it did accumulate, a long time ago — but no one ever bothered until all this Hell-raising, to read the damn studies! Or the labels either!

Me: 6/24/69: "You say it has no effect on the soil?"

Forest Service: "There's no effect on the soil. You can pour barrels of it on it."

Me: That applies to any form of this 2-4D, 2,4,5-T stuff?

Forest Service: Yes.

But the research tells a different story. They affect soil.

Me: Could the wind, or air currents carry any of this stuff and contaminate anything?

Forest Service: I don't believe so.

Wrong again. By the USDA research bulletins — one government study showed that wind carried 2,4,5-T a distance of 1500 miles in 24 hours!

Then we discussed the particular helicopter and June 8, 1969.

Forest Service: "The ship was clean. He was coming from another job, and it hadn't been loaded until he got over here."

Note: Page 161, Senate Hearing: "Record of Herbicides applied": Evidence as submitted February 26, 1970 to Congressman McCarthy: "In recent discussions with project personnel, we have learned that in addition to the Silvex reported on this project report, and used in our earlier correspondence, a small amount of Monsanto 2,4D and Thompson-Haywood 2,4,5-T arrived mixed with the mixing equipment and was applied in 1969; also a 30 gallon supply of Hercules 2,4,5-T on hand from earlier field trials, which was used. (So the ship was not "clean")."

The conversation then covered the fact no grass seed had as yet been planted in all those five years... and also that until the brush or cover of trees or whatever he called "litter" could be broken down, it wouldn't do much good to plant any grass, and as to how long that would be, "maybe two or three years" (although the other "litter" from five years ago, was still there!)

They evidently changed their minds and dashed right out and threw a mess of grass seed all over the place three days after the interview! But it failed to germinate.

Somewhere in that interview I also learned I was sitting in the middle of a highly flammable area whose flammability had been greatly increased by the dead brush plus the presence of the chemical itself and that now it would "burn a lot faster" but "it would not burn as hot!"

Dammit, Man! I just don't want to be burned up, period! Slow, fast, hot, or cool!

How would you feel if you were trying to find some positive note of approach and solution to what you felt was a catastrophe, and were told:

"The dry brush will burn just as good as the green brush."

"We have an obligation; the protection of the forest is one of our jobs."

Then I was told that actually this would give me lots more water, although the main objective was water for the Salt River Valley. (How can I have more water if it now runs past my place on its way down there because there is nothing to hold it?)

Then I questioned whether burning the vegetation might carry the chemical by smoke and contaminate other areas:

Forest Service: (6/24/69): "I couldn't comment on that because I really don't know. I don't know anything about it." (But he was in charge of the spray program!)

(USDA literature says smoke can carry it, some of the labels caution against burning of treated materials because "the fumes are poisonous")
Me: "What is the percent of plant life killed by these herbicides?"

Forest Service: "We don't have any such literature on that."

My questions regarding research findings for manzanita and mountain laurel: "I know of no research work that has been done on those particular species."

Me: Re; grass — and effects on it.

Forest Service: "You could take a barrel and pour this out on the grass and you can't kill the grass." (This is not what the USDA literature and the Chemical company labels say: there is NO plant life, nor animal life either that is immune to effects from these herbicides. And the label says they will kill grass!)

We talked about firebreaks and Salt River Project; and how the Forest Service believed that "aesthetically" the new look was a great improvement, altho it was dead . . . and about "Cold Water All" and some other detergents or "powder on the shelf." Some of these also found their way into the mess they sprayed on us.

Forest Service: "I think if we stop spraying tomorrow, a year from now it would be very difficult to tell that anything has been sprayed.

It's two years later — come on back, Bill. It's not difficult at all to tell! In fact, it now looks a hell of a lot worse than it did then!

In my questioning of Mr. Fleishman at the Council meeting, I inquired whether the water was running in the streams in the spray areas at the time of the spraying.

Forest Service: (7/28/69) "There was water running in Ice House, and at the Helispot, because we pumped water from the helispot up to the mixture. Water from Ice House Canyon was used to mix the herbicide with water. It was running intermittently at Kellner Canyon Camp Grounds."

Why did someone give erroneous information to the assistant regional forester, regarding this above fact, that the stream was not flowing at the camp ground on the dates of June 8, 9, 10, and 11, 1969? (Page 155, Hearings). (Letter of February 26, 1970, to Congressman McCarthy, from the Assistant Regional Forester.)

I asked one final question: Whether the 2-4D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex were in any way related to the chlorinated hydrocarbon family. This answer was given before several hundred people:

Forest Service: (7/28/69) "No . . . I thought I made this plain. There's a vast difference between a herbicide and an insecticide and this is NOT a chlorinated hydrocarbon."

But it is: and they are. And one of the vast differences is that insecticides kill insects, not plants. But a Herbicide may kill both.

Our question and answer period was abruptly closed by the Mayor and we were dismissed.

The vice president of the Agro-Chemical Company was also present and approached me after the meeting. He and his wife informed me that I had no knowledge of chemicals and also that they were still considering suing our radio station. I had prepared what I was going to ask very carefully for that night and I knew that at no time had I referred to the chemical company or the manufacturer (Dow or any of the others) except to ask what their recommendations were regarding the use of these products.

His apparent annoyance directed at me and our radio station was puzzling. I reminded him that at no time had I said the products themselves were hazardous or harmful as such, only that they had been improperly used. (Hadn't done all that homework yet! Finally because he still exhibited an attitude of unfriendliness, I recalled the quotation: "me thinks thou protesteth too loudly!"

So I asked why he was so upset if these chemicals were as harmless as the Forest Service had claimed them to be. My question to him was: "What's wrong? . . . What was in those cans? Wasn't the formulation what it was supposed to be?" I remembered that Dow would NOT reply to a letter for information; I thought I had been a "real good kid" when I told the Dow Chemical Company on the Coast about all this mess right after it happened, and the gentleman to whom I relayed the information regarding what I considered to be a "big goof" by those who had used their product, had shown enough concern over what had happened that he voiced the opinion "The Hell you say! Guess I'd better call Phoenix!"

He also indicated no one should carelessly slop their chemicals around the country.

Since that night I have often wondered if many of the ensuing events would have been different had these persons from Agro-Chemical (and Western-Ag) not displayed such an open antagonism. I was not aware they were distributors for these chemicals. The reactions of these people and the failure of the Forest Service personnel to supply samples of chemicals for analysis used in Globe, were the cause of my insistence that samples be taken of these various chemicals to determine what they really were . . . and just what might be present in those big yellow and white and red and green cans that finally came rolling out of the wood sheds and onto the prairies where they were volatilizing under a hot Arizona sun.

A lot of people sure got upset because I asked a question I thought was quite proper: "What's in the big yellow cans with the blue around the middle, and the word "Dow" across the front?"
THE BIG YELLOW CANS

On the morning after the council meeting, Congressman Steiger's aid, accompanied by me, requested samples of the chemicals supposedly used in Globe from the local Ranger. At first he was told to obtain them from the chemical company. But he insisted on samples from the remaining cans that were on hand, and which I had photographed previously.

I had gone to the ranger station at the request of and in the company of Barry Freeman, one of the members of the Agricultural Extension Service, and two other persons, one of whom is our County Agricultural Agent. We wished to know exactly what formulations had been used prior to checking the vegetation in the area, and since the forest supervisors had said it was "Kuron" and the district ranger said he didn't think it was, Mr. Freeman wished to check it for himself prior to viewing the area.

On that occasion, when we had driven into the yard we were met by the rancher whose grazing land had been sprayed with his approval and who also works for the Forest Service.

Without asking our purpose in being there, he greeted us with "Are you looking for some trouble?" The gentlemen with me looked more than a little surprised and introduced themselves. On learning who they were, the forester looked more than a little surprised himself. One of the other personnel had evidently notified the district ranger, and over the loudspeaker from somewhere came the announcement from the local ranger that we were to immediately leave the area. I have often wondered if he, and some of the others, have ever looked back — and wished they could relive any of those moments. The disregard and arrogance of the local forest service personnel toward us was so easily discernable on those early dates in June and July, 1969. I recall the ranger's report in a memorandum on this particular visit July 1, 1969 to the Ranger Station. Some of its contents are: "I have attempted to cooperate with these people, but am beginning to lose my "cool". A lot of people have lost a lot more than their "cool" since that was written, and a lot of them had lost a lot more prior to that date, also. This same memorandum, written by the ranger, also stated that I previously requested some of this chemical for testing but that he had refused the request.

But on the morning after the council meeting, a month after this encounter, Mr. Steiger's aid was able to procure two samples of the chemical that was represented to be the same that had been used to spray our area. They were from two identical looking cans, both labeled "Kuron" made by Dow, which is Dow's trade name for Silvex, 2,4,5-TP. Both had the same USDA number and they were the same cans I had photographed on my previous visit, which we were told contained "Kuron" Silvex, made by Dow (2,4,5-TP).

Two months later, a letter was written to Mr. Steiger from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, FDA Branch, Washington, D.C., where Mr. Steiger chose to send the samples for analysis.

This letter contained the information that one sample was "an unidentified ester of 2-4D" and that it did not match any of the esters on the two gas chromatographs on the columns used.

The other sample "consists of 66% propylene glycol butyl ether ester of Silvex. This ester concentration is similar to . . . Kuron." (But not the identical formulation listed on the can.)

I will let Dow Chemical explain in a court room, why neither sample matched what it said on the label: "67.9 propylene glycol butyl ether esters. 32.1 inert ingredients."

The longer I studied this analysis, and the more chemists I interviewed and the more "night studying" I did, the more curious I became about a lot of things.

I had been hearing rumors about that Health, Education and Welfare place, where they were spending an awful lot of my tax money. So I called the FDA where this letter re the analysis originated. The conversation covered various questions I had, such as: what were the inert ingredients? No one knew. That seemed ridiculous! The "inert" stuff might do me in! Reply from FDA: "We just don't have any way to find out those things; we really aren't equipped for that sort of thing!" Why did they volunteer for the job if they didn't have the proper equipment? More quotes from the FDA: "You sound like you don't trust us, Mrs. Shoecraft." "You're right, I don't! Not when you editorialize about the one sample being similar to "Kuron". Why didn't you just tell me what the sample contained, like the other laboratories in their analysis, not tell me it's "similar to Kuron". The sample sent to you didn't say "Kuron", just Silvex. Was Dow breathing down your neck? Why didn't you say it was "similar" to Weedone, or anyone of a dozen others that are formulated at 66% PGBE. Did someone tell you the can said Kuron? Did they forget to tell you both cans said Kuron? I don't want it to be "similar to Kuron" in a Kuron can. If that's what it says on a damn can, that's what I want inside the can! Why do you sound like you're defending the chemical companies by telling me that these analyses are "pretty close" to what's on the label?"
But I'm glad to know the FDA is really concerned over rodents, if not over chemicals in a can, and evidently has time, money and equipment to check for rats and rat hair! For that seems to be all they're checking for, from their reports. However, their concern has brought back my nausea, and my determination not to ever eat anything again! I've won the battle without even a struggle for I just read in the June 1970 FDA papers they found some rat hair in a frozen tuna pie and a whole dead rat in one case of frozen strawberries. So they seized 12,000 pounds of them, and re-called the frozen strawberry pies already sold, if not eaten, due to "adulteration, due to the presence of rodent hairs" end of quote. Now why would anyone want to adulterate a strawberry pie with rat hairs? They also very thoughtfully seized $193,000.00 of Brazil Nuts, filberts and pecans "defiled by rodents". Those damn rats sure do get around! Does anybody know why they are becoming more plentiful in spite of all the chemicals used to kill them?

In that June issue, they even took care of my morning coffee, and that's about all I had left! 442,998 pounds of it "contaminated with bird-excrement". I didn't know there were that many birds left! The whole issue seems to be full of rat dung, bird droppings and hair!

But when I asked the FDA to check these cattle out here, or the citrus and lettuce after Congressman McCarthy reported 2,4,5-T was found in the beef in Kansas City, they didn't even answer my call! Probably out counting rat hairs in the frozen okra, or black bird droppings in the sesame seeds.

P.S. I have a wonderful new cure-all for smoking. All these "you're going to get cancer and flat-out die if you keep on smoking!

articles, TV ads, photographs of old decayed lungs and such, might get a couple of converts to the non-smokers club. But what do you want to bet they'd all quit over night with no backward glance of longing, if the FDA found a few "dead rodents" and a bunch of rat hairs, and "blue jay excrement" mixed in with the tobacco, after it's all ground up and filtered and tipped! I thought they smelled a little odd lately — like when I was a little kid, and my mom singed the chickens before she cooked 'em. But the USDA wouldn't want anyone to know the names of all the deadly chemicals registered to use on tobacco, including methyl bromide! Someone might be smart enough to figure it's the chemical, not the tobacco, that's producing cancer, just like they did in the tests!

SOME FAMOUS AND UN-FAMOUS QUOTES BY SOME FAMOUS AND UN-FAMOUS PEOPLE — (Or "I wonder if I Really ever said that!")

June 19, 1969 — Mr. Courtney, Supervisor of the Tonto National Forest, wrote to Representative Sam Steiger of Arizona: "CHAPPARAL MANAGEMENT PROGRAM of the Tonto started in 1961 with benefit of information from over 15 years of research and analysis"… But along comes the Tonto Grazing Officer on June 24, 1969, in a taped interview (with me!):

"It is the only area in which we are applying herbicides to mature brush. It is experimental in the fact that we really don't know if we are able to kill any mature brush merely with herbicide application." (Now you know! You can!)

June 19, 1969 — Mr. Courtney:

"Between 1951 and 1956 three major fires originated and burned part of the slopes and at least two of the summer homes…") (Not bad, but it was two "major" fires and fourteen summer homes!)

"On most of the steep slopes of the Pinals, prescribed burning or mechanical treatments are not practical." (If it's too steep for these, it's a cinch to be too steep for herbicides, which is recommended more for the "flatlands" and "range lands" — and I think in view of the way this spray mess turned out, it was less practical than fire or mechanics!) Next sentence: "There we have been testing repeated applications of chemicals…" (I thought you just said "after 15 years of research and analysis"???)

"This was the third Spring such a treatment had been applied" — (What happened to August 1965 in that other chapter, and September 1966? Or do we just count "Spring"?)

"The project was designed and executed to avoid and thus protect (?) private property and hardwood trees that occur along the drainage bottoms." (We're "along that drainage bottom" and the project got executed, all right, but nobody protected our private property and hardwood trees. It doesn't mention "protect crops and gardens" which were wiped out — so maybe the 'project execution' included them!)

Next sentence: "The spraying near private land or the hardwood bottoms was done very early in the morning to avoid wind and downslope air currents and a wide buffer zone was left untreated".

Now let's just look at those flight records, which are pretty sloppy! The FAA would never like these. That first page (file A-2 form D'S, it's called) shows 6/8/69 – 40 gallons – time 0640 – and right on to
another page – and it’s still dated 6/8/69 – and the final reading is 50 gallons – time 1935. (That’s P.M. – I’m not an ex-wave but I believe that’s 7:35 P.M. Some of the other figures are 1422 – that’s 2:22 isn’t it? And 1505 and 1719 and 1734 – that’s 5:34 P.M., isn’t it? Sounds to me like somebody sprayed up a storm in the busiest part of the day, not “early morning”!). The note on the front says somebody dumped 314 gallons of something – there are notations like “wind” – then there’s a letter (009 file) F.S. (USDA) “We did not keep weather records on this job” and another page that says the wind recorded at the ranger station in the Pinals was 16 M.P.H. – USDA Bulletins say “Spray when wind is under 6 M.P.H. to prevent drift.” So these little facts, taken from their own records, kind of wiped out the last quote! Where did Mr. Courtney get his set of facts? Mine came out of their file records! (We’re #2520 USFS and “#2240” — Goldwater and Fannin.)

And about that “wide buffer zone”….. When I interviewed Mr. Courtney, he said 100 feet, but the map doesn’t show any! (USDA folder 98: With no wind it can drift a radius of 4 miles!)

And as though it wasn’t enough to spray us under, this was what showed up in the next paragraph: “The Tonto National Forest intends to make a fire hazard reduction treatment on the slopes below the improvements.” (Why don’t you just say it — Now that the mess has been put on us 5 times and everything isn’t dead yet, you’re now going to set it on fire! That’s also a “no-no” according to USDA information. After you’ve sprayed this stuff on anything, don’t burn it!)

“This treatment will create a fuelbreak strip and will consist primarily of disposing of dead material, a light thinning in the dense saplings, pruning low branches, and some burning of material on the ground during cool, late fall weather.” Here’s the finish: “This will give added protection (from what, for heaven’s sake!) and when completed, will make the cleaned up area more attractive.” (It’s had chemicals to kill it and fire to burn it to make it “more attractive”.)

Here comes that word — “The chapparal management and hazard reduction (2-4D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex are listed as hazardous in California anyway!) are designed and executed (I don’t like that word either!) by the men on the Tonto National Forest using available hydrologic analysis information and with multiple use coordination aimed at long run enhancement of all the resource values.” (I’ve read that sentence a dozen times; now I’ve written it, and I still don’t know what it means! “Available hydrologic analysis” — maybe that’s what was wrong… there wasn’t any “available” information except “hydrologic” and that’s about water… so nobody checked on “information regarding plants, soil, water” — or me!

More quotes — same source: “The Salt River Project in recent years has provided matching funds for part of the projects within the Salt River Project watershed, since research and results indicate that such treatment can improve water yield and reduce siltation.”

Be empathetic for a moment. Here we are, sick, mad over dead trees, dead dogs and cats and birds — the crops that weren’t killed show residues of these chemicals. We’re crying real tears and bleeding real blood, and saying “For God’s sake, somebody help! Look at this mess! Do something.” — and the explanation sent to Sam Steiger was to “improve water yield” — Whose? Not ours! “Reduce siltation” I should care about siltation when my eyes, my dogs’ eyes and cat’s and horse’s are swollen shut and we’re so sick we’re afraid we won’t eat “Siltation”, my foot! That word isn’t even in my Webster’s Fifth Edition. There’s ‘silt’ and the next one under it is ‘siluendum’ and I’ll be damned if I’ll look that one up in my Funk and Wagnall!!

Last paragraph: “If there is the opportunity we could show you, Mike or Tom, the work we are doing. If time is limited, perhaps we could visit a project nearer Phoenix….” You bet, kids, don’t visit that project at Globe, for that left all those “experts” a little embarrassed, and the longer they have to think about it, the more embarrassed they are going to be!

Then there’s a little word left of the signature, P. 2: “enclosure” — and here is a reprint of that enclosure (which bears no date when it was written) entitled “The Tonto’s Chapparal Story” written by the Forest Supervisor Robert E. Courtney (and to prevent being accused of lifting any sentence or part of one out of context, it is reprinted in its entirety):

Now, lean back. Put out that methyl-bromide sprayed tobacco cigarette, reach for another 4,6-Dinitro-o-sec-Butylphenol sprayed grape (although no tolerance level has been set for samel) and here we go:

1. “One of the most exciting and possibly rewarding activities taking place on the Tonto National Forest is the chapparal treatment program.”

   It’s been exciting all right — and a little debilitating, too!

2. “It is truly a multiple use program that bears promise of satisfying rewards which will benefit the recreationist, the hunter, wildlife, the stockman, and the water user.”

   The only close recreation area was shown included on the spray map for 1969 with the words written across that “Public Use Discouraged.” There’s sure less game for the hunter and the wildlife has died all over the place (in spite of what “Game & Fish” say!). The stockmen? Why are the cattle eating walnut trees, cactus and weeds...
if there's so much grass now? The water user? That's this kid writing this book, and the water is less — and what's left is still contaminated in 1970.

3. "The ultimate objective in the vegetative change is to obtain and maintain a more or less open semi-desert type with desirable shrub and trees for game cover and open grasslands in between."

This might have been the objective, but the results are a big bust!

4. "Research in chaparral treatment to increase water yields and forage for domestic livestock has been underway many years."

Why should I be forced to pay for and be included in a program for more "water yield and forage for domestic livestock" against my wishes?! I'm tired of hearing about those damn cattle to the exclusion of everything and everybody else! I have one horse and I buy his grain and hay, and I don't want to be part of some program to make money for a lopsided venture like that!!

5. "It is only in the past several years that large enough action programs were initiated on the Tonto National Forest to start producing noticeable results."

"Actually, it has been in the last year or two, on the large project areas, that some of the hopes for results have developed and become visible."

That 'noticeable results' part: I requested (and finally obtained) a comparison of statistics using the year 1960 and the year 1969 as the comparative years. Here are a few of the figures from this sheet entitled "Important Statistics and Work Accomplishment — Tonto National Forest & Globe Ranger District."

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>FY 1960</th>
<th></th>
<th>FY 1969</th>
<th></th>
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</thead>
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<td>Gross Area (acres)</td>
<td>Tonto N.F.</td>
<td>Globe R.D.</td>
<td>Tonto N.F.</td>
<td>Globe R.D.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>2,961,905</td>
<td>470,017</td>
<td>2,961,905</td>
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<tr>
<td>Manpower</td>
<td>143</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>165</td>
<td>19</td>
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<tr>
<td>Range/Water Devel Constructed</td>
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<td>Range/Reseeded</td>
<td>1205</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2748</td>
<td>2280</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*2748 acres planted in the Tonto — 2280 acres in the Globe Ranger District (out of all that 2,961,905 acres in the Tonto! Why the Globe Ranger District? Because someone forgot to plant any here during the five years of the spraying?)

Range Fence Maintenance       | 0       | 0           | 24.5    | 12.0        |

(Again, 3,000,000 acres in the Tonto, but one-half the fence in 1969 was in the Tonto! What about the ranchers in some of the other Ranger districts? Didn't they need fences maintained, too?) Now here comes the big one!!

Number of Livestock Grazed

|                         | 58,905 | 10,479 | 42,652 | 9,207 |

(That says there are 16,253 less cattle in 1969 than in 1960 in the Tonto, and 1,272 less cattle in the Globe Ranger District, so something is 'all messed up' with their arithmetic about more cattle, more feed, more domestic animals or something!)

| Number of Recreation Sites Constructed | 5     | 0     | 0     | 0     |
| Number of Recreation Visits            | 2,019,000 | 38,590 | 3,125,000 | 100,000 |

(I don't know where they got the 2 million figure as no one had to buy permits in 1960, and I never saw a guest book to sign hanging on any of my little green trees!)

Don't know where they got that round 100,000 Globe figure either. We did our own little survey after they (the Forest Service branch in Phoenix) tried to take our summer homes away a few years back. Our recreation area on top of this mountain had one overnight camper and two families of picnikers when we checked on 7/4/70! And here's one for that fiscal agent!

Recreation Area Permits Sold

|                         | 9     | 9     | ($1)37,998 | 398 |
|                         | ($7)7,994 | 124  |           |     |

(None were sold in 1960 because we didn't have to pay to go visit our own national forests in 1960! And the $1 and $7 permits figures out $93,956.00 for the Tonto and $1,266.00 in the Globe Ranger District, but those other figures say 3,225,000 visits were made to the Tonto in 1969 (100,000 in the Globe Ranger District) and how does anyone know how many if they didn't buy permits and if they bought permits (even the 50¢ picnic kind) that would be $1,617,500 instead of $93,956 for the entire Tonto in fees and $50,000 in the Globe Ranger District instead of $1,266! Come on, you fiscal agents, straighten this one out! Please note this also: I am not opposed to paying a fee, even the $7 one, if it is going to be used for my green trees or my green tree boys!! But something is all wrong with the way the "statistics" came out on this sheet!

Even if those 100,000 'visits' in Globe Ranger District were made by one shot — $1 permit purchasers, it would have been necessary for each "household head" (or whatever he's called) to have had himself and about 8½ children (or family members) with him to have
come up with only $1,266 in the Globe Ranger District, and even with
this population explosion thing, I don’t believe that’s the case. And
the “togetherness” of relatives can wear a little thin if you are look-
ing at 8½ of them! Either we didn’t have ‘100,000 visits’ or somebody
forgot to collect a fee, or something! And here’s another one for the
mathematicians:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No. of Timber Sales</th>
<th>107</th>
<th>0</th>
<th>76</th>
<th>0</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Board Feet of Timber Cut</td>
<td>7,932,190</td>
<td>25,000</td>
<td>15,063,770</td>
<td>50,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

No sales in Globe Ranger District in 1960 but cut 25,000 board
feet. No sales in Globe Ranger District in 1969 but cut 50,000 board
feet. Who got the lumber?

There were more timber sales in 1960, which meant more people
got some wood. (31 less sales in 1969 but cut almost twice as much,
so maybe there are getting to be a ‘privileged few’ in the lumber
industry now!)

| Acres Timber Stand Improvement | 1663 | 0  | 362 | 0  |

(At least they admit there was no improvement to our timber stand!)

| Acres Brush Disposed | 0  | 0  | 880 | 0  |

Isn’t herbicide treatment “disposal of brush”? Why did the Globe
Ranger District draw a blank for 1969?

| Number of Fires | 293 | 29 | 156 | 23 |

(Not much decrease in Globe R.D. although our number of em-
ployees has doubled.)

| Acres Burned | 516 | 150 | 1422 | 33 |

I’m getting more confused all the time. That says (in the entire
Tonto National Forest):

293 fires burned 516 acres (143 employees) in 1960
156 fires burned 1422 acres (165 employees) in 1969
And in the Globe Ranger District:
29 fires burned 150 acres (10 employees) in 1969
23 fires burned only 33 acres (19 employees) in 1969
Now how could 23 fires burn only 33 acres?

| Burned Area Acres Reseeded | 29,510 | 0  | 1,445 | 400 |

(Reseeded 20 times more grass in 1960)

We are now down to the subject of roads and trails:

| Miles of Roads | 1600 7 | 262 2 | 1674.8 | 274.1 |
| Miles of Roads Constructed | 10.6 | 0 | 239 | 0 |
| Miles of Roads Maintained | 1459.0 | 100.5 | 1389.8 | 90.0 |
| Miles of Trails | 0 | 0 | 13 | 0 |
| Miles of Trails Constructed | 0 | 0 | 95 | 7.0 |

So this tells me that I have more roads, less trails and only 1/10th
of those trails were maintained in 1969.

But notice this one: (Salt River Project around anywhere?)

| Water Yield Improvement Projects | 0 | 0 | 19 | 3 |
| Acres Hydrologic Survey | 0 | 0 | 292,480 | 0 |

(Nobody ‘surveyed’ ours — they just took the water without it!)

| Number of Administrative Improvements Maintained | 114 | 22 | 57 | 13 |
| Number of Administrative Improvements Constructed | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| No. of Mining Claims (1963) | 26,278 | 10,047 | 36,100 | 15,800 |

(More people are mining than ever?)

| No. of Wildlife Improvements Constructed | 19 | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| No. of Wildlife Improvements Maintained | 1 | 0 | 7 | 4 |
| Motor Vehicles & Other Equipment | 58 | 4 | 72 | 12 |

(Note: Globe R.D. now has 3 times as many as 1960!)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Expenditures by Appropriations:</th>
<th>1960</th>
<th>1969</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>National Forest Protection and Management Tonto</td>
<td>$460,800.00</td>
<td>$1,163,200.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Globe RD</td>
<td>$43,500.00</td>
<td>$84,200.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fighting Forest Fires Tonto</td>
<td>$932,600.00</td>
<td>$502,700.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Globe RD</td>
<td>$34,500.00</td>
<td>$24,100.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Insect &amp; Disease Control Tonto</td>
<td>$100.00</td>
<td>$22,500.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Globe RD</td>
<td>$100.00</td>
<td>$100.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Now the ‘insect control’ one is going to slow me down a little. I
wonder what they used and where they used it in 1969, all $2500.00
worth of it. They told me they hadn’t done any ‘insect control’ work
in 1969!)

| Forest Roads & Trails Tonto | $171,800.00 | $456,400.00 |
| Globe RD | $300.00 | $2,900.00 |
8. “For the first time in the memory of old residents, Tehanus, Picadilla, Bushy Basin and Coyote creeks ran for good substantial volumes of water for more than a year.”

I’ve been an ‘old’ resident for 23 years, and ‘my’ creek didn’t flow for a year. We hauled water!

9. “Even, in a dry 1967, though the water volumes reduced drastically, a small flow of water persisted.”

We had 20 feet of snow in 1967!

10. “Considering that these streams flow through semi-desert shrubs country where precipitation is less than 10 inches and temperatures commonly reach 110 to 115 degrees in July and August, this is truly a miracle of the desert.”

I agree that if this statement were correct, it would truly be a ‘miracle of the desert’!

11. “Even a wet spot on the sidehill road to Cline’s Cabin, which persisted until early July, proved exciting.”

I went out there and looked for that ‘wet spot on the sidehill’ and I didn’t find it ‘exciting’ for I couldn’t even find it!

12. “The chapparal program consists primarily of two parts: the removal of undesirable shrub species having little or no value to domestic or wildlife stock and replacing it with a desirable form of vegetation.”

13. “This is an oversimplification of the activities involved as it requires detailed planning, coordination, and organization to take advantage of a critical part of the year when weather conditions are right for burning.”

Why are we talking about ‘burning’? When they sprayed us instead?

14. “This program brings into play the assistance of the U. S. Weather Bureau and special forecasts based on information fed to them by field meteorologists.”

15. “No weather records were kept on this job!” Quote!

16. “After planning and approval of funds, it calls for the preparation of adequate fire breaks, getting additional help to ‘fire’ or spray the area, arrange for seeding by airplane or helicopter and finally followup study of the results, which is continuous, as such large scale projects continue to reveal new ideas as well as changing old ones.”

They forgot to check before, during or after, so forget that ‘continuous’ word in there! (I do agree it’s changed some of their ideas.)

17. “Removal of the chapparal is usually accomplished in the preliminary treatment by burning.”

(I am now looking back at ‘Roads & Trails’. It says they did not construct any roads in the Tonto or Globe Ranger District in 1969, so was all that $456,400.00 (3 times what it was in 1960) spent on ‘maintaining’ 100 miles of trails and 265 miles of roads?)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Brush Disposed</th>
<th>Tonto</th>
<th>Globe RD</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>$15,700.00</td>
<td>$11,400.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Very ironic that with all this fuss over ‘brush’ up here, we didn’t get rid of any in the Globe Ranger District in 1960 or 1969!)

This is a SPECIAL:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Resource Conservation and Development</th>
<th>Tonto</th>
<th>Globe RD</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(WHERE?)</td>
<td>$0.00</td>
<td>$67,000.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Flood Protection</th>
<th>Tonto</th>
<th>Globe RD</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>$76,400.00</td>
<td>0.00</td>
<td>0.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Must have done a good job in 1960. No expense in 1969 for floods!)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>River Basis Studies</th>
<th>Tonto</th>
<th>Globe RD</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>$0.00</td>
<td>0.00</td>
<td>0.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Just ‘studied’ the river basin — didn’t do anything about the contamination that may be there!)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>GRAND TOTAL</th>
<th>Tonto</th>
<th>Globe RD</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>$1,690,000.00</td>
<td>$2,265,400.00</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Thumbsond Condensation:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>More men — less fires but burned more acres — less roads but more cost — more miners — more timber cut with less permits — and 16,000 less cattle for all that trouble over grass!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

6. “Germination of grassed seeded two and three years earlier seemed to be suffering obstacles in germination which were not completely understood…until unusually favorable moisture years in 1965 and 1966 found abundant growth covering the treated project area.”

Could it be the germination was affected by the chemicals 2-4D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex, just like the bulletins say — and like some of the soil in Globe?

7. “More than this growth, was the surprising yields of water that became evident in several springs and at least four intermittent streams.”
Since we’re so ‘unusual’ here in Globe, they didn’t burn first!
18. “To keep the sprouts that usually come up after the burning under control, one or more chemical treatments by spraying may be necessary.”

None of that one or two treatments for us! First Class all the way! They gave us five!
19. “Revegetation, or seeding, is generally accomplished by helicopter using a combination of grasses beneficial to livestock and wildlife.”

20. “The first chaparral removal and revegetation project over a burned area started in 1961 on the Tonto National Forest with the cooperation of the research branch of the Forest Service.”

21. “This was begun in the Sierra Anchas, about 40 miles north of Globe, Arizona.”

22. “The following year it was expanded to the El Oso area on the Mazatzal ridge, just north of Four Peaks.

23. “Both of these areas were comparatively small. In 1962, Brushy Basin became the base of operations with a potential of about 8,000 acres.

24. “During all of this period the Salt River Project was watching this chaparral project with considerable interest as they were particularly interested in the water yields.

25. “By 1965, the Salt River Project began to contribute to this program, allotting $80,000 to the project which had grown to about $150,000 for the year.”

Why didn’t someone tell Mr. M.M. Neison, Deputy Chief, Secretary Hardin’s office. The report he sent out says 2 years and this one says since 1965!

26. “Since then it has grown so that the funds totalled $240,000 in FY 1968, contributions roughly divided evenly between the Project and the Forest Service.”

That ‘roughly divided’ part — how about those ‘burn projects’ scheduled for October 1969 and signed September 16, 1969 by Mr. Courtney under the Salt River Project Co-op Agreement for 1/1/69 through FY 71. Cost to be $30,180.00. Salt River Project was slated to pay $23,560.00 and the Tonto National Forest only $6,620.00. That is really ‘rough division’!!

27. “Over 8,000 acres have been treated by 1967.”

28. “Much of this area has received a chemical spraying maintenance treatment.”

29. “All areas have been seeded and now bear a good grass cover, 10 to 15 inches tall.”

Not one seed of grass (weeping or loving or singing variety) at the time this was written had been planted in the Globe area in the entire 5 years of spraying! Ain’t no grass no where up here 10 to 15 inches tall! (or 3 to 7) or (1 to 2)

30. “During 1967, eight new areas were scheduled for prescribed burning as a preliminary treatment.

31. “Forerunners of these dramatic activities in chaparral conversion are the research studies conducted by the Tempe branch of the Rocky Mountain Forest and Range Experiment Station.”

It got pretty ‘dramatic’ over there at that Tempe branch of the Rocky Mountain Forest and Range Experiment Station. See the chapter entitled “Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever”! They couldn’t find those studies!

32. “Key study areas are located at the Summit Plots on the Apache Trail about 20 miles north of Globe, the Sierra Ancha mountains at the experimental center in that area, and in Three Bar Management area west of Roosevelt.”

These areas are now contaminated with herbicides and dead deer and fawn have been found in Three Bar area.

33. “Watershed C with its clear-running stream, once only an intermittent rivulet has been flowing steadily and year round for the past 7 or 8 years.”

There was no ‘rivulet or stream’ February 28, 1971, and chart doesn’t show any checking has been done.

34. “Since the chaparral program got underway, a three man team of forest service personnel composed of vegetative, soil and water scientists have been making Comprehensive Hydrologic Surveys of all areas proposed for treatment; actual areas treated are based on the recommendations of this team.”

I asked about these boys at the big council meeting and no one could remember them!

35. “Results to date have been very encouraging and the chaparral program is growing.”

36. “Tonto personnel realize that though they have learned much about brush conversion, there are still many more answers that they must obtain before they will be satisfied.”

37. “There are possibly 300,000 acres on the Tonto on which the productivity can be increased several fold.”

38. “And the answers to these problems will be the very important key to how successful conditions can be improved to provide more water, better recreation, more forage for livestock and wild-
life, and in the reduction of the extreme fire conditions which exist on the chaparral areas.”

My comments on the last five sentences are the reason I am writing this book.

“THE SENATORS”

I apologize for the brevity of this chapter. When asked: What action did your Senators take to protest the spraying? My answer is: “They didn’t do anything except write a few letters”

Some of the quotes from the letters follow:

Senator Barry Goldwater — 7/16/69: “Thanks for bringing this to my attention. You will be interested to know I have received other complaints on this and have contacted the Forest Service about it…”

A copy of a letter is attached to this. It is from M. M. Nelson, Deputy Chief of Secretary Hardin’s office, USDA and addressed to Senator Goldwater and reads in part: “Supervisor Courtney plans to meet with the Mayor of Globe and members of the City Council on July 28, 1969, to review the entire brush manipulation program in that area and future plans.” No mention is made of meeting with the people who live in that area… an area devastated by the spray.

Although I have known Mr. Goldwater for over 20 years and was his “neighbor” for three and have considered him my friend, I find it very difficult to condone his lack of concern for our problem. The same can be said for Senator Paul Fannin, who was also once my neighbor.

A letter similar to the one received by Senator Goldwater was sent to Senator Fannin from M. M. Nelson, USDA, a copy of which was mailed to us on August 6, 1969, with a note: “I hope this information is useful to you…”

I also see another letter attached to this file, the “D.N.” file (“do nothing”) from James J. Kilpatrick of the Washington Star Syndicate: “I have such admiration for Goldwater and Fannin that it’s hard for me to imagine they would knowingly be parties to major ecological change or to irresponsible spraying.” I don’t think they would either, not knowingly, but why didn’t they do something about all this when they were told? There’s no excuse then. They were informed of the damage to the Superstition Wilderness Area, but nobody even returned the call!

Look up Senate Bill #1374, Mr. Kilpatrick, when you have time. It was a shock to me, too. Their names are the ones it carries.

In June of 1970, a year after the tragic spraying, a letter was received from Senator Goldwater which contained phrases such as “entire congressional delegation has been in contact with each other and with the Forest Service since this incident was first brought to light.” Why weren’t they also in touch with those of us who are not with the Forest Service? Did you know, Senator Goldwater, that as I did my own investigation, not one of these men who came as part of the last task force or the two previous ones could qualify as experts? I was prepared to tell you these things when I was in Washington in April 1970, Barry. I had the files — all of them — and the photographs, and even the plants, one of them being from the Superstition Wilderness Area, that showed Silvex and 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T. This letter you wrote in June also mentions that until the results of the lab studies being done by these great scientific government employed experts are obtained, which you say will not be for some months yet, and the results known, “there is nothing any of us can do” — since “unfortunately some processes of nature and science cannot be speeded up regardless of the desires of man…”

I would have told you that the processes of nature have been “extremely speeded up by the desires of man” by these hormone sprays, and that in doing so, it’s much later out there than you think! I would have also told you and shown you that I already have some of those “scientific analysis reports” which you’re waiting for that “will not be completed for many months yet”. You could have had your own copies if you so desired. I’d have taken them over to your office the same as I did for Senator Hart of Michigan. He even had someone help carry the files for me. He believed it was important, and I have a little pink slip of paper that says “U.S. Senate” attached to one of them. It’s not from your office, for I couldn’t even find you, or Senator Fannin or even Sam Steiger by that time. So it’s true that “I am just as anxious as you are to see the results of these tests, before which time it is impossible to judge the guilt or innocence of the Forest Service…” call me, Barry. I’ll be home. If I’m not, leave your number 202-224-3121. That’s the number I called when I was in Washington and was told you were very busy. I left my number and name but no one returned my call. I’ll return your call. So if all you’re waiting for are a few analysis sheets of samples taken by the government “scientists” sent to several of their own labs and tested by their own government chemists (whose findings are now going to shatter a few illusions about 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex), let me know. I’ll be glad to furnish them.

(P.S. I still carry your picture in my wallet with your arm around
my shoulders. Both of us were smiling then, remember? Today I feel there’s nothing to smile about. It was a long time ago when that picture was taken... when I called you “Barry”, and you used to drive a Sting-Ray and wave as you went by.)

"ROCKY MOUNTAIN FEVER"

On the campus of Arizona State University is a building which houses the “Rocky Mountain Forest and Range Experiment Station”, which is part of the forest service under the USDA. After the forest supervisor told me the “prior to spraying us” long range studies of our area which he couldn’t find, must be “over there in the Rocky Mountain files”, I visited that office. It was an embarrassing day for several of the staff members.

We had been assured by letter, reports and forest service speeches that extensive “pre-survey” and “post-survey” studies had been done of our area, and that these studies had shown that this was the greatest thing since the Stone Age or the invention of fire, to rid the earth of anything standing in the way of economic progress. These had been called “long range studies”, stating they clearly proved that our area was ideally suited for “converting from chapparal to grass” with no flood or erosion problems. A letter had even gone to Washington from the Forest Service stating grass was growing “in all areas” fifteen inches tall, although none had been planted in the entire five year program.

My request was very simple. I wanted to see those “studies”; the “before and after” files which they had stated were so faithfully kept by their department. This was now the third stop in my search for those surveys. The first place had been the local forest service office in Globe. When the “surveys” were not located at that office, I went to the supervisor’s office in Phoenix. When no one could locate them in that office, I was sent to “Rocky Mountain”. After much waiting while someone searched for them, and long embarrassed silences as I sat quietly at the desk of the head man of “Watershed Management”, Mr. Arnold, the following information and lack of information was supplied to me:

The only “pre-study” of our area relative to spraying it with herbicides which he produced was dated December 1967, and by then, we had already been sprayed three times! Mr. Arnold appeared very nervous and confused as I leafed through that report, which he stated could not be copied for or by me, except in note form, which I did. There were several photographs attached to it, and he attempted to explain to me through these pictures, what a great idea all of this damn project would be. When he stated since I was “not familiar with the terrain in the area of Globe and the Pinal Mountains”, I wouldn’t realize the great benefits to be derived from killing the chapparal, and trees, and replacing it all with grass, I informed Mr. Arnold he should have taken a second look at that tri-color radio card I had given him when I started the interview. Not only was I damn familiar with the Globe area, but one of the actual photographs had part of my land on it, and so did his damn stinking map! And from there on, the conversation became a little wild, with no shouting, but some strong assertions from me that if a stupid study like the one he had just shown me was indicative of their “experimental operation spray” technique, I intended to find out what else they had or had not been doing. Some of the information in that “pre-survey” stated the area in question was a “valuable recreation area” (yet they sprayed it!) and that “care must be taken” (and none was!).

It also stated that although grass had been planted in the area in 1951, after five years, for some unknown reason, it all died. It also mentioned such things as “high erosion hazard” due to steepness of mountainsides, and finally concluded that converting the entire area from “chapparal to grass” might reduce the erosion 36 ten-thousands of an inch!

By then, I was really making notes and statements, one of which was that I fully intended to inform that big, waiting world via radio news, open line programs or letters to his boss in Denver that the whole damn project of these Rocky Mountain Boys in applying herbicides without thorough checking and followup work was even worse than what the other branch of the “regulars” in the USDA, the foresters out of Globe, had done to us! I will always remember the picture he presented, as I left, standing in the middle of his office, unable to find reports or surveys or research data or followup studies or any of the things we had been assured they had, to back up their reasons for spraying us. His weakest moment came when he mumbled that “if the news gets out about this, it will set our whole project back 10 or 15 years”. To which I replied, “If what I already suspect is true, that there are no long range tests of these chemicals or the areas where they are used prior to using or after, I have no intention of setting your project back 10 or 15 years. I intend to wipe it out, and do such a good job that you’ll never get away with it again.”

That date was July 2, 1969. I am busy keeping my word.
Nothing makes some small men (and I do not mean small in stature) so angry as facing a woman and finding that her sex has nothing to do with her brain or her determination. I don’t suppose Mr. Arnold will ever forgive me for that rather humiliating experience in his office.

I was becoming less Pollyanna and more Scarlett O’Hara everyday. My concerted efforts over a period of nine months aimed in the direction of Mr. Arnold’s department more than verified my early suspicions; that the title “Rocky Mountain Experimental Station” meant they were “experimenting.” Some of these “experiments” turned out to be with the chemicals 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T-Picolaram, PBA, TBA, Fenuron, Tandex and Bromacil. There were other experimental mixtures of chemicals — some of those “unidentified formulations.” And where was this “research” or “experimentation” being conducted by this feverish “Rocky Mountain” crew? One area was just behind my big juniper that is now dead, and practically in my back yard! When did it all start? In 1958! And nobody even told anybody that they were experimenting with biological warfare designed weapons in our area until 1965! No wonder Mr. Arnold couldn’t find any of those studies when I saw him in July of 1969! They were well hidden, but not so well hidden that I didn’t locate them. They have also been conducting experiments on four watersheds of the Lake Roosevelt Reservoir, using these chemicals in “cooperation with the Salt River Project, Arizona State Game & Fish Department, and the Forest Service.”

The date of the above information was March 19, 1970. At a meeting of the Governor’s Commission on Arizona Beauty in January 1970, a statement was made by Robert Curtis, Chief of Special Services, Arizona Game & Fish Department, that recent literature he had read indicated mutations in animals could occur after the use of the “chemicals employed in the Globe area”, and that the Department of the Interior would no longer approve any projects using these chemicals. But I guess no one from “Rocky Mountain” attended the meeting. Mr. Curtis’ statement was in direct contrast to the attitude of the Arizona Game & Fish a few weeks after we were sprayed, but he gained my admiration when he was brave enough to “stand up and be counted” later, after he checked the facts.

Mr. Arnold was apparently disgruntled by my early visit. He chose to write a letter to Dr. Paul Martin, U of A, on plain stationery, undated, in which he attempted quite ineptly to lash us into some kind of submission with very unscientific and inaccurate statements, such as “viewing healthy trees in the middle of the sprayed area,” or noting “an increase in hummingbirds.”

It’s a tie between which of the following statements he made angered and disgusted me the most: Referring to Dr. Martin, who is a learned professor from the University of Arizona and Dr. Martin’s observing “a dying English sparrow with swollen eyelids” which collapsed, paralyzed at Dr. Martin’s feet while on a field trip with his science students to view the area, Mr. Arnold stated that if it was the spray that had destroyed the sparrow, that he had “some neighbors who will be most happy to find a successful way of killing the English sparrow pests that devour lettuce, grapes, plums, peaches, etc.”. They are your words, Mr. Arnold, not mine. Eat them, and may they choke in your throat as the spray did in the English sparrow’s!

He further describes the “most dense stands of lovegrass I have ever seen” in areas where none had ever been planted! Perhaps he’s never seen lovegrass. This was his final great “thought for the day” and it is a direct quote: “To deny the land administrators the use of chemicals . . . would greatly reduce the administrators’ demands for ecological talents.”

So I add another group to the “sick” list. This kind of thinking is sick . . . just plain sick, sick, sick!! “Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever” would be curable, but the arrogance expressed in this letter by someone suffering from “Rocky Mountain Forest Service USDA Fever” is not!

When I interviewed this man personally several months and several documents later, the arrogance was gone. The bravado which had been exhibited while hiding behind a few sheets of paper sent to someone else who made copies and mailed them back to me, was also missing. That interview may fill another book, but it basically contained the information that Mr. Arnold’s professing to be well learned in the field of herbicides in Globe or anywhere else was only a role in this tragic play which even he himself could no longer stand to enact, and one more name was added to my list of those possessing great amounts of “inspired ignorance”, but no true knowledge of Herbicides.
F.S.C. AND U.S.D.A.S.

The letters "F.S.C." appearing in the above title on File A-15a originally were an abbreviation for "Forest Service Correspondence"; as time passed I shortened the "correspondence" to a four letter word beginning with "c" which by that time I considered more appropriate.

The letters: "U.S.D.A.S." are an abbreviation for "United States Department of Agriculture Stuff".

At first they were separate files, but the similarity between the contents of the two became more apparent and it seemed more and more difficult to observe any difference, so they were combined. I shall be glad to separate them again as soon as Mr. Cliff and Mr. Hardin disassociate their departments.

The month was still July, 1969.

And the disillusionment with many local, state and national branches of elected and appointed officials was steadily increasing. Not only were some of them not doing the jobs for which they had been appointed or elected, but they appeared to be going out of their way to avoid them.

The truth would have been so easy to tell. Instead, nearly everyone in the various government positions appeared to assume one of several reactions to the Globe Spray:

1. "Ignore it; it's silly! Nothing happened at all!"
2. "I ignore it and don't try to find out if anything happened. It will all blow away!"
3. "Ignore it outwardly, but sneak around behind and peek in and see if something really did happen out there!"
4. "Ignore it and don't let them know what we found with our little test tubes in our little laboratories about the soil and water and plant life in Globe! Maybe they'll never know!" (Honey, there are only 14 of those labs in the whole USA — it's not hard to check them)
5. "Ignore it and if anyone happens to not believe us and keeps digging to get the truth and gets it, then run, boy, run! Panic! Don't wait to even cover your tracks! But smile all the way! Don't apologize or look sorry! Smile! Smile! and run!"

(Sign in my bathroom: "never trust a smiling dog!")

Most of the behavior followed this pattern, except they all reached "Number 5" a lot sooner than they expected to! And that "No 5" has become very "smelly" but the odors were never made by Chanel!

"WHAT THE HELL IS A "TASK FORCE"?"

While working on the various 'Task Force' reports, I've decided part of the trouble the USDA is having is because they can't count right. 2 plus 2 equals 4 in reality, but they got 5, or 7, or 9, or maybe just 1 if they went backwards.

Like now . . . I'm counting how many 'task forces' there were that I was aware of (besides all those chemical company experts running up and down that I didn't count because they didn't give us any reports!).

I never knew there had to be any special number of persons to create a 'task force'. Sometimes I'm referred to as "A One-Woman Task Force". (That's when I wear all my indian jewelry, my rawhide boots, and put my hat on backwards!). So I'm going to enumerate the 'task forces' I was aware of, and you help me see what's wrong with their (the USDA's) arithmetic, because I've checked mine four times, and I always come up with eight. They only come up with three, and one of them is still out, somewhere, thinking it all over (if they're paying "jury duty" by the day on this last bunch, they hold the record for the longest time out — six months!)

So here we go with counting:

Task Force #1 — Date 6/24/69 consisting of USFS employees Bill Fleishman, Tonto Grazing Officer, and Bill Moehn, Globe Ranger. (Sounds logical that they should be a task force, for they were the ones who had been putting all this stuff around.) Mr. Fleishman was in charge of all this kind of thing on the entire Tonto National Forest, and the Forest Service had told me he was the one who knew all about it. In his speech at the council meeting later in July, he assured everyone he knew about these things. So I wonder why he was totally excluded from the task force groups that were officially designated as such by the USDA and the US Forest Service? Wonder why his report he wrote up after he went back to the big headquarters in Phoenix that says USDA at the top of the page, and "Forest Service" right below and dated July 3, 1969, wasn't included in any of the so-called "Task Force" reports the USDA sent out. I thought the wording was well done, the spelling was good, the punctuation was accurate, the language was plain. You don't suppose they didn't include it because he said he'd been to my place, do you . . . and that he'd found "herbicide damage" right there on my land? Maybe they objected to it because he didn't double space the sentences. Or maybe they like bigger words that say less, than the way Bill told it.
Task Force #2 Dated 6/27/69 consisting of Bud Bassett and Al Bassett—Arizona Game and Fish Department. (Their report I managed to acquire sounded like a “task force” report to me)

Task Force #3 Dated 7/1/69 consisting of Barry Freeman, University of Arizona Extension Range Management Specialist and Van Wilson an agriculture agent. (They were real nice and polite that day. I thought they were a “Task Force”)

Task Force #4 Dated 7/9/69 consisting of William Warskow of the Salt River Project, and Fritz Ryan of the State Land Department. Now, I guess the Governor thought they were a “Task Force”. He sent them, and evidently took their word for what they saw, which turned out to be not much of anything. They were polite when they came to my place. I like Mr. Ryan. I didn’t like Mr. Warskow for long, though, because he called my creek a “seep”. He’s probably used to looking at all that water down there in Phoenix . . . all those fountains and swimming pools and those S.R.P. lakes that are full of water that came off my mountain! Maybe he doesn’t know the difference in a creek and a seep. There seems to be a lot of things he doesn’t know. They were at least a very fast, in-and-out and no dillydallying around task force. Just 36½ minutes at my place. Maybe that’s why they didn’t see the upper ten acres, lower five acres, the old adobe house part or the land across the road or all that up on the hill part. They saw ten places in about five hours and 25 minutes! Real efficient task force!

Task Force #5 Dated 7/10/69 consisting of Dr. Thom Johnsen, also Edwin Davis and Alden Hibbert (they are those experimental station boys. Nice, but I hate experiments on me and my land!). Bill Russell and Bill Moehn were from the U.S.F.S., and William Warskow and Henry Shipley from the Salt River Project. I’m sure that many people must have been a task force. I wonder if Mr. Warskow was worried about my stream he thought was a “seep” and he just wanted to have another look? No, that couldn’t have been it, because none of them came to my place!

Task Force #6 Dated 7/15/69 consisting of Wilbur Currier of the USFS, Mr. McKirdy, Paul Buffam, Lloyd Houston and John Williams. Now these are the ones I know were a “Task Force”, except I’m up to six and the USDA calls them #1. See what I mean? Their arithmetic is bad! These are the boys I baked the cookies for, and got out the big Chem-X coffee pot! I wore my dress and waited all day for them, but they never came! Seems funny all of them go right on missing me like that when I was sitting right in their forest land, and they have to go across my road to get up to the one Helispot! But they still have me in the wrong place on their map!

Task Force #7 Dated 9/3/69 consisting of Dr. Thom Johnsen, Agriculture Research Service of the USDA, and Paul Buffam, Melvin Weiss, P. M. Yasiniski and W. F. Currier, all of the US Forest Service and the USDA. Now isn’t that nice? They’re all fraternity brothers! Five of them, and they all have USDA after their names! You realize, of course, that September is a long way from June, when I got sprayed, but here they came at last and if I use arithmetic, they called them the “Task Force #2”. That means if the ones they called “Task Force #1” never got to my place, then this was the first task force to look at my place! I wonder why they waited so long to come see me? I had an awful time getting them there! Had to call Washington and Sam Steiger several times to get them here at all! Maybe they were afraid of there bridge across the creek, but the water had quit running under it. And besides, although it looks rickety on top, there are 21” steel beams under it that weigh 1,685 lbs. each! It’s damn strong! You don’t suppose they thought if they waited that long, all those chemicals would just go away, do you?

Task Force #8 Dated 2/18/70. Now here’s our “Root-rot, Woodpeckers and Sapsuckers” group! The others had tippy-toed in and out, and didn’t even let me know they were there sometimes. Not this bunch! I’ll enumerate — and eliminate — these “experts on herbicide damage to man, plants, animals, air, soil and water” in their own special chapter. Seems strange that for all the speed they exerted getting here (even before Congressman McCarthy could get checked out of the motel after his hearings!), that they’ve been dragging their feet since they left with their needles and blood, and two dirt samples, and haven’t been a bit communicative about all those samples and tests and chemical analysis. Maybe they think I will have amnesia and forget they haven’t reported back in to class after recess or something! Dr. Tschirlew told me on August 10, 1970, that he was tired of “sitting on the reports”, and that he thought they should have been given out right away! You know, February to August is a long time! He said their “reputations as scientists” were at stake! Boy, are they ever!

So that’s how I got eight task forces. Perhaps it’s the USDA’s fault in Washington. I always did suspect some of them couldn’t count past two!
"TASK FORCE NUMBER ONE"

I don’t know what the USDA calls this report, but I call it “No. 1”. And that’s what it sounds like to me. Maybe they lost it, and that’s why it never showed up in their “Task Force Reports”. If they’d like a copy, I can send it to them. On second thought, It’s probably because some of the statements it contained would have prevented the USDA from sending those “experts” out here in February 1970. It would have looked real silly when the first report was made by the Forest Service and showed herbicide damage on my place and various other places. The last bunch who came (that “Root-Rot, Woodpeckers and Sapsuckers” group) might not have been given an “all-expense-paid-by-us-taxpayers” trip to Arizona in the winter if anyone had looked at the first report and said, “Now where do we go from here?”.

I wonder what this last bunch cost us? Those tourist rates in Arizona are damn high in February! I’ll bet that’s why none of them came until then. Or why none came right after we called them in Washington in June of 1969. Who wants to go to Arizona in July or August? It’s 110 degrees in the shade! But February! That makes a wonderful break from the snow back there in Washington! That’s probably why they waited, not because they hoped by then the symptoms and residues would be gone.

My Task Force #1 Report is dated 7-3-69 and it says it is a “Reply to 2520 Watershed Protection and Management” (a “reply” means somebody must have asked something.) It tells me the subject is “Kellner-Russell Chemical Maintenance”. That’s about my mountain and my area and me. It then states that the local ranger and Mr. William Fleischman, USDA — USFS, came to my place on 6-24-69, where they met another lady from the area “who was also deeply concerned over the spray project.”

The report begins by stating that the other lady and I were concerned with several things: 1. “Damage to vegetation on the Shoecraft property and on other private land owners. 2. “Residual effects of the herbicide in the soil and water. 3. “Further treatments on the project area. They felt that the use of herbicides on the Pinals (mountains) should not have been started and certainly should not be continued. They felt that the soil had been damaged and water supplies contaminated and that contamination would continue for several years.” (My goodness! For not being scientists, that other lady and I sure did alright, didn’t we? Some of the “scientists” have now drawn the same conclusions!) They also felt that the brush had become more flammable, now that it had been sprayed.” (“The Forest service Health and Safety Code cautioned that 2-4D and 2,4,5-T are poisonous and flammable in an oil base.” That oil base means esters. That’s what they used on us every time! That bit of information reads Forest Service USDA on the front. Also, “Do not burn after spraying, as fumes are poisonous” — Chipman label, 2,4,5-T low volatile ester 4L-USDA Reg. No. 359-178.)

The next paragraph of the report says: “We inspected the vegetation on her property and found some evidence that herbicide had been on some of the native vegetation. She claimed the beans and corn in a small garden had been damaged. These plants were dry and wilted, but it could have been from lack of water. I tried to explain that the corn could not have been damaged by the herbicide since it is a grass.”

Now, we’ll take time out to cover that “corn and grass” bit. Here are just a couple of things I found out about corn: (There are hundreds more!)

Number One. Don’t use 2,4,5-T or Silvex (2,4,5-TP) on or near corn at all! That’s a no-no! the labels state: Dow-Kuron (2,4,5-TP) “Do not apply to or permit to contact with or drift onto any crop plant.” Dow-2,4,5-OS (Esteron) “Do not apply to or allow to come in contact with vegetables.” So . . . The big “Green Book” — USDA just doesn’t have them okayed for corn.

“Corn sprayed with 2-4D may develop stem binding and brittliteness.” “Brace roots may be malformed on corn sprayed with 2-4D.” “Do not apply when the corn is tasseling.” (Mine was “tasseling.”)

The above quotes are Bulletin A-17, Cooperative Ext. Service, USDA published August 1961 and sent to me by the USDA, Beltsville, Maryland, 1969! So I guess there “ain’t no new news” regarding corn and using 2-4D, 2,4,5-T and 2,4,5-TP on it.

Agriculture Handbook #332 — USDA — “Weed Control”, also says it’s a “no-no”. “Inbred lines of corn may be injured if treated.” (Sure enough, mine was inbred!) “Avoid application when temperatures are high and corn is growing rapidly.” (How hot is it in Arizona in the summertime?)

“Seed set may be reduced if applied two weeks before silking until silks are dry.” “Avoid drift of (2-4D) herbicides for area application.”

Page 18 says: Corn: 2-4D — “Planting corn deeper than 1 inch increases safety margin.” (Why do I need a safety margin if it (herbicde) won’t hurt my corn?)
"In some States, amine formulations may cause injury." (Still on corn.) Now that sure is one helluva statement! Here my bulletin says "Use amines only," no esters! Then I read this sentence and I wonder, "What States?" It doesn't say! Just "some states." So maybe even the amines will kill my corn, too!

Let's get out of the corn patch, and look over there at my bermuda grass lawn that never came up, and the other side of the house where what I had, died!

The Globe Ranger who was also part of this #1 Task Force, had also said on the radio news of 6-12-69 that these 2,4-D herbicides do not affect grass, and Mr. Fleischmann said it didn't, but let's look at the label:

"Do not apply to stoloniferous grasses such as bent, bermuda (there goes my lawn) and St. Augustine or to new turf of any variety." (Dow-Kuron 2,4,5-TP, Silvex)

"Do not use on lawns of creeping grass (my bermuda, again) ... nor on freshly seeded turf until grass has become well established. Most legumes are usually damaged or killed." (Dow-Esteron 2,4,5-OS (2,4,5-T)

There's one more paragraph to this report: "One or two small peach trees appear to have been damaged by the herbicide as well as a small area of yellow blossom sweet clover." (Still talking about my place.) Then he states that they "drove down Kellner Canyon and observed evidence of herbicide damage on native vegetation in the Canyon." 

"... we stopped and found what appeared to be damage to tomato plants in the garden."

The other half of my "Task Force Report #1" is the copy of a report by Mr. Moehn, District Ranger, dated June 25, 1969, and the first sentence says: "I inspected Russell Gulch today and found that we did get drift in that direction also." Then it states: "H.J. Mikeworth ... also William Murphy ... have two gardens in the upper portion of Russell Gulch. Many of the plants such as the beans, peas, and tomatoes, appear to have been hit rather severely by the spray. The corn is stunted and the melon-type plants were also affected ... many of his fruit trees, as well as other trees, also show effects of the spray. Mr. Mikeworth stated his garden was entirely wiped out last year (by the spray, June 1968) and that all the other vegetation was severely hit." (This is the area (canyon) where that crazy duck, "Charley", was born, the one the "Root Rot" team of USDA said couldn't have been affected by the spray because he was "born 4 miles from the spray area ...")

The last paragraph contains the sentence: "The inspection Bill Fleischmann and I made yesterday indicated we also got some drift of spray down Kellner and Icehouse Canyons." So that pretty well wraps up our three canyons — Icehouse (that's me and my eyeless guinea pigs, Kellner, that's where the deformed goats were born, and Russell Gulch, where the duck "Charley" was hatched.

I can't for the life of me figure out why the USDA never mentioned the report, or included it anywhere, or even let Mr. Fleischmann's name appear in print anymore!

You don't suppose it's because of what they found? Another statement of Mr. Moehn's, Open Line radio program of 7-17-69: "It's easy to pick up herbicide damage, does not give yellowing of leaves." (And he was speaking of Silvex only at the time, for that's all they said they had used in 1968 and 1969.)

About that "easy to pick up damage": "Moderate formatrice (visual) effects developed with 2,4,5-T although none occurred with Silvex." "Outstanding fact about these results is that ... leaf malformations failed to develop ... with Silvex even at relatively high rates."

Regarding species treated with Silvex (aspen): "Responded slowly ... frequently have not died until the following summer." "Research workers (with Silvex) may anticipate response ... will be slow and stems may remain green for an extended period ..." "Woody plants may remain green for a longer period of time ..." "It's action (Silvex) differs further in that many plants do not manifest leaf modification such as fern or strap leaves often associated with common growth regulators." (2,4-D and 2,4,5-T)

The above quotes are from "Silvex Technical Bulletin #1, dated January 1954 — Dow Chemical Company.

With regard to that "No yellowing of leaves" ... same publication: "Visual symptoms of 2,4-D ... browning occurs along the veins and portions of the leaves become yellowish-green."

Sorry, Bill. Somebody should have told you.

**TASK FORCE NUMBER TWO**
(Or, The Laughing, Happy Animals!)

I can't find my left shoe this morning — there's a button gone on my shirt. My eyes are swollen, the pain is worse in my chest, and I flat-out don't feel that I'm long for this world! It's August 8, 1970, and yesterday I brought the guinea pigs up the mountain to see if the sick ones might get well, or if their hair would grow back if I removed them from the area that was sprayed at my home.
One of them had three babies yesterday; one albino born dead and one albino with no eyes. He lived ten hours. One baby, although very tiny, is still alive.

Before I came up the mountain, I walked around my land, and since the rains came, the berry vines are curled and have no berries, like last year when they sprayed. All the walnuts are blackened and lying on the ground; I photographed a few twisted curled and deformed “sotols” and a weird new cactus. As the rains come off the mountain, in the creek, the trees appear to be dying. Many of the branches are so heavy with foliage and swollen that they are breaking. There were no blossoms on the peach or plum trees this year.

I think some of the “root rot, Woodpecker and sap-sucker” boys had said it was because of a “frost”. Rather illogical even to me. Although I am not a scientist. For my peach trees on my land didn’t bloom this year. Just the apple tree and pears, although there was no fruit from the blossoms.

I don’t know why. Please note, Mr. Scientists: I don’t draw any conclusions WHY the garden still in June 1970, won’t grow crops; why the peach trees don’t bloom; why some of the pine trees are twisted and orange; why the aspen are swollen and split and bent double; why my sycamores are orange; why the leaves are gone on my cottonwood in June 1970, just like 1969. I only stated they are.

I have not seen a fox, skunk, raccoon or porcupine all summer. I have a flash picture, taken in 1964 of 8 skunks, and 3 raccoons, eating together on my back porch at my cabin. I did see 2 deer, but they just quietly looked at me — didn’t run — they act like my albino guinea pigs: real sleepy all the time; also the cattle are clear up here on top of the mountain, bellowing and looking lonely. I never in my 23 years on this mountain have seen them all the way up here on top before. I counted 10 of them. Why aren’t they down there eating the “grass” that’s supposed to be there? Do you suppose they’re here because they’re hungry and there is no food for them to eat?

I didn’t draw any conclusions as to why my eyes are swollen again, and my chest hurts ’til it’s hard to breathe’. I only said they are, and it does, after I spent one day down there again in that area, photographing my berry vines that have no berries, and burying more guinea pigs.

During that particular nightmare on June, 1969, I looked in the front yard at my home in the canyon, and there was a little red fox, and beside him were quail, all standing together. The dogs were just lying there, not bothering to get up, or bark, and they wouldn’t eat. My cat was so sick she almost died. The big palomino would just stand and look at his feed. I finally got him to eat carrots — lots and lots of carrots. That’s all he would eat. Two rabbits hopped through the yard, and nothing seemed to be afraid of anything. Two deer stood by my patio wall and still the dogs ignored them. Somewhere I have their photograph. I bought sacks and sacks of grain because I thought maybe they were hungry since their food had been sprayed. There were great swarms of insects — then they were gone. There were millions of orange dragon flies — and orange wasps. I killed a pink centipede 12 inches long in my house, after my son’s little girl said, “Hurry, Mom, Bill! What is that?”

Two black bears wandered onto the highway and were killed.

I killed 5 scorpions in the living room one night. There were dozens of things called “children of the earth.” Some of the water bugs were huge. There were reports of snakes seen so many places in town. Our son was bitten by one near the radio station. I made a tape recording of coyotes in the yard crying and still, the dogs were lostless and silent. In 1565 I recorded a mocking bird at my home, but there have been none to record since.

The female dog became partially paralyzed. When I take her away for a few days from the house her hair begins to grow back — and the sores heal. If I return, she gets sick again. The male collie, 1 year old, from a long line of 13 champions, has lost weight, until he looks half his size. His left eye seems to be impaired, and his hair comes out in great patches. Many phone calls to our “Open Line” reported dead song birds, and doves. One lady told of an owl that would keep falling over on his face. They took him home but he died. While Dr. Paul Martin of the University of Arizona was at the McKusick residence, an English Sparrow flew in and fell at his feet. He picked it up and it seemed to be paralyzed and its eyes were swollen shut.

It was a strange world, and there was a strange, tragic sadness and a loud, frightening silence everywhere.

These were the live things that were left; the others were dead.

I don’t know what happened to them; I don’t know why. I only know that these are the things — just a few of the almost unreal things — that invaded our world. I have photographed and documented as many of them as I could.

Sometime in August 1969, my first one-eyed guinea pig was born. There have been several since that time. Others, in the same litter, couldn’t open their eyes and some had deformed heads, or heads incompletely formed. Some were born with misplaced eyes; one up and one down, and some with no eyes at all. I didn’t know what was wrong, but I knew something had happened to our little...
pigs. I named the “one-eyed” guinea pig “Cylops” and one of them with one eye open and one eye shut, I named “Split”.

Looking at my notes, I find these things: “Three dead doves; bird dead my back door; bird dead in pool. Two dead skunks, dead fox, on hillside. Dead bobcat by bridge by house; dead bugs on ground; four scorpions in living room; three centipedes in lumber pile. Many “children of the Earth” bugs in pond. Dead fish in pool; long pink centipede in house. Dead bobcat by mailbox and two male deer by patio wall, Dogs did not bark at them; baby guinea pigs keep dying.”

These were my notes during June, July, and August, 1969. Others were: white mice (10) died on mountain, June 1968. Baby guinea pigs at home in canyon, all died but one. First week of June 1968, after feeding on the rye grass in the yard, where my son had fixed a little pen for them. They sprayed May 31, June 1, 2, 3, 1968, Hampsters, 2, died September 24, 1966. They sprayed during 3rd week in September 1966.

These are just a few of my notes, about the little animals and the little birds and the little insects.

I told various government agencies about my guinea pigs; I wanted their “scientists” to see “Cylops”. I used to carry him in my pocket for he was very special to me; but I found him and three others dead on October 20, 1969, when I went down to show him to a science reporter. Not one of the “Government Agents” would look at my guinea pigs.

Even after “Cylops” was dead, and others were born with tiny eyes, missing eyes and no eyes at all, just like the test animals in Washington, still government scientists did not want to see my guinea pigs. Dr. Tschirley was aware that they existed before he came to Globe with his “root rot” crew, but he arrived at my home at dark, and was not concerned in looking at guinea pigs.

So, as I look at what I call “Task Force #2” of June 27, 1969, all I can say is, “How utterly ridiculous!” “How stupidly, utterly ridiculous!”

It’s very short and to me, it’s almost hysterically funny, and yet so tragically sad. Following are some of the quotes from my file, which I call “Task Force Number 2” or “The Laughing, Happy Animals”.

This is a memo from Bud Bassett, Arizona Game and Fish, Dated June 30, 1969:
The first paragraph tells of our attorney contacting Bob Curtis (the one mentioned in the Governor’s Commission) and telling him that he (our attorney) was getting ready to file a lawsuit due to damages caused to several of us by the forest service. So that’s probably the only reason they came to Globe at all. Isn’t that ridiculous, that the only way apparently anyone can get most government agencies to perform their jobs, is to say: “Here I am, and I am going to sue you!”

This memo tells of a visit to our area, which Mr. Bassett and one other member of the Arizona Game and Fish Department made to the “Ice House Canyon Area” on the morning of June 27, 1969, in order to make some determination as to the “extent of wildlife damage if any.”

“Our inspection consisted of walking the bottom of Icehouse Canyon and the surrounding country within the sprayed area.”

Let’s pause on that one. Unless those boys were here for a week or two, there “ain’t no way” they covered all that sprayed area in a couple of hours. The forest service admits to 1,900 acres, and it drifted all over hell! So that adds at least 1,000 acres more, and they only mention “Ice House Canyon”. What happened to Kellner, Russell Gulch and Sixshooter Canyons?

I like the next sentence, though; for that substantiates what I said about water in my Ice House Canyon Creek: “We found 3 short stretches of permanent, or semi-permanent standing, or flowing water!” And the date is June — summertime in Arizona!

Then they state that “observations of terrestrial fauna included numerous birds, reptiles, and innumerable diversity of insects, together with a couple of ground squirrels, all hale and hearty!”

Those big words will get you in trouble everytime, if you’re not careful. That terrestrial fauna part: “fauna” meaning animals, not “flora”, meaning plants. And “terrestrial!” meaning like an “earth dweller”. So what about the “numerous birds?” What kind were they if they were “earth dwellers?” If they were all on the ground, then that meant the ones that should have been flying in the sky were walking around on the ground. Maybe they were paralyzed like some we had seen — or maybe they were on the ground because they were dead!

So these two men covered an area of 2 or 3,000 acres, including forests, and the only animals they saw to document were two ground squirrels!

Referring to: The aquatic “fauna” they noted “water bugs and beetles, back swimmers, water striders, large damsel fly larvae and aquatic snails and large tadpoles.” But they didn’t see any fish! So they conclude “it is doubtful if fish occur in the area inspected.” Well, boys, they used to occur there, before June 8, 1969, lots of them, in those stock ponds, and in the pool outside my living room, where they died. I called the G and F office several times about the dead fish, and the dead game. One of them told me about a deer
staggering around at 7 mile wash; it finally died, and 6 more died later. He also stated there were quail over in the 3 bar area, by the lake, and they were very dead also! No body knew why!

The report is mostly summarized in the sentences:

"In short, we could find no sign of the spraying having caused any ill effect to wildlife. We did talk to a forest service employee in the area; he stated he had not been able to find any sign of ill effects from the spraying."

But they didn’t talk to those of us who were damaged. So they concluded although they didn’t see any fish and they only saw two ground squirrels, in 2,000 acres and a couple of fat larvae, still everything was okay! I guess it didn’t even seem strange that they didn’t see anything else. That’s why I think it’s pitiful. They didn’t even know they were gone. But the little note attached to this memo is the real gem of my collection; it’s supposedly a resume of the entire investigation, done by Bud Bassett of the Arizona Game and Fish. It reports Mr. Bassett stated that:

Number 1. "He (Mr. Bassett) has checked the permanent pools of water in Ice House Canyon" (thanks again, boys, for letting all the others know that I at one time, did have a creek!) "and no damage to aquatic insects was observed; as a matter of fact, he has never seen such fat larvae." (Dow says the chemical will make bigger fish, so I suppose it will make fat larvae, also.)

Number 2. "He observed no damage to big game as he noted many deer tracks, but no carcasses." (He didn’t see any LIVE deer, and no one wondered why! Just as long as no one tripped over any dead carcasses, everything was fine!)

Number 3. "No deaths of lizards, birds, bees, etc., were noted." (No bees, live, were noted either!) "Again he felt that the animal populations were extremely happy and unaffected."

That sentence tore the windsock! There are those two crazy ground squirrels again, and this time, they’re not only “hare and hearty” but “extremely happy!” What were they doing? Singing and dancing? Playing hide and seek? Smiling or laughing out loud? That’s the most unscientific conclusion I’ve ever heard! And they say I’m emotional! Evidently, those boys were so emotional over the shock of finding even two ground squirrels, alive yet, in all that mess up here, that they just got carried away with their descriptive language! Or else they’d been out there in that sprayed area much too long! Remember what this spray can do!

Number 4. "If necessary, the Arizona Game and Fish will support our actions and give us a clean bill of health."

Well, how about that? My attorney will really think that’s a bit "lopsided for one of the government agencies to “support the action” of another government agency.

(P.S. Those two words, “if necessary”, make me think I’d better let them know they’re going to need all the support they can get, so they’d better line up Arizona Game and Fish who may also need all the support they can get too, before this is over!)

P.S. Again! I also want to straighten out that part about “He noted a couple of healthy horses apparently owned by Shoecrafts at their residence.” He must have been at the wrong house, for we don’t have two horses, and the one we do have was sick.

So that concludes “The Laughing, Happy Animals” report. And most of them aren’t “extremely happy”. Most of them aren’t even plain happy. Most of them aren’t even sad. Most of them are dead.

"TASK FORCE NUMBER THREE"

The Arizona Section of the American Society of Range Management held their annual meeting in Globe in November 1969.

The list of program speakers included: Barry Freeman: Range Management U of A; Robert Courtney: Forest Supervisor, Tonto National Forest; Bud Cooper: President, Arizona Water Resource Committee; Dr. Thomas Johnsen: Agriculture Research Service, United States Department of Agriculture; J. K. Hansen: Land Operations Officer, Bureau of Indian Affairs; Ross Wurm: Dow Chemical Representative.

Doesn’t that sound like an unusual gathering for our little town? It was rumored that the “winter meeting” was supposed to be in one of the big towns, with entertainment, floor shows, dancing girls and all...but instead they all trooped over the mountain to our copper mining area. No dancing girls, no music, just “lights out at nine o’clock”.

I wonder why, especially since we’re not even the “big ranch” interest of the state. Maybe they wanted to see “Devil’s Canyon”, or that grass Mr. Courtney forgot to plant. You don’t suppose they were nervous over the fuss we’d made about those chemicals?

I took my note pad and my $29.95 Craig, and our KIKO engineer set up the Public Address System for them. I put on my black-rimmed glasses...wore shoes instead of boots, and covered the session.

It turned out to be about chemicals on rangeland. It got so bad with the insults regarding what a bunch of “trouble making know-nothings” we were referring to those of us who had dared to
question the use of these chemicals, that by the time Mr. Wurm, Dow Chemical, spoke, he was even feeling sorry for us! In fact, he sounded like a cherished friend! He apologized for many of the remarks made by the other speakers, and scolded Mr. Moore of the Salt River Project in particular, for his use of the words “the un-informed” when referring to us. In talking to Mr. Wurm later, I learned he is not employed by Dow, but was operating as a public relations man for them that day, to elevate their image a little, which was one notch below the Forest Service. But Mr. Wurm showed courtesy and a consideration which was so obviously lacking in most of the other speakers.

He talked to me after the meeting, and said it appeared there would have to be a lot of labeling changes, and better training of persons using these chemicals, for they could be very hazardous. (I also notice the name “Ross Wurn and Associates, California, in that Bionetics Book, U.S.D.A. Is this a mis-spelling in the book for “Wurm?”)

The program was definitely Salt River Project, Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture, and Chemical interests, all the way. The rest of the crowd was ranchers.

There was a “social adjustment Hour”, sponsored by one of the few flying outfits that sprays these phenoxy herbicides in Arizona for the Government and also by “West-Ag” — consulting and research in Agricultural Chemicals, located in Phoenix; and Dow Chemical, represented by Mr. Wurm. I agree they all needed some “social adjusting” but it sure was going to take more than an hour to do it!

“West-Ag” was the laboratory recommended to me by Dr. Hamilton, agriculture department of the University of Arizona where I sent the first samples of various plant life taken from my private land after I could not get the county agricultural agency or the County Health Officer to send them anywhere.

The Community Studies Pesticide Project under the direction of Doctor Roan located on the U of A campus, also refused to test them. These samples were later shown to contain Silvex. I assume they also contained 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T — but we were not aware at the time, that these chemical formulations had also been used since the Forest Service was still denying they had used anything except Silvex. It was also the general manager of “West-Ag” who was present at the McCarthy hearing in Globe, February 13, 1970, and who told me very angrily after my testimony that “wait until we get you in court!”

His behavior in the lobby where the hearing was held, as he vented his anger prevents my being able to refer to him as a gentleman. I reminded him that I had not yet sued anybody. I asked him why he was so nervous when I had in no way, at the time, attacked the chemical companies or their products. His attitude reminded me of the earlier visits by the vice president of the Arizona Agro-Chemical Company of Phoenix, who threatened to sue us and our Radio Station. Due to the similarity of the hospitality of these two men, I checked the companies further, and was told that “Westag” of Phoenix; “Arizona Agro-Chem” of Phoenix, and “Cortez Chemical” of Phoenix, are all the same company. Why three names? Let someone else figure that one!

The chemical companies were busy impressing everyone the first day — and the next day belonged to Salt River Project. Bill Warskow, Salt River Project Range and Watershed Specialist (and one-half of the Governor’s “unbiased” Task Force sent up in July) was the “Tour Leader” to “Three Bar” and “Brushy Basin”. Nobody wanted to “tour” the mess up our canyons, or “view” our mountainside.

It was always the same characters holding hands, and playing “ring around the may-pole!” We stood on the outside, and looked in.

Evidently, since we were still being troublesome, and a “thorn in the side” to the “Range Management” group, Barry Freeman returned to Globe in December, 1969. He spoke at the local Rotary Club. The program that day was the responsibility of the ex-mayor, who shares a 21,000 acre ranch in New Mexico, 17 miles from Roswell, with the local veterinarian.

Our local paper carried the story of Mr. Freeman’s speech; December 24, 1969:

AERIAL SPRAYING CHARGES ARE GIVEN “ABSURD” LABEL

“A specialist in range management told Globe Rotary Club members at their meeting in the Copper Hills last week that most of the charges leveled against the Forest Service in connection with the aerial spraying of the Pinal Mountain Foothills were absurd.

“Barry Freeman said that the spraying had resulted only in imaginary damage to vegetation and to people near the spraying project area except for limited, temporary damage due to drift.”

“Freeman explained that letters from concerned people near the spray area had been sent to him. As a result of these letters, others sent to the Forest Service officials, and still others which went to various public officials, men from the Forest Service and others with technical training became concerned with the situation and began an investigation. Next, he said, came the “last resort stage, or pressure stage.”

“Protestors, he said, switched their attack from the spraying, to the fact that herbicides were used at all. Commenting on
widely-feared DDT. Freeman pointed out that scientists are now ingesting it every day as part of their diets. He also said that heavily concentrated amounts of Silvex had been spread on some land, and it was found that the chemical was not a sterilant."

"Concerning reports that birds had been affected by the chemical, resulting in crippled and mutated birds, Freeman said "that some of these things just happen in life."

The following "letter to the Editor" appeared after the above article, and was submitted by a former employee of the National Park Service, now retired:

"WHAT COST CONTROL?"

"Any splotches on this paper are where my blood boiled at an article in the June 28 issue of The Arizona Republic. It quoted U of A Range Management specialist Barry Freeman, regarding Secretary Hickel's ban on 2,4,5-T on federal lands under his control. Freeman was credited with calling it a "blow to range management", and with this comment: "We've worked cautiously 25 years to develop safe, efficient brush control, but because we're caught up in an ecology 'kick' we're set back a good 10 years." He then estimated that 100,000 acres of public and privately owned range land in Arizona was treated with 2,4,5-T last year, conceding there are other usable herbicides, but that cost prohibit their use.

"WHAT COST? How can you assess cost figures on the long lasting power of 2,4,5-T, DDT and other chlorinated hydrocarbons to pollute the air, the soil, the water, so that marine organisms die, birds can't reproduce, birds and animals accumulate these poisons in their bodies, including cattle which graze on treated ranges, while increasing evidence reveals capacity of these poisons to alter genetic structures. What cost the destruction of incredibly delicate ecological balances for brief gains of more grass in long-time poisoned soil?"

"When are these 'management specialists' going to quit playing with matches in the potential ecologic holocaust of ravished and distorted natural forces? -- only as long as we, the indifferent public, refuse to learn the ABC's of how to live as a part of nature instead of believing we can completely remake it. Until then, we will have specialists who pay us back in kind with tunnel vision, fashioning a year or 10 years of gain for a possible eternity of ruin."

End of item -- and exit Barry Freeman, cattle men's choice, stamped "USDA approved".

Mr. Freeman speaks of "cost". What is the "cost" when reduced to terms of the value of even one tree, or the loss of one animal, or the life of one child.

Can you set a price, Barry Freeman? These are some of the quotes, attributed to you: ...that banning 2,4,5-T was a "blow to range management," and that you had worked "cautiously" for 25 years to develop "safe brush control." My God, Barry! If this unending unholy mess was created all over the state of Arizona in the water, in the vegetation and in the soil with a chemical that produces deformities in test animals, while you worked "cautiously", what might have happened if you had been careless?

You are quoted as saying "everyone's caught up in an 'ecology kick'". Just forget that there's anything nasty happening out there and it will go away! Right? Better word it "forget what's happening out there and you won't know it!...for this particular species called 'man' isn't going to be there either!

You even admit there are other usable herbicides than 2-4D or 2,4,5-T, but how did you end it? "...the cost prohibits their use."

What is the cost, Mr. Freeman, of taking a chance with life, when you don't know what the results may be? And that $7.00 to $8.00 per acre cost you quoted, who pays for it, Mr. Freeman? I resent anyone spraying my mountainside and my front lawn, so that cattle can romp up and down the steep hillside in search of grass that wasn't planted, and didn't grow when it was, for the ground was sterile! But I doubly resent "$8.00 an acre per treatment," when my tax dollars are paying the bill!!

And if some idiot says "but the government was paying for it!"...honey, that's me! I am part of that government, and they'd better not forget it... and neither had you, Mr. Freeman.

A Dr. Nigh, also U of A, indicated the only reason Mr. Hickel recently banned so many chemicals on Department of Interior Lands was because of the tragedy due to the treated grain in New Mexico. Mr. Hickel banned a few others besides mercury. That's what the Associated Press news release (6/18/70) says: "16 banned, and 32 restricted!" He doesn't mess around when he moves, does he? Not like the teletype story dated 6/19/70 that says the "Agriculture Department is testing the effects of residue of the pesticides 2,4,5-T, 2-4D and Silvex on Animals." Twenty-five years they've been putting it out there for the cattle to eat on the range lands, now in 1970 they're going to test it! Same wire story says they're feeding it to cattle and sheep over in Texas, for 28 days. Not a month...just 28 days. Big Deal!

In looking back, it seems strange that Barry Freeman could make so many trips to our area in the Fall and Winter of 1969 and to cover the McCarthy hearings of February 1970, but the only trip which he made to actually examine the area for herbicide damage of which I have any record, was the one on July 1, 1969, where he "observed
those areas visible from a vehicle up and down two major canyons”.

I met Mr. Freeman at the County Agricultural Office in Globe, at
his request and he accompanied me to the local ranger station
where the chemical cans were pointed out to us which reportedly
contained the chemical sprayed in Globe. They were labeled “Dow”
Kuron, which is Dow’s name for Silvex known also as 2,4,5-TP or
2,4,5-T.

He rode in my truck with me and viewed the damage to the
vegetation on my land. He inspected the garden with its withered
plants, my berry and grape vines and noted the shrivelled autumnal
colored foliage on the sycamores. He told me the visual symptoms
were typical of herbicide damage.

He stated he would never have recommended the spraying of
these chemicals for this area, since homes and private land were
located adjacent to the designated spray area. But he did not include
any mention of this visit nor of a second one he made to my home
later in his report.

His report, is very brief, dated July 1, 1969:

1. That observations were made from a vehicle. (He was not in a
   “vehicle” when he stood in my garden or sat in my living room.)
2. That “ground plants” were observed at several homes that
   appeared atypical”. (Atypical of what, for goodness sakes!)
3. That “dry and windy conditions” prevailed.
4. He mentions “the droughty condition” of the prickly pear cacti,
   in “anticipation of the hoped-for summer rains”. (Rather a ridiculous
   statement, since they were “lush and green” in the next canyon,
   where he rode with me one mile away.
5. “Many of the hackberry’s showed rolled leaves”. (2-4D or
   2,4,5-T or Silvex “roll” maybe?)
6. “Degree of leaf discoloration is obvious on many trees and
   shrubs within and outside the areas of concern. Much of this is quite
   normal”. (Why, Barry?)
7. “...an experienced eye might well observe degrees of
   apparent herbicide symptoms on some plants”. “In some instances,
   the up-canyon side of a tree or shrub shows discoloration or defoliation,
   while the down-canyon side, appears to be normal. This can be
   interpreted to illustrate degrees of herbicide drift symptoms”.
   “... it (herbicide influence) appeared to be relatively light and most
   probably not permanent in nature”: (But a lot of it was very
   permanent.) When something winds up “dead”… that’s pretty
   permanent.

He finishes the report with a list of questions to the Forest
Service such as: “herbicide used”. “Rates Used”. “Carrier Used”. (I
told you on our truck ride, Barry; they forgot the oil, dumped in a little
soap powder, and liquid detergent too, so they said.)

Then he lists 7 more questions to fill up the page… draws no conclu-
sions, and finishes with: “Much of the problem with the property
owners adjacent to the spray zone could have been avoided or
minimized with a “pre and post” information program that should
have included a door to door canvas to and after application to see if
said property owners had any concerns.”

And my comment to that paragraph is “Bull Roar!” What makes
you think, Barry Freeman, that someone telling me before hand that
they’re going to spray me in my pink nightgown and my dogs, cats
garden, and trees, will “avoid problems”? If anyone had gone “door
to door” around my house which has seven, I would have said the
same thing as I met him at each door. Each time he told me about
this little plan, I would have said “The Hell you say! Take that damn
stuff to the store and get your money back, quick-like! Your’re NOT
goint to spray it on MY CHAPARRAL OR ON ME!”

As far finding out AFTER whether I was “concerned” or not, I
think HE HAS the answer now to that one!

So that takes care of “Task Force Number Three” Wasn’t much, was it?

“THE GOVERNOR”

This file (C-3) isn’t very thick — just a few pages, a couple of
letters and an invisible shrug of the shoulders tucked in among the
papers.

As my friend, I hold our Governor, Jack Williams, in high esteem.
As my Governor, he has let me down. He wasn’t there when I or the
others in our area who have been hurt by this entire incident, needed him. He washed his hands, and dried them on the towels of
the State Land Department and the Salt River Project.

The letter in my small file, dated July 11, 1969 has the seal of my
state at the top — Arizona-1912. It consists of only four sentences:

“Thank you for your letter of July 9. Appreciate the material you
enclosed and am forwarding it to the State Land Department, who
have already sent a man into the area to investigate and report.”

“I have received phone call complaints from this area as well.
Thank you for your interest.” It bears the signature of my governor.

That was all. And the summer dwindled away…and the wells
went dry…and the gardens wilted…and the animals died.
THE GOVERNOR’S COMMISSION

An article appeared in the paper describing the work of “The Governor’s Commission on Arizona Beauty”…how they were “saving phreatophytes” and the natural beauty of Arizona. Since some of our “phreatophytes” and a whole lot of “natural beauty” along with our health has been wiped out, I contacted them…and told them about “Globe”. At their request, I furnished copies of the accumulated evidence showing the damage caused by the Forest Service and Salt River Project.

Time passed…and passed…and passed. Neither they nor the governor took an active stand against herbicides…or what had happened to us.

I obtained a copy of the minutes of one of the meetings. And there, entered as an “exhibit”, was a copy of one of the letters I had sent as “confidential”. When I looked at the membership list, it was almost like reading a “who’s who” for the forest service and Salt River Project! The Forest Supervisor who had been so unkind and arrogant was on the Advisory Board and also on the Business and Industry Committee.

The incident of hauling our dead plants to this Supervisor in Phoenix, since he wouldn’t come to Globe to see them, had been publicized in a few other states if not our own. The National Health Federation of Monrovia, California contacted us and requested information on the spraying. This we furnished. In October, 1969, they issued the following news release to national news media:

“A COMPLETE INVESTIGATION OF THE RECENT FOREST SERVICE SPRAYING OF THE TONTO NATIONAL FOREST NEAR GLOBE, ARIZONA, HAS BEEN REQUESTED.”

“IN JULY GLOBE RESIDENTS STAGED A MOCK FUNERAL PROCESSION WHICH GAINED NATIONWIDE PUBLICITY. THE PROCESSION WHICH CARRIED DEAD TREES AND PLANTS ALL THE WAY TO THE CAPITOL STEPS IN PHOENIX WAS IN PROTEST OF THE REPEATED AERIAL SPRAYINGS BY FORESTRY OFFICIALS, WHICH THEY ASSERTED WAS DONE CARELESSLY AND IRRESPONSIBLY.”

“If the Federal Government Authorized Widespread Use of Insufficiently Tested Insecticides and Herbicides, the Danger to our Ecology Could Be Catastrophic. Our Federal Agencies, to Whom our Natural Resources Should be a Sacred Trust, Must Assume an Attitude of More Responsibility and Caution in their Stewardship of our Great Domain.”

On October 28, 1969, the National Health Federation wrote a letter to the Governor of Arizona which contained these sentences:

“We understand your committee on Beautification has been investigating this incident. (Globe) We feel this is commendable and hope through your efforts the state of Arizona will be saved from future threats to her environment occasioned by the careless application of toxic chemicals to the soil. Our organization has reviewed the accumulating evidence in this case.”

On November 4, 1969, which was five months after the spraying, and three months after I had contacted the Governor’s Commission, back came this disgruntled reply to the National Health Federation from the Governor:

“I appreciate your interest, but I wish you had sent me the evidence as to the Forestry Operation near Globe. I asked our land department to give me a report and there is no record at all of anything like the charges you include…Our land department reports indicated the only damage which could validly be attributed to spray drift was on the property of Mr. Mikeworth. He has been instructed to file a claim. Mr. Courtney, Forest Supervisor, Tonto National Forest, has a complete report from a task force that surveyed the complaint”. End of letter. End of Governor. End of Governor’s Beauty Commission.

For three months his commission had been in possession of the same documents as those furnished to the National Health Federation. The minutes of one of the committee meetings in October 1969, disclose that the chairman of the Governor’s Commission stated “it has never been the intention of the commission to make judgments or choose sides, but rather to gather information in order to make recommendations to THE GOVERNOR.” The minutes of that meeting also state, that Bud Cooper, Chairman of the Arizona Water Resources Committee, had said “Since MANAGEMENT DECISIONS are basically choices, all values cannot be emphasized equally” and that Mr. Cooper “concluded by stating that THE GOVERNMENT ITSELF WILL MAKE THE DECISION AS TO WHO IS RIGHT AND WHO IS WRONG” relative to the spraying of chemicals in Globe.

If I had been there that day, I would probably have stood up and roared “THE HELL you say! No one has any right to spray me and my land with anything without my consent! And I don’t give a damn who it is! And the government telling me it’s alright won’t make it so!”

Since I wasn’t there, I called the Governor instead. I thought maybe he and his “Beauty Commission” were mad at each other and didn’t share notes and minutes of the meetings and “evidence files”.

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Instead of talking to me or asking me to come see him as I requested, he wrote me a letter:

"A rather complete report came to my desk... indicating the amount of damage (in Globe) is far less than some believe."

"Following your phone call, I met with the SALT RIVER PROJECT, THE REGIONAL FORESTER, THE USFS GENERAL INSPECTOR AND THE LAND COMMISSIONER."

But he didn’t meet with us. Or come to see us. Or the dying animals. Or the dead mountain. I even tried to get the governor’s magazine, the famous “Arizona Highways”, to see what devastation these chemicals had created here and in the Superstition Wilderness area. Sent them some photographs of the destroyed flowers and cactus entitled “The unpublished edition of Arizona Highways”... but they wouldn’t come near our place! And if they ever looked at what these chemicals have done in several other scenic spots, they never let anyone know.

The Governor’s final sentence was:

“The matter can only be settled by a court of proper jurisdiction and obviously any statements I make now would be inappropriate.”

Isn’t that a shame? A real crying stinking shame! There they all sat in their beautiful big watered-with-our water Salt River valley. And all they could say by their attitudes and their words was “go on and sue somebody... we’re not interested in your problems or whether any laws have been violated. No one can make us enforce the laws.”

The Governor refers to the State Land Department as a “neutral body” on which he must depend for his information. The other “neutral” half of his “task force reporting team” was a member of Salt River Project. That report is in the next chapter.

How can a government agency be “neutral” in checking a government blunder? If the Governor gave all of those a hearing who committed these crimes against us, why didn’t he extend the same consideration to us? Possibly he’s been removed from radio which used to be his profession so long that he’s forgotten the “rules of the game”... the giving of “equal time” to the opponent... even when he can’t pay for it. But the “environmental establishment” sat back and watched us bleed... or closed their eyes so they couldn’t see at all. The state agencies and organizations who are supposed to prevent such crimes or correct them when they occur wrapped their “title insurance” around themselves and watched the “Phoenix Bird” burn one more time in the Phoenix Valley.

For a moment I am reminiscing, too, about that valley... and some of the friendships we knew down there. One of them was the Governor. What happened to that friendship, Jack? We travelled 200 miles once just to hear you speak. We believed you’d be a great governor and wouldn’t forget those of us who don’t live in the “Salt River Valley”. The Central Arizona Project won’t benefit us much. Our mountains are too steep and our soil sits on hillsides. But it makes a good run-off for the water to get to the Valley. It doesn’t stay here like it used to in a tree that’s gone now... or a stream that runs too quickly... or a well that’s now dry. You closed your letter by saying “my best regards to Willard.”... He drove the truck to haul the water tank last night, Jack... tore the bumper off the truck doing it... It wasn’t water for us to drink, but for the horse and the pigeons and the guinea pigs that keep dying in spite of all we can do.

It’s July now... and the rains come every day... but the water runs off faster now just like some of the scientists said it would... and fills the Salt River Project reservoirs a lot faster. And another thousand swimming pools are built in the valley.

A long time ago you read my poems on your radio station from my book “Moondust.” This one will be in my new book “For the Silent Things”...

You did not care as much as I
For all the silent things...
And so you did not see them die.
For if you had,
You would have reached your hand to me...
You would have known
How vital caring is...
But since you did not know...
And would not see... or hear...
You turned away...

"TASK FORCE REPORT NUMBER 4"
(OR: “The Governor’s Task Force”)

This “task force” which arrived July 9, 1969, at the direction of the Governor, was composed of two men: Mr. Fritz Ryan, Supervisor, Water Division, Arizona State Land Department, and William Warskow, Salt River Project.

A copy of a letter from Mr. Warskow to Mr. Ryan, dated July 24, 1969 contained the sentences:

“Enclosed are three (3) copies of a report to Governor Jack Williams on our July 9, 1969 trip to Globe, to review plant damage claimed to have resulted from the Kellner-Canyon, Russell Gulch
Chapparal spray project.“

"If you concur with the report as written, please sign the original and return a signed copy to me for the Division's files. The other copy is for your files. I am leaving the disposal of the original to your and Mr. Lassen's discretion." (Mr. Lassen is the State Land Commissioner.)

Do I imagine it, or do I detect a note of real chummy friendliness tucked in there someplace?

The heading of the next page reads:

"Report to Governor Jack Williams on reported damage from Forest Service-Salt River Project Water User's Association Kellner-Canyon, Russell Gulch Chapparal Spray Project."

Before I cover (or un-cover) this report made to the Governor by the Salt River Project and the State Land Department, I wish to submit some of the other contents of my files entitled "Salt River Project."

Stapled to the cover is an ad for Salt River Project. The first sentence states that "Our only Reason for Being is to help make Arizona a prettier, happier, more prosperous place to live.

The next time anyone tells me that toothpaste ads exaggerate, or that "Uncle Fred's Suds Soap" doesn't really take goose-grease out of nylons like it says in the ads — I'll tell them to go and read the propaganda Salt River Project puts out!

The first letter in my file, dated 6/25/69 is a reply from Mr. Robert Moore, Manager of Irrigation, Salt River Project, declining the invitation to appear on our "Open Line" Radio Program, "Too Busy."

Excerpts from copy of 2nd letter in the Salt River Project file, dated 6/30/69, is from Mr. Moore to one of the area residents. The second paragraph states that:

"... the two bulletins provided by you are not specifically applicable to the treated area south of Globe, since:

"A mesquite is not the vegetation involved" (It was part of the vegetation involved until the chemicals applied to our area killed it ... in fact I had a lot of beautiful big mesquite trees prior to these sprayings, as did a lot of other area residents. The bulletin he says is "not applicable" referring to mesquite states that 1/3# per acre 2,4,5-T is the amount recommended for "controlling" mesquite. So 2# per acre, which the Forest Service states is what they used, was 6 times stronger than necessary to kill mesquite and if it was 12 pounds per acre, as we suspect, it comes out 36 times greater than the amount recommended for mesquite. The author of this particular bulletin? Dr. Fred Tschirley, USDA Chairman of the "Root-Rot, Woodpecker's and Sapsuckers" Task Force!

In the same paragraph, Mr. Moore refers to the other bulletin and states: (b) "The area is not cropland." It was, until the spray killed our crops and gardens and fruit trees.

Paragraph 4 of Mr. Moore's letter, states: "Drift is a problem if the winds are greater than 5 mph.

I wonder if Mr. Moore has ever wished he'd called someone at the Forest Service before he wrote that statement to learn what the wind speeds were on those particular days in Globe? The Forest Service admits "winds exceeded 10 mph," and were recorded of 16 mph.)

"Distance to the nearest private property and climatic factors were considered ... we do not believe that the cooperative chapparal spraying was done close enough to any susceptible plants on private property to cause any appreciable effect on such plants or property."

(What right do they have to cause ANY damage to my land? ... or anyone else's private land, whether they consider it "appreciable" or not?)

"I want to state positively and without hesitation that the Water supply to Globe, Miami, or to Roosevelt Lake or to any other point on this drainage you may wish to name, has not been degraded in the least, much less contaminated, by the spraying of chapparal under this program."

(That statement was before all that water sampling was done, wasn't it, Mr. Moore? And now, we've found these herbicides you've been spraying all over your watersheds in our drinking water, stock ponds, streams and clear over there in Lake Roosevelt! Even the USDA took water samples and they found them too, and the State Health Department found them in the City of Globe's drinking water!)

Last sentence in this letter states: "May I assure you that the watershed work around Globe is in the hands of experienced and cautious men."

Repeat by me: If these were the "experienced and cautious", what might have happened if they had been the "unlearned and careless?"

The third letter is a copy of one signed by the "Salt River Project half" of the Governor's Task Force, Mr. Warskow. It also contains a few sentences that sound impressive enough, but don't hold up too well under close scrutiny:

1. "The possibility of significant contamination of either surfaces or ground water supplies by aerially applied sprays is very remote, for the following reasons: Most of the spray solution is intercepted by the target brush species." (Mr. Warskow, please note: "Tests made
Warskow's letter was two that seemed logical and R.
wouldn’t the getting hotter ice had criteria.

Mr. Warskow must have read that from my notes in Globe. That was the big statement we had given our attorney so he could really give everybody hell about it.

And if Mr. Warskow had seen the results of soil samples taken by the Forest Service, some of them two feet down that showed Silvex and 2-4D and 2,4,5-T) many months after the spraying I’ll bet he wouldn’t have made this statement either:

“Silvex is readily absorbed by the clay fraction in the top 6 inches of soil where it is normally held until decomposed by the soil bacteria.”

(P.S. Maybe our soil is minus that “clay fraction”, or this damn mixture they used killed the soil bacterial)

But he should have checked the next statement before he made it: “Only at the highest rates would the herbicide concentration ever exceed the US Public Health Service Standards (100ppb) for drinking water. And then, only for a few days, following treatment.” (please note: “2,4-D, 2,4,5-T, 2,4,5-TP.-0.1-It should be noted that these criteria have never been officially adopted by the Public Health Service in their drinking water standards” — Secretary’s Commission, HEW, December, 1969, P 122)

So getting ANY of it in my water was a “no — no.” Mr. Warskow’s letter concludes with a few notes from a paper from W. R. Mullison, only he apparently forgot to mention that his title reads: “W. R. Mullison, Dow Chemical Company.”

Up until about October, 1969, we’d been told that the Forest Service had supplied the chemical used on us and that the chemical used was “Silvex” (2,4,5-TP)

I’d heard the ugly rumor about Dow Chemical closing down a plant around 1965 that had been formulating these herbicides — and since that was also the first year we were supposedly sprayed, it seemed logical to want to know when this last nasty batch, sprayed in 1969, was purchased — just to make sure it wasn’t something that had been sitting around in the heat for a couple of years, and getting hotter and nastier, especially since what was inside those two Dow cans didn’t match each other, or the label!

After much insistence, phone calls, many trips, more insistence, more phone calls, to the Forest Service, I finally had received enough information to realize something was missing. I counted up the gallons, pints, quarts, etc., and this time, not only was that famous USDA arithmetic off again, but out of a total of order sheets for almost 9,000 gallons of this stuff which is enough for spraying 30,000 acres of mesquite, NONE OF IT WAS SILVEX!

So, instead of saying “where in the Hell did they get the Silvex?” (which is the LEAST tested of all these cell-splitting nasties) the answer seemed obvious: Salt River Project. After much fiddling, and letters back and forth, and a trip or two, the following letter, dated November 19, 1969, finally arrived, from SRP:

“In response to your letter of November 4th, and our conversation of November 18th, I am providing you with the following information: the Salt River Project purchased 2,530 gallons of material from the Dow Chemical Company, under our order dated November 28, 1967. Material purchased was Kuron (Silvex PGBE, 4#/gal) from lot #501048.”

“I trust that the information will satisfy you that the Chemical is both registered and was applied within the limitations by that registration.” Signed, Robert Moore, Salt River Project.

When I got out my copy of that label (Kuron, Silvex, PGBE, 4#) I found it wasn’t “applied within the limitations of the registration” at all! Not only does it indicate that getting it in my drinking water was a big “no — no”, but that “and elsewhere” part of my watersheds wasn’t quite what they’d had in mind when this stuff was bottled and sealed!

From the labels:

“Do not contaminate any body of water by direct application, cleaning of equipment or disposal of wastes and containers; avoid contamination of water intended for irrigation and domestic use; “this product is toxic to fish; keep out of ponds, lakes and streams”. (Pretty plain, that one): “Flowing waters should not be treated”.

“To avoid injury do not use Kuron where pond water is being used for irrigation . . . for agricultural sprays, domestic water supply and or livestock watering.” “Some fish kill may occur.” (The analysis reports show it’s in the irrigation water at Roosevelt Lake, besides our streams, stock ponds, and “domestic drinking water”.)

“Neither oxidation by chlorination, or potassium permanganate nor coagulation with ferrous sulfate and alum at concentrations of 100 ppm, removed 2-4D from water” — US Department of Health Education and Welfare, December, 1969. p.123, the “Bionetics Book”:

Sounds pretty permanent, doesn’t it, kids? The damn stuff has
been sprayed on every watershed we have ... and no body ever tested to see if it stayed there on the ground, in the soil, or got in the plants or ran on down the hill into the water, and worst of all, no one had the faintest idea of how to get it out just in case it did! So it's one big helluva mess out there!

And the Public Health Service said it's a "no — no" to get ANY of these particular chemicals in my water!

I have always wanted to ask Mr. Moore what his purpose was behind the letter which he wrote on November 17, 1969, a copy of which I have in my files, to the President of the National Health Federation, for it contained so many mis-statements of the facts. I'll list the questions: maybe someday he'll answer.

Dear Mr. Moore:

1. Why did you choose to write the letter on your personal stationery, with the letters “P.E.” after your name, and the words “Agricultural Engineer”, with your return address listed being your residence, rather than the title of “Manager of Irrigation, Salt River Project,” as on previous correspondence? Was there any reason not to let the President of National Health know where you worked?

2. Was there any particular reason why in the entire 3 pages of correspondence, you never once mentioned Salt River Project, which is where you are employed?

3. Was the main purpose of your letter to obtain copies of “documentary evidence” you assumed had been sent to the National Health Federation by those of us who charged the Forest Service and your place of employment, the Salt River Project, had brought damage to us and our property?

Since in your letter, you chose to number your paragraphs, I shall do likewise, as I point out your errors. You state:

1. “The concentration of the chemical was within the recommended dosage for the type of vegetation treated”.

Sorry, Mr. Moore, the label and bulletins indicate there is not now, nor ever was, any “recommended dosage” for the chemical you purchased to be applied to ANY DRINKING or irrigation water, or any of my garden crops, fruits or vegetables.

You continue by stating:

2. “What you infer is carelessness, or complete disregard for label cautions, or intelligent use of the material.”

Mr. Moore, we not only meant to "infer" these things, we declare them as "statements of fact"!

3. "The application was suspended under standard operating precautions at those times when the on-site wind gusted to less than one-half the velocity you cite." (Too bad again, Mr. Moore. "no weather records kept on job", remember?)

4. "Time of application in and of itself has no bearing on the precautions required in handling this material; wind changes governed throughout.”

I'm still trying to figure out what you were trying to say. For USDA farmer's bulletin 2158 (and you being an "agricultural engineer" should know this one!) states: "wind-carried droplets or vapors of 2,4,5-T, 2,4D or Silvex, may injure desirable plants that grow near the area treated ... apply spray when wind velocity is less than 6 mph, and the air temperature is less than 90°."

"Heat causes ester formulations to release vapors; vapors from either low or high volatile esters are about equally phytotoxic at temperatures above 90°." USDA Bulletin 2183.

And the temperature at "high noon" in Arizona, in June, or August, or September, is above 90 degrees ... and the wind was well over "5 mph!"

5. The nearest private property is some 2,600 feet from the boundary of the treatment; in short, no private property or livestock received a direct application.”

You missed on both of those; their map shows it included private land. And no livestock was removed from the grazing area which included the areas sprayed.

The next one is almost grotesquely funny:

6. “Any persons who claim direct application within exterior boundaries of the treatment area may be cited for trespass inasmuch as the area was officially closed due to fire hazard.”

I believe that sentence made me more angry than the arrogant statements made at the range-management meeting, as you threaten us with a charge of “tress passing” on our own land! Were those persons who were picnicking in the Forest areas “trespassers?” Do you know the date, Mr. Moore, when the picnic areas were closed? Wasn't it July 3, 1969, AFTER the Forest Service became alarmed at the increased fire hazard due to these chemicals? How dare you write such sentences in a letter, and send it through the mails!

More quotes:

7. "Since this is such a serious charge, (trespassing) may I request that the full names, legal addresses of, and dates and times for exposure of any claimant you may have, be sent to the Secretary immediately.” (What Secretary Mr. Moore? Secretary of Agriculture? Secretary to the Department of Defense? You don’t say, but I assume you mean Mr. Hardin.)

As you continue to play attorney, you state:

8. "Violation of human rights may indeed exist if the accuser is
Mr. Moore, I'm surprised you didn't know our names! By November, 1969, after I had openly, in May, in personal conversa-
tions pointed out quite plainly, the various elements of considerable
damage we had experienced, caused by the Forest Service, and the
Salt River Project, and their "operation Hades."

All I can assume by the continuing tone of your letter, and your
constant referral to "trespass", Mr. Moore, was that evidently by
November 17, 1969, some of the members of the parties concerned
with the catastrophe in Globe, must have been getting a little "panicky"
and grasping at straws in an attempt to suppress us by sheer noise and force in numbers. So charges were made against us,
based on nothing but "wishful thinking" that possibly we were tres-
passers on our own land.

You continue with the same theme:
9. "The recreation area was specifically closed to the public at
the time of the spraying thus any person in that area was in tres-
pass. Further, no responsible person or agency has verified that any
hospitalization has resulted from contact with the material used in
the subject work. The seriousness of your charge requires full revel-
ation of names, addresses and specifics as to exposure."

Mr. Moore, I'm surprised at you. As I look back to June 8, 1969,
and follow the road in my mind's eye to the "now" that is, August,
1970, I borrow the cigarette ad phrase: "You've come a long way,
Baby," and I didn't get where I am now, nor even where I was in
November, 1969, by even showing any outward reaction to state-
ments such as that one. My inner reaction to this entire letter and its
contents was and is, one of contempt; my outward one was "well,
for goodness sakes! Do you suppose Mr. Moore really believes he
will obtain this kind of information, and possibly save the Salt River
Project some money that will otherwise have to be spent in deposi-
tion fees?" Didn't you know, Mr. Moore, it would take more than a
threatening request by an amateur attorney? I had a lawyer in
November, 1969; why didn't you talk to him?
10. "Competent detailed laboratory analysis by professionals not
connected with the Forest Service, have reported no measurable resi-
due in either surface or subsurface supplies within a month following
this work."

Analysis or measurable residues of what, Mr. Moore? What were
they looking for? You didn't say. Maybe they were checking for
Endosulfan, or Lindane, or Heptachlor epoxide. If they had checked
for 2-4D, or 2,4,5-T, or Silvex, they'd have found them long after "a
month following treatment!"

The second paragraph contains the sentence:
11. "May I have copies of any factual data which you possess to
the contrary". (Contrary to what, Mr. Moore?)

12. "The use of the broad slander "and other poisons" infers
"malicious intent". My, my, my! Mr. Moore! You sure did get carried
away with that sentence (but I'll just bet you forgot to check it with
your lawyer before you sent it through the mail!)

13. "The chemical used (which one?) has a complete pre-registra-
tion history and post-registration record for being non-active in the
area fo animal chromosome change, when applied as directed. No
chromosome change, no mutation in animals?" (also no subject and
no verbs to that sentence, Mr. Moore!) and false statements.

14. "Since it is a herbicide, it definitely has growth inhibiting
characteristics on specific species." Species of what? Animals?

15. "Inhibiting growth is not necessarily evidence of mutation"
(so what is so earth shaking about these bits of information offered
by a manager of irrigation?)

16. "Any competent, responsible person or agency connected
with the work at Globe, might provide definite, factual data to
squetch this ridiculous statement". (Now, which one is it you
consider ridiculous", Mr. Moore? There's lots of definite, factual data
floating around all over the place to bear out the charges we made.
Most of it has "USDA" or "HEW" stamped on it somewhere!

17. Your last paragraph states: "You seem to be uninformed
(there's Mr. Moore's favorite word from the Range Management
meeting! Should have had Mr. Wurm from Dow Chemical around to
scold him again!) "on both the cautious employed and environmental
benefits to be realized from the work. I would appreciate an oppor-
tunity to balance your information!" (wouldn't dare print my com-
ments on that statement!)

I always have thought it's real silly to begin letters such as this with "dear" or end them with "very truly yours", when you know
damn well the writer doesn't mean it!

Sometime in December, in speaking to the Secretary to the
President of the National Health Federation, I was asked if I knew
anyone named "Robert Moore". I quickly connected the name to Salt
River Project. I felt there was one sure fire way to find out if there
were two Mr. Robert Moores, just call and ask him! So I did just that,
only the way I worded by inquiry was: "Mr. Moore what do the
letters "P.E." appearing after your name stand for?" Reply:
"Professional Engineer"

(Now isn't that a damn shame they didn't mean "Plant Ecologist"
or "Pest Economist" or "Pesticide Expert"?)

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I then advised National Health Federation that the “Robert Moore, P.E.” and “Robert Moore, Salt River Project, Irrigation Manager” were the same man.

I thought the President of Salt River Project, who had been so thoughtful and courteous to me in July, should be made aware of Mr. Moore’s deep concern over all this; so much so, that he was using his own writing paper instead of the stationery with “Salt River Project” and “Mr. Corbell, President” appearing on it, so I advised National Health Federation to send copies of Mr. Moore’s letters to Mr. Corbell, just in case Mr. Moore had forgotten to show him the letters before he sent them out.

We didn’t get any more long questionnaires from Mr. Moore, after the letters were sent to Mr. Corbell, President Salt River Project.

In Task Force #3, I referred to the “Range Mangement Meeting” (11/21/69) and to the fact that Robert Moore of the Salt River Project was one of the speakers. He spoke of the “operators and the uninformed”. He first defined the word “operators”, as being “anybody who cooperates with research and actual programs having to do with natural resources.” (Can’t find that definition in my Webster’s Fifth Edition, or my “Funk and Wagnall’s, either.”)

He then listed these operators as:
1. “Land Administering agencies”
2. “Vendors who supply seed and chemicals”
3. “Permittees in field like Barry Freeman”

(Old suspicious me had been “suspecting” these outfits he mentioned as real “wheeling and dealing” and big time operators” ... but it sure surprised me he’d just come right out and say so!)

He mentioned that “they” (the operators) had lived through one kind of critic over the years, but now “there is another generation of critics who are more vocal, and have less restraint than the first generation of critics that the watershed program lived through.” (Aren’t some of you readers glad we’re a pretty tough bunch to “restrain” into silence?)

So this loud, unrestrained bunch of Americans he named the “uninformed”, stating “on the other side of the grouping, we have the people I am going to style the “uninformed” and listed them as:
1. “These to my mind are too many of the conservation organizations”

(Now that wasn’t a very nice thing to say, Mr. Moore, and some of those conservation kids aren’t going to think so, either!)
2. “The general public, generally” (I wonder if Mr. Corbell, President of the Salt River Project, cleared this speech before you made it, Mr. Moore? — with the “public image” of your outfit kind of dragging

bottom, that was a pretty wild statement! You lost a few more votes with that sentence!)

3. “News media writers, and/or commentators.” (You and Spiro had been going to the same night classes I guess, I was the only “news media” present that day.

4. Professionals outside the field.” (Don’t know who he meant, but it sounded pleasant, and everyone was looking pleased, except Mr. Wurm, Dow Chemical. He looked my way several times, looked at his feet most of the time, and he wasn’t smiling! I even caught a thought wave from Mr. Wurm that I could have sworn went something like: “Man, is this guy ever making my job harder for me! Here I’ve been hired to get these local papers and the local radio station off our backs ... and what happens? Some loud-mouth who’s all wound up in his own ego, and the sound of his own voice, just blew it for me! Damn it all anyway! Why didn’t somebody check his speech?”)

But maybe it was just my wild imagination. (That spray affects us like that, you know!) ... for Mr. Moore kept right on talking:

“If we land managers could advise them as erroneously as they (the uninformed) feel free to criticize us, not only would we have the bar association down our neck, we would probably be tied up in court instead of doing the job on the ground.” (And now you’re “tied up in court!” And not out there “doing the job on the ground” or in the air, either! That’s the only way we found to get you stopped!)

Mr. Moore talked longer than the others: “The uninformed don’t believe we have not considered at all whether 2,4,5-T is harmful in the formulation or in the rates applied.”

(Bless you, Mr. Moore, you got that one ALMOST right, except that word “believe”; let’s change it to: we KNOW you haven’t considered these things!)

“The uninformed through a wave of public pressure, engage the operators in a tug of war type operation because of the weight that can be generated by the vocal emotional viewpoint ... and he can put the operator and his program in the ditch ... and suspend it.” (PS ... I tried it, and it worked, and it is suspended, or finished; loud and emotional ... that upset their equilibrium — then they can’t count, and if they can’t count, they can’t come up with that “2# per acre”, and that ruins their arithmetic so they can’t spray the damn stuff! I wondered where their program went ... Hello, down there in the ditch! Looks like you have lots of company, though; so I guess you’re not lonely!)

But Mr. Moore, stayed in there to the bitter end, even after Mr. Wurm quit looking at anyone or anything except the toes of his shoes.
He didn’t take the hint.

"The uninformed seem to have a more ready access and a more willing nature to jump into public controversy. Those of you who are schooled in the research approach abhor this public thing… this is not the way research is carried out. It is carried out quietly and cautiously.” (Now that’s a pretty fair sentence, but I’ll add to it: “so quietly and cautiously that no one knows what has been researched or what hasn’t — with an attitude most of the time, of: “Let’s tippy-toe into the lab… and tippy-toe right out again, and no one will know whether we went in or came out… and if we find something unpleasant that might indicate we’d researched something and arrived at some unnerving conclusion, then for Heaven’s Sake, don’t tell that “uninformed” bunch made up of those “conservation groups”, that “wild-eyed, general public”, the loud-mouth “news Media” (who might really broadcast it around a bit) or those “professionals outside the field” (maybe Mr. Moore meant “song-writers” or “wrestlers” or “mining engineers” or “teachers” or “rock masons”: — they are all professionals “outside the field” of operating as “land managers”. Guess I’ll never know who he meant!) I never think it’s nice for anyone to pick on someone else’s “ethics”, especially if it’s mine… in fact, I think it’s “unethical” to do so, but this is what Mr. Moore said:

“The ethics of the question don’t bother the uninformed at all, gentlemen. I for one, want to single out the news media (welcome back, Spiral) as being one who delights seemingly in the easy task of covering one side of the prize fight.” (I apologize, Mr. Agnew! That started out as a pretty good sentence, but it lost its point somewhere between periods!)

At the close of his talk, someone said: “Questions, anyone?” … and the “news media” me rose to its feet, wearing size 5 shoes, and size 7 dress, and asked:

“Mr. Moore, do you intend to continue to purchase and to have sprayed on your watersheds any chemical which specifically state on the label not to allow the contents to come in contact with water used for irrigation purposes, stock ponds or domestic use?”

Mr. Moore’s reply:

“Let me answer you this way: we will continue to use the chemicals that are certified and registered for range management practices, recognizing that the things you have just read at the tail end of your question are some of these limitations; we’ve got to know what we’re doing with the work that’s carried out. The answer to your question is: yes, we will.”

Is it any wonder Mr. Wurm felt sorry for us, the “uninformed”

when he got up to speak? I rather suspect Salt River Project may need it worse than we do.

Maybe the Governor considered the land department to be a “neutral body” as he stated, but I just can’t make that word fit the Salt River Project, one-half of his “Task Force”! They sure sound like “prejudiced witnesses” to me!

It’s time to drop back now and look at that report submitted to the Governor, by Salt River Project, so here we go:

This report, is dated 7/10/69, and it states it is from William Warskow, Salt River Project, and Robert E. Moore, Salt River Project.

The subject, “Kellner Canyon-Russell Gulch Spray Project — Field Evaluation.”

At the top of each of the 11 pages are the words: “Avoid Verbal Orders.” They probably wish by now they had avoided a few written ones, too.

The first paragraph reads in part:

“At the request of Association management and Governor Jack Williams’ office, Mr. Fritz Ryan and I visited the areas reportedly damaged by spray drift from the Kellner Canyon-Russell Gulch Spray project.” The balance of the report covers various residences and areas which were hurriedly viewed by Mr. Warskow and Mr. Ryan, beginning with Stop #1, which began “0930”, July 9, 1969.

“Stop #1: Hackney Road and Truck Route”

This paragraph reports that the local resident accompanying them “called to our attention that this was the site of drowning of a four year old boy, August, 1968, during flood runoff from watersheds above Globe. The effect of any watershed treatments on potential flood threats were brought to our attention several times during the day, I pointed out … that Globe had a history of floods … and suggested that the problem was more properly one for the City of Globe to handle.”

Now, I think the gentleman who brought this flood problem to the surface, did so very intelligently, although the mention of the death of a little child evidently didn’t elicit any show of deep concern or comment from the “task force.” And wasn’t that generous of Mr. Worskow to delegate the flood problem to the city of Globe?

Stop #2: was a resident in Kellner Canyon, and it states the complaint had been that it was necessary to haul their water and that their 36 peach trees, laden with fruit at the time of the spray, were badly discolored, and that the fruit had shriveled like prunes, and the shade trees were dying.

Mr. Warskow’s total observations of this alarming situation was:

“Some of the peach trees observed were wilting. A number
appeared to be infested with insect damage or a virus of some type. One apple tree had died. **No phenoxy herbicide damage symptoms were observed.** The peach trees showed some yellowing of the leaves but did not appear to be damaged by herbicide. The elm trees were badly infested by webworms and had been scorched by a fire in a dump adjacent to the trees."

Mr. Warskow established in his first stops his lack of knowledge of herbicide damage.

Stop #3, was also another resident, Kellner Canyon: Mr. Warskow refers to a discoloration on a walnut tree, and makes these conclusions:

"The chlorosis observed may be due to a new oiling job which was done on the road adjacent to the tree approximately two weeks ago."

"I indicated that while I did not know the accumulative effect on the human body, I did know that the oral toxicity was quite low. I agreed to find out if the effect of Silvex is indeed accumulative or not, and promised to answer him directly or by letter as soon as I had this information in hand."

If Mr. Warskow had been as "expert in herbicides" AS HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN OR HAD EVEN READ A COUPLE OF THE USDA bulletins I picked up for free at the County Agent's office, he would have known the answers to these questions. Seems a shame to have sent anyone as "one-half of the Governor's Task Force," who didn't know the answer to that one.

The report regarding stop #4 reads:

"This lady exhibited no hostility and actually showed no great concern for the supposed damage pointed out to us. Some leaves (the roses in the front yard) were browned. Hackberry plants in this yard showed evidences of brushing or grazing by horses and appeared to be infected by an insect or viral disease."

(Thank you, again, Mr. Warskow; the visual symptoms you documented will help our claims of damage, very much.)

These first four "stops" were reported on 1½ pages. But "Stop #5" required 2 1/3 pages, and 40 minutes of Mr. Warskow's time.

It was the home and place of business of Mr. and Mrs. McKusick. Part of their complaint listed dying and dead trees and other vegetation; dying and dead geese, dying and dead chickens, paralyzed birds and peacocks, and dying, dead and deformed goats. Following are some of Mr. Warskow's observations, regarding "Stop #5":

"Mr. McKusick first showed us a baby mock ingbird which had paralysis of the legs and feet. He also showed us a silver sebrite (a variety of bantam chicken) which exhibited a paralysis and twisted neck. Both birds had been doctored with combitoc. Mr. McKusick also indicated that a number of wild birds had died on the property."

"Mr. McKusick complained of kid goats being born with deformities. The goat did exhibit some stiffness in the hind quarters but Mr. Ryan evaluated this as being the result of a birth injury or injuries sustained while the kid was being carried. Since this goat was born approximately one month after the spraying was done, (in 1969), it appears that any deformity or defect cannot be the result of the spray since all studies that I am familiar with indicate that the effect of chemicals is primarily on the embryo during the first days or weeks of development."

(I didn't realize that Mr. Ryan of the State Land Department was qualified to diagnose animals, but then I didn't realize Mr. Warskow was qualified in herbicides either, since he had not been trained in the subject.

"Mr. McKusick reported that his hack berry bushes were hit last year and are dying this year. These bushes did exhibit one-sided defoliation, but no herbicide symptoms. He also pointed out algerita plants that had died. Many of the hackberry were suffering from insect damage and disease. Mr. McKusick made it a point to show us where the grass supposedly had been this spring prior to the spraying. If any grass in fact existed, it appears that its removal from the scene was accomplished by goats, not by spray."

(I didn't know goats were that fond of grass, I thought they ate "Brouse".) And they only ate one side of the bushes!

"He also pointed out some yellowing on a few mesquite and other hackberry trees around the property. It is doubtful the yellowing on the mesquite trees is due to spray drift, since mesquite trees considerably removed from this area also exhibit the same type of yellowing of small branches on the trees." (Yes, the "considerably" removed trees showed the spray drifted a considerable distance! In fact — several miles!)"
that next to last sentence concluding Mr. Warskow’s report on “Stop #5” and the more I read the part: “refuses to acknowledge the fact his goats and other natural agents are causing the damage to his property” the more I conclude Mr. Warskow should not have been part of a Governor’s task force that was supposedly “neutral”. It appears, Mr. Warskow was carrying a sign that day which read “My mind is made up; don’t confuse me with the facts.” For later reports indicate admission that the spray caused damage on property located farther away from the spray area than Mr. McKusick’s. (It’s also interesting to note Mr. Warskow doesn’t report visiting Mr. McKusick’s clay deposit area which is deeded property, and which even the F.S. maps show was included in the sprayed area!)

“Stop #6: Garden dying, carrots died. Large Chinese elm by house was badly discolored on the topside towards the spray area. Very unhappy.

“Peach tree beside the house was reported to be partly dead before the spray job and is now completely dead. No drift damage was observed. She complained about an apricot tree not having any blooms this year. This appeared to be a common complaint in Kellner Canyon and in conjunction with this, it was usually mentioned that the last winter had been fairly warm. Stone fruit trees require a certain amount of cold weather before they will set fruit. The elm tree, reportedly damaged, stands between two other similar trees. All of the elm trees on this property exhibit webworm and leafminer infestation. Some of the trees also exhibit damage from a plant disease of some sort. This lady had been led to believe that any plant decadence is due to spray damage.

(Well, how about that? Mr. Warskow is now also a biologist: “Apricot trees, weather too warm”—you know what the Forest Service now told us, in June, 1970, since there are still no peaches or apricots? “Too cold; all froze” (Yet, my little peach tree on the mountain, at 8,000 elevation, has 104 peaches this year).

Complaint #7. — states:

“Saw the helicopter come over their home with liquid coming out. Three large hackberry trees died after last year’s spraying. Fruit trees in yard show discoloration. Fruit on trees is wrinkled and falling. Spray made Mrs. Steinke and daughters sick and caused hemorrhage. Eating fruit caused cramps and diarrhea. Fowl dead and dying. After last year’s spraying, cow miscarried and wouldn’t breed. Had to sell it. Mrs. Steinke’s main concern was for a large sycamore tree which was shedding its bark. She was greatly relieved when I told her this is a common occurrence in sycamore trees and could be found anywhere in Arizona that sycamores grew. She also reported the loss of several chickens which dies suddenly. Several chickens have become sick but have responded to combiotio. Mrs. Steinke’s report of the death of her chickens and the fact that these birds responded to combiotio leads this observer to believe that a disease of some kind is causing the death of wild birds and other fowl in the Kellner Canyon area. I told Mrs. Steinke that if any other birds died, she should send them to the University of Arizona, Department of Animal Pathology, for autopsy to determine cause of death. (Could the “disease” have been herbicides, Mr. Warskow?)

“One of the Steinke’s peach trees had dropped its fruit, This fruit drop occurred mainly while they were on vacation (which was in June) and appeared to be the result of the fruit ripening and lack of water. She reported that her daughter and grandchilden had had stomach cramps following fruit consumption, including fruit that had been washed and used in a pie. They had also suffered diarrhea at the time the fruit was eaten. However, other people in the area were also having similar complaints and she believed that this may have been a “bug” that was just going around. Mr. and Mrs. Steinke made it clear to us that they were not against brush eradication and felt that burning would be a good way of disposing of the problem. Their major concern was that something that was dangerous to humans was being used, that its use should be stopped and that the work should be more carefully planned. These people expressed no direct animosity to the Association or the Forest Service and appeared to be satisfied with the answers that we were able to give them.”

(Isn’t that rather, “chicken,” Mr. Warskow, to state they appeared “satisfied” with answers you were “able to give them”. . . when you really didn’t have any to give? And if you had been fair about it, you would have admitted you didn’t really know about these things?)

Complaint #8 reads:

“Sawed tree top come over their yard; trees burned from spray. Fruit orchard trees dying and discolored. Had garden and it is wiped out.”

“This gentleman appears to have a valid complaint because the vegetation on his property does exhibit some herbicide damage. He showed no animosity and in fact pointed out to us that the Forest Service had moved back over the hill to the south for this year’s spraying to prevent repetition of the damage he suffered last year. He expressed the wish that the drift would have killed some of the hackberry and wild grapevines on his property.”
"The fig tree next to the house had yellowing leaves which he claimed had occurred for the third year. This appeared to be natural leaf drop which occurs on figs with the initiation of hot weather. He pointed to what he believed was damage on a grapevine. The dead material appeared to this observer to be normal decadence which can be found in any vineyard. A peach tree in the yard by the house exhibited very poor growth, which Mr. Mikeworth believed to be spray damage. No herbicide symptoms were visible. A couple of walnut trees on the property may have been tipped by the spray. Kentucky Wonder pole beans looked sick and peas died two days after the spray job. This was probably due to the spray because of the formation of calous tissue and epinasty. Tenderbest bush beans, okra, cabbage, radish and other grape plants on the property showed no evidences of damage. Nineteen out of 43 tomato plants were dead. Some of this may have been due to insect damage. Apple trees and calliandra on the property appeared to be ok. Part of the corn was a little stunted, but this appears to have resulted from lack of proper watering."

(P.S. Mr. Warskow, did you ever go back and check those other 24 tomato plants, or "tenderbest bush beans,", okra, cabbage, radishes, grape plants, and that "stunted corn"? I did. And they were all deader than Hell! Mr. Mikeworth has also lost about 40 pounds of weight, since all this "spray project" started; couldn't even walk part of the time. Wonder why?)

Mr. Warskow, states on page 7, that at "1330 hours" they returned to Globe for lunch. My arithmetic tells me the "inspection tour" of this task force came out something like this:

Time to arrive at and return from sprayed area: 16 minutes each way — equals 32 minutes. The properties visited required at least 5 minutes travel time, between each one of the first 7 stops, which equals 30 minutes, and it takes at least 10 minutes to get to Stop #8 from Stop #7 — so add on 10 minutes. That adds up to 72 minutes, or 1 hour and 12 minutes. 1330 minus 0930, equals four hours total time til lunch; subtract those 72 minutes and we come up with a total of 2 hours and 48 minutes to view 8 separate areas! — or 21 minutes allotted to each stop! Not much time for a Governor’s Task Force, is it?

Following is Mr. Warskow’s report regarding "going to lunch":

"At 1330 hours, we returned to Globe for lunch. Mr. Shores made an ill-veiled threat that the Project’s public image might suffer if we remained a part of the program. I told him I didn't know it could get any worse and that we were in a watershed management program based on good research. I agreed with him that there did ap-

pear to be a lack of communication prior, during and after the spray job because this appeared to be the real complaint of most people. A discussion of the Project’s routing of flood waters during the 1966 flood was also discussed."

So after they dilly-dallied over lunch til "1445" hours, the Task Force arrived at my place. They saved me til last, and by-passed me earlier in the day, although I was the nearest one to the mountain, and sitting right in the middle of their map! They were there for 36½ minutes, and the report on "me" covers 2½ pages. I am "Stop #9":

"We arrived at the Shoecraft residence at approximately 1445 hours. When I suggested to Mrs. Shoecraft that we put the discussion on tape, she countered with a like proposal and we ended up in a Mexican standoff. She first showed us her roses which exhibited leafbrowning but no clear symptoms of herbicide. Hollyhocks had died — the cause is questionable. The rye grass lawn was drying up due to the hot weather and lack of water. Mrs. Shoecraft claimed they had seeded bermuda grass. If this was done, it was done on an unprepared seedbed."

(There’s Mr. Warskow out of his field again! Playing “horticulturist” this time! Unprepared seedbed, Hell! My cowboy like to wore himself out preparing that “seedbed” for grass seed AND the garden, time after time after time!)

"Hot Weather and lack of water?" If the weather had been hot, why the hell did they spray the stuff? That’s one of the “no — no’s”! And if rye was still growing, and it was June, there must have been no "lack of water" for it stops immediately in the spring, if there’s no water!

"Mrs. Shoecraft claims the helicopter passed over the Shoecraft property with the nozzles dripping spray solution. She could not remember whether the spray unit was on or off, but could clearly remember seeing the "fog" coming from the chopper over ¾ of a mile up canyon."

(Thank you, Mr. Warskow; "fog” means hi-pressure — and that’s bad, real bad! And how in the Hell would I know whether the "spray unit was on or off" when I didn’t even know what the spray unit was; and don’t yet! If even the pilot or Forest Service doesn’t know whether it was or not, how would I know? I said that fly-boy came over my land, and my house, and me; and he got the damn stuff over all three . . . and the car, and truck, and barn, and garden, and everything else! Not only can I see “¾ths of a mile away” but I (or you, if you’d look) can see the fire tower on top of the mountain from my living room!)
The next 4 paragraphs will be very helpful for our lawyer, I'm sure, for they document the damage we had already noted, and Mr. Warskow evidently saw these things too, even though he calls the damage "natural phenomenon":

"She went to great lengths to show us her mountain mahogany bush about which she had written poems and which she was so dearly fond of (Sorry, Warskow — not mahogany — manzanita!)" and showed us the damage done to the manzanita in the area. The manzanita blossoms did not appear to be properly developed, but exhibited no herbicide damage. The mountain mahogany exhibited slight yellowing of a few leaves. Mrs. Shoecraft then showed us her oak bushes which were loaded with acorns, which she interpreted as being an indication of spray damage and meant that the plants would die next year. (They did!) These bushes exhibited absolutely no herbicide damage. She showed us her sycamore trees which she said clearly exhibited damage. To save an argument, I did not point out to her that sycamore trees normally have branches growing and dying on them every year, and that this branch decadence was a natural phenomenon. She then showed us her garden, informing us that she was an "old farmer" and that this year her garden had been a total failure. She showed us a peach tree which had "no lateral branches." This peach tree is clearly suffering from a plant disease of some kind. She permitted me to take foliage samples of this plant and several others on her property.

"During our discussions I indicated that it was my understanding that 2-4D (esters) had been applied to cropland in Arizona. Mrs. Shoecraft challenged me on this point, and said that if she could find out who was doing the application she would shut them down. I find that I may have been in error and have requested the University to give me an answer on this point. When I questioned Mrs. Shoecraft requesting citation of a Federal or State statute prohibiting the use of phenoxy herbicides on cropland, she referred me to her lawyer.

"She then showed me her "running" water in the streambed in front of her house. This turned out to be a small seep which rises to the north of the house. She claims that this water is contaminated with Silvex and that the white "stuff" growing or accumulating on the bottom of the stream is the result of the Silvex. This white stuff can be observed on almost any ephemeral stream in Arizona and is nothing more than dead algae and moss."

Why would he call my Ice House Canyon Creek a "seep", if it's a "seep", not a "creek," SRP shouldn't have gone to so much trouble and expense to drain all the water out of it. I can't find anywhere, in all their "water rights" so jealously guarded, that they're entitled to a "seep" on my land! And the last sentence in that paragraph, if that "white stuff" is in all the streams in Arizona, then that proves they got this damn stuff on every watershed and stream there is, just like I said! For it was analyzed and loaded with 2-4D and 2,4,5-T!

On page 10, Mr. Warskow reported his "evaluations of the day" as given to the area resident who accompanied him, and Mr. Ryan, on this "visit":

"When questioned for my evaluation of the day, I told him that from the complaints and the people whom I had listened to during the day, improved communications appeared to be needed regarding this type of work. He agreed that we had reduced the animosity by taking the time to come up and review the claimed damage. His real concern was whether the peach trees we had seen would live or not, (they all died). I told him that I believed that any trees which had in fact been damaged by spray drift, had been damaged slightly and that these trees would probably live. (They died)." We parted on a note that improved communications were needed."

At this point, Mrs. Shores entered the conversation and promptly challenged me with the Salt River Project taking the groundwater from the area. I patiently attempted to explain to her the principles of watershed management, pointing out to her that the groundwater would have to be recharged first before surface low would occur. She then tated that the Forest Service had not seeded these areas as they indicated they were going to, and that grass would never grow on such steep slopes. Mrs. Shores' main concern is that she believes the spray mixing and application was improperly handled by the Forest Service."

The report concludes with the following:

"Mr. Ryan and I agreed that the Association would prepare the draft on the reply to the Governor's office with the following points:

1. No phenoxy herbicide damage was observed on the field trip with the exception of the Mikeworth property at the head of Russell Gulch.

2. Almost all of the so-called herbicide drift damage was due to natural causes such as viral and/or bacterial plant diseases and insect damage or a combination of both. Observed damage was very spotty and seemed to be too highly selective to have been drift damage.

I called Barry Freeman at 2015 hours, July 9, 1969, requesting a copy of his evaluation of the spray job. He reported Robert Alley of the Division of Air Pollution, State Health Department, had contacted him for a similar report and that we would both receive copies of his report when it became available."
Mr. Alley was the gentleman I called and requested that he visit the area, and he never responded to my call.

Maybe these items reprinted from our local newspaper, the Arizona Record, will help enlighten the readers with the Salt River Project background in our state:

KILLING THE GOOSE (11/13/69)

Dear Sirs:

How many times have we used the phrase “killing the goose that laid the golden eggs,” meanwhile laughing at the cupidity and stupidity of those who do it? How superior — how smart we feel, by comparison.

“And then someone comes along and tells us that we ourselves are just that stupid. How do we feel now? We look about us to see if it is too late, I suppose. Is she already dead? Or is she only injured, so there’s a chance that with lots of TLC she can recover?

“Oh, didn’t you know I was talking about the Pinal Mountains? Well, I am. And though you think there is little that is news now, just consider.

“Water comes from rain. Rain comes from clouds, but not every cloud, nor everywhere. Over the desert, the clouds ride high and dry, buoyed by the hot air rising from the sunbaked earth. Let a good green mountain rise up to meet them, and the clouds come lower, because the air over the mountain is cooled by the brush and trees which can grow where it is higher and cooler and wetter.

“That’s why the Pinals get rain when Phoenix doesn’t, and even when Globe and Miami don’t. These clouds constitute our “goose”. There is no other source of water. Whether by the Pinals or any other high land around us, the rain must be gathered from the clouds before it can appear in our wells. And if we remove the “gathering equipment”, the greenery that cools the air then we don’t get the water.

“So, apart from any danger to us from chemicals in that water which eventually seeps into the ground we must pump it out of, there is the greater danger that, in trying for increase runoff, we shall have less rain! (Our goose has already lost a few feathers.)

“Now we suspect that those who live below us in the water chain want more runoff here so they can have more of a share in “our” water. Let’s admit that they have a right to some of it. (If we took it all, and only sent sewage into San Carlos and Roosevelt lakes, they might object rather strongly.) If, in order to meet the demands of their growing population, we should let them take all we can give, cement-

Forum and agin em
An historical look-backward, forward

ONCE UPON A TIME — the old Silver Belt noted that “Gila County has been generous to her sister county of Maricopa in her contribution of water to the development of the greater Salt River Valley. No longer would floods from the Salt River destroy man’s hard work.” But in Gila County we relinquished much for this project. The small, Beautiful Salt River Valley of Gila County at the mouth of Tonto Creek on Salt River, and the fine farming area of Grapevine Springs were both sacrificed to the needs of the greater valley. The men who wrested these bits of land from the desert had then to wrest another home in a new location.

MORE AND more dams were built along the Salt River to hold more and more water, and the great Salt River Valley — a desert — yielded to citrus groves, green alfalfa fields, and towering palms and wonderful gardens. Still the canyons of Pinal Creek had water, the small ranches flourished, the gardens and orchards supplied the food the miners needed. There were no easy roads leading to the great valley, the small valley must provide for itself.
Over the years changes were noted, roads were opened and acclaimed as **improvements**, but they were not without their hazards. Good roads brought food from the greater to the lesser valley. Bit by bit as the waters rushed down the Mountainsides without pause, the water tables lowered and before they realized it all the mountain people were buying city water and the city was frantically seeking a new water drainage to meet their needs. All this while the Salt River Valley became a veritable paradise “where every prospect pleased and ….” you recall the old Missionary song. More and more people poured into the great valley, citrus lands yielded to houses and swimming pools. Great commercial cotton farms came into being, gardens were fewer and fewer and the houses spread into the foot hills and onto the low mountains.

That boa which encircles and squeezes its prey, which myth says seduced Eve, now appears to have tried it on us too. There was born the idea of destroying the mountain undergrowth, credited with detaining water on the mountainside, instead of leaving it free to flow down to the great valley. So herbicides were sprayed upon the offending manzanita and other water-absorbing shrubs, which hold the mountainside in place. The herbicides were successful, leaving standing only dead dry stalks to become the victims of some vandal’s match and a great holocaust which could sweep away smaller settlements before fire trucks could arrive. It could even swing into the forest itself.

**WELL PLEASED** with its first small experiment, the boa conceived even a larger plan for next year and sent a great tank on a helicopter with the strongest of herbicides, to be spread upon the land in the month of **HIGH WINDS**, June, 1969. This, too, was successful.

Before this onslaught the birds of the air died, the little animals of the forest died from drinking poisoned water, eggs couldn’t hatch, young animals arrived mutated and people sickened strangely, and were hospitalized. Into the forest too went the herbicides, said to be harmless to conifers, but strangely no one told the conifers and those on the outer edges died too.

The many cars from the Great Valley, seeking mountain cooling on weekends have spread a white mist over the canyons of Gila County, and under this mist the land, dead and dying, the creek banks bare, awaiting the inevitable summer cloudburst, which may be one of small or great magnitude, which could wash away those once generous towns.

Long ago the CCC camps build erosion checks over the mountain culverts. Those now are being bulldozed and destroyed to lay underground wire for a Microwave. Gila County asks now, will those erosion checks be restored when this work is done?

**SUDDENLY WE** are now aware of all that has happened, and now, too late we remember too that those great deserts of Asia and Africa were once such paradises as the Great Salt River Valley. They too perished because man then was ignorant of the **LAWS OF NATURE**. We know those laws, but were
denied by the cries of **PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT**.

Now we are determined to hold our water rights, recover our water tables, replenish our creek banks. How sad that the very watchmen we hired to guard our precious wilderness beauties should be the one who succumbed to **PROGRESS** and IMPROVEMENT.

They demanded the last drop, but there is no last drop, the generosity of Gila County has dried up to the last drop.

/8/ Clara Woody

A few condensed news items from that bigger of the two Pulliam papers read:

10/7/69: “Water in States’ Reservoirs (in Arizona) almost twice normal” and continues to state that the Salt River Project Reservoirs contained 1.4 Million acre feet of water. (Did someone whisper “drought?”)

6/14/69: page 7 — column “People Speak” — it states that “Salt River Project is hit for “Uglification” program and relates to the destruction of the trees along Arizona river and stream beds.

7/17/69: Ben Avery’s column is headed “File Assembled against Cutting” and the first paragraph mentions a meeting between the Salt River Project and the game management chief to discuss his charge that the cutting and bulldozing of cottonwoods in the Verde Valley was destroying wildlife habitat.

Then Mr. Avery discusses the two bills introduced: one in the House of Representatives, HR 3831, and one introduced in the Senate by Senator Barry Goldwater and Senator Paul Fannin.

Mr. Avery states that the Salt River Project sponsored Arizona Water Resources Committee had succeeded in getting these congressional delegations to introduce bills that would make it possible to “force such programs” (the elimination of vegetation on the watersheds by what ever means devised by those seeking “more water”) “on the U.S. Forest Service and the U.S. Bureau of Land Management.”

He further states these bills would authorize spending 150 million dollars to carry out “practices for water yield improvement and for other purposes.” (and man, that “for other purposes” sure covers a helluva lot of territory, and a helluva lot of land!)

Mr. Avery continues by stating the federal coordination act would be evaded under the proposed bill, this being the bill which provides for protection of fish and wildlife and other recreation values where there are agency undertakings such as these, since this act requires participation of the fish, wildlife and recreation agencies, in research and planning.
He concludes his column by saying the passage of this bill would let a private agency, corporation or person, obtain federal grants to carry on such projects.

Another column by Mr. Avery:

6/24/69 — refers to the "Globe Incident" (Arizona Republic) and he sounds real unhappy about "herbicides on mountainsides" and questions the reasons and a few other things.

One of the sentences in the article tells that homeowners in the area resent the Salt River Project trying to wring more water out of their watershed. He states further, that the Salt River Project is not entitled to any water that does not naturally come from a watershed under Arizona's appropriation laws.

In a recent conversation with Mr. Ryan, State Land Dept., Governors Task Force, a few of the questions I asked were:

How long ago it had been since he had studied to be a horticulturist. His reply: "That was way back before you were born". (Now that was a beautiful compliment, because it turns out he meant sometime between 1935 and 1940!)

Since I realized these dates were BEFORE PHENOXY HERBICIDES, I asked if he had done any research or studies on them especially Kuron (Silvex) which came on the market "for limited research" (quote: Dowl) in 1954 — not patented until 1956.

Reply:

"No, I haven't; that's clear out of my line anymore."

To my question: "How long has it been since you've studied or worked with herbicides?"

Mr. Ryan replied: "oh, it's been over 15 years."

So comes to an end, "Task Force #4"; and I leave the conclusions to the readers, the scientists or heaven, whether Mr. Ryan, of the State Land Department or Mr. William Warskow of the Salt River Project, should have been those persons constituting what I have called "The Governor's Task Force."

And that word "neutral" the Governor used in his letter bothers me now more than ever. (P.S. It's August, 1970, Mr. Moore; did you ever test the water in ANY of your reservoirs or down there in the Valley? You were still stalling when I asked you 10 months after the last spray; you told me you hadn't checked even ONE little old $25.00 sample! Too bad! I did!

I am looking at an old news release (Arizona Record, dated 6/10/65 which reads: "Tonto Work to Begin").

"Work is scheduled to begin this summer on the Tonto National Forest as part of a 25 year 75 million dollar plan to accelerate multiple use of land. Part of the Salt River Project — Forest Service Co-

operative Watershed program projects in the Forest, will include the conversion of 5,460 acres of chapparal to grass by the use of herbicides."

"Areas that will be worked are Brushy Basin, Sycamore Creek, Humble Bee, Pine Mountain which is a designated "wild" (or type of wilderness) area. Table Top, and Connor Canyon, all in the Tonto Basin Area."

This news release does not inform us that the Method of "conversion" was going to be herbicides, which it was, or that they were going to kill the trees on the mountainsides, and contaminate the water and the soil.

1965 was the fateful year that herbicides began to be used openly (instead of just "research") in our area of the Pinal Mountains. Looking at an information sheet compiled for me by one of the Forest Service personnel, I notice the area "treated" was not 5,460 acres, but almost 12,000 acres including "Sycamore" "Gold Creek", "Boulder", "Brushy Basin" "Spencer (which is adjacent and part of the Superstition Wilderness Area). The chemicals used were 2-4D, 2,4,5-T, and "Silvex": a total of 38,230 acres (counting retreatment) have been sprayed.

When I discovered in September, 1969, that these areas were to be "treated" by chemicals or fire again, I raised so much "hell" to the President of the Salt River Project that all of the projected burns or chemical treatments scheduled for the last week of September, 1969, were cancelled. This incident is covered in another chapter.

The date today, is September 13, 1970, as I write a sad and tragic postscript to this chapter, and possibly the accounting would have been even worse if the burnings and herbicide treatments for the fall of 1969 had not been halted. The newspaper headlines on this particular day in Arizona refer to a flood which has now taken many lives in several Arizona Mountain communities.

Whatever respect I might have retained, if any, for the operations of the Salt River Project and their determined efforts over the past several years to denude the mountainsides of Arizona of anything green except "grass" which won't grow, or wasn't planted, was washed away in this flood. The areas it swept through were places I had stood earlier this same year; places with the names "Sunflower", "Sycamore Canyon" and "Tonto Basin" which is where I had gone in March, 1970, in search of herbicide cans and herbicide damage (and where I found both) with the District Forest Service Ranger, and the Assistant Regional Forester.

Today, one Phoenix columnist headlines his story with "Cry a Little for Arizona" ... and the main cause to shich he attributes the
damage of this flood is “incompetent management by the U.S. Forest Service” — other statements included “The death toll makes this a national disaster” and adds, “I want to ask the Salt River Project if it thinks a few more acre feet of water are worth it” after having stated earlier in his column that one Salt River Project official had said during a conference to assess the flood damage that “even the Salt River Project couldn’t have done a better job of removing the “phreatophytes.”"

The author ended his column with “I hope the people of Arizona will look at Tonto Creek, and cry a little . . .”

I wrote this a long time ago, as I watched my trees die on a mountainside — and I share it today with one more area of Arizona:

Sit down . . . and weep with me . . .
Just for today, sit down . . . and hold my hand . . . and weep with me . . .

I do not ask that you must even understand,
But only that you weep one tear with me . . .
If some brute man should beat a child,
Or starve his horse in some corral . . . or give no water
To his cattle when all the streams are dry,
This your eyes could see, your ears could hear their cries . . .
And you would rise . . . and crush him to the earth . . .
What of the silent things that cry . . . and bleed . . . and die?
Is their pain any less?
An ax to cut a deadened tree is clean and good . . .
The fire-light from a burning log . . .
A table made of polished wood . . . a pine that’s straight and tall
And proud . . . that grows in warmth and splendor as it should . . .
Does it feel pain when man, because he’s blind,
Or ignorant . . . or much too wise . . .
And so he uses knowledge to destroy . . . and strip its leaves . . .
And bend its trunk . . . and burst its bark that shields its bleeding heart,
A child could run away from pain, an animal could fight,
Or turn away . . . But who feels pain for all the silent things
That now must die?
Sit down today . . . and hold my hand . . . and ‘tho you do not understand
Please weep in silence just one tear with me . . .

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Dr. Johnson finished the introduction of his report with:
“No effort was made to influence my judgment of damage
observed during the tour. Everyone contacted was helpful in every way. How about that? The area residents sounded like they were the “neutrals”, not the “open-minded task forces”.

On Page 2 of his report, Dr. Johnsen states:

“Stream bottom vegetation showed no evidence of Silvex damage.” (How about 2-4D or 2,4,5-T damage? That’s what they found in it! And that’s what they sprayed and analysis reports showed it was there!)

“A visit to the Lilligore’s property disclosed several trees dying, but the symptoms were not those of Silvex damage.” (Could it have been that you were looking for the same symptoms that appear with 2-4D or 2,4,5-T damage, Dr. Johnsen? You told me in September of 1969, when you and a few others finally got to my place for the first inspection any of you made on my land, that 2-4D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex symptoms were all the same! I was real sneaky when I asked you that one, because I had my “night class” certificate by then and three gold stars for not missing any classes, and I had learned the symptoms of Silvex damage are not the same as those other two, and in fact, that’s why sometimes the damage is overlooked. It doesn’t show up until next year, or twist the leaves all out of shape like 2-4D! (Source: Dow-Kuron — and several USDA books!)

Paragraph 3 on Page 2 refers to stopping at the “heliport” mixing site and these sentences appear:

“The smell of the herbicide was noticeable here; probably because of spillage while mixing the herbicide to load the helicopter.”

One of the Forest Service boys had gone to great lengths to explain the mixing process, “all enclosed, no hoses, no spilling around or things like that” — council meeting, speech by Mr. Fleischmann.

Referring to mesquite trees (I thought SRP said there weren’t any!) on Page 2, Paragraph 4: “Those which had been sprayed seemed to be recovering rapidly.”

Page 2, Paragraph 5: (Referring to the recreation area)

“There was very little evidence of herbicide damage to this location.” (Pardon me, but didn’t someone say they “avoided the recreation area” — so why is there any damage there?)

Page 2, Paragraph 6: (Referring to a private residence)

“Damage similar to Silvex damage was present on beans, peas, tomatoes and melons.” (How about that, Bill Warskow, SRP? That’s the same place you looked at nine days earlier and saw those tender-bush beans I told you to go back and look at again! No wonder my Daddy told me to always plant “Kentucky Wonder Pole Beans” and leave those bush beans alone!)

Page 3, Paragraph 1 verifies what I said before, that they practically had to go past my place to get around up there, but nobody stopped to see me. They just rode on by! It states:

“The tour returned to Kellner Canyon and then crossed into Ice House Canyon. Trees at one location showed damage but the cause of the damage could not be determined since they were not examined closely. These trees were on the Shoecraft property.” (Why didn’t you stop, boys? I’d have been friendly! I’d already spent at least $250.00 on telephone calls to get you here!)

Page 3, Paragraph 6 contains the wording:

“...it seems unlikely that Silvex could have entered the ground water system of the area.” (But it did, didn’t it, Dr. Johnsen?)

I admire Dr. Johnsen very much, and believe he was sincere and honorable in his report. He has been helpful and courteous to me at any time I have contacted him. I believe he was stating what he believed was true when he inserted the following sentence, which scores a big one for our side and definitely casts more than a small doubt on his knowledge of herbicides, esters formulations, aerially applied in Arizona:

“The occurrence of HIGH WINDS following the treatment should have lessened the possibility of any vaporization caused damage by dispersing and mixing vapors into the atmosphere with very pronounced dilution.”

(Sorry, Dr. Johnsen, but there’s too much at stake here, far more than a few claims, than to allow erroneous statements like that to go unnoticed and unchallenged.)

Last Paragraph:

“From the information supplied by the Forest Service, it would seem that the spray application was made in accordance with standard, accepted practices.”

That’s one hell of a conclusion! In other words, Dr. Johnsen, you state it is the standard practice of the Forest Service to:

1. Spray in wind speeds exceeding that recommended by the USDA (P. 1 — Para. 5)
2. Spray at high elevations (P. 1 — Para. 5)
3. Keep no weather records during spray periods (P. 1 — Para. 5)
4. Spray private land, if it’s in the way (P. 1 — Para. 5)
5. Remain unconcerned over the faulty equipment (P. 1 — Para.

6. Spill the damn herbicide all over the ground (P. 2 — Para. 3)
7. Spray recreation areas (P. 2 — Para. 4) and (P. 3 — Para. 4)
8. Wipe out private gardens and crops (P. 2 — Para. 6) and (P. 3 — Para. 2) and (P. 3 — Para. 4)
9. Spray in high winds (P. 3 — Para. 4 and Para. 5)
10. Spray streams and soil (P. 3 — Para. 6)

In looking at those last two words, "accepted practices", Dr. Johnsen, maybe there are a few of us left who remember this is still America, and it's still our land, and things like this are totally unacceptable to those of us who will not tolerate anyone attempting to take away our rights, not even the government!

Like I said, that concluding sentence was one hell of a statement for anyone to make!

TASK FORCE REPORT NUMBER SIX
(OR "NYMPHS, BACKSTRIDERS AND DROUGHT!")

By July 15, 1969, at least three of those fiscal agents in the USDA appeared to be aware of a place called Globe, Arizona. Two of them stayed home, and one came along for the ride to Arizona.

July 11, 1969, was a busy day for one of them who stayed home, or at least for his secretary, who put together a couple of letters he signed.

Here are a few quotes from copies of these letters to add to the long list of "Famous and Unfamous Quotes" from the letter sent to the Chairman of my Task Force #6:

1. "Informal information available indicates the probability of several claims against the Government as a result of the alleged damage to private property in the Globe, Arizona area... was the area to be sprayed... well marked on the ground?" (You're not asking me, but the answer is no!)

2. "Contract provides that 'spraying will not be done if wind velocity is greater than 10 mph'. Information is needed as to wind velocity in the immediate area..." (I wonder what expression the fiscal agent used when someone said "No weather records kept on job."")

3. "Contract provides that 'herbicide will be applied from not more than 100 feet above ground level'. Determine whether contractor complied with this requirement." (No, he did not.)

4. "Will the herbicide actually cause the type of damage to trees... etc.?" (Yes it will, but I thought the USDA was supposed to know the answer to this BEFORE it was okayed for use!)

5. "Contract provides that 'contractor shall use every precaution necessary to prevent damage to public and private property'. Did the contractor, in your opinion, take every reasonable precaution...?" (The answer, from me, is no, he did not, or he wouldn't have been flying around over my house, and losing his nozzles!)

6. "If, in your opinion, a private party was damaged, what went wrong?" (That's what the book is all about, and why we're suing!)

7. "Determine whether damage could have been caused by leaking valves, or other equipment defects." (Don't know about his valves, but he sure did have some nozzle problems.)

8. "If private property was damaged, determine whether damage was caused by Forest Service spraying or other causes." (Guess you know by now the answer to that one, in spite of the early denials by USDA members. Please note: The local Forest Service personnel were not the ones who denied the damage. I believe these boys have been honest in trying to rectify the errors which they made, but their efforts have been stifled by those in the various USDA offices in Washington, and I believe the errors were made because of the attitude of the USDA in Washington and their lack of supplying information to the Forest Service regarding these chemicals.)

Last paragraph: "It is, of course, important that members of the task force not express opinions to private parties regarding the validity of claims or possible settlement action."

In other words, boys, keep your mouths shut! Don't talk or say anything! We've got to worry about money involved here, not whether someone's been hurt.

The other letter signed the same day by the same fiscal agent discusses among other things, the various areas covered by herbicide spraying contract "No. 16-1230". There is a legal description to cover the six areas totaling 13,340 acres. The water from all of the areas involved drains into the Salt River Valley. I become more than a little ill at the realization that every wilderness and 'wild' area in our state has been exposed to contamination by these chemicals, including the Superstition Wilderness Area just a few miles from Phoenix.

It's interesting to note that the chairman of the "Task Force #7" was called a "soil scientist" in that report, but the letter of 7/11/69 signed by the USDA fiscal agent refers to him as "John A. Williams, Division of Watershed Management". Strange how that title really doesn't sound as impressive as the first one, although it's longer. The USDA sensed we had developed a 'blind' spot regarding a man's abilities to assess herbicide damage if the word "water" or "watershed" appeared in his title so they renamed him a "soil scientist."

They usually save the real "nitty-gritty" advice bits until the last paragraph: "Director Glenn Todd (USDA Washington), provided
information regarding difficulties encountered in the handling of similar situations in other regions. He mentioned recent claims originating in region 8 totaling approximately $330,000.00 from a large number of claimants."

Well, how about that! And here they'd been telling us this whole thing was ridiculous . . . . that nobody had ever made any claims against the Forest Service! Real sneaky, those quiet, tip-top kind!

(P.S. Must not be much damage with only that many zeros behind the 'threess' . . . . I figure 10 big 100 year old dead sycamores are worth that much!)

According to my calculations, and so far I've always been able to count to 10, the task force that arrived on July 15, 1969, was number six, but I guess the USDA considered it "Task Force #1" or at least they named the report made by the group that followed this one and came in September, 1969, "Task Force Report #2."

These new "inspectors" arrived just five days after the last group who had so carefully gone out of their way to avoid my place. By then, my phone bill was up another $100.00, calling Washington, requesting, "somebody, please, look . . . . these things are dying."

But do you know what happened? This bunch didn't stop at my place either! (These are the ones I baked the cookies for, put on a dress, and shoes, no boots, and made fresh MJB coffee in the Chemex . . . . unpolluted bottled water (I hope) and all! Even used two drops of perfume made special for me when I was in France. I put it on the end of my nose, for by then, the rest of me was pretty "splotchy". I wore a long sleeve dress to cover my arms and shoulders where they were all broken out, but nobody came to see me!

Several months later, I managed to get a report on this trip, and here it is: Page 1, Para. 1: States the trip was made at the request of Mr. Courtney (and here I thought he didn't care! But I guess he didn't . . . . about me . . . . since they didn't come to my place.)

The members were all US Forest Service and USDA. At no time were any of the local Forest Service personnel included in any of the reported task forces. I guess that would have made too much sense to the illogical minds of the USDA in Washington.

These boys had a 'fiscal agent' in tow this trip. (If I had been aware he was along, I would have known they were worried, if not concerned, for even I know 'fiscal agent' means the 'payout man'.) I will list a few of the quotes from that report:

1. "Since the area had been sprayed previously, the confines should have been readily apparent from the air." (This stupid statement immediately tells the reader that whoever dictated it doesn't know anything about herbicides.)
2. "We are satisfied that the contractor clearly knew the area boundaries." (Then why did he spray our land?)
3. "The contractor specified that spraying would cease when the wind velocity exceeded 10 mph" (Why 10 mph when the USDA recommendations are 'under 6 mph?)
4. "Another provision of the contract called for operating altitudes of not over 100 feet above the treated area. Every effort was made to stay within the 100 feet limit, but we all know that changes in terrain affect this." (Then why in the hell would anyone aerially apply it where the changes in terrain' meaning steep mountainsides and rocky canyons; would make this provision impossible?)

The next four sentences leave me a little speechless:
5. "We are of the opinion that the contractor took every reasonable precaution to prevent damage to private property."
6. "Any damage suffered by a private party does not appear to be from fault or negligence of the contractor." (You mean he always sprays private land?)
7. "It is difficult to determine if damage could have resulted from leaks or equipment defects. During the operations, on the third run, one nozzle came out . . . . " (That last report of Dr. Johnsen's said the nozzle was clogged, but now this one says the damn thing fell clear out! No wonder it came down all over us!)
8. "Some damage was created on private property, probably from 'drift' of the spraying." (I'll bet that fiscal agent who came along for the ride was really unhappy about that statement even though it's finished with "The amount of damage is far less than some would like us to believe." (You hadn't even seen my place yet, and you made such a statement! My! My!)

The report then documents a lot of 'visible symptoms' of various types of 'damage', none of which they attribute to 'Silvex'. Isn't that peculiar, especially when the type of damage they mention will help to prove many of the statements we have made, and will show they did not recognize many of the symptoms of herbicide damage.

Some of the damage symptoms they noted in the area were:


Walnut: 'Twig girdler or bacterial blight . . . ." (So make up your minds, boys, which was it? 'The role of 2-4D in the appearance of a
leaf blight . . . from USFS Experimental Station — (Lake States) USDA — 1962.”)

Hackberry and Peach: “Gall wasps have made many galls on leaves causing premature leaf fading and dropping” (Me: “Galls similar to crown galls . . . injury produced by 2,4-D” — Agricultural Experimental Station — USDA — Moscow, Idaho — 1955.)

Elm: “Defoliation by Elm leaf beetle was heavy.” (Honey, even I know that beetles eat the leaves, they don’t ‘defoliate the trees’! Good Grief!)

These ‘observations’ filled less than half a page, but it seems to be a real disease with many people, and the USDA in particular: Why say a thing in a few words if you can “tell it like it is not” in many? Possibly they operate on the theory that the quantity of words used rather than the quality, meaning or truth will be so overwhelming that anyone looking at a report will just number the pages, and say “Man! They sure did a lot of work and research on this thing or they couldn’t fill up that many pages!” (Ever notice how they ‘double’ and ‘triple’ space what they’re writing? Makes a whole lot of ‘nothing’ go farther! Look at that Bionetics book, HEW — 677 pages yet! And if somebody hadn’t blown the whistle on that one, by sneaking out part of the report that mysteriously wasn’t included, it probably would have been over 1,000 pages by now . . . and still going! It took them seven years to get the 677 page version on the market, and in essence it really says that no one has the faintest idea of what in the hell all these damn pesticides are doing to man! Don’t forget how much that “know nothing” study cost us: 3½ million dollars which they admit, but I wonder if we’ll ever really know how much it cost?)

So the USDA added six more pages to this ½ page report with such sentences as:

1. “No apparent herbicide damage could be detected on tomato plants. In fact, the plants looked healthy and had a good green color. Some insect or worm is attacking the tomato fruit.” (Scout’s honor, that’s what it says!)

2. “The fruit trees showed no damage on the leaves or twigs.” (Stick around. You’ll hear about a ‘twig canker’ and besides, most of the leaves were on the ground by then!)

3. “The fruit was small and starting to shrivel.” (Me: And samples of said fruit later showed presence of 2,4,5-T! And anyone who ate it, got sick. It later turned black and fell off.)

4. “All trees showed definite symptoms of drought.” (Me: Remember SRP — ‘Twice normal capacity in reservoirs’ — and also “creek was still running”?)

5. “The large walnut tree near the house is diseased.” (Me: So okay! With what? The walnuts turned black and fell off when the rain started.)

6. “Other trees show definite signs of nutrient deficiency — yellowing of leaves.”

7. “The Hackberry trees which they thought were damaged by sprays were heavily infected with a gall which withers the leaves.”

(Me: Thank you, boys, one more bit of evidence documented for our $600.00. See USDA paper: “Galls caused by 2,4-D’)

8. “Chinese elm infected with beetle . . . damage at top could be caused by a herbicide . . . Trees do not appear in any danger of dying.” (Me: But they died just the same!)

9. “We were concerned with the elderberry plants . . . noticed a browning of the leaves on all elderberry plants in Ice House Canyon.” (That’s where I live, why didn’t they stop! (Regarding the elderberry bushes in Ice House Canyon in October 1969 — two months after this visit — new green leaves present and in full bloom. But no berries. Just a little odd?)

10. “Fruit trees showed no herbicide damage . . . but fruit was small and drying up . . . appears to be caused by lack of water.”

(Me: This particular residence was the home of people who have lived in the same area for more years than I can count, and always have grown their own vegetables and fruit, and don’t let things die from “lack of water”)

11. “It appears . . . that most, if not all, of the damage attributed to the spray is actually a result of water stress, nutrient deficiencies, insects or disease.”

“Several aquatic insects were observed . . . dragon fly nymph, water strider, back swimmers and other unidentifiable species.” (Me: must have been water for all those water nymphs and bugs!)

“Several fish were taken by rod and reel by two small boys.” (I thought those Fish and Game boys said they didn’t see any fish?)

The next quote tells me how little these USDA ‘herbicide specialists’ really knew about herbicides. It refers to a member of the Task Force team:

12. “Paul Buffam, USDA, called a Dow representative at Davis, California, and requested information about Silvex.” (That’s just plain ridiculous! I don’t even need to check with a lawyer on that one to know that as a USDA witness on ‘effects of Silvex’, he just disqualified himself!)

And how does this one fit for size?

13. “This man [Dow Chemical — Davis, California] called Supervisor Courtney (USFS) later and indicated that a publicity release was being prepared for submission to the news media concerning the
non-toxicity of Silvex, "which if accepted and used by the news media, will go a long way toward improving the situation." (Now, wasn't that sneaky? Allowing the chemical company to write the publicity!)

14. "Some of the protestants have stated that vapor . . . has created damage considerable distance from the project. According to the University of California, vapor damage is detectable only in terms of '100's of feet' and then only to highly susceptible plants."

Somebody better call those boys at Davis, U. of C., and tell them to go check the department that keeps records of such things! Quote: "One of the experiments conducted . . . University of California (Davis) . . . 2,4-D or other weed killers . . . one micron particle . . . 3 mph wind . . . stepping 10 feet . . . (not 100) . . . drifts 84 miles!) — "Drift of Pesticides", California Department of Agriculture, USDA, January 1960.

Now isn't that a shame?! Nobody tells anybody anything, and everybody winds up not knowing their left hand from their right, or their head from an ax-handle! Somebody ought to start speaking to each other when they do these tests! That was 10 years ago, for Heavens' sake!

15. "Silvex in contact with the soil changes form and becomes less soluble in water." (Led in with both chins, boys! You just stated in that sentence the rains aren't going to wash it away!)

16. "Silvex breaks down at temperatures somewhere in the neighborhood of 200°C." (Now that's pretty damn hot! Is that why they call these spray jobs in Vietnam "Operation Hades'1" and at 300°C, the contaminant "dioxin" gets into the act?)

This one makes me say again — "We've come a long way, Baby!"

Here it is:

17. "Silvex persistence in water is reported to be of the order of 48 to 72 hours." (Now which one of the Dow boys did you talk to? Better call him and tell him to throw that one out, or ask him why it's still here in the water 12 months later! And 2,4-D was still in the water in Montebello, California, after five years!)

18. "The situation is not as bad as it is portrayed." (On that we agree . . . it is much worse!)

19. "The many reports have blown up a rather minor happening into staggering proportions." (Want to turn your heads so I don't see how red your faces are over that statement? I tried to tell you, but you were too busy riding up and down the road, counting galls, nymphs and nematodes! By now that minor happening has become a major catastrophe!)

20. "There is a good chance that for sometime to come, we will be blamed for a lot of happenings in which we are in no way involved."

(I don't know about that, but I'm sure you're going to be blamed for one hell of a lot of things in which you were involved!)

21. "We can only conclude that the personnel . . . took reasonable precautions to prevent trouble."

(You explain that one — my head is tired.)

22. "It is clear that they supervised the work, and avoided spraying when the winds increased to 10 mph or better." (Even though the USDA literature that is evidently kept under lock and key in Washington says "spray when winds are under 6 mph" and it is quite clear no one supervised the work!)

But here is the real classic of the entire report (and the USDA accused us of 'over-reacting'!)

"These findings support one contention: That we have fallen victim to circumstances so that any and all problems can be blamed on the spray." (Honey Baby, you are so right! And it is the circumstances which have made us blame you! (Besides, we're supposed to be the ones with "paranoia"! I can understand the 'look at us — we're persecuted' attitude, but it won't change a thing. What you did to us was a "no-no", so get out your handkerchief. Don't use it for tears. Just mop off some of the sweat I noticed on the brow of that fiscal agent and hand him a new thin point accountant's pen, one of those that writes with red ink. He'll need it!"

**TASK FORCE REPORT NUMBER SEVEN**

(Or "Those Sexy Beetles"!)

Music boxes have always been very special to me. Each one is always very individual in workmanship and in the notes which it plays. I was enchanted while in St. Croix, Switzerland, to visit the plant where the famous "Reugge" music boxes are made. As a guest at the Reugge home, I saw their priceless collection from all over the world, the oldest being a tiny one which played only 4 notes and which dates back to the year 1797, according to my hostess.

My own collection has several very old boxes, as well as many unusual new ones. Large factories now manufacture the bulk of the music boxes which are shipped all over the world. The combs, which are what determine the notes of the song, are still tuned by hand, or by the 'ears' of the tuners. I was told that some of these tuners are..."
so gifted they can remember a particular song after hearing it played only once and complete their work from memory. They have a music department that determines which songs are popular in the various countries to whom they send the finished boxes.

It seemed so strange to find in this beautiful little town located in the mountains of Switzerland, a tiny clock the size of my thumb with the American tune, “Rock Around the Clock”, and golden cuff links that played “La Vien Rose.”

Two of my favorite songs have always been “Falling Leaves” (or Autumn Leaves) and “September Song”. Sometime after my return home, there arrived a package from St. Croix, Switzerland. It contained the very special gift of these two musical compositions.

After the defoliation program of June 1969, “Falling Leaves” became my theme song and I had finally switched to “September Song” before the first officially recognized “Task Force” arrived at my home to view the damage caused by the spraying three months earlier.

It was September 3, 1969, and all of the men who came were members of the USDA, four of them from the Forest Service Branch, and one from Agricultural Research. The introduction reads:

1. “The purpose of this second examination was to determine in greater depth... the extent... of any visually detectable Silvex plant damage found outside the spray project boundary if permanent or temporary.”

So it’s three months after the spray and this is their first visit to my place, although it was more difficult to avoid it than to stop, and they’re talking about “greater depth” and still looking for just “Silvex damage” although they were aware that 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T had also been used. Big deal!

2. “It was deemed unnecessary to include an evaluation of effects on fauna.” Their reason given? “An independent survey done June 30, 1969, by the Arizona Game and Fish Department!” (Check the “Laughing Happy Animals” chapter again, and the absurdity of that ‘quote’ will be more than apparent since they only saw two ground squirrels in 2000 acres!)

3. “As with fauna, the team was not... concerned with evaluating water quality...” (Please note: by this date analysis done by several laboratories had shown contamination with Silvex, 2,4-C and 2,4,5-T in:
   1. Drinking water
   2. Irrigation water
   3. Stock watering ponds
   4. Garden vegetables

5. Fruit trees
6. Plant life of at least 18 varieties of shrubs and ornamental trees
7. Stream bed material
8. Soil

It was quite apparent to all of us that their concern was not for the “fauna”, the “flora” or for us. What was their concern? I leave that final answer to the conscience of each man who came, whose decision it was to sidestep the actual issues involved, who chose to attempt to confound the issue and truth with words, who possibly through fear of their jobs posed as “experts” when they were not, or who were not brave enough to say, “I do not know.” It appears there is now a government agency set up for every segment of this process we call “living.” It would seem quite fitting that they should now formulate a new agency. Its membership would outnumber even the personnel of the USDA (although the forming of this particular new agency would probably deplete the ranks of the USDA terribly, for most of the USDA personnel I have met would automatically become charter members!)

Everyone likes catchy letters instead of names (like “MOMO,” meaning “More-Off — MOR-ON”, which would be a good slogan for a study group researching the behavioral habits of politicians). The alphabetical letters for this new government agency which I’d like to propose could be “W.W.W.W.” for “We Will White Wash”. Their slogan could be “Operation Goof” or “A Blunder? By Thunder, Call Us. Don’t Go Under!” Or possibly they would like a longer slogan.

Here are a few more that might be quite usable:

“No reason to sweat, no reason to fuss.
If you’re in a mess, you can always call us!
We’ll cover it up so no one will know
The tales that we tell will make flowers grow!”

Or how about this one:

“W. W. all the way!
W. W. here to stay!
The paint is white, the brushes wide —
We’ll hurry in and save your hide!”

And since everyone has always associated the word “flit” with chemicals and destroying something, here are two more:

“We’re clever, we’re witty! No nitty, no gritty!
Though our tactics sometimes may seem a bit flitty —
We’ll solve all your troubles
With talk that is double... If that doesn’t work,
You can always try pity!
Perhaps this one:
"Don't tell 'em the truth, let 'em suffer a bit,
Hide all the facts in a bucket of "fit"..."
If anyone thinks it's beginning to smell,
Just send a new task force,
And then run like hell!!"

Possibly, if they really worked at it, they could train these men better than they already are, to be really efficient as "W.W.W.W." agency members, school them in smoother techniques at covering up things, with more finesse at double talking. A new phraseology could possibly really confound everyone. They might have special classes that any prospective member must attend before he could wear the "W.W.W.W." button (and he'd have to learn right away those letters don't mean "Wendell Wilkie Will Win!") There could be one class entitled "Don't talk before you listen": If a lot of these various experts had attended that one, they would have heard who I was, where I was from and known why I wanted to interview them before they talked and a lot of them by now probably wish they had! But they just didn't listen! I lost count of how many times I handed my radio card to various individuals or introduced myself on the telephone, stating as I did so, who I was and that I would like an interview as to their personal reactions to an incident called Globe, Arizona, and also their own background qualifications as to why they were considered an "expert" on "herbicides"! My Goodness! The human ego is a strange thing!

The words "interview", "radio", "writing a book and want to tell about you in it!", and everybody opens up like gang-busters! And away we go! Not once, not even once, did I ever mislead anyone I have interviewed by giving any name, or address other than my own or purpose of my visit other than the truth and not once did anyone turn me down! My radio card states my name, and radio station KIKO, Globe-Miami, Arizona. I kept track for awhile, until I found it follows the same set pattern. Accept the card, smile at me as it's tucked into a coat or shirt pocket without even a glance, another smile at the microphone, and at the end, after having told me perhaps along the way, "Now here's what I really think about that situation up there in Globe, but I'm no herbicide specialist" or "I don't know what a herbicide is; you mean insecticide?", and then the final question, "What did you say your name was, and which radio station?" (I have now had some new business cards made, and I'm saving lots of money. Since I discovered no one reads the card anyway, and it costs more to have the printing in three colors, art work

and all, I decided to eliminate most of it. So now when I say to someone, "Here's my card", if he ever bothers to look at it, he will see that it consists of a plain white standard business card on which are only two words written in very small type... "My Card".)

Then there should be a class entitled "Don't sign it until you've read it!" No one needs to hire a professional forger anymore. Evidently everyone in the government keeps a little rubber stamp in the drawer or on the top of the desk, in the lounge, and every place, so that they are accessible to even the mop-woman just in case she wants to affix the signature of the "Deputy Chief" who happens to be on duty that day in the Department of Agriculture to an order of ten new cases of Pinesol and twelve boxes of Old Fashioned Lye to clean up some of the dirt in Mr. Hardin's office! I lost count of how many trips I made to various offices, with what I thought was a letter just to me and really signed by one of the V.I.P.'s himself, only to find when I showed it to him that he'd never seen it before! I also lost count of the calls on the phone to command or raise hell over some of these letters I've received, only to hear a far-away voice say, "What Letter?
"The next sentence is always, "Wait until I get the file." Then comes "The file clerk is on vacation until the third Tuesday of next month." (Or a better one that's supposed to make you less suspicious is "Your file is out now being reorganized." That's supposed to make you feel real important — back to that ego thing, so you'll forget what you called about in the first place!)

The most violent fits I've had lately (this spray gives me a license to have them, you know) was at a gentleman in one of the Title and Trust Companies in Phoenix. I was mad at Mr. Hardin that day anyway, and also at Mr. M. M. Nelson, one of those "deputies" up in Mr. Cliff's office across the street from Mr. Hardin, and I had received one of those "This is your last chance before judgment Day befalls you" kind of notices from this particular company who so far had managed to mismanage my account at least 5 times in 4 years. This signature was big, impressive, real-honest-to-goodness ink. (I found if you hold the letter under the faucet and the signature disappears, it was real, not a rubber stamp.) So I called this man whose name appeared on this letter (I wrote his name down on the lampshade by the telephone before I put the letter under the faucet.)

When I finally paused for breath in this particular fit, there it came — all the way across the Phoenix desert, through Devil's Canyon, up Ice House Canyon and on up that little wire which makes everyone sound like they're talking from a deep hole in the ground, clear to the top of my mountain: "WHAT LETTER?"

By the time we finished, my star pupil for the day had graduated,
and he's waiting for a copy of my book!

Back to this "Task Force Report #7;" as it continues with an introduction to the main cast again. (I'm not sure, but I think the script writer for the comedies that seem to be coming out of Mr. Hardin's office, USDA, with increasing regularity, writes these also.)

Stop Number One — "Kellner Canyon picnic area:" (Please remember as you read that the other reports had said this "area was avoided"... "No damage seen" etc.)

"Even though the damage from silvex was slight (I wonder when they're going to get around to adding "but the damage from 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T was enormous!" since they also used those!) "and no plant kill was found, the effects of silvex were observed on:

"Skunk brush
Spanish broom
Canyon Grape
Arizona Walnut
Sugar sumac
Willow
Shrub live oak
Seep willow."

Well, that settles that! Now we know that although they say they didn't spray there, drift or vapors or fumes or something got all over everything! The "experts" said so! (And if it was now so visible 3 months later they had to finally admit it, you can imagine how bad it really looked!)

Stop Number 2 — Private land: "Symptoms similar to silvex (damage) noted on:

"Tips of foliage of seepwillow and skunkbrush; Mite caused galls, evident on leaves; Sycamore had mottled leaves caused by leafhopper feeding..."

Stop Number 3 — Private land: "conditions made it difficult to determine exact cause of dead plants. No evidence of silvex effect was observed on this property." (Attached to this property report is a photograph of a "normal grape plant — shows absence of damage". There is no such grape plant on the property in question.)

"Dead leaves on the tree had many galls; Insect damage compounded by drought; Sycamores...anthracnose disease with symptoms of dead patches in leaves, cankers on small branches and many small dead twigs..."

"Two ash trees, appeared unhealthy, some leaves were brown. No insect, disease or herbicide damage were present..." (Then what in the hell was the matter with them?)

Stop Number 4 — Private land: "No detectable evidence of

silvex heavy defoliation of seepwillow and willow leaves by grasshoppers..." (Damned if I didn't always think until these "experts" came along that grasshoppers ate the things; I didn't know they just sat up there on a limb, waving their arms and saying, "Wheel!" while they unhooked these leaves so they could watch them all fall to the ground and fool everybody with their own little "Operation Ranch Hand")

Stop Number 5 — Private land: (This is the area where Dr. Johnsen got sick and returned to, and got sick again.)

"Slight silvex effect was observed on some of the leaves on the top branches of live oak... By next year evidence of silvex effect should disappear." (Now you boys knew damn well it wouldn't, so why did you say that? Did you mean if it was dead, in 1970, it wouldn't show damage anymore.)

They then refer to the owner of this parcel, stating that he would get a headache on visiting the area. Dr. Johnsen is quoted as saying: "While examining this area, I developed a severe headache... started near north side of clay pit, intensified when I returned there before we left, symptoms disappeared shortly after we left this area, I do not know what caused this reaction..."

"But do you think his observance dented the determination of the team to "see nothing!" No Sir! "No relationship of this reaction to herbicides could be established by the team..."

Stop Number 6 — Helisport: "Odor of silvex was noticeable at the helispot." (Boy! Could Chanel ever use this crew. They can even tell by their noses three months later that it was 'Silvex', not 2,4-D or 2,4,5-T! Something sure smells about this report, but I don't think it's Silvex!)

Stop Number 7 — Forest Land: "Slight silvex effect was noted for a short distance outside the spray boundary on National Forest land. No effect could be found in Ice House Canyon immediately above Shoecraft Property."

That's one of those funny ones again. Their spray map shows part of my land in the spray area and now they're saying they didn't even spray it on the forest land that was included on their map!

Stop Number 8 — Me at last: "The Shoecraft property": "No evidence of silvex effect could be found on the vegetation of this property." Do you know what they found?

"Leaves of a walnut tree in the back yard had been defoliated by an insect." (I don't have a walnut tree in my back yard.)

"Leaf Spot Disease, Willow leaves mottled, leafhopper and aphid, syrphid eggs... (My God! What are those?)"
"Wood borers (including a "flatheaded" one, yet!), Cankers, dead twigs, galls, grape plants galled by phylloxera..." (The grape plants were sent to the lab by a scientist, and they had silvex, and 2,4,5-T in them! I’ll bet if that phylloxera had known that, he wouldn’t have galled those grape plants!)

"Leaves of a small peach tree had been chewed by an insect." (And the peaches had silvex and 2,4,5-T in them also, by lab tests!) Ready for those sexy beetles?

"Dead rhinoceros beetle on front lawn which seemed to concern Mrs. Shoecraft..." Why wouldn’t it? I had jars full of them and these experts told me they mate once and die! Damn short life! I don’t know why they had to be sexier in 1969 than any other year and just mate and die all over the place! Must have been one hell of a wild orgy going on out there for a week after the spray!

The experts version: "The larvae of these beetles feed in rotten logs (I don’t have any rotten logs in my yard!), pupate, and turn into adults... mate, lay eggs and die..."

Like I said, damn short life! Why they added this sentence and blew the whole thing again, I don’t know:

"The adults are often attracted to porch lights." This was broad daylight, boys, and there weren’t any porch lights out there in the yard!

This sentence is interesting: "The twisted, mottled leaves damaged by aphids have a superficial resemblance to herbicide damage..." (And it becomes more than 'superficial' when said "mottled twisted leaves" are examined by a laboratory and found to contain silvex, which they were... and did!)

I wonder if they thought I wasn’t aware that they took water and soil samples from my place, sent them to labs of their own choice, found silvex in them, came back and took more and still found it; and that this was after the visit in September? Those reports showing the herbicide was there, except these "experts" didn’t even recognize the symptoms, rather disqualifies the whole team, doesn’t it?

The first page of the report had stated: "The inspection team was composed of: Thomas N. Johnsen, Jr. — Dr. Johnsen is a recognized expert on the use of herbicides."

Now what would you have done, if you had seen that in print? That’s just what I did, I called him. This spray hasn’t quite wiped out my memory yet for things as recent as Dr. Johnsen’s report of his trip in July, which did not include my place. Besides I recalled that when he finally did get there in September, he had made some statements that didn’t quite make him a "recognized expert" to me.

I now list some of the notes from our conversation on October 23, 1969:

I requested a copy, if completed, of the report of his visit to my home, which he agreed to send, and I also asked that he include any information or recent publications regarding the phenoxy herbicides, particularly silvex. Since Dr. Johnsen had been listed as the "expert", I asked him what studies he had done on the sycamore tree because of the damage to mine. His reply: "None." I requested what knowledge he had regarding herbicide damage to cottonwoods and walnut trees. His reply: "Only cursory observations because those are not target species."

But I die long and painfully — I guess I like to bleed a lot first, for I asked about the swelling of the tree branches, and whether this could be due to herbicides, (which I’ve now learned it can), his reply: "I’d be surprised if it does. This is out of my area of study."

In answer to whether he had done studies on my beloved pine trees, the reply again was: "This is out of my particular area." (And we’re talking about the second largest National Forest in the United States, the Tonto, almost three million acres and loaded with "conifers" meaning pine trees — and an "expert" who is supposed to know what it can do to them... and it’s "out of his area". No wonder the forests look like they do!)

When I pressed this further for someone who might know about pines, he gave me the name of a man who had "worked with Ponderosa Pine in California, but not Arizona". (Dr. Johnsen, you were my last hope! After the little research I had done, I learned real fast those conifers can just lay down and die quick-like, if someone isn’t careful with 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T or Silvex, and not one of the foresters or "experts" ever once said they could possibly harm a pine tree!)

When I asked if he knew of any area such as ours in Arizona, hot, dry climate where studies had been done, he informed me: "We’ve never had this particular type of thing happen before." He told me also he could still smell the herbicide at the spots where the helicopter had landed.

I also asked if he had done any extensive testing himself with these particular herbicides on any of the type of plants or crops in our area. His reply: "No"

So Pollyanna pulled another card out of the "expert" file and relegated it to the one marked: "Very nice man, but no expert on herbicide damage to garden crops, fruit trees, prickly pear, saguaro cactus, pine trees, cottonwoods, sycamores, berry vines, bermuda grass, walnut trees, corn, dogs, fish, butterflies, bees, goats, guinea
pigs, ducks or me."

The following week, I received six enclosures from Dr. Johnsen, but no report of his visit. This is August 1970, and the only report I ever saw of Dr. Johnsen's second visit to the Globe area was the scant information included in the general report which contained no individual reports of the five members. In answer to my request for "any current information on herbicides", Dr. Johnsen sent me these publications:

2. "Control of shrub live oak..." consisting of one page and published in 1962.
5. "Chapparal... Still a problem..." written by Dr. Fred Tschirley, consisting of one page and published in 1954.
6. "Changes in grass production..." four pages...

This last one was the latest publication, dated 1968, and more or less draws the conclusion that maybe all the love-grass wasn't such a brilliant idea after all. Quote from page 4:

"SUMMARY — STANDS OF WEEPING LOVEGRASS ON AREAS CLEARED OF CHAPPARAL SHOW SIGNS OF DETERIORATION AFTER A FEW YEARS. Production and cover are high for one to two years after seeding, but gradually decrease each year thereafter. The decline does not appear to be related to either brush cover or precipitation."

Same page: "Large plants (of grass) six or more inches in diameter, as well as single-stem plants were found dead on all plots in 1965. Causes for this die-off are unknown."

Why were these four pages so important to me? Because the "experimental plots" were located at the base of Pinal Mountain, Globe, Arizona, and almost in my back yard. So I carefully sifted the information in this paper, added copies of a couple of maps from the Forest Service files showing a "research area", checked "The Rocky Mountain Forest & Experiment Station" which is part of the Forest Service under the USDA and is located on the campus of Arizona State University. I came up with the following information:

This forest service research area was first treated with herbicides 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T in 1956. It was again sprayed with the same chemicals in 1957, again in 1958, 1960 and 1962.

I wonder how those "scientists" are going to feel when they read these sentences, who said "The goat in question was born before any spraying of the area was done." I guess now we could drag in some decrepit hobbled-up twelve year old dying of old age billey goat and still say "Prove it to me that the spray didn't make him get old!"

I have also learned there was another area sprayed in 1966 that didn't make it into the "open-report" files on which a mixture of chemicals was sprayed.

I'm doing some mental calculus: The area over the hill behind me was sprayed in 1956, 1957, 1958, 1960 and 1962, then seeded to grass. Later an examination of the area was done that caused the Forest Service to conclude that planting lovegrass on my mountain after killing the chapparal with herbicides was just a big bust... and 1965 is when they decided to move over the mountain and spray us... no wonder they didn't plant grass after all those five sprayings from 1966 through June 1969! They already knew it couldn't and wouldn't grow! The next question that just fell out is "why did they tell us that's the reason they were making all that mess 'to increase forage'..." and the rest of that propaganda garbage! Also, why didn't somebody speak up to those eight great scientists about that area over the hill there. They might have found it really interesting, for scientists are supposed to be interested in scientific things, and it sure sounds to me like it's going to take all the brain power they can muster between them (in addition to whatever they can borrow) to figure out why the soil shows residues of 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex, endrin and arsenic in an area they claim hasn't been sprayed for six years!

I shall always be grateful to Dr. Tom Johnsen, for he spared me a lot of long-winded, meaningless, so-called "research papers". He chose the selections himself, and he sent only 11½ pages, but I found an enormous amount of useful material in these few sheets of paper.

He handed me in those few pages much of the ammunition I needed to eliminate many of the erroneous statements of the arrogant men I encountered.

I am using only their own weapons and their own ammunition... every one of the arrows has "USDA" stamped on the shaft somewhere. And Dr. Johnsen sent part of them to me. I remember also, that he never told me he was a "recognized phenoxy herbicide expert"... they did!
"DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER!"

Sometime in June, 1969, a few days after the spray, I called the local County Health Office and requested that someone take a water sample of our drinking water to check for the presence of herbicides. I was advised I'd have to do that myself, and to take it to the County Agriculture Department. This I did and paid them $3.00 as requested. Several days later they informed me there was no way for them to test it, returned my $3.00 and water sample, and directed me back to the County Health Officer. He let me know he had no intention of checking the water sample or anything else relative to these herbicides. I told him of an oily film on my pool by the living room, but he said he had no time to check that either, and although I offered to pay for any analysis, no one budged from the State health office or the county office until after my attorney finally called them in Phoenix. A total of four samples were taken, two from my place and two from open stock tanks. All four showed contamination with herbicides. This was several weeks after the spray. (One of the water samples which I collected several days after the spray was analyzed in September 1970 and still showed almost 100 ppm 2,4,5-T. So I guess it doesn't evaporate with time!)

The stream which runs through our property usually ceases to flow around the middle of May, so it was not running in front of our house on the days of the spraying. The rains started in July, and I noticed a gray material in the bottom of the stream bed and clinging to the rocks. I was told it was dead plant life, which I found later contained residues of these herbicides. When I could not get the county health officer to look at it, I took some of it to him and he said he would send it to the state lab for analysis. I called his office several times requesting the results, but his reply was always the same, "Results are not back yet." Finally I stopped in his office unexpectedly more than two months after I had left the samples, and discovered them lying right here, as yet unmailed! So I took them back and spent another $25.00, and learned they contained herbicides.

After the news release relative to the contamination in the four water samples, the county health department galloped out and took 20 samples of other areas in our canyon. It had taken several weeks to get the results of the first four samples, but on the night of the Council meeting, the mayor made a rather startling statement. This was the council meeting which turned into a "chaparral to grass" indoctrination course, with the mayor beaming and fawning over the visiting foresters who had "done us in". His statement which preceded the main course, was to the effect that he knew everyone present would be happy to know that no harmful chemicals were present in any of the 20 water samples, and that meant the city water was in real great shape! So drink up, kids, next year there may be a drought! The reason it was startling to me was because two weeks previously, I spent another $2.00 and called the lab where the samples had been sent, and they hadn't been run yet, so I was told, due to an emergency situation in another area. When I asked the sunny mayor after the meeting who it was that gave him this enlightening bit of information, he said it was the local health officer.

Just to verify my information from the laboratory, one of Congresswoman Sam Steiger's aids placed a call to them on my phone the morning after the Council meeting (he paid the $2.00 this time.) And sure enough, same story, "not run yet". You don't suppose someone took all those 20 samples from one faucet, at a location where they were sure there was no contamination, so that statement could be issued prior to testing, do you?

And this was only the beginning of all the intriguing, beguiling, annoying, disgusting and lying occurrences which wove their way in and around a commodity called "water". (And I want you to take a good look at the word, lying. That's what I said, lying, and again, I'm prepared to prove it if necessary, so don't push me, any of you unconcerned about my health so called health department officials!)

I've heard it said that gold was the thing which caused a lot of cheating, lying, conniving and killing in the West, but I don't believe it. It was water, and I guess it still is. The gold rush is over, because most of it is gone. Most of the water soon will be too, because of industrial waste and desire for power under the disguise of "conserving water". In our state of Arizona, I accuse the Salt River Project of being guilty of both. How much long range damage they may have done to all of us is beyond comprehension. But those of us who have seen first hand what greed for "more water" can do, find the methods for obtaining it intolerable.

The "heavy" in this chapter is the Salt River Project, located in the Salt River Valley at Phoenix, but whose power structure of destruction has reached far, as far as Los Angeles, California. Or could I say Los Angeles reached over here? A news item reads "Los Angeles Incorporated in Arizona", and tells that the city of Los Angeles will share in the power output with the Salt River Project and other gas and water agencies.

This sounds real fine and neighborly on the surface, but pick up your phone and call a Hopi Indian named "White Bear" and hear his version. Or better yet, dial area code 213-463-8448, the Committee
for Traditional Indian Land and Life, and hear what they have to say. After you hang up, dial Washington, D.C. and ask the Department of Interior how they can permit such an outrage against the Indian people and their land to be perpetrated with government blessings. Many of those who have been appalled and shocked by what has become known as the “Black Mesa Crisis”, are not aware that there are “outsiders” from states besides Arizona, working also on the destruction of this mountain so sacred to the Indians.

Many times on a recent visit to Los Angeles, I was asked about what I was doing to stop the terrible desecration that the water and power people in Arizona are inflicting on the Indians. When asked the direct question, “How can you permit your state to do this to them?”, my reply was, “How can you?”. This startled most of them and they became even more surprised when they saw the names of “Los Angeles Department of Water and Power”, “Southern California Edison Company” and “San Diego Gas and Electric” appearing on the same list with the Salt River Project as those responsible for causing the mass devastation to a nation and people.

The amounts of pollution to air, water and soil are staggering caused by this operation. The pipeline will be 272 miles long through which will be pushed 6½ to 10 tons of coal per minute, requiring 3 to 7½ million gallons of water a day from water tables 4,000 feet deep.

There might be time for complacency on some issues, but the Rape of Black Mesa, the Sacred Female Mountain, preserved and revered for generations, is an immemorial disaster.

If it’s any consolation to my Indian Brothers, they’re not the only ones to whom many government officials “speak with forked tongue”. A great many white-eyes have been lied to, also, and although I finally ceased cringing from this knowledge, I still never quite became accustomed to the idea. I was overwhelmed when four agencies from local state offices told a different story about the same occurrence, and all four of them lied! It appeared sometimes in trying to cover up for each other or their own ignorance, they overdid it and the truth would accidently fall out. But this file, A-19, and entitled “water”. Salt River Project...became involved in spraying herbicides in our area with the Forest Service — purchased chemicals directly, including “Kuron” from Dow to be used experimentally for the first time in the Tonto National Forest on mature brush. The forest Service had stated the reason for using “Kuron” instead of 2-4D and 2,4,5-T in 1968 and 1969 was because they were unavailable “due to their use in Vietnam. This proved to be a lie as they (the US Forest Service) used these chemicals in other areas during those years and inventory taken in March of 1970 at the forest service storage depot still shows about thirty five thousand dollars worth of these chemicals, mostly 2-4D and 2,4,5-T.

I have checked with the Salt River Project watershed division regarding whether any analysis had been done on irrigation or drinking water for the presence of these herbicides. They reported no tests had ever been made as late as May 1970. We took one sample and paid for the analysis of the Roosevelt Reservoir and found contamination. This was reported to the Salt River Project. To our knowledge, no sampling has ever been done on these watersheds for residues in soil or water by the Salt River Project. Their presence in domestic water is a violation of USDA regulations.

A news item in the Phoenix Republic on 5/25/70 read: “Public water impurities found but ours safe”, to assure the Phoenix valley that their water was free of germs and chemicals. When I chased the source of the story all the way into the back offices of the State Health and Water Departments, I uncovered a whole new stack of untruths. Information had been given to me by the director of the Environmental Health Services under the State Department of Health that tests were run for these herbicides, and none were present. When I checked with the lab where they were supposed to have been run, they had no record of ever receiving any samples!

This was the same state official who told me new samples of the Globe water were taken in December 1969. This was also proven to be untrue. It was further disclosed that he retained in his own office the water sample from the city well for a matter of 10 months before sending it to a lab for analysis, although directions are to get the samples to a lab within 24 to 48 hours after taking them. However, this 10 month old sample still showed contamination with these herbicides. The attempt was made to hush his report by asserting the samples must have been mislabeled!

I was becoming accustomed to being lied to by some of the government officials, but I was unprepared for the lies of those who were not, or whose names were prefaced by “Doctor”. Even some of
these persons were not immune to the disease. Not one individual in
the research division of the department of agriculture at the
University of Arizona volunteered to help find the answers to any of
the unanswered questions. The volunteers were the professors and
doctors and students who knew what the word "ecology" meant,
and respected it. They came when they were called, some without
being sought.

These men reached out their hands, and their intelligence, to us,
and did not run away from the knowledge that their doing so might
make them very unpopular with some of the state or chemical
company funded research departments in their own universities.

There is also a copy of Senate Bill 1374 in this file, introduced by
Senators Goldwater and Fannin, Rep., Arizona, dated March 7,
1969. It is entitled "Pacific Southwest Water Yield Improvement Act"
and states it is a bill to "authorize Secretary of Agriculture and
Secretary of Interior to cooperate with states, local agencies and
individuals in planning and carrying out practices for water yield,
improvement and other purposes . . ." (Such as making more money
for those interested, like the Salt River Project?) "No. 3. Any person
holding rights on land downstream . . ." (And everyone in the Salt
River Project country is "downstream" from their watersheds) "to be
treated (even with herbicides) will give necessary written consent
to the implementation of the plan." (This is forced cooperation
irrespective of ownership.) Territory involved: "Funded plans . . . following states: Arizona, California, Colorado, Nevada, New
Mexico and Utah."

I guess this bill explains why Goldwater and Fannin turned their
backs on our cries for help against the Salt River Project and the
Forest Service.

When the rains finally came, I called Dr. K. C. Hamilton at the
University of Arizona, co-author of Arizona Bulletin (USDA) A-17:
"2,4-D on crops in Arizona." I told him the walnuts were turning
yellow and black, and dropping to the ground with maggots in them,
and that when I looked, the maggots were dead. I asked him what it
would do to my walnut trees. (The government will subsidize anyone,
so I read, to grow walnut trees that are becoming rare and scarce.)
His reply had been, "My God! How do I know? Who would get it on a
walnut tree? And why?"

Why didn't Dr. Hamilton or any of these men think of that before
they wrote the sentence: "The action of 2,4-D within the plant is not
understood . . .", or when Dr. Hamilton and Dr. Arle gave an interview
to the Arizona Republic in which Dr. Arle is quoted as saying that the
test for these herbicides were made in the rainfall belt of the mid-
west, and that the soil micro-organisms might not be present in the
sparse rainfall belt of the southwest to break the herbicide down or
destroy them.

Dr. Hamilton told me that he knew of no testing that had been
done in Arizona on the effect of these herbicides above "the 1,000
foot level." That's Globe, Dr. Hamilton, and a lot of other watersheds!
The same news story mentioned that these herbicides require
further testing for the much different climate of the Southwest, but
we resent the research being done on us! The books will need to be
revised that say so many things, especially regarding the residues,
and the harmlessness, and the "small cost to use". The residues are
still there, some of them from as long as 6 years ago, and we know
now that they're not harmless! The research I did showed that this
was known 20 years ago before the cancer and deformities study,
when they were invented as biological warfare weapons, and the
Bionetics Laboratories knew it in 1965 . . . which was the first year
they decided to spray us to see "what it will do to mature chaparral!"
Maybe they didn't mean to cram so much into one experiment, but
they found out about chaparral, walnut trees, yucca, cholla, flowing
streams, grass that won't grow, pine trees that die, animals, birds,
fish, cactus . . . and they learned a lot about us!

After we recovered enough from the first violent effects physically
and the horrible shock emotionally that this could have happened to
us, they learned that we were made of determination and guts;
courage backed with truth, that the only kind of fear we know is the
healthy kind that helps save a life or two, even our own, and not the
ugly kind made of panic and despair. They even learned that we
consider our own lives expendable, and transient, but the good earth
and a mountain range known as the Pinals, is not.

They learned, too, that although we are "very emotional!" as one
of their task force government members had stated, in the final hour,
it was the facts that had caused the emotion.

So I'll conclude this chapter, as there's no way to condense it. But
rising to the surface of these muddied, herbicide waters, I find that
no long range studies have ever been conducted in the entire United
States relative to what occurs when 2,4-D 2,4,5-T or Silvex con-
taminate water, soil or food crops, nor how long the residues last in
any of these things.

The only study the USDA headquarters in Washington could even
supply to me after my request for "residue studies of 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T
and Silvex" showed that only 6 areas in the United States had been
monitored for these and other herbicides in a study back in 1965.
They never published it until after the hell-raising furor in Globe in
1969. This study indicates they found 2,4-D residues wherever they checked for it. Doesn’t tell whether 2,4,5-T hung around or not, for they never went back to sample where they sprayed it. And no Silvex studies were done at all.

No analysis was ever run during the study on any of the drinking waters in any of the areas, for these herbicides. No analysis were made of any of the food crops where they were sprayed. The areas tested had up to 60” rainfall, not like Globe, Arizona, with 15 inches average rainfall, except Yuma, Arizona which they state has an average of 3 inches, and they didn’t check for these herbicides at that location!

To really give one confidence in this report, there appears this sentence in the front of the residue study: “An unidentified chlorinated hydrocarbon was found at very noticeable levels in many soil and sediment samples…” And have they found out yet what it is five years later? Hell, no! Let’s not upset anybody by finding out what else is out there besides the damn deadlies they could identify like 2,4-D or 2,4,5-T or Silvex, endrin, arsenic, parathion, toxaphene or cyanide!!

Add to these gems of “inspired ignorance” this final reassuring bit of information from their own testimony which states that after the damn 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex got into the water, they tried four ways to get them out, but none of them worked! And that was back in 1964 before they did the experiments! And they still don’t know how to get them out! But the USDA keeps right on allowing them to be sprayed all over hell…on the food, in the water, and every damn place there is!

When I read a report like this, the only excuse from these boys that I can accept is that they’ve been sprayed with these damn chemicals, since some of the symptoms are a lack of ability to reason, or comprehend, added to a loss of memory!

“THE OUTHOUSE INSPECTORS”

If the local county health officer ever experienced any twinge of remorse for ignoring our pleas of help to him after our water, crops and soil were contaminated by these chemicals, he never let it show. At various times, he had even lied to me, in an apparent effort to cover his lack of offering any assistance from his so-called “local health office”. I was unable to get him to show any concern over what had happened in our canyons. On one occasion, I had re-quested that he view the garden crops and take a sample of the water from my pool where a film appeared on the water after the spraying, but I couldn’t budge him from the outskirts of his office!

But just a month after those chemicals were sprayed on us, I received a letter in my country mailbox from the Forest Service that told me this same health officer planned to ride to the top of my mountain over 17 miles of crooked dirt road that requires one hour of driving time! I read further along, wondering if some ecological terror had finally hit him and he was concerned about my water supply on the mountain, or about the pine trees that were also dying where the spray had drifted. Maybe he was trying to convey some secret message to me that since our summer home was located at 8,000 elevation and well above the area that was sprayed, it would show he was really concerned about my health after all.

But guess what he was driving through mud, rocks and runs, fearlessly facing the dangers of that big forest up on my mountain, to “inspect”? The letter from the Forest Service said he was coming up to “inspect” my outhouse which we hadn’t used for 10 years, when we switched to “indoor plumbing”? But, since we’re a bit eccentric, we leave that beautiful old relic there, with a moon on the door and all, as a memento of a time long past or something. It’s at least 50 years old, and escaped all the big fires and deserves to live! And in all the 23 years we’ve owned that outhouse, it had never been inspected, but here at last came that county health officer and the forest ranger galloping up the steep mountain road to inspect it, although they couldn’t drive to the edge of town to see what in the hell had happened to us after the spray! Just how anyone inspects a used, or unused, outhouse is a little beyond my realm of understanding, but so is that particular health officer and the “inspecting” ranger!

In endeavoring to get to the source of one lie, I usually uncovered a couple of new ones. I was told the chief of police of Globe was assisting the health officer in checking the matters of health in the town of Globe, and the sewer inspector was the assistant in the adjoining town of Miami! No wonder we’re leading the state in a few diseases! Although this particular “nauseous” letter ended with the statement that this would be a “routine inspection”, I decided it wasn’t “routine” to me, whereupon I moved the padlock from the beet-celler to the door of the outhouse, after I moved the antique “apache powder danger blasting!” sign over to the right six inches, and rode down the mountain for a new supply of corn-cobs!

P.S. I’ve been asked several times whether the Forest Service or other state officials have harrassed me for my daring to place many
of them in the unaccustomed role of the "defendants", and I always cite the incident of the "outhouse inspection"! However, I did decide this was a new low, and a very smelly one, in the use of reprisal tactics, even for the Forest Service!

But it was this incident which prompted my renaming the local health office the "Outhouse Inspection Station".

THAT'S A WILDERNESS OUT THERE!

The human mind is an amazing machine at all times, but how much knowledge it can absorb quickly, when it has to, is even more amazing.

By September, 1969, those of us working against these chemicals, and time, had read everything we could find, relative to "2,4-D and related herbicides".

Some of the things we learned included the following:

1. In spite of the fact that there are no "skull and crossbones" on their labels, these chemicals are listed as "poisons."

2. The 2,4-D group require special applicator equipment and insurance.

3. None of them are used by crop dusters in areas near the Phoenix valley because of the hazards involved.

4. Due to the hot climate of Arizona, whether they are listed as "low" or "high volatile," makes little difference for at 89° they become equally phytotoxic.

5. Although the wind speed recommended is "under 6 mph", even with no wind, the spray may drift for miles.

6. If they are sprayed at high altitudes, high temperatures, high pressure, high winds, they may travel for hundreds of miles.

7. They remain active for long periods of time.

8. If vegetation has been sprayed, or contaminated with these herbicides by drift, it must not be burned. This is stated in various USDA bulletins, and also on various labels: "Do not burn treated foliage, as fumes are poisonous."

9. There is no known antidote for plants, animals, or humans.

On September 3, 1969, a letter was written by one of the Forest Service Officials in the Supervisor's office, stating that the whole spraying project for the entire area of the Tonto National Forest had been deferred until the spring of 1970, and there would be no burning projects until the fall of 1970. We had also been informed we were not included in the Spring spray. It wasn't just "Pollyana" who believed this information, but so did "Scarlett O'Hara", because they had finally put it in writing!

A few days later I stopped in the local ranger's office and learned that in spite of the letter, they were going to start burning, and one of the areas was adjacent to the Superstition Wilderness. They'd already been over there spraying with these chemicals that say "do not burn after application," just one week after they sprayed Globe! Earlier in July, 1969, I asked for a detailed map and I was told, "We only sprayed to the borders of the Wilderness area". Then I learned that "no borders have ever been established", so I pulled my body together, strapped up my chest, which was hurting pretty bad, (my soul was doing fine!) borrowed a jeep, and headed into the Wilderness. My belief was that if that damn chemical didn't know where the border was on my land, it wouldn't know where the "Wilderness Border” was either, especially if it was the same careless "fly-boy" with his damn booms falling off who flew over my house, which it was!

I filled the milk can with water, tossed in some cans of food just in case I got lost, grabbed the Retina Reflex III, stuck my .30-30 in the gun rack, because a gun rack looks real silly without a rifle, and headed in the direction of the "Lost Dutchman Mine".

It took me several trips on different roads, and some hiking, but I found what I suspected would be there: "Silvex in the Superstitions!" and I'm sure if anyone ever finds the famous "Dutchman's Gold" that's in there somewhere, it won't be as important to those mountains as what I brought back in pictures and samples. The roads that lead into this area are rough and narrow, they're washed-out and gone in places, and it was hot — real hot — for August is "summertime" in Arizona. One trip the generator burned out on the way back, and I was six hours getting to the highway using a big, sealed-beam flashlight.

I don't know what fear is, I guess, so I headed back the next day. Any fear I might ever have known shrinks into the shadows and disintegrates before the love I have for a place called Arizona and the mountains that rise and fall across her face and the pines she wears for her hair.

The foresters were a little shocked and startled that I made it all the way in and out over the almost impassable roads and trails. They asked about one particular spot in the road where they had been forced to turn back because the road was washed out. It was a steep incline to the bottom of the wash, but I measured it off, and it was as wide as the jeep wheel base, so I low-gearied my little "tank" and walked it down the almost vertical sides and crawled it back to the
top where the road picked up again.

Those forest boys had used a Power Wagon! They should have known better! You can’t “talk” to a Power Wagon, like you can a short-wheel-base jeep. I kept remembering some of the idiotic photographs one of the “task forces” had taken as “proof” of “no damage” on our land, showing pictures with nothing in the background to prove where they were taken, like a “twig with a girder” in it on the “Shoecraft land”, or a “healthy grape vine” said to be photographed on a man’s land who had no grape vine! So to prevent any slight similarity to such stupidity, I took my long photo shots with a landmark in the background and then kept moving in on the subject, so there would be no question as to where I took the picture, showing the damage done to the area, or the plants, by these herbicides. There is a miner over there somewhere who had a white paper with the legal description of his claim stuck in a can high back in the Superstition area. Photographed it, streaked with mud, as one more bit of proof. The samples I brought out were tested, and found to contain Silvex, 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T.

I also learned the Forest Service found 210 pounds of cyanide in the Wilderness Area, which is enough to kill more than just a few thousand people! And no one as yet has been able to find where it really came from! Or who ordered it! I even called the FBI, but if you think a little thing like 210 pounds of cyanide is going to upset them, forget it! They’re too busy, I guess, hunting “people wanted” or trimming their nails, or something! I was informed by them that since the “Superstition Wilderness” area was part of the Forest Service, it was really no concern of theirs. So watch where you step out there, looking for the Dutchman’s Gold!

So when I learned in September that the Forest Service was now planning to burn the adjacent area, in spite of the regulations “do not burn if sprayed”, in spite of the letter which said there would be “no burning until the fall of 1970”, in spite of my desperate trips into the area to show them they had damaged one of the most legendary areas in the world, I again headed over the mountains in the direction of the Supervisor’s office in Phoenix, with his letter in my hand. No jeep this time, the Blue Toronado gets there faster! I insisted on seeing what documents or agreements were in effect that had cancelled the “good faith” letter I had with me. So out came the records, and a “cooperative agreement” contract with Salt River Project that contained additional information which contradicted a few more things! It listed 7 areas in the Tonto that were scheduled for burning in just a few days, it further showed instead of a 50-50 agreement, Salt River Project was financing almost seven-eighths of the cost to burn these watersheds! I also obtained a list of the chemical treatment areas scheduled for the Spring, and our name appeared on that list, along with four which were adjacent to the Wilderness areas, although we’d been told they were not going to spray us again!

So there, in writing, was the proof of at least 5 more lies!

I knew that none of us, or our canyons, could survive another spraying, and I didn’t want my Wilderness to have to try. I learned a long time ago that when you’re outnumbered by your opponent in membership or size, you have to use other methods to whip him. And you start by finding his vulnerable spot. I also learned a long time ago that anyone who lies has more than one “vulnerable spot”. Add to this the fact that anyone who would take advantage of us when our backs were to the wall would of necessity be a coward. So that’s a good starting point. The next thing is to locate a few of his fears and Salt River Project and the Forest Service fear bad publicity. They keep a full time 48 hour a day staff who do nothing but publicize their extensive plans for setting aside, looking after, and maintaining the “Wilderness Areas”. Their pious attitude causes those of us who know “another side of the story” to turn away in disgust from the false propaganda that sometimes gets too deep to wade through. Like an ad in the TV guide by Salt River Project, which reads: “Our only reason for being is to help make Arizona a prettier, happier, more prosperous place to live!”

So I studied that ad, read another item in the newspaper which stated that Salt River Project had agreed to “plan with the state” and that the President of Salt River Project, Mr. Corbell, had said there would be no more “watershed programs” carried out without a few departments being advised of what they were doing.

When I learned of the proposed plan to burn the area in question, I checked and nobody seemed to know about all this “plan of destruction” but myself and the rangers. So, through all the fog and smoke, I began to see their very glaring and very exposed “Achilles’ heel” (Achilles never had to handle any “heels” like this bunch!)

The odds that a couple of people learning about this “broken truce” might cause them to “stop, desist and quit” was too far fetched for even old faithful believer in miracles me. But I counted on a sure thing that Salt River Project and the Forest Service would be stuck with sheer terror at the idea of several million Americans finding out via the “news media” that they were endangering a Wilderness area with fire after messing it up with chemicals, even if that wilderness area was located in Arizona.

At that particular time 20th Century Fox was filming part of the
The movie, “The Great White Hope” in Globe. One of the men in charge, Bill Vanegas, had been so impressed with the devastation which he had seen, and with the deformed and paralyzed animals, that he had offered to help us. He had filmed a short movie of the area, and had taken numerous photographs for us. James Earl Jones, the star of the picture, had visited my home and stated that he believed the ultimate problem of the entire world would be that of pollution of the environment, that it may become so critical even war or integration problems will have to be set aside because of the necessity for all men to join hands to save not only a small town in Ohio, or a country across the ocean, but the entire world. James Earl Jones knows first hand many of the problems of the environment because he has made himself aware of them, and he is aware of the problems of integration, for he is black.

The small radio station which my husband owns and operates has won several news awards over the years. This is the first one which we built, and when I say “built”, I mean just that. I helped haul the equipment, and he and our engineer put it together. He has been in radio since he was seventeen. The loss of both legs never slowed down his beautiful voice, or his abilities as one of the most outstanding radio personalities in the state. And on that particular day, in September 1969, I specifically remembered how many “firsts” he had covered with his newscasting, and how many times he had been able to get those new items or stories on Monitor. One of the eleven awards in the entire United States given by the Associated Press in 1968, was hanging on his wall, for “outstanding news service”.

So I decided it was time to win another award! And what better way than to cover another “first”? This one was a cinch never to have been covered before — for who ever heard of setting fire to over 2,000 acres of desert and mountains, and heading the fire in the direction of a wilderness area, where no fire lines had been cut, and no borders established? And who was going to light the fuse? The very boys supposed to keep things like that from happening — the United States Forest Service!

One of their publications describes a few of the ways these fires called “controlled burns” are set. Under “firing methods” I read:

“... Our main tools (for setting a fire) now include napalm grenades, grenade launchers, very pistols, fuseses, handheld butane torches, large butane weed burners, and electrically detonated grenades”. My only comment when I finished that sentence was, “The hell you say!” After reading this article, I checked the title of the publication again, because I thought I had picked up my copy of “weapons for counterinsurgency: chemical, biological, anti-personnel, incendiary,” or the one I got from the Adjutant General when no one else could get it, entitled “Employment of Riot Control Agents, Flame, Smoke, anti-plant agencies and personnel detectors in Counterguerilla Operations” but I hadn’t. This was a US Forest Service publication entitled “Chaparral Conversion on the Tonto National Forest”, and that’s MY forest! It even contained some pictures of them burning around a recreation area and all over the damn place, after they had sprayed 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T where I used to go javelina hunting!

My first call had been to Mr. Shoecraft, so he could get ready to start the news wheels rolling all the way across the country. My second one was to call Mr. Vanegas and to say we again needed him and his movie machine — this time to film what might turn out to be a real “first” in history: for if this “controlled burn” had a mind of its own, and didn’t stop on the edge of the Wilderness, because no borders were established or fire lines cut, it might be the first time the Forest Service actually set fire to a Wilderness area. Mr. Vanegas could also see the possibilities of a pretty big news story on film, and was anxious to be included. Then I thought it would be polite and proper to enlighten not only the Forest Service personnel, but also the Salt River Project of our plans to make them all quite famous — or infamous. Since it was the President of Salt River Project, who had been quoted in the news release relative to “planning with the State” etc., he is the gentleman I called — the President himself.

And I will always admire him very much. After informing me he was not aware of this projected plan, he asked very basic questions such as where, what and when. Upon learning it was scheduled to be started within a few days, his remark was that he guessed we’d both “better hurry”. I had already done my “hurrying”, so all I had to do was wait until morning. A call came in from the radio station the next morning that several gentlemen were there to see me; I was on the movie set for the “Great White Hope” pinning some hair on my head to make up for a lot of mine which had fallen out, and being grateful at least that I was the “extra” who got to wear one of Debbie Reynolds’ dresses for “How The West Was Won” because I was the only one little enough to get it on!

So the “gentlemen” had to wait until I hung up the pretty dress and got back into my Levi’s and boots. When I arrived at the Radio Station, I was greeted by half the Forest Service officials from the Regional Office yet! I don’t know what planes they caught out of Albuquerque, but Mr. Corbell, President of the Salt River Project, must have made one helluva loud noise the night before to have been heard clear over there!
I didn't waste any time being coy, or pretending surprise at their visit, and neither did they. By this time, all of them had learned I never used the system of "idle threats" to accomplish whatever I set out to do; that if I said, "we will probably get this whole thing on Monitor", we probably would get it on Monitor. So their approach to me was more or less to assure me that although they had once more been caught in a lot of lies or misrepresentations, they were indeed sorry (for having been caught!) and would like to avoid any further embarrassment to themselves. So I requested a letter of explanation, a news release to the Associated Press, and to the newspapers, stating they would "stop, desist and quit" burning or "chemicalling" anywhere, and a promise to behave themselves for a little while! They furnished these things to me, but I was also learning that broken promises or violated regulations really meant very little to them, as long as they were not exposed. The exposure was all they apparently regretted, or feared, and this was one of my biggest disillusionments, I guess, for any man who displays his own apparent integrity only under these conditions really has none.

The date of this occurrence was September 30, 1969.

On September 13, 1970, the Phoenix paper carried an article by Ben Avery, entitled: "Cry a Little for Arizona". It tells of the flood which visited our state the week before in the area of Tonto Creek, and East Verde and Christopher and Sycamore... and of the devastation left behind which was so great that the President of the United States designated it as a "disaster area". Many lives were lost in addition to millions of dollars in property damage. Some of the damage can be repaired, like a bridge, or a barn, or a store: the loss of a life is forever, even if it's only a tree. Many of the areas are where "watershed treatments" have been so heavy, as used by the Salt River Project, and the Forest Service, with chemicals and fire.

One news release, before me, dated 5 years prior to this tragedy, states the Salt River Project and the Forest Service cooperative watershed program is to begin. The areas named are Tonto Basin, Sycamore Creek, Pine Mountain, Conner Canyon.

The area slated to be burned in October, 1969, or sprayed again, with chemicals, in the spring and fall of 1970, also included the names Tonto Basin, Sycamore Creek, Pine Mountain, Conner Canyon. But their plans were stopped. And I will always wonder if maybe the devastation or even the loss of life in the Labor Day Flood might have been even greater had those areas been burned or exposed to more chemical treatments in 1969 and 1970. Many of the trees went down and many of the bridges washed away and many of those who loved the great good earth just as you and I, went with them; but maybe there's just one person out there somewhere who will cast a fish line in some other stream, or watch another sunset because of a movie maker named Bill Vanegas, and an individual who put her seven league boots back on again, after stepping out of a dress designed for Debbie Reynolds over in the "extra's" tent, and said to herself: "This may not be the way the west was won, but it damn well sure is the only way a few of us are going to hang on to it, and a lot of other hunks of ground out there known as America!"

"THE PESTICIDE UN-CONTROL BOARD"

The title "Arizona Board of Pesticide Control" sounds very impressive. If anyone had asked me prior to June 1969, who the members of this board were, I would have quickly answered they were a group of dedicated men who were concerned over the use or misuse of pesticides, that part of their concern covered the exposure of crop-pickers or me to any pesticide, and that they would be trained to know which ones were dangerous. I believed these would be men trained to know at least as much as I about these chemicals. I thought the word "control" meant not only did they have the power to "control" someone from spraying any damn thing they wanted to spray just any old place, any old time, but that it also included, if not a desire, at least an assertion that they would use that power when necessary to enforce the law. If that is the connotation associated in your mind with their title and the word "control", forget it! You won't find this bunch in your Funk and Wagnall's or your "Save the Earth" book, either!

So, I've had to add a few new meanings to some words as they apply to this particular group of men, or place the letters "DNATG" after some of their rules or regulations. ("Does Not Apply To Globe").

The meaning I have formulated for their use of the word "control" is that they will endeavor to "control" any knowledge of the true danger of pesticides from reaching the public, that they will use that power of "control" to discriminate between who is guilty or not guilty of a violation among the various applicators without conducting hearings, if they (or the Board Administrator) so desire, and that they will supervise the "control" regulations to make certain of the recommended and continued use of pesticides to favor, in some instances of the Board members, their own personal financial interests.
The three members forming the Arizona Commission of Agriculture and Horticulture, whose chairman automatically becomes Chairman of the Pesticide Control Board, are the following men, appointed by the Governor, not elected:

Norman Pretzer: Owner of a cattle ranch and prominent farmer near Phoenix, past president of his county Farm Bureau. Also served on the Board of Directors of the Arizona Farm Bureau Federation, member of Arizona Commission of Agriculture & Horticulture, presently on the Board of Directors of the Arizona Cotton Growers Association, member of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association.

Howard Moore: A "prominent rancher in the Yuma, Arizona" area.

R.M. Hess: Who, the news release states, is sometimes referred to as "Mr. Citrus of Arizona", being the owner of large citrus groves in Arizona and California.

A few of the duties outlined for these men who sounded like representatives of the opposition, included: "To assure primary responsibility, for implementation of statutes and agency rules relating to the application of pesticides, and exercising disciplinary authority in accordance with the law."

I armed myself with a set of Arizona Pesticide Rules and Regulations and a copy of House Bill 311 enacted in 1968 which appears to make it a law that there are to be nine members on this Pesticide Board, one of whom is to be a rancher, one a farmer, one a cotton grower, one a bug man, one an alfalfa and feed grower, one a citrus grower, one a dairyman, and finally, "one representative of the general public not connected with agriculture". And since it doesn't specify what the chairman has to be, he could be a rancher, cotton grower, seed-feeder, lettuce, corn and pea farmer, citrus grower or president of a chemical company!

This damn bill makes funnier reading than H. Allan Smith's "Low Man on the Totem Pole", with such things as "penalty of five dollars", "applicant for license must demonstrate familiarity of insects and pesticides" (Just how familiar can one get with an insect?). Finally on Page 7, after clipping along with fierce sounding words, we hit the "persons exempt", and when they get through with that list, there's nobody left to "control"! It's just that damn simple! If they don't like a man and want to put him out of business in favor of some other crop duster, they can find phrases in there to use for that purpose. But if some friend or agency (such as the Salt River Project) commits a violation, and gets caught in their own spray-kit, they can also find an excuse or two to let him go. I never did find that "representative of the general public", but I did find

"Mr. Citrus of Arizona and California" to interview. After that particular interview, I realized if he was representative of the other members, except that one lone "general public representative", standing with or against them, that one man wouldn't even make a ripple along the shoreline of their business interests!

His name is Mr. Hess, and he turned out to be the new chairman of both the Pesticide Control Board and the Arizona Commission of Agriculture & Horticulture. He is former chairman of the Desert Grapefruit Administration as an appointee of the United States Secretary of Agriculture, representing both Arizona and California growers.

He was also chairman of the Price Control Board during World War II, in Phoenix, and served on the Pesticide Advisory Committee as an appointee of Senator Fannin (author of that "limited power for Salt River Project" bill) when he was still "Governor Fannin". He is presently on the Board of Directors of the Central Citrus Company, growing citrus in Arizona and California. His concluding statement in an official news release had been: "Arizona will need to stay informed and alert at all times on pesticide issues occurring throughout the nation."

When I see that word "nation", I always automatically think it means my nation, which consists of this entire big, wonderful, "I ain't gonna let nobody spoil it" country of mine I call America. But I guess there are those whose scope of interest doesn't reach any farther than their own back yard, or their citrus crops on the south forty. At any rate, I interviewed Mr. Hess just 10 days after this flag-waving statement, and here are some of the high points of that interview:

When I asked what his views were relative to the use of pesticides, he used such answers as "The public has gone overboard on the subject of pesticides, this ecology thing is a lot of hysteria..." "...the facts don't bear out some of the statements concerning the perils that exist in use of pesticides..." (Good new title! I must remember that one...) "Perils of Pesticides"! instead of "Pauline", who was my rabbit that is dead now of poisoning from pesticides!"

I asked about DDT, and he informed me there was no proof that DDT is harmful to humans, and that the country would suffer from damage by insects not controlled by DDT. But his final argument for DDT was "to prevent Malaria" (which is rather an assinine argument for it in America in 1970!) and that although he admitted there were many substitutes which could be used: "The widespread use of anything else would be prohibitive because of the cost."

About that time, I recalled his statement relative to the necessity
of being "informed and alert about the pesticide issues". When I asked him about the pesticides known as 2-4D and related herbicides, his first answer was "I am not familiar with the herbicides..." (Why, Mr. Hess! "Enlarging fruit size" and "degreening of citrus" is one of their biggest uses!) Although he was the new director for the whole state, I asked him a few real easy ones, like whether this 2-4D group was used in the Phoenix valley. His reply, "I don't know." Or in the citrus groves? "I don't know." Or whether the rules for application, insurance, etc., were the same for DDT as they are for 2-4D (which they are not), "I don't know...could be." I asked his opinion of using phenoxy herbicides. His comment, "Can't comment. I'm not familiar with them." Why aren't you, Mr. Hess? I learned about their use and I'm not Chairman of the Pesticide Control Board! He further informed me that the hazard as far as DDT was concerned (which really seemed to be the only one he cared to discuss) would be "an economical danger more than a health danger".

I remember again his statement relative to remaining "alert and informed nationally" on all pesticide matters. By then, the subject of Globe and 2,4,5-T had encircled the world and survived two hearings, one of them in Washington, and had played quite a role in the firing of a few members even in the USDA, FDA, and HEW ranks. (Even Dr. Harry Hayes, head of the Pesticide Regulation Division of the USDA had been removed, He's the one in the USDA to whom Dr. Bates had told the tale of woe relative to deformities and 2,4,5-T back during the testing time, but he (Dr. Hayes) forgot to tell anyone else, it appeared.)

I asked this new chairman who lives only 90 miles from Globe such questions as whether he was familiar with the findings in Globe. His reply, "No, I'm not." Whether he was aware of the hearings or findings in Washington. His reply, "No, I'm not." When I asked if he had even known there were any hearings held in Washington or anywhere else on the 2,4,5-T, he replied that the only hearing he knew about had been the one on DDT held in Phoenix several years ago.

The administrator of the Pesticide Control Board at the time of the catastrophe in Globe was Bob Rayburn. When I attempted to get him to at least check on a few of the facts I was giving him, he showed less concern than the Mayor of Globe! He finally told me if I could show him that negligence was involved, then he would move right in with at least his second team. So I excitedly called him about the new additions to my long list of "no-no's" which included "leaky booms when they knew it because the new ones were still sitting

where they left them", "kept no weather records", "went right on spraying for three days after I told them what was happening without even checking", "sprayed right on our heads and picnic areas and everything", "wrong stuff in the cans". But all Mr. Rayburn did was nothing, and all he said was that it would be hard to prove", and that it would be a matter "for attorneys to argue about" (and I hadn't sued anybody then!) He also informed me that the "Salt River Project is part of the Federal Government" which they are not! So the private helicopter outfit who violated many of the rules and regulations, including the one of no special insurance for these particular herbicides, is still happily spraying all over hell!

Mr. Rayburn found time to dash to another area in Arizona where a malfunctioning plane accidently spilled herbicides in a field, and 502 sheep later entered the field and died. I was also told by the owner of this small crop dusting outfit who was in the hospital getting an eye transplant at the time of the accident, that Mr. Rayburn had said he was going to shut his operation down even before he had a hearing.

As I review these members and relatives of the "Pesticide Un-Control Board", all I can add is "The State Department, or the chemical companies, could sure use all of you!"

**EQUAL RIGHTS, HELL!**

And just in case someone thinks I would grab the first podium available and start talking up a storm for "equal rights for women," forget it!

Just because I've been doing a job in the previous chapters of complaining and laying bare some of my own dissatisfactions with a few other members of the human race, and they happen so far to be male, doesn't mean that! I have all the equal rights I want, and so does any other female that has enough brains to really be a female — not a facsimile of one.

I have another book in rough draft form, called simply "Women Are a Mess" — and so far I think I have one million two hundred and eighty thousand advance sales — all to men! — It covers what I consider wrong (and again my own personal opinions) with that overfed, overpaid, overindulged part of the human race called "woman", and covers everything from her mythical "halo of motherhood" to sex! Why should a woman be the one to get all the alimony, just because she's been so "courageous" as to bring half a dozen
children into the world? And even if she’s only one step above a prostitute, it seems the judge always gives her custody of the children. Who says a father couldn’t love them just as much or more? A woman can shop for a man on the open market, and know what she’s getting. She can tell by the job, the car, the clothes, and watching some man be a big spender. But a man takes a gamble every time! He does it blind. No way of knowing whether she’ll squander every dime he makes on candy, magazines and TV dinners only…whether she’ll really take care of the kids he hopes to have, or even whether she’ll keep her hair combed and her face washed a week after they’re married.

As far as the myth of her being the all-time romantic of the century as she’s pictured in most movies — forget it! Nine times out of ten if the romance blows up before marriage, or he dies right after, her “undying love till the end of time” could be summed up in the over worked phrase “till the sands in the desert grow cold” — and in Arizona, that’s from about 6:00 AM until dark, even in the summer time! But a man, bless his big, beautiful sentimental misunderstood heart, may truly mean it when he says to some starry-eyed doll that just broke his heart “I’ll never get over you” — and carry her image the rest of his life through a dozen other loves and marriages!

And just in case any woman might also read this book I’m writing now, or the other one, the men are waiting for, I’ve read “Freud” too!

And the reason I’m taking such a swing at some particular members of the male species, or throwing words around in a book about the “you wait on me, I’m helpless” American female isn’t because of some jealousy hang-up, or that I’ve been deprived of male company, due to some unfeminine trait! Honey, I believe in femininity all the way! The whole bit! The perfume, mini dresses or whatever else makes a woman look good. (Notice I said “makes her look good”, not “what’s in style!”)

I believe in a woman being a woman, all the way! But I also believe she can be one whether she’s in a pair of tight fitting work stained Levi’s, or a chiffon night gown (or none at all!) And that she can still be very feminine (but not just female!) and carry her end of the work load walking beside a man, not crowding in front, or dragging behind, so he has to carry her on his back! And if there are times she can’t stand the way things are, I believe in her having enough guts to do something about it!

There’s nothing I think is so great as that magnificent, tremendous fabulous creature on God’s earth called “man”! A man is 9 feet tall, but I have my own standards I measure him by, and it has nothing to do with his height! I’ve thought they were the greatest thing around since I was five, and hope to think so for a long time yet (unless these phenoxy herbicides wipe us both out!). A real man to me doesn’t necessarily mean a hairy chest and a physique like Atlas (not that these are drawbacks, either!) But he’s someone with a brain a yard wide, and uses it to think with; he will stand up and be counted when the chips are down, but won’t lead with his chin when he doesn’t need to; that knows how to separate the big things from the little, and saves his energy for those. And somewhere along the line, he hangs onto a dream or two, putting integrity above a job, knowing it’s more important for him to like himself when a job is finished than to seek the approval of everyone else. I’ve been real lucky in my life. I’ve known some men like that. Maybe that’s because I’ve stayed awake in this world, not just had my eyes open.

Some of them have worn business suits, some have worn Levis, a few have worn uniforms stamped US Forest Service; some have been dressed in grease stained mechanics overalls; one was a great surgeon whom I heard say when he re-built my son’s face, after an auto accident, “that’s all I can do — the rest is up to that Guy Upstairs” — and they both did a great job!

There was one man who was a scissors grinder, 70 years old, who would find his way to my house every spring. He worked his way from somewhere in Alabama to California. He had no teeth, and he showed me how to make a grater out of a coffee lid — to grind the cucumber he ate every morning for his health. He would leave me with enough philosophy to last an entire year.

Another was an Indian with long braids, beads and buckskin — the whole bit! He came once a year from Gallup, and would bring me something wonderful to add to my indian jewelry. He called me “An Albino Cherokee”, only he said it in Indian, and there’s no way to write it! My Indian belt has 115 individual turquoise stones and it’s mine because I was the first white woman that all the conchas touched when I put it on. My great grand mother was a Cherokee, so my love for all Indians runs deep.

Once I went hunting with some of the Indians on the San Carlos Reservation, including the Chairman of the Tribal Council, Clarence Wesley. I “picked off” two wild pigs (Javelinas) with 2 shots from my .30-30 with no scope; (one of them was running) at a distance of about 300 yards. That’s just about as far as a .30-.30 will reach Indians usually don’t swear, but Clarence said, “that’s damn good shooting! Damn good shooting, even for a man!” I’d already told them if we got anything I would make them haul it in for me. There’s
nothing an Indian cares about less, than a Javelina! I had been standing on the ground when I fired and my Indian pony headed home at the sound of the first shot, and never stopped. So I rode back with one of the Indian boys and they kidded Clarence all the way in, because he had to haul my pigs. (Never knew what they really said, for it was all Apache!) I barbecued the pigs for about 24 hours — and we had a real pig “luau.” I later gave up hunting; not that I think it’s wrong, it’s just wrong for me to hunt when I feel as I do now about those creatures out there that are getting more scarce all the time. And the only time I’d fire a rifle now would be if it were necessary to defend myself, or someone else I loved.

Once about 15 years ago, when I barbecued some Javelina, long and slow, and real fine, the Governor was in town. (Not the one we have now, whom I love very much as a person, but am very angry with as a Governor!) It was former Governor Howard Pyle, and since he was a friend, it was just automatic that he come for dinner. The sheriff was also there — he was one of the kind that grew up in the west, and whose mother held her ranch house against a raid by Pancho Villa — and shot two of his men dead on the front porch. Then there were a couple of my Indians, and one Mexican, “Little Joe” from the county jail, who had been helping me haul rocks all day. On this particular evening when the Sheriff came, little Joe was cleaned up and reclining on the patio. We called the county jail “The Hotel” and if one of the boys was helping me, we in turn would be helping him to get out sooner and have some money ahead to “rehabilitate” himself. So the “Hotel Management” allowed us to feed them supper before we’d check him back in at night. The Sheriff took one look at him and commented that his “prisoner” looked like he had a much better situation than he did! I’ll never forget that meal. I had made the dining room table out of an old oak round table, but the base wasn’t finished, so it was sitting about 12 inches from the floor, on cement blocks, covered with green branches around the entire base, so one saw the blocks. And everyone thought it was a brand new design I had dreamed up! I was afraid to tell the Governor (or the Indians who didn’t eat Javelina) what we were having for the main course. So they all thought until now that it was the “best and most tender beef they ever ate!”

We later got Little Joe out of jail for keeps. He had spent much of his young life there, for the crime of being drunk and no job (or no job and drunk)! He lived with us for three years and now he’s a cabinet maker and painting contractor. He was the one alcoholic I ever knew out of the many who crossed our paths, and stayed a little while sometimes, who really made it. We didn’t “rehabilitate” him, which to me is a disgusting, condescending word; he did it himself, but I’m sure the love we gave him helped a lot. He called me “Miss Billee” — my little sister.”

There was another man named Clarence, and I do mean “man”: He was 84, and I guess his skin was very black. Everyone said it was; I never noticed, He was my gardener, and we always ate lunch together. Before we ate, he always prayed. When he prayed, it was long and loud and beautiful. You knew he was speaking to a friend, not an acquaintance when you heard him pray, I learned a lot from Clarence. I remember once he said, “Miss Billee, have you ever thought about it that God might be black?” — and I said not really, and he gave me one of the greatest compliments of my life, He said, “It wouldn’t make any difference to you if He was, would it?” And I guess I had a lump in my throat when I answered, “No, Clarence, it wouldn’t.”

He gave remarkable bits of practical philosophies, so true and beautiful in their simplicity; like the time he said “You can’t help it, Miss Billee, because you’re white, anymore than I can because I’m black. And they keep telling you white people to learn to love us, but they forgot to tell the black man he’s got to learn you can’t help it because you’re white, and he’ll have to learn to love you — and when they get that job done, both ways, then there won’t be no more fuss about integration.”

If Clarence ever suffered from any feeling of being mistreated as a human being on this earth because he was Black, he never let it show, and neither did I. This was written for Clarence:

What is the color of God’s face?
I do not know... For He is everyplace...
I do not need to look for Him
For everywhere I turn, His eyes look out at me
In every face I see... in every flower
And tree... and mountain stream
That reaches for the sea...
Sometimes His hands are dark... or often they may be
Much lighter than my own...
What is the color of God’s face? I do not know...
I only know
I do not need to look for Him...
But sometimes I am sure
That He must look for me!
"THE SIERRA STICK"

File C-24 is under the heading of "The spraying of Globe, Arizona, and what the Phoenix branch of the Sierra Club did about it", and I find this outfit deserves less space in my book than the Governor or his Beauty Commission. The actions of this particular group in no way altered my belief that the Sierra Club was founded and operates on a high level of honor and integrity.

To my knowledge, no trips were made to our area by this much publicized "save every damn thing in sight" bunch of individuals in Arizona to view the damage caused by these chemicals in 1969, although their help had been requested by us. I even gave them the benefit of the doubt, telling myself: "Maybe they're not capable of realizing that a small mountain town 100 miles distant from their own great big Salt River Valley is still part of Arizona, and therefore a part of America."

Although they appear to be more interested in such glamorous projects as "saving phreatophytes" in our state, (and that ain't chapparal), or creating a new primitive area, I still thought I had a real winner which they couldn't possibly ignore when I made available to them the photographs and actual samples of plant life damaged by herbicides from the very famous and legendary Superstition Wilderness Area. Part of my documents contained a map and application rates and dates showing chemicals had been applied to the area described by the Forest Service as "adjacent to" the wilderness border (and I discovered later no surveyed borders had ever been established for this area!) But although they apparently had no time or enough interest to visit us, they rode into the hills with the Forest Service for a picnic or two in the opposite direction to view a few sections of land that must be the only area in Arizona where any of that grass seed germinated which the Forest Service so happily and obligingly planted for the ranchers! It's called "Brushy Basin", and aesthetically, it looks like hell!

They even found time and money ($20,000.00 for a bond!) to get an injunction against some tree cutting in a river bottom, which took them right through our town and 70 miles beyond just to get there! (Maybe they flew down and by-passed us entirely!) They've probably done a lot of great things, but I guess they now have some new kind of "environmental image" that they must maintain, and they're not "programmed" for a place named Globe, Arizona, with its very unglamorous occurrences surrounding a handful of hill people, fighting for their land and lives. If a project shows up that's big and politically approved in Arizona, give them a ring. But if it isn't, don't count on them in the clinches! It was their lack of any concrete help and failure to even make any firm stand against these herbicides in Arizona which caused me to mentally chop off the Phoenix branch and rename them the "Sierra Stick" for I don't believe they've earned the right to the name of this proud organization. I do not picture them carrying a club to defend a couple of things I've found worthy of defending. In fact, as far as Globe was concerned, they didn't use anything tougher than a very small twig to whip any of the state or federal agencies into any kind of action. So like the Irishman from Killarney, I said, "Write that name down. Now draw a line through it!", and file C-24 helped fill the wastebasket.

"THE ADJUTANT GENERAL"

On the morning of November 6, 1969, I was awakened very early by the phone call of a friend who said "Wait until you see the editorial page this morning in the Arizona Republic", to which I replied, "You know there's no newspaper delivery up this canyon! So how can I read it?" I wondered what new 'plan of attack' the Phoenix paper was now using to discredit our claims of damage to us and our area due to the Forest Service and Salt River Project spraying with these defoliant chemicals, one of which was 2,4,5-T.

The friend said, "Okay. I'll read it. You'd better sit down, though, for I think the whole world just got into your act on the defoliant 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T." The voice read me the heading: "Chemical Sprays in Vietnam Another Kind of Massacre", and the authors of this enlightening, though frightening article were Frank Mankiewicz and Tom Braden, and it was straight out of Washington, D. C.

That was the first admittance we had that the chemicals used in Globe were the same as those being used in Vietnam. This article also referred to the Bionetics study regarding the testing of these chemicals, and stated that these tests had produced fetal malformations as high as "90% and beyond...", and that the "possibility of fetal malformations in humans from contact with this chemical is unknown..."

The first paragraph was very alarming. It had been known for three years that these chemicals could cause deformed births in test animals "At a rate of 100%''. The chemicals had been developed at Fort Detrich, Maryland, during World War II. After adding that 2,4,5-T had been removed from the domestic market in the United States (which it has not), the lengthy article concluded with "not since the
Romans salted the land after destroying Carthage has a nation taken pains to visit the war on future generations.

There were many questions which raised their heads, number one being, why was this same damned stuff being sprayed right here on top of us in my big beautiful country of the U.S.A. which I love with all my heart (try me sometime to find out how much!) just like it was being used against the enemy in Vietnam. The second question didn’t come until later, which was why, when the results regarding deformities were known as early as 1966 did somebody wait until 1969 to tell the world about it?

Another paragraph impressed me very much, about an Army Training Circular TC-3-16, dated April 1969, (So that made it pretty recent!) which describes the use of these chemicals as war agents. This included the one named “orange”, a half and half mixture on 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T. I checked the “work sheets” which I had obtained from the USFS by badgering and chasing and prodding them. These showed the same half and half mixture had been used on us, in fact, some showed more of the 2,4,5-T than 2,4-D.

The analysis sheets were flowing in at a pretty good rate showing residues of 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex. The Forest Service had denied that these were the chemicals used as “anti-plant agents” in Vietnam when I’d asked them earlier. The news media bewailed the fact that the U.S. Defense Department was using 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T in Vietnam, but none of them back in November 1969 gave a damn, it seemed, that they were also being used in areas of the U.S., including Globe, Arizona.

The following are excerpts from some of these news stories:

L. A. Times, November 1969: “South Vietnamese... malformed babies... birth defects. U.S. Defoliation program... might well lead to malformations such as the diminution of mental capacity...”

London Sunday Times Service, November 30, 1969: “Defoliant (2,4-D, 2,4,5-T) likened to thalidomide... Saigon newspapers have reported the birth of many deformed babies... prominent biologist says he has letters from anguished Vietnamese saying that women have given birth to monsters.” This article also stated that the number of abnormal births in Vietnam was increasing so rapidly that the files on deformed babies had been classified by the health department as “secret”.

A United Press International news release on December 28, 1969 reported: “Viet herbicides may cause birth defects... identified herbicides as 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T...” This article referred to a meeting of the American Association for Advancement of Science (AAAS) in Boston and stated that the scientists had said there was the possibility that these chemicals 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T were causing birth deformities in infants of expectant mothers, and they were urging that the Defense Department immediately cease using them.

One article entitled “Defoliant Link to Defects” in the Examiner, Sycamore, New York on December 13, 1969, refers to Congressman Richard McCarthy stating that the same defoliant used in Vietnam had caused deformities in rats in government experiments and that Congressman McCarthy also mentions reports of Vietnamese civilians living in defoliated areas giving birth to deformed babies. The same article reported that McCarthy had disclosed not only had the United States been using defoliants in Vietnam, but our country was one of the three nations voting in the minority in December 1969 on a resolution passed by the United Nations that a ban on defoliants be included in the Geneva Protocol. (I guess Congressman McCarthy was pretty upset about herbicides even before he came to Globe after we called him!)

The Los Angeles Herald Examiner on December 11, 1969, carried a U.P.I. release from the United Nations entitled “Chemical Warfare Illegal”, and stated that the United Nations’ General Assembly’s main political committee had declared as being “illegal” the wartime use of any chemical or bacteriological weapons (including the defoliants 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T) and the United States’ desire to continue using these chemicals was supported by only two countries, Australia and Portugal. Fifty-eight nations voted against their use. (If I had been there armed only with the meager information on the damaging effect of these chemicals which I had gathered by that time, and had heard those representing my country arguing to continue using defoliants while 58 other countries declared their use illegal, I would have cried!)

The Medical Tribune on 12-22-69 carried the story the United Nations had made public a report that defoliants were described as “potentially lethal” and “possibly genetically harmful”. The report, prepared by 18 scientists of W.H.O. (World Health Organization), included a warning that these defoliants (2,4-D and 2,4,5-T) might “cause severe damage to the developing fetus” and that aside from this possibility of fetus damage, the mass destruction of plant life could tip the “ecologic balance toward catastrophe”.

A member of the Division of Entomology, National Institute of Agricultural Sciences, Tokyo, Japan, stated that the spraying by the United States Armed Forces of defoliants 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T began in South Vietnam in 1965 (“Science” November 1968) and that the Ecological Society of Japan at their 15th General Meeting held on June 2, 1968, had demanded that the United States immediately stop the use of herbicides and forest burning in Vietnam. They based this demand on beliefs as scientists that the use of these herbicides could cause serious damage to human beings, animals, and property, with
possible extermination of some species.

In a recent interview with Dr. Fred Tschirley, USDA, I inquired whether he had consulted any of these scientists during or after his visits to Vietnam and Cambodia and he replied that he had not, so I don’t know how Japan feels about the United States continuing to use defoliants in Vietnam.

The report by the Midwest Research Institute admitted the danger that due to high temperatures and humidity, there could be rapid erosion of organic matter in the soil which could cause lateritic barrens to be made of the forest areas.

The Baltimore Sun carried a dispatch from Saigon (1-15-67) stating these defoliants used in Vietnam had not only damaged the vegetation there, but also the bird life had been severely altered, since the insects were also killed.

Also, this same month of November 1969, there was a U.P.I. release headed “Epidemic Hits Dogs in Vietnam”, and the symptoms of the disease, which was called “an obscure blood disease” and “ideopathic hemorrhagic syndrome”, appeared identical to those described by various dog-owners in our own area of Globe after the spraying in June 1969. The symptoms described in the news release from Saigon included “uncontrollable bleeding...eyes...nose...other body openings...and internal organs...and even under the skin...hemorrhaging is prolonged.” The incidence of death of the dogs was listed as 438 out of 1,000.

And since the Department of Defense is apparently well-trained in attempting to cover logical conclusions, the news release stated “At first, the army suspected the disease was caused by poisoning, perhaps from the defoliants used in Vietnam. However, research...in Washington...ruled out toxicants.” A short time later, I interviewed one of the young men who had returned from this particular area of Vietnam (Long Binh) and asked him specifically about their use of the defoliants and the effect on the dogs. He informed me that he had witnessed the death of many of the dogs, and the cause had been attributed to these herbicides. He also stated that the Vietnamese had also complained about their effect on the cattle. I referred to the news release by Dr. DuBridge, science advisor to the President, and his “alibi” regarding the use of the herbicides 2,4,5-T in South Vietnam which he said had “resulted in reducing greatly the number of ambushes, thus saving lives”, and asked the young man if the enemy were made visible to him, might it not also make him more visible to the enemy? He replied he didn’t understand why any of it (defoliating) was done, because they only went out at night when it was too dark for a few leaves to make any difference in seeing anything anyway!

A little later, one of the toxicology research papers I obtained noted the following:

“2,4-D (2, 4-Dichlorophenoxyacetic Acid) — The mamalian pharmacology is not well characterized...as a general rule, the LD50 ranged from 300 to 700mg/kg...in all species tested with the exception of the dog, which may be more susceptible. The toxic syndrome...has been studied particularly in dogs...”

The symptoms listed included:

“Myotonia and ataxia”
“Muscular weakness of the hind limbs”
“If death is delayed, motor disturbances become evident.”
“In subacute poisoning, anorexia (loss of appetite) and irritation of the nose and eyes accompanied by cepestoïs (hemorrhaging from the nose) and bleading from the mouth...”

I wonder if the Adjutant General in the Department of Defense even knew about any of these toxicology studies? Probably not. I don’t know how old Kenneth G. Wickham, Department of the Army, happens to be now, but unless he was just a boy when this particular study on dogs was written, he’s too old to be Adjutant General, for it was published in 1946! Why in the hell would anyone think that 2,4-D was any less potent in 1965, or 1970? And 2,4,5-T or Silvex hadn’t been concocted yet, and they’re rated as being much worse than 2,4-D!

I kept wondering what else might surface out of that “Army Circular: TC-3-16”, and decided I would like to add it to my “book collection” under “U.B. for P.L.N.” (Unusual Books for Peace Loving Nations”). I was still speaking to the senators, so I requested that one or the other might obtain a copy for me, but it seems they have no “pull” with the Army (just the air force, maybe!). A couple of other sources were endeavoring to get it also, but they received the “penny-post-card” type thing, with an “X” in a square beside the phrase “Out of print”, which seemed rather ridiculous since it had only been published in April 1969! Finally, when Sam Steiger was in Arizona in January 1970, a letter was received by me with a copy of an enclosure from the Department of the Army to Mr. Steiger which said, more or less “Sorry, Mr. Steiger, even you can’t have a copy of the TC-3-16 book for a while yet. Try again in about 120 days...maybe.”. I never knew whether Sam’s ego was wounded because they’d turned him down or not, but the more I looked at this particular four sentence reply to his request, the more annoyed I became. I looked at the eagle up there in the corner, just two inches from the words “Department of the Army — Office of the Adjutant General, Washington, D. C...” and no one has to wonder whether that’s an eagle or not on that seal (like that USDA eagle picture!) for he looks big and beautiful and determined and
proud... and the words over his head “Department of Defense” fit my eagle real fine! The more I looked at the name on the bottom, the more I thought, “Now, who the hell does this adjutant general think he is that just because a book somewhere has his department’s name on it that he has exclusive rights to it? If he’s the Department of Defense, then he’s supposed to be defending me, not running around spraying these damn defoliants on some farmer’s rice in Vietnam while some chemical company really cleans up at my expense! If we’re going to use germ warfare in Vietnam or Cambodia or Outer Space or Globe, Arizona, why in the hell don’t we just come right out and say so? And especially if now all the books or instruction sheets or whatever the damn thing is — that TC-3:16 bulletin or book or leaflet or pamphlet or something — if they’re “out of print”, that’s really bad! Maybe that’s the directions or formulas, and my God! If they’ve made this much of a mess with a book of instructions under their arm, what do you suppose might happen if the books are now all “out of print”?

Again, it would be more intriguing and your hearts could pound with me if I could report that in order to obtain my own, un-autographed copy of the Army Training Circular TC-3:16 entitled “Employment of Riot Control Agents, Flame, Smoke, Antipersonnel Agents, and Personnel Detectors in Counter Guerrilla Operations”, that I slipped into one of my “spy” disguises such as the one where I leave the black wig at home and wear a paper bag on my head so I look like a patient with “hyperventilating syndrome”. But my method in securing this particular bit of government information was very undramatic. Since I’ve never been too impressed with the military system as being the only adequate method to solve anything, neither have I been impressed by titles of rank... and although I do not boast of my ignorance in this department, that of knowing “who is above whom”, and how many “generals” or “adjutant generals” we have, neither do I apologize because I have escaped this particular knowledge. So when I dialed direct (quite easy to do! Try it sometime!) and asked personally for “Adjutant General Kenneth Wickham” because his name was on the bottom of the letter, I didn’t know he was THE Adjutant General!

Somewhere in the phone conversation, the party on the other end made the error of informing me in a most ingratiating, “down, peasant! Back to the fields!” voice that “You don’t understand how we operate in the Department of Defense.”, and I cannot stand anyone whose salary I am helping to pay exhibiting a condescending “We know what’s best for you.” attitude... so the rest of the conversation from me went something like this:

“I know exactly how you operate! That’s why I’m calling, not writing! Of all the damn, dumb stupid reasons for not supplying information, this is the most ridiculous — saying “drop us a line in 6 months or so... maybe then we’ll have it.””

Other Voice: “But the copy is at the printer’s...”

Me: “That’s even worse! This should make a real good coast-to-coast story; maybe on Monitor, yet! That the Department of Defense has only one copy of some bulletin that’s received as much publicity as this one has in the last month, and it’s at the printer’s! And if the printer loses that one copy, I suppose no one will ever know what it said! And since we’ve been sprayed right here in Globe, Arizona, and this is America, and that book supposedly tells what they’ve been doing with these same chemicals in Vietnam, I don’t want to wait four to six to 12 months! I may be dead by then from this damn stuff! I need it now, and I suggest you look around there in that office, or run down to the printer’s real fast, or trot over to the Adjutant General’s desk and get his copy, BUT GET ME A COPY OF IT... NOW!!”

And I suppose it would make those persons happier who bemoan and groan and wall and cry about how our government is really out to do us all in if I said some form of retaliation against me was taken for being so brazenly, noisily bold, by the Department of Defense, but they’ll just have to be satisfied with a very unembellished ending to the story which was: They sent it to me! There it came. The phone call was made on January 14, 1970, to the Adjutant General’s office. I received the bulletin with the scary title on the front and scarier things inside and no eagle on it anywhere, delivered air mail yet to my country mailbox on January 18, 1970, and that’s faster than mail out of Tucson by at least three days! (It still goes round by way of the “Horn”!)

I’ll never know if it was the General’s copy or not, I guess, but it does have three holes down the left side where it came out of somebody’s file! The more things I have accumulated by this method, just by asking for them, softly when I can and loudly when I can’t, the more I have been convinced, when someone tells me that they couldn’t obtain certain information, or complains about not being able to accomplish a particular task, that person never really tried. Or worse yet, that they were convinced beforehand there would be no use in trying so they were defeated in advance.

Chapter Five of this 85 page booklet covers the use of defoliants by the Army. Some of the statements contained relative to the herbicides 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T are, “Orange is a 50-50 mixture of 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T... insoluble in water... Death of a given plant may occur within a week or less, or may require up to several months, vaporization... may produce drift damage...”

Also listed are, symptoms of plant injury including: “Growing stems may remain green...” (Isn’t it strange those DOD boys...
knew that, but evidently none of the USDA were aware of it, or at least, they denied this could happen?

"... may swell, develop cracks and form callous tissue ... " "Spongy enlarged roots may appear ... turn black ... or gray ... and rot." (Well, how about that! Or as a spit-in-your-eye general might add: "The hell you say!" All I can do now, I guess, is look at those "Root-Rot" boys and say "Thanks. Thanks a lot for documenting over and over that root-rot disease. You've helped our case immeasurably! See you in court!")

This is a real fine one to remember, too (although it will probably upset some of those 'task-force' members!).

"Dead areas ... form on leaves wherever droplets have settled ... A yellow ring may appear around the dead area and gradually the entire leaf will develop yellow ... brown or red autumnal coloration and fall . . . ."

(Now don't get mad at me! That's the DOD I'm quoting! Sorry you boys in Agriculture didn't know those things! Every time I asked you about yellow or red or "Fall came early this year," all you mumbled about "drought", "nematodes" or "wood nymphs"! Not one of you would admit anything could turn yellow from these chemicals! Wonder if the stuff affects humans that way, turns them yellow, that is!)

There are a lot of other disquieting thoughts in this book about a great many things. So many that I wonder if the printer ever will get those copies done if he reads the thing first!

Attached to the front is a little pink slip of paper, of which I'm very proud and very grateful to the man from whose office it came in Washington. His name does not appear on it. It simply says, "U.S. Senate" and underneath, are the words "Copy this", and I feel very honored that this particular copy which I obtained of Army Circular TC-3-16 was used in the Senate Hearings in Washington in April 1970. I recall, with a touch of regret, that the Senator who used it did not have the state, Arizona, listed after his name. But the entire world probably owes more than they may ever realize to a Senator from Michigan.

"CONGRESSMAN McCarthy Comes to Town"

I wonder if any of the conversations at the USDA in Washington went anything like this prior to all those "root-rot, woodpecker and sapsucker" task force members tearing across the runway from Gate No. 9 in a dead heat to board the last plane out for the west in February 1970, after we contacted Congressman Richard McCarthy:

"Hey, did any of you guys hear the rumor that those characters out there somewhere near New Mexico, or Montana, or Idaho, or Hell... I don't know where it is! Some damn forgotten hell-hole out west! Anyway, did you guys hear they called Congressman McCarthy? Now isn't that the laugh of the year! No politician is going to risk any bad publicity to walk into that one! Why hell, man, we've got it made on this one, since not one of their own state guys like Goldwater or Fannin or their Governor, would help 'em; you know how it is... that Salt River Project is messed up with us on this one, and none of those boys in politics in Arizona want to risk upsetting them. Besides, that McCarthy is a smart politician; he'll give 'em some damn excuse like all the rest have, like "Thanks for letting me know" or "I suggest you contact your Senators".

"No need to get excited; mix another martini; it's been a long day. I think I'll take off my shoes, relax and catch the late news. Fix the color, George; face is too red. Wait... what the Hell did he just say? Shut up, man! I can't hear! My God! Did you hear what he said? Well, don't just sit there! Get your damn shoes on and let's get the Hell out of here... and do something! How do I know what we're going to do?! All I know is that damn newsman just gave me another ulcer in spite of the martini to relax my nerves! He said Richard McCarthy from New York really IS going out there to that damn hole in the wall place in Arizona, and that he's determined to find out what the Hell we've been doing out there! My God! If he finds out a branch of the USDA has been spraying the same damn chemicals used by the Department of Defense in Vietnam, he may also find out we've been spraying it in every damn forest from here to California! And when he finds out about some of those "research areas" and the watersheds where we've poured it on! Man! All Hell may break lose! Call Alice... and tell her I won't be home tonight... in fact, I may just never be back if he finds out about those wilderness areas!!"

I guess we'll never know what the USDA boys said in their locker rooms the night they learned Congressman McCarthy was answering our long unheard plea for help, but we do know that he came, he saw,
and he gave us a renewed determination to conquer.

It was after this hearing was well on its way that the Forest Service finally submitted the information that 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T had been sprayed in addition to Silvex, and that at least four manufacturer's products were involved. I will cover some of the statements made by Congressman McCarthy at the time he was in Globe, Arizona, to conduct his own hearing in the chapter "Ode to the 2,4,5-T Hearing". Out of all the various officials contacted in Washington, including our Senators and Congressmen, he was the only one who came specifically to attempt to learn the facts, and we shall be more grateful to him for his efforts than he will ever know.

The USDA, riding side-saddle across the mountains and deserts, between Washington D. C. and Arizona, because there wasn't time to get the other leg across the saddle-horn, had nothing on the City of Globe officials as far as scurrying around, looking busy and concerned after almost 10 months when they heard Congressman McCarthy was arriving faster than the mail which now arrives once a week, by pony express. (What was the speed determined for the first-class delivery of a letter in an experiment conducted by LIFE magazine recently? I think it was 5 MPH, and "pony express" used to be 101)

The Phoenix Republic almost wore themselves (and our patience) to a thin shadow "reporting": One news columnist stated: (2-12-70, Arizona Republic): "McCarthy refuses Globe Invitation". I wonder if anyone was gambling with the odds that maybe a few readers in Phoenix would stop right there and say: "Well, how about that? Those wild-eyed noisy up there in the Hill-country who keep trying to hang onto 10 drops of water we need here for our parks and swimming pools and SRP fountains, invited that New York Congressman McCarthy to Globe, and he refused!" It sort of sounds that way, doesn't it, quick sub-liminal type reading. But if you read a little slower, it states that the Mayor of Globe (the one who kept telling us that Mr. Courtney of the United States Forest Service was a "guest"...at the council meeting.) and some of the other city officials, when they learned of McCarthy's proposed visit, whipped off a fast telegram to the Congressman, requesting a "public meeting on the problem of herbicides." Still quoting the mayor: "We wanted to find out what his interest was." My God, didn't he know? Now, dear Mayor, why didn't you ask me? I'd have told you that maybe it's because he's one of those rare politicians left who gives a damn over a few things in this world besides pleasing the "power structure." I would have told you he cares even about a dead bird or a duck that can't walk. He traveled a couple of thousand miles at his own expense to do something about it, when he was called. You wouldn't even ride two miles up the canyon to look at anything, and when we hauled them to town and parked them at the curb, so you could walk outside the school house the night of July 28, 1969, you said it was "undignified." That was the same night you announced that everyone in Globe should feel relieved because there were no "harmful chemicals" in the drinking water sent in for analysis. And when Sam Steiger's aide called the laboratory to verify it, the next day, they said the samples hadn't been run yet! In fact, these samples never were "confirmed".

Although the news item states that Congressman McCarthy planned "to call Mayor Bittner right away" to testify at the hearing, I wasn't able to find any testimony given by him or any of the other telegram signers.

What an interesting paragraph in that news story, February 12, 1970:

"Globe City Manager said he was advised by the State Health Department yesterday that samples of domestic water taken from the Globe area showed no traces of herbicides used in the defoliation project." I had to get on the phone and raise Hell with these ravenous offices, before the truth came out AFTER McCarthy was here. Someone LIED when they said "no traces of herbicides"... for they had a report at the time of the statement showing MORE than a TRACE of herbicides in the city well.

Congressman McCarthy had already been furnished with some of the information contained in the "D.N." file (do-nothing) before he came, and had a list of names of local members in addition to the Senators. I never bothered to check the status of the various local political egos evidently dented by the Congressman's refusal of another pre-arranged and biased meeting, sponsored by the Mayor and various members of his "council". But I'm glad Mr. McCarthy read some of the contents of the file prior to answering their telegram and turned them down. My comments weren't polite like his: "Why the Hell should they be concerned now? They're a little damned late to learn their parts for the performance now!" We re-wrote the script, and took their lines out, since they never showed up even for rehearsal.

"ROOT ROT, WOODPECKERS AND SAPSUCKERS!"
(Or, Task Force #8)

Finally, here they came! All the way across the cotton fields of Virginia, the tobacco patches of Kentucky, across the "Wide Missouri", the wheat fields of Kansas, the grass lands of Texas, the ruined Indians of New Mexico and into Arizona. No small time quiet
crew this time; these were the "big eight"! The "Jet Set" had arrived!

In the old days of the west these probably would have been the ones who rode off fearlessly into the sunset with their guns blazing in the last faint rays of crimson light — their silver spurs jangling in the wind, with muscles of horse and man rippling in unison as they waved farewell and disappeared in a rising cloud of thunderous dust over the top of the highest ridge, so nobody ever knew they really fell flat on their faces just on the other side of the hill in Waterhole Number One!

On February 18, 1970, nine months after the spraying, one of Mr. Pulliam's newspapers in Phoenix, Arizona tenderly told the waiting world that a "panel of eight scientists moved into Globe without fanfare yesterday" in order to make "independent observations of a US Forest Service defoliation project which last week received national publicity."

The further I work my way along into this "root-root" chapter, the "gag-gier" it gets!

This next paragraph gets worse. It states that while the panel was "carefully attempting to avoid publicity", they would have an opportunity to talk to Globe residents "confidentially" or "in group meetings" in the American Legion Hall yet!

So they did it without "fanfare" and attempted "to avoid publicity"? All that was missing was the drum and bugle corps — and the Air Force Band! The opening remarks of the Chairman, Dr. Tschirley take care of that by announcing that there were more scientists present than Globe residents, and more newsmen than scientists! And we sure didn't contact the news boys on that one — any of them who called me from Los Angeles or New York I advised to stay home — just like I intended to do and darn a pair of socks or card some wool for a new blanket or count ant holes that no longer had any ants; that's better than counting mole holes!

I had informed Dr. Tschirley seven days before that I would not be there unless certain conditions were met which I had been requesting since September, 1969, and which he agreed to do. But he lied.

One week before the arrival of the "inspection team" on the heels of Congressman McCarthy, I was contacted by the chairman, Dr. Fred Tschirley, USDA, Washington, D.C.

He informed me the prospective task force was composed of "dedicated scientists — coming to look with an open mind" and asked if it would be possible to get a "group together".

I replied that this would depend on several factors. First, I wished all background training, if any, in phenoxy herbicides of each of the eight men, including Dr. Tschirley, and also the answers to the questions from the USDA which had been submitted to them in September 1969, and for which I was still waiting. I told him I had been subjected to all the "speeches" I could listen to, and that unless I was supplied with the answers to the specific questions I had already asked, plus the results of the analysis of materials the Forest Service had taken in September including those from my land, I would be "off limits". I wished to determine whether these men were truly qualified to come to our area and serve as "judge and jury", and not as incompetent to assess herbicide damage as had been most of the others.

Although the USDA was already aware of the analysis of the samples they took in September of soil, water and plant life, they have never been released.

My statement to Dr. Tschirley was: "I want the analysis reports from September 1969 before they ask me anything else." I stated that I spoke only for myself, but that my faith in the USDA was practically nil.

Me again: "I will meet with you personally, or your group...", but no more public "no-fee received" appearances, unless my terms were met. Then across the wire came the condescending remark:

"I hope I can point out to you that there are scientific aspects that you might not be aware of..." And back to Dr. Tschirley went my annoyed and un-scientific answer:

"No scientific aspect authorizes the United States Government to spray my property or me, not even a little bit! It's my private land, and all the scientific explaining they can do will not make it right, for my final question will still be, even to the scientists, why were we included in the spray area?"

My terms were real basic:
1. Send or bring to me the analysis reports from September 1969.
2. Send or bring to me the qualifications, if any, of these "dedicated scientists".

I looked in my country mailbox every day, for seven days, including Sunday. I received a couple more of those envelopes with the eagle with his eye shut, but none from Dr. Tschirley.

So "The Big Day" when the USDA alerted all the news media this side of Rangoon, to meet at the local American Legion Hall, I stayed home and counted ant hills, and watched for some more of those sexy beetles! Even put a rotten log in the yard, since they say that's what attracts them, but they never came back! Those beetles...
must have been embarrassed by that report about their "over sexed natures", which stated "they mate once, and then die!"

The next two paragraphs put the City Manager of Globe on the head who in turn makes the whole thing sound like an afternoon tea party arranged by him with the chairman of this lovely unbiased, open minded group of great knowledgeable scientists. (Anyone would assume they were knowledgeable in herbicides, since that's what they were here for.) (I wonder where the manager of Globe was during all those other months? Off somewhere with the Mayor or the Senators, or the Governor, maybe?)

The next paragraph tells it pretty straight stating that the NEW investigation "began on the heels of the hearing held in Globe regarding the incident, by Representative Richard D. McCarthy of New York." Which it did.

The article fawns a bit more over the "great eight" and the City Manager gets to see his name in print wherein he is quoted as saying that the chairman of the panel indicated the study would be a "fact finding session" and that just in case someone got the idea that by now we might find out what really happened to us, our cats, dogs, birds, plants, pea pods etc., it was to be expected the panel of scientists would be ready to "discuss their findings at this time". But go back and sit down, kids, you won't learn anything this round either! Furthermore, they STILL haven't discussed their findings. I check their telephone connections regularly and their pulse rate, just in case one of them decides to cut loose with a remark or two.

The article, lovingly states that they even scheduled a "press conference" in Phoenix, at the Phoenix Press Club. My God! No publicity? Who arranged that little public relations bit?

The humor of their request (the panel) to the Forest Service to provide them with essential facts such as "weather records, wind velocities, chemicals purchased, and other data" really got to me! I lost my count on the ant hills and the ant holes on that one, for I had obtained all of that data many months prior to this news release from the very same departments of government these "great 8" scientists represented! (Wasn't that sneaky of them not to tell who they really were in that news item? All government boys sent out to investigate the government blunder made by their own branch of the government!)

Then boy oh boy! Was I glad I stayed home and didn't run down there and make a spectacle of myself! For the sight of blood makes me sick, and I don't go for shots and things — and there it was right in the newspaper! "Samples of blood — and urine — of persons claiming symptoms of herbicide poisoning will be taken." This really hurt my feelings for I had discussed this very thing with them in a great long interview with Dr. Roan and had my blood all ready to go, clear back in September of 1969. I was told to "forget it; can't find it in blood or urine; maybe it would be possible in an hour or two after exposure, but no more. We think maybe it might store up in the fat, but that would take an operation to see." So off went Portia, finally, and gave her fat, and they damn well found the chemicals there, and I reported back into home base about it, even have an Associated Press wire telling that Silvex and 2,4,5-T were found in my tissues. That was on the day of the McCarthy hearings, and here they are now, back to "blood and urine". Don't they know that's not nice to change their stories like that?! You don't suppose, since they were convinced up until now that these chemicals couldn't be detected in blood and urine, they chose them on purpose, do you? No, they wouldn't do anything like that! That really wouldn't be cricket at all!

As soon as we can get some of the play acting out of the way (that USDA bunch back in Washington wrote this last script, too! They're real cut ups, those boys! Real sense of humor!) Just pull up a chair, park your number 12's on the side of my cut down round oak coffee table I made myself, help yourself to some more "jerky" to chew on — (I didn't make that... cowboy friend who did, brought it to me to go with my prickly pear jam I made two years ago, no pears this year, just prickles) and now I'll give you my theory on why the sudden exit from Washington of various USDA members when blood, sweat, hell and thunder couldn't drag them here before February, 1970!

You know what really happened? I think it's been so long since anybody back there did anything that takes real guts, that most people have forgotten there is such a thing.

But it took courage, and a whole lot of caring, caring about something besides what kind of publicity he might get, for a Democratic Congressman from the far eastern state of New York, to answer our call for help, and wade into a tough western state dominated by Republicans including Senator Barry Goldwater. If congressman McCarthy weighed the costs of what it could do to him politically against what his conscience believed was right, he never let it show. Since he was one of those rare persons in office who had more than just knowledge of how to pronounce the word "pesticide", we contacted him after the only Congressman who had helped us at all, Representative Sam Steiger, Republican, our district, had finally stated publicly on our radio station, in January, 1970, that he had done all he could do, but that he was unable to elicit even one
positive statement from the USDA that they would cease spraying our land. We didn’t ask Sam’s permission or his opinion prior to contacting Representative Richard McCarthy of New York. I will always believe that had we asked, Sam would have advised us to seek aid and accept help from any area it might be obtained.

Some of the news releases regarding the proposed visit of Congressman McCarthy read:

“UPI — news release, 2/12/70: Globe Arizona: A small group of private citizens armed only with the belief that a brush killing herbicide causes death and sickness to man and animals, has overcome governmental apathy — Informal hearings began here today under the direction of Rep. Richard McCarthy (D) NY.

“The chemical was one of several used in a 1900 acre area of the National Forest, to increase water runoff.

“One of the area residents, Mrs. Billee Shoecraft, has strongly spoken out against the chemical! She was doused with the herbicide as she stepped outside her forest edge home last June. Since then, her conviction “my life is expendable, but this mountain isn’t!” has carried her through several illnesses which she blames on exposure to the chemical. Pleas to state and local officials were ignored, she said, possibly because of the strength of the backers of the spraying. The Salt River Project which gets much of its watershed from the Tonto Forest, and the US Forest Service, cooperated in the spraying.”

Please note: the date of the following Associated Press news release: 2/11/70 was the same day McCarthy arrived in Globe:

“The Federal Government will send eight scientists to the Globe area Monday to investigate claims of damage to plants by herbicides used by the US Forest Service.

“Dr. Fred Tschirley of the Agriculture Research Service will head the group which includes wildlife, pollution and pesticide experts. The group hopes to meet with area citizens.

“The Agriculture Department said citizens made original complaints last summer. The chemicals involved were 2,4,5-T and Silvex. The Forest Service ended its spraying operation last Fall and conducted an investigation. They concluded there had been no verified ill effects to humans or wildlife.

“New York Democratic Representative Richard McCarthy is scheduled to arrive in Globe to conduct hearings of his own on complaints against the sprays.

“Forest Service officials said the sprays were used to kill underbrush so land in the pinal mountain foot hills could be used for livestock and recreation.

“Critics have blamed 2,4,5-T for causing birth defects in laboratory rats and mice. Others have charged it affects human life in Vietnam where it is used to clear jungle cover.

“Last November, the White House announced the Agriculture Department would cancel registration for use of the chemical on all food crops by the first day of 1970, if the Food and Drug Administration had not set safe tolerances on it by that time.

“The FDA has not announced tolerances and the Agriculture Department announced last week it would not cancel registration until the FDA decides what to do.”

“It’s a wonder they didn’t run over Mr. McCarthy getting to the airport! Somebody sure blew the whistle, long, loud and clear! They yelled “operation crash!” — and all the full fledged and even the reserves troops of the USDA came on a dead run!

“Both of Pulliam’s papers really attempted to tear us up with such words and phrases as: (2/9/70)

“McCarthy is a standard New York politician of the leftist persuasion. One of his specialties is riding off in all directions against germ warfare, the industrial military complex and the United States presence in Vietnam.”

“Now if this particular thin lipped, balding columnist had worked all weekend formulating lines to make Congressman McCarthy popular with most people, he couldn’t have written a better recommendation.

“When I bothered to look past the unsniling face of the irate writer, I discovered this was the editor And for an incident referred to as “absolutely ridiculous”, we sure drew one hell of a lot of attention in those two newspapers all of a sudden! Three big columnists all snarling and biting themselves — and one of them the editor yet! When Fitzhugh, threw his hat in the ring, too, we knew we’d really drawn blood, or there wouldn’t have been such a big outcry! Why all the fuss, boys? Couldn’t you stand the competition of a little town newspaper called the “Arizona Record” published in Globe, Arizona, and edited by a man named Tom Anderson who knows more about factual reporting than all of you put together? Couldn’t you stand his honest, unbiased, treat everyone fairly attitude? Did it surprise you that a small town could produce a newspaperman whose qualities of fair play outweighed his love for seeing his own name in print — or capitalizing on making himself popular with the “Big Boys” in Phoenix? We’re aware he could have, if he’d lopsided the story up here and played patty-cake with the Salt River Project interests in the Valley. Maybe it seems a little unreal to the three of you who wrote your columns, Fitzhugh, Paul Dean and John English, spewing out your own ignorance of herbicides and lack of...
knowledge of the sincerity of a tiny handful of human beings, not fighting for a place in the sun but for their lives, and yours as well. but we didn't need you, and we made it in spite of you, just as determination and truth always will. But I wish to thank each of you for rallying many new friends to our side who might not have been alerted so soon if your attacks hadn't been so unkind and uncalled for.

I have the column of Fitzhugh, the editor, lying on top of the "B.B.U." file — The "Big, The Bad and The Ugly". He continues with more nasty remarks about Congressman McCarthy and I quote:

"Globe's defoliation controversy, which by now has a very difficult time staying alive — " (no sweat, Fitzhugh, still alive and gaining momentum!) — "It makes a body wonder what it takes to lay a ghost." — I wouldn't know, Fitzhugh — Do You Have Some Haunting You! Your column's bitterness and ignorance regarding the subject of herbicides sounds like you do.

Being the editor, he's allowed to editorialize, and not be bound by necessarily reporting the truth. So he babbles about "Globe's Silent World Donnybrook started when a small group got the idea that the USFS had poisoned land, plants, and people by spraying herbicides — " Yes, Fitzhugh, that's just what we said!

Then he warbles on about these things being subject to analysis and proof (we have lots of proof, Fitzhugh!) and really waxes quite eloquent with such words as "aspects of ecology" and such phrases as "professional reputations depend on being right, not on pleasing someone — ", which is exactly what we've proven.

He wound up with what he intended to be a real stinger, I guess, stating, but with his chin way out in front, and his ignorance protruding even further:

"With no exception that I know of, men who have dedicated their studies and their careers to various of ecological sciences (sounds like range management, or USDA or one of Cliff's boys!) and who have looked at the Globe scene, say there is nothing there to justify the clamor of politics, publicity and distrust that is being worked up."

(Very poor grammar for an editor, Fitzhugh!)

My reply to the above paragraph:

"Bull Roar, Fitzhugh! Television could use you, or the State Department."

Just under Mr. Pulliam's name in the paper that day is the verse:

"Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is Liberty." But this column sure made it clear that there is a choice of those to whom this liberty is extended, and it wasn't to those of us in Globe who asked for help.

On June 1969 and were turned away. It seems so childish and petty to resent one man who came, Congressman McCarthy, because we asked him. We didn't ask the color of the lifeline he threw us, nor the politics of the man who threw it. Nor did he check our voting ages or protest registrations either. He just came, because we asked him to.

That same week, Paul Dean, another of Pulliam's writers, really wrote up a storm, must have stayed up all night to work up such a hysterical lather. By the time he finished, he sounded like a candidate for the "N.C.F." Club. (Never Check Facts.)

The Arizona Record carried the following letter from one of the readers who was not one of the persons claiming damage against the government:

Dear Editor:

Paul Dean's column of Thursday, February 19 concerning the people in Globe who were subjected to sprayed herbicides by the joint action of the US Forest Service and the Salt River Project is an extremely prejudicial piece of work, full of innuendo and hearsay, and is a discredit to any reputable journalist or newspaper. I was immediately reminded of the classic case in which an eager young reporter, anxious to scoop his competitors, wrote and filed his eye-witness description of a prisoner being executed, before the event actually happened. You guessed it, there was a last minute stay of execution.

It Is impossible for those of us here who know the situation first hand to believe that Mr. Dean has ever visited the scene, or made any serious or worthy personal investigation of the tragic things that people up here have had to endure at the hands of "experts" of the sort who were so sure "The Silent Spring" of Rachel Carson was so much histrionics.

People here, whose only crime was being unfortunate enough to be in the path of these "experts," have had to get in and dig out the hard facts which cannot be discredited in court. For them, it has been a matter of survival, being forced to defend themselves at their own expense against the wrongful acts of a government which, through its agencies, is destroying their homes and health and requiring the victims all the while to pay taxes to finance both the damage and the government's legal defense.

Mr. Dean will learn, as will the government, when these people have their day in court, that it is quite possible for determined citizens to become better informed than so-called experts in the field. I would hope that when this day occurs, Mr. Dean will devote his full column to a genuine apology and a serious analysis of what should constitute fair-minded and responsible journalism.

To those who believe that the indignities and tragedies suffered up here are much ado about nothing, the following course of study is recommended:
GATHER YOUR wife and small children together in your own yard (your home that you thought was safe from invasion); have a government hired helicopter fly over and spray your family and your home with Silvex, 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T; then retire to your easy chair and read the reassuring platitudes of the experts who have been sent up several times to investigate but can’t find anything worth mentioning; and finally, re-read Paul Dean’s column of Thursday, February 19.

Even John English, another staff writer for the Phoenix Gazette, Pulliam’s afternoon paper, got into the act with a few unfactual quotes such as “The explosive hearing was more like a penny firecracker”, referring to Congressman McCarthy’s hearing in Globe. But that firecracker hearing lit up the whole world — all the way to a Senate Hearing in Washington.

He finishes by stating “entire thing (hearing) was a waste of the taxpayers money”, wrong again, for Mr. McCarthy paid his own way! Wonder what good old John English thinks about the hundreds of thousands of dollars that the new hearings in Washington cost, plus the millions already spent by the USDA, FDA and DOD attempting to cover up the damage these herbicides have done all over the world? Keep the red pencil handy. The boys in the USDA and Salt River Project are going to need it. You three Pulliam paper writers won’t need it to color your faces before this is over... or maybe your skin is just naturally that color. Always did think red clashed, though, with a wide yellow streak!

Since all of them appear to be fond of such words as “hysteria”, etc., I think it is hysterically funny that they kept referring to “only one claim was turned in”, this was a pitiful $450.00 claim from a Mexican-American who was paralyzed, and still is, a few days after the third spray. His claim was for the loss of trees, crops and flowers, and it was denied. We then discarded the USDA advice: “No need to get a lawyer. Just bring in your claims.” And we hired us the best attorney west of the Pecos.

See you in court!

I realize now if I had known about the “needle and blood and urine” part of this little side show put on in Globe, my reaction would have been louder, but Dr. Tschirley didn’t tell me about that. Nor did he inform me these were all “government men” — not even with one exception! His opening remarks to the panel of news men, who outnumbered the Globe citizens present, included:

“We have read quite a bit of newspaper material, and out of reading most of the things, we were led to the position of being forced to approach this with an open mind.”

Now isn’t that one hell of a statement! Here is the great Dr. Tschirley whose expenses we helped pay to Cambodia and Vietnam in 1968 and 1969, because he’s supposed to know about such things, now “all we know is what we read in the papers!”

I don’t know who wrote these opening remarks of Dr. Tschirley’s, but I was very glad I had stayed home to count ant hills! Of all the ridiculous statements for a scientist to make! We’d requested for nine months the USDA send an unbiased team of experts to view the damage done by these herbicides, and they had yawned in our faces while they continued their studies on “the mating habits of the female back strider”. I had called many of their members at the same location as Dr. Tschirley and related to them the abnormal occurrences in my guinea pigs which I found later were the same abnormalities noted in the test animals in their own labs (and known to some of them for over three years).

But here stands this “great leader” telling the world that they had not come because they were concerned or gave a damn about what happened to us, but that the “news media” had forced them to come and look at all this mess with an open mind.

But if Dr. Tschirley couldn’t have looked at Cambodia or Vietnam with an “open mind”, how could he view Globe, Arizona, with one? Three Un-Government Scientists were sent to Cambodia after Dr. Tschirley’s return from that country, and they saw one hell of a lot of damage that cost us eight and one-half million dollars due to drift of herbicides 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T!

We suspected that the publicity given Congressman McCarthy’s “Westward Ho!” trip had been the shot in the arm which brought this new USDA troupe out of Washington, but I was sure surprised that they openly admitted it!

The second phase of the meeting, after getting around the embarrassment of the lack of a suitable size audience for much audience participation in the game, was to go into the routine, “nice needle, real sharp, won’t hurt a bit... blood... urine... don’t be alarmed, now... nurses are waiting... have to hurry right along... line forms on the left... pick up your lollipop on the way out... no, it’s Wednesday... this is the day for the red balloons... they’re already blown up... lots of hot air from the last bunch... makes them go farther...”.

Some of the comments and answers made by the various members of the team on that afternoon were a little surprising.

In reply to a question regarding the manner in which these herbicides kill plants: “WE DON’T YET KNOW... HAVE BEEN INVESTIGATING 25 YEARS AND THE MODE IN WHICH IT’S DONE IS NOT
KNOWN YET TODAY. " They said it, I didn’t. Regarding the toxicology of these chemicals:

“High levels of exposure can affect the nervous system.” “Can be absorbed through the skin.” “Dioxin quite toxic.” “Silvex from here may have contained dioxin (it did). Not too much is known about it.” “Dioxin still toxic after 200°C.” “Unusual if effects show next year . . . Only seen it once in 15 years.” (Now, you’ve seen it twice!)

Sometime on the morning of the hearing, one of them called me. My story was still the same, bring the analysis and credentials. (Damn stubborn, these “White-Eyes” when they’re one eighth Cherokee Indian!) I agreed to quit counting ant hills, if Dr. Tschirley would like to bring his mountain to Mohommet. They agreed, just “as soon as we finish checking the goats, we’ll drive over.” And do you know what they did then? They all went trooping over to Mr. McKusick’s (the tile maker and goat keeper) and took blood samples of his goats like they were stocking a blood bank for the Pentagon! Not just one sample from each goat, but four! In fact, the one whose fame incited the world, and whom they have tried so hard to disqualify, became ill the next day, and died very soon. I’ll always believe they bled her to death!

Whether by design or just because somebody got carried away with the needle and was practicing for a role in “The Vampire Bats”, they did not arrive at my home until it was getting dark (I didn’t have to quit counting ant holes by the time they came, it was just too dark to see!) The party had dwindled to only two members, (remember, I’ve had officially only one task force in September 1969, consisting of five members of the USDA, and no reports of analysis from that bunch yet 2 years later!) and now two members of this last crew came just as it was getting dark and left very shortly, and they were minus any analysis report or credentials!

Did they look at my guinea pigs, or my sick dogs, or twisted plants, or dead things in my freezer? Of course not! They sounded more like attorneys attempting to get my medical history for a chemical company so they wouldn’t have to spend money and time getting it in a deposition! And I hadn’t sued anybody yet!

When they showed no concern at all nor any desire to see these other things, I turned in one of my worst performances for the play “You, too, can be modest and tactful” and had a real temper tantrum. The last I recall of that day, was the sound of my dogs musingly whatever strength they had left and loudly barking at their retreating backs as they disappeared across my section tie bridge, and a long cloud of dust rolled down the drive!

But those USDA boys work fast when a few million dollars belongs to the chemical companies are at stake. Just three days after they galloped into and out of Globe, and with no results from any analysis on plants, blood, water or urine, the newspapers carried the story around the world: “Herbicide Spray Cleared of Animal and Plant Damage” (Associated Press — 2/21/70).

Isn’t that astounding they were so psychic no one even needed to wait for results of samples or tests of materials or anything? What puzzles me is why did they take those blood samples if they didn’t need it? Maybe the goat would still have been alive if she hadn’t gone through all that “blood-letting”.

But just because I was curious to see what new words they might have added to my list which had ended last with “leaf-lopers” or “nymph-biters” or “grit-giders” or something like that, I read the rest of the news item. Sure enough, there were some new ones, and in all the papers I could find, too!

“The committee Friday cleared the herbicides of causing any ill effects in humans or animals, and blamed plant damage on root rot, woodpeckers and sapsuckers.” (Tucson Daily Star — 2/22/70).

Now, isn’t it a damn shame we’re not smart like those boys? (But I still wonder how the hell 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex got in the water, soil, plants and me?! I haven’t been eating any of those woodpeckers or sapsuckers lately. The ones I saw were already dead back in July 1969 and that “root rot” must be a real fatal disease!)

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

The more I checked on that “root rot” story, the more ridiculous it became, especially after attending hearings in Washington regarding these chemicals. Analysis sheets continued to show their presence in soil, water and vegetation. Months passed, but no results were released to us regarding the findings of this last task force, and I become more curious about these men and their qualifications to assess herbicide damage to plants, animals or humans. I didn’t question what they might know about sapsuckers, but I decided to question how much they knew about phenoxy herbicides, 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T and 2,2,4,5-T (Silvex).

I was very interested in Dr. Fred Tschirley, for several reasons:
1. He was chairman of the “root rot” inspection tour of Globe, presumably to determine what damage was done here by herbicides.
2. He is Assistant Chief, Agriculture Research Service, USDA — Washington.
3. He is the author of the USDA ‘folder 98’, which I learned by heart, published in 1962.

4. He is the author of “Chapparal — Still a Problem”, which I did not learn by heart, and which my mind rejected, since it contains several errors, published in 1954.

5. He was sent (or volunteered to go) to Vietnam and Cambodia in 1968 — 1969, presumably to determine what damage herbicides have caused in those two countries. But his conclusions were vague and unrealistic.

My conclusions are based on several factors, some of which are:

Referring to number 4, Dr. Tschirley stated in the article authored by him in 1954, when he was in the Department of Botany and Range Ecology, referring to replacing chapparal with grass which was seeded in 1951, after a fire in the Pinal Mountains, Globe, Arizona area, “Conclusive proof” that grasses will grow there is afforded by a burn in the Pinal Mountains”.

“Weeping lovegrass was successfully established and is now maintaining itself.”

But the article (USFS Research 98 Rocky Mountain Forest, Range Experimental Stations) entitled “Changes in Grass Production on Ungrazed Converted Chapparal” refers to the same area and “after the 1951 Pinal Mountain Fire” states: “In the second year (grass) plants were vigorous and healthy —”.

It states that later in “the last measurement” it was noted “plants were beginning to deteriorate” and “although these plants appeared to be firmly rooted, the slightest pull separated the crowns from the already decayed roots — causes for this die-off are unknown”.

It concludes with:

“Stands of weeping lovegrass on areas cleared of chapparal show signs of deterioration after a few years. Production is high for one or two years after seeding but gradually decreases thereafter. The decline does not appear to be related to either cover or precipitation.”

But I don’t know what is so mysterious about this occurrence. It’s very basic!

1. Wild fire burned the chapparal in 1951.
2. Seeded with grass (no chemicals) in 1952.
3. Everything growing green and lush — 1953.
4. Sprayed with 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T in 1954.
5. The damn grass died! — 1955.

7. The damn grass can’t germinate in the soil now, and the rest that did is dead!

So who needs to scratch his head and puzzle over that one?

Mr. Courtney to Sam Steiger — 6/19/69: “For some mysterious reason grass seed did not germinate for three years.”

What’s so ‘mysterious’ with that damn stuff all over the ground?

Also, the last crew for whom Dr. Tschirley was Chairman seemed to consider ‘drift’ which occurred in the Globe spraying to be only an imaginary complaint. I wonder what their reaction will be to this sentence in the 1954 article by Dr. Tschirley:

“Plants which were not directly in the flight line of the airplane but received only a small amount of herbicides from drift and defoliated nearly as well as those directly in the flight line.”

Did something change your mind between 1954 and 1969, Dr. Tschirley? Referring to the oak and manzanita on my mountain, he states:

“Since the Arizona species of manzanita do not sprout after burning, their control by either fire or herbicides would not be as difficult as oak which does sprout and which is highly resistant to either 2-4D or 2,4,5-T”.

Just this sentence alone would have disqualified the good doctor in my book for an all expense paid round trip tour of Vietnam, Cambodia and Globe, Arizona. First of all, that sentence is a little incomplete (does he mean manzanita doesn’t sprout after herbicides or what?).

Secondly, read one of the labels. It says these chemicals are for killing oak.

And number three...Have you been up there to look at the manzanita? It’s going to be all that survives, probably. So it ‘sprouts’ again, alright.

Your statement, Dr. Tschirley, is a direct contradiction to the facts.

Another quote, same article: “Oak, the principal species, was not badly damaged by any (chemical) treatment...”

That sentence could be finished with “however, the oak died”.

In folder 98, USDA, regarding killing mesquite with 2,4,5-T and authored by Dr. Tschirley in 1962, while he was a Range Conservationist USDA, he states:

“It should be applied at a rate of one-third pound per acre in a carrier of one part oil and seven parts water.” (Mixture used in Globe was at least six and possibly 25 times stronger than this, yet it takes less to kill sycamores and berry vines than it does to kill mesquite!)

He further states:

“Where 2,4,5-T is to be applied — near field crops, extreme...”
caution should be taken to prevent drift — "(And I'm real near with my field crops that used to be!)

So, Dr. Tschirley, you just verified that the damn stuff easily went all the way to the area where the duck was hatched, even on the days when they sprayed two miles from it. And in the high winds "over 10 mph" during those spray days, it blew right past your window in Beltsville, Maryland!

One of the toxicology symptoms relative to these herbicides is 'loss of memory'. Do you suppose these boys forgot they'd ever written or said some of these things a long time ago? If they didn't want to be reminded of their past, they shouldn't have been so vague in replying to questions asked them in 1970.

In an interview with Dr. Tschirley during the 2,4,5-T hearings in Washington, April 1970, I asked him about the distance of drift and he replied:

"No sensible answer to the question" (He needed a refresher course from his folder 98, I guess.)

Then he made a couple of statements that are in direct contradiction to what I've been told by the applicators, the chemical companies and the head of the USDA. He said:

"It is generally true that if it (herbicides) is dissolved in water rather than oil, you will have larger particles..." (But it's insoluble in water.)

And in reply to my question of "Would adding oil reduce the drift factor?", he answered: "No, ma'm, you'd get more drift (with oil)..."

I wonder why I can't find anyone who believes that except Dr. Tschirley? You don't suppose he wanted to make me think it was just fine and dandy and a three star performance because the boys substituted water instead of oil, in violation of the recommendations? Especially since in the 'folder 98' he put together in 1962, he devoted a major portion of the article to the importance of correct mixing, oil, proper sequence, "without agitation...oil rises to the top..." etc.?? Wonder why it was important in 1962, but not in 1970? When I questioned the wind speed, he replied: "I never sprayed in wind speeds over 3 or 4 mph —" (What about 16, or 25?)

He stated that "all of these chemicals are volatile on a relative scale. The vapor pressure increases as the temperature increases." Why didn't you mention that in February of 1970, in Globe, Dr. Tschirley, when you knew how hot Arizona is in June, August and September? That's when they sprayed! Or had you forgotten?

There is a news item (N.Y. Times, 3/15/70) which mentions Dr. Tschirley and his trip to Vietnam in 1968 to survey "the effect of defoliants in South Vietnam" at the request of the Department of Defense. ( Seems rather odd, and that Adjutant General wasn't his boss, even!) The article quotes Dr. Tschirley as stating "That defoliation has caused ecological change is undeniable. I do not feel the change is irreversible but recovery may take a long time."

How long? Dr. Tschirley reportedly estimated that in an area where 100,000 acres of mangrove trees were sprayed, which killed 90 to 100% of these trees, it would take another twenty years at least for "regeneration". How do you "regenerate" something 100% dead? If one happens to be one of the Vietnamese in that area who owned the trees and was 70 years old in 1968, twenty years is one hell of a long time to wait, if not forever!

Maybe Dr. Tschirley's trip to Cambodia in 1969 was because of their claim of eight and one-half million dollars against the U.S. Government for damage to their 24,000 acres of trees and crops due to the application of herbicides by our Defense Department. Seems like money always moves them.

Dr. Bayley, USDA, testifying at the 2,4,5-T hearings in April 1970, referring to Dr. Tschirley's trip to Vietnam stated "He (Dr. Tschirley) has reported no evidence of irreversible ecological damage."

Referring to his visit to Globe, Arizona, Dr. Bayley reported that "Dr. Tschirley also headed a team of scientists (note lack of word "USDA" or "government" in front of the word "scientists") who investigated allegations in injury to humans and animals due to herbicide treatment - near Globe, Arizona." "The alleged damages to a duck and a goat were found to be groundless, human illnesses were those expected in a normal population." (Seems rather ridiculous to send someone from a Department of Botany and Range Ecology as chairman of a committee to examine humans and animals, anyway, doesn't it, especially when he wasn't able to assess any permanent damage in Vietnam or Cambodia?)

I asked him recently if he checked any of the reports regarding deformities in Vietnam caused by these sprayings. His reply: "No."

Me: "Are you going to return?"

Dr. Tschirley: "Not if I can help it."

Me: "Did you contact any of the doctors or scientists in the area of Vietnam while you were there?"

Dr. Tschirley: "No."

Me: "Did you bring back samples of the water, soil, food crops or other plant life from Vietnam and Cambodia?"

Dr. Tschirley: "None of any of the plants, or any water samples. Just two soil samples from Vietnam."

Me: "Were they contaminated?"

Dr. Tschirley: "Yes, about 1 parts per million or less."
(Hell, doctor, we have analysis showing 5500 ppm right here!) I imagine one of those Vietnamese scientists would have gladly paid the $25.00 to get a sample of water checked. Why wasn’t it done? Or his rice crop? Was the USDA afraid of finding residues there like they did in Globe and their “white wash” team would have had to travel to Vietnam?

When I asked in August 1970 about the delay in his and the others reports on analysis of samples taken in our area, he told me that he had set “September 1, 1970, as a date for release of the report from this office.” This is the date I’ve set for myself, I don’t like the fact that I’ve had to sit on the report this long”… (so you had it all the time, just like I figured!) “I don’t like it at all! I wish it could have been released right away. I do not care at all to prejudice my own scientific integrity or the other members of the panel that were there.”

But there are a lot of factors, Dr. Tschirley, that have made me question this scientific and unscientific integrity. Seems like a stinking shame to do business in the name of ‘science’ and then act like that! Shame on all of you!

So now it is September 7, 1970, and I checked my country mailbox again all this week. There were two of those ‘eagle with the blind eyeball’ kind that came, neither one spelled my name correctly, and no use to mark ‘X’ to say I don’t want any. They asked me if I would like to order any publications with such titles as “Survival in a Hurricane” No. 13 n/s 10¢ or…

“DOD and NASA Guide, Incentive Contracting” — 15 n/s $2.00 — “Manpower Report of the President” 20 n/s (and they forgot to insert the price) — “The Mortgagees’ Guide” 25 n/s $2.50 — “Career Thresholds” 32 n/s $2.00.

(I thought about getting several copies of the last one to give away to some of the USDA members who may be on the threshold of some new careers, if I’m lucky!)

The other envelope had the publications listed on blue paper: “A Review of the Curve-Fitting Method of Least Squares” 48n $0.35 (I wonder if that’s a book on sex? No, couldn’t be, not for 35¢!) — “Current Practice in Potato Processing” 56n $1.00.

The information concerning 39n, Volume 1, “The Amerasia Papers — A Clue to the Catastrophe of China”, took up a whole paragraph. I hunted all over for one entitled “The Ameripeople Papers — A clue to the Catastrophe of the USDA” but couldn’t find it.

Also, since our county is leading the state in homicides, I considered sending for: “Quiet Cries” — A Play about Suicide Prevention” HE20.2418:970 $4.00 and also: “Mental Health Program Reports” HE202419:4 $1.75.

The only other government letter that came this week was one which said USDA at the top — Forest Service underneath. It was dated August 31, 1970, and referred to my questions which I have been asking for 12 months “Relative to Herbicide Projects”:

“By letter today we have been advised by the office of the General Counsel (in Washington) that we must decline to furnish any of the data you requested.”

What’s an answer like that going to do to your “scientific integrity”, Dr. Tschirley? Bend it a little?

So I drew a line through Dr. Tschirley’s name as a “Specialist in Herbicides 2-4D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex”… and went on to the next one, whose name on my list of “Eight Great Herbicide Scientists” read “Dr. Howard Heggestad — USDA — Beltsville, Maryland”.

To my question of what he was a specialist in, he replied: “Air pollution.” The balance of my interview with Dr. Heggestad follows:

Me: “Is your work in, or do you do, any testing with herbicides?”

Dr. H.: “No, I don’t.”

Me: “Have you had any working experience with herbicides on plants?”

Dr. H.: “No, this is Dr. Tschirley’s (department). I’m not especially concerned with herbicides as an air pollutant. I am more interested in sulphur dioxides and other kinds of air pollutants. Dr. Tschirley is the expert.” “If you have some other questions in which I’m competent, in air pollution — other than herbicides, I’ll try to answer… I’m not concerned with herbicides as an air pollutant. (Don’t suppose somebody in Washington is trying to blame all these missing eyeballs and dead trees on smelter smoke that’s been here for about 100 years, do you?)

Dr. H.: “Some of these air pollutants may go around the world…”

(like 2-4D, 2,4,5-T or Silvex in a high wind?)

Me: “Then you wouldn’t be familiar with the symptoms of herbicide poisoning in plants?”

Dr. H.: “No, I know nothing about the effects of these on plants.”

Me: “Or on wildlife?”

Dr. H.: “No, this is not my subject…”

Me: “What about Dr. Hepting?” (Referring to Dr. George Hepting, USDA — USFS, another of the eight “scientists”)

Dr. H.: “I worked with Dr. Hepting. Both of us are concerned with air pollution of a category other than herbicides.”

Me: “You’re not concerned in the herbicide field?”

Dr. H.: “No, not in the herbicide field.”
Then why in the Hell did you come to Globe?
So I drew two more lines through two more names on my "Specialists" in Herbicides 2-4D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex.
I then tackled that Fish and Game man, another of those included on the list of "scientists", Robert F. Stephens, Assistant Regional Director, Fish and Wildlife Service, USDI.
He was very nice, very courteous, very friendly, and also probably very honest, for his reply to my first question relative to 2,4,5-T and phenoxy herbicides and their effect on fish and wildlife since he had Fish & Wildlife in his title, was:

"No, I'm no expert on 2,4,5-T or it's effect on animal populations."

Some of his other statements were: "I'm an Easterner and very little of this goes on back there" "I couldn't say that I could pass as an expert, I'm not advanced that much in my studies."

When I asked him of his purpose in being with the 'scientific team', he replied: "My contribution to the group was to interview the Fish & Game people so I had to rely on what these people said." (Honey, if you 'relied' on them, you didn't get much! Remember my "Laughing Happy Animals" report made by the Fish & Game boys? They only saw two ground squirrels! "There's very little information on 2,4,5-T or Silvex on animal populations."

Me: "Did you check for residues (2-4D or 2,4,5-T) in the soil or water after treatment?"

Mr. Stephens: "No."
Me: "How long do you think it could persist in the water?"

Mr. S.: "I don't think I could answer that."
Me: "What about the soil?"
Mr. S.: "Most of it will be gone in one week to 30 days." (Then what in the hell happened in Globe since it's still there in some areas after 6 years?"
Me: "Have you any idea as to why it's still here?"
Mr. Stephens: "I'm not that much of an organic chemist."

And that was the end of that. Same question: Why did the USDA send him to Globe?
I've now worked my way around to Dr. Paul Sand, USDA, Agricultural Research Service. I was told that Dr. Sand held a B.S. degree and a Ph. D. in herbicides although I didn't know there was such a thing (and there isn't) so I was certain at last this was the man whose information would fill those blank spaces.
To my question "How long do these herbicides 2-4D, 2,4,5-T or Silvex last?", he replied: "They're all relatively short lived, less than one growing season...six months. I have applied as much as 40 pounds per acre of 2-4D to soybeans. Five weeks later, I could see no effect." (Good grief, Doctor! Forty pounds? Am I glad I use corn oil, not soybean)"

Me: "Any soil residue checks?" Reply: "No."
I always get around to those little green pine trees with questions like "will it damage them, what rate, etc." But Dr. Sand didn't know the answers.

When I asked about my furry forest animals, he replied:
"Well, actually, I've never considered any of these toxic to animals." "I personally haven't done any studies regarding animals."

Me: "Are you familiar with the Bionetics studies?"
Dr. Sand: "Yes, I am...initial findings indicate further testing is necessary..."

Me: "Are you familiar with symptoms (herbicide poisoning) in animals or humans?"
His reply was that he didn't know what they were.
Then he told me it would be hard for him to distinguish between 2,4D, 2,4,5-T or Silvex symptoms in plants.
Me: "If the plant lives till the next year, will it be alright? Will it survive?"

Dr. Sands: "I don't think you could say..."
To my questions relative to sycamores, cottonwoods, citrus and pines, he replied: "You are questioning me about things that are in your part of the country that I am totally unfamiliar with." (Then why in the hell didn't they send somebody to Globe who was familiar with this "part of the country")

So now, there are just "three little Indians" left, and the pharmacologist, Dr. Cipriano Cueto, USDA (P.R.D.) has a gold star by his name for being if not the most helpful, at least the most polite. I believe he is a very sincere person, and if he were a member of any fraternity other than the USDA, we would probably be friends.

We discussed only briefly the work of the Community Studies of Pesticides Program (boy, is that ever a mess down there in Tucson!) and the effects of various drugs on animals. His reply to some of the questions relative to these phenoxy herbicides was simply that no answers could be given because "some of the answers are not there."

And I've now reached the man who in his own opinion may be very elevated in the world of science, but who rated the position of 'low man on the totem pole' due to his ignorance of Herbicides and rudeness, which usually accompanies a lack of knowledge about the product one is representing.
This man was Dr. B. Clair Eliason, H.E.W. (N.I.H.). He carried not only "HEW" credentials but also National Institute of Health (that's the place that fiddle-faddled around with the Bionetics report information — the study which cost us 3½ million dollars to find out we didn't know anything about pesticides!). His "credential sheet" says he's been a bonafide member of that astounding place for one year. Prior to that, it reads "1968 — 1969 — internship in pediatrics — U. of WASHINGTON Medical School, Seattle, Washington. 

Now, my Taber's Medical Dictionary, and my Webster's Fifth Edition both tell me that "pediatrics" is a medical science which treats 'diseases of children'. No where does it mention that it covers the study of herbicides and their effects on those little kids, big old me, or animals or anything else. Even my Funk & Wagnall still holds to that 'child disease' bit. Then I decided since he was right there with those experts "teratologist", that must be why they brought him to Globe for possibly he'd worked on those experiments.

My question: Had he?

His answer: No, he had not.

Dr. Eliason: "That was done by Dr. Courtney who is in N.I.H."

(Now how did Courtney get a doctor's degree and wind up at NIH? No wonder that NIH and HEW place is in such a mess!)

After he stated he had worked in teratology, I asked if it included studies with 2-4D, 2,4,5-T or Silvex. Same answer.

"I haven't personally tested any of these compounds." (Then why did they send him to Globe?)

Me: "Are you a pesticide doctor?"

Dr. E.: "I have done placenta teratology but none with phenoxy herbicides."

I asked him to describe what deformities might occur that could be caused by these herbicides. He listed "smaller than normal eyes, missing eyes, cystic kidneys, gastro intestinal hemorrhages". (Is that why no one would look at my guinea pigs, because they had "missing eyes, smaller than normal eyes, etc.?)

I got around to the deformed dead goat:

Dr. E.: "Dr. Binns and I both saw the goat. We know how old that goat is. We had some pictures in a journal..."

Me: "You're certain of the age?"

Dr. E.: "Dr. Binns is quite certain (but not you, doctor? What kind of a witness is that? "Hearsay! That's what my lawyer will call it")."

Then Dr. Eliason proceeded to tell me all about that book which Dr. Binns got at the U. of A. library. He called it a "journal article with pictures of teeth of goats of similar ages."

Me: "You mean there's no other way to tell the age except the teeth?"

Dr. E.: "This is a common way to tell."

Me: "How long do they keep their teeth?"

Dr. E.: "I'm no expert on goat's teeth. I simply said I saw the teeth with Dr. Binns..."

Me: "Are you aware of how long they keep their baby teeth before they lose them?"

Dr. E.: "No, I'm not!"

Me: "And you based your statement on an article?"

Dr. E.: "Yes, and Dr. Binns' statements..."

Me: "What about the duck?"

Dr. E.: "Mr. McKusick told us it was not born there but four miles away. (So what's wrong with his being honest? You've already accused him and his wife and all of us of lying about that poor deformed dead goat, so why didn't he lie and say the duck was 'born' right there? You'd never have known it wasn't hatched there if he hadn't told you, but I suspect you'd all have made up some other assinine excuse like "Ducks are only deformed by those herbicides if they're exposed on Tuesday and it was Sunday when the helicopter sprayed your place")."

Then I asked him what he knew about drift, to which he replied like a lawyer leaping to his own defense. "These questions are not pertinent!"

(The hell they're not, Dr. Eliason! Stick around and see how 'pertinent' some of them are before this thing's over!)

I finally shot in this one, pertinent or not:

Me: "Could it have drifted four miles?"

Dr. E.: "It could have. Anything could have happened...I've read the report...don't recall what it said..."

Me: "Are you familiar with the teratology findings disclosed in the April hearings?"

Dr. E.: "I've heard something, not familiar with the whole hearing..."

Me: "Do you know what animals were used?"

Dr. E.: "As far as I know, these were rats and mice." (Wrong on both, Doctor! They were chickens and some golden hamsters and a monkey got his case history in there, too!)

Me: "Your work with humans has been relative to teratology, but not as it relates to phenoxy herbicides?"

Dr. E.: "No one is specially trained in that area...No one is doing work on humans only when possibly there's an accidental exposure to a pregnant woman..."

Me: "Have you any of those studies?"
Dr. E.: "There's no report that I know of."

I asked on what he had based his opinions that there was no damage in the Globe area to humans. His reply:

"Talked to 9 out of 13 doctors (don't know where he found that many! Those yellow pages must be wrong!) And with the exception of one, they saw no organic illnesses."

Me: "Were any of them toxicologists or pesticide doctors?"

Dr. E.: "There aren't any pesticide doctors." (Then how would anybody know what the hell to look for! That A.M.A. bunch get more unbelievable every day!)

When I asked if he had any source of information on these things, he referred to some "people who drank it" (I don't know if they lived or died or what). I then stated I had expected him to be an expert in herbicide poisoning since he was the medical doctor sent to inspect us. His reply: "I'm a medical doctor. No one is that much of an expert in diagnosing these things because they haven't seen any of these things."

Me: "I was told you were a specialist in this field."

Dr. E.: "No, I'm not a specialist. I'm familiar with the story of Globe, and I had some background in teratology. Other than that, I'm not a thorough expert! (There he goes, boys, down the hatch!)

Me: "Are you a toxicologist?"

Dr. E.: "No."

Me: "Do you have papers you've written or you could send?"

Dr. E.: "No, I'm pretty familiar with the information and there isn't very much."

Me: "Is it possible to look at symptoms of herbicide poisoning and not recognize them because one is not trained in that field?"

Dr. E.: "That possibility exists."

Me: "Could the doctors, because of lack of training, possibly not recognize the symptoms?"

Dr. E.: "I'd rather not make any more comments." Then he commented that the symptoms in Globe are very non-specific and occur in normal populations and are mainly emotional." (The State Health Commission got pretty emotional over some of the symptoms up here, and didn't think they were just ordinary at all!)

So I pushed that "mainly emotional" with the big fat query of: "Isn't it true that 2,4,5-T can affect the emotional makeup?"

Dr. E.: "Yes, I have read where it can cause an emotional reaction."

About then my emotional reaction was beginning to get to him, I guess, for he hung up on me! And since I'm allowed to and excused for reacting violently to such ill manners (been sprayed, you know!), I drew two lines through his name — put him on the bottom of the pole — stuck in two pins instead of the ordinary one — and said, "To Hell With It!"

My hopes were still high, though, to learn some of those "facts", which Dr. Tschirley had promised, about herbicides as I contacted the next member of the team, Dr. Wayne Binns, USDA, Agricultural Research Service, formerly a veterinarian in private practice.

To my question whether his studies relative to poisonous plants covered the subject of herbicides, his reply was:

"No, just the study of the effect of poisonous plants on livestock."

I inquired if he had done any teratology studies regarding phenoxy herbicides, such as 2-4D and again the answer was negative.

Then I asked about the famous deformed, and now dead, goat which they had viewed and bled while in Globe. I asked on what he had based his statement that it was born "prior to the spray", to which he replied: "On its teeth..." He stated he had obtained a book (after he arrived in Arizona) from the University Library in Tucson, entitled "Principles of Veterinary Science", which contained photographs of goats' teeth.

My final question to Dr. Binns regarding the goat was:

Me: "Then if the goat still has any baby teeth, it would not be five years old?"

Dr. B.: "That's right."

(The experimental area which they didn't tell us about was sprayed prior to 1965, the USFS admits spraying 1965 through 1969, and that poor goat had some baby teeth left when he died! Doesn't sound like its any complicated mathematical problem requiring calculus, but then I forgot that those USDA boys never were very good at even basic math!)

I also covered the subject of "Charley", the deformed duck who was a real, honest to goodness genuine Pekin duck, which Dr. Binns had also disqualified by saying it was hatched "4 miles from the spray area". (Some people don't listen. It was hatched four miles from the area in which they saw him, but that area was over Russell Gulch way, which had been heavily sprayed and damaged.)

Me: "Dr. Binns, I wanted to clarify it with you that the duck was born (I should have said 'hatched' but Charley is rather a very real personality to all of us, so I said 'born') in one of the most heavily sprayed areas."

Dr. B.: "Are you speaking of that goose?"

(Dr. Binns, even I will feel embarrassed for you if you call that
Pekin Duck a 'goose' in your report! You'll upset Dr. Tscherley all to hell if you do!

To my question relative to any studies on guinea pigs:

Dr. B.: “No.”

Me: “Any experiments with herbicides on animals?”

Dr. B.: “Just cattle and sheep.”

Me: “Any studies of the reactions of goats and sheep to herbicides?”

Dr. B.: “Technically, we don’t know. There’s no place where they’ve compared them.”

Me: “Are you familiar with the findings disclosed at the 2,4,5-T hearings?”

Dr. B.: “No.”

The overwhelming absurdity of this interview is inescapable — shocking — and very, very sad. It was difficult to realize this was the man to whom was attributed the statement sent around the world that “the goat was born prior to the spray and the duck was hatched four miles from the sprayed area.” He lied. So did anyone else who made this statement.

Such an unqualified witness making such a declaration is incomprehensible. Assuming it would be accepted as “proof” is even more shocking. The comical picture this conversation depicted was shattering, as I visualized this man obtaining a book from our state library after his arrival in Arizona, and drawing a few hasty conclusions about a subject in which he had no previous training, thereupon establishing himself as an “expert.” This “expert” was then placed in the role of “judge and jury” by the USDA to qualify or disqualify the claims of damage by herbicides to an entire area depending on this one statement made by this one man whether or not a goat was under five years old or where a duck was hatched. Upon my insistence that I see a copy of this “book” or paper or whatever it was that had been designated as “absolute proof”, I received the attached drawing which I submit to you. It was marked “Exhibit I”, by the USDA. When I in turn submitted it to the chemical company attorneys, it caused one of them to comment that the USDA must be on our side to submit anything as unfactual as this.

And that was the end of the list of “Eight Great Specialists in Herbicides 2-4D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex” and their effect on man, woman, child, beast, plants, soil, birds, air, water and those sexy beetles! And I hadn’t learned a damn thing, except what I already knew...that although they were “Scientists”, it wasn’t in phenoxy herbicides!

What was it I said way back there at the beginning? That in February, it’s real cold in Washington, D.C., and they probably just wanted to come out with the rest of the ‘snow-birds’ for a real nice ‘quickie vacation’!
"HERBICIDE SPECIALIST GIVES VIEWS"

In the Los Angeles Times 5-23-70, Orange County Edition, there appeared a letter under this heading from Harold M. Kempen, Bakersfield. He stated that as a herbicide specialist with the University of California, he believed an article about the spraying of Globe and resultant damage in the L.A. Times was 'extremely misleading' and that the headline was 'disappointingly inaccurate.' He stated the real damage was that the article 'pollutes the emotions' of unknowing people, making 'logical analysis' impossible.

He added that Dr. David Pimentel of Cornell University "who is a member of the President's Environmental Quality Council, Office of Science & Technology, Washington, D. C." was on the "task force which investigated the incident." (He does not give the date or what 'task force'.) and that Dr. Pimentel had announced to the Western Society of Weed Science (and he doesn't say where this was held nor give the date) that the Globe, Arizona, incident was "one of the greatest hoaxes perpetrated onto the American Public". But he failed to mention, that Dr. Pimentel, was on a government committee in Washington composed of four members, one of whom is Dr. Julius E. Johnson, Vice-Pres. Dow Chemical Co., and the loudest protester of restricting these particular chemicals.

He concluded by saying he had faith that herbicides would reduce 'back-breaking monotonous toil for millions of farm workers' minus any 'appreciable hazards' to the workers or any one else. Guess he never heard about that John Deere outfit which makes all kinds of machinery to eliminate the 'man with the hoe'. If that's the way they're still working at the University of California Experiment Station, no wonder it's taking so long to get these 'experiments' completed! And as for those 'millions of farm workers', call an outfit whose initials are MOP and see what they think about those pesticides on crops in such quantities that the workers are half dead!

After looking over my list of various 'task forces' and seeing no one named 'Dr. Pimentel', I picked up my five pound old style phone on the mountain and called Mr. Kempen. I didn't find him at the University of California, though. He was working in a county office at the Farm Advisor's.

I refreshed his memory about the article he had written and asked if he had a copy of the particular speech made by Dr. Pimentel. His reply:

Mr. Kempen: "No, I don't believe any proceedings were compiled. There was an abstract of all the speakers before, but his talk was a last minute thing."

I asked if anyone had kept a record of the talk, especially the sentence re the "Globe incident" being a hoax.

Mr. Kempen: "I wrote it down myself while listening to him."

Then I asked if he had done any analysis work regarding possible residues (since he said he was a herbicide specialist) on 2,4-D or 2,4,5-T any place in California or America.

Mr. Kempen: "No, I myself haven't."

I asked if he knew whether there were any residues shown in the analysis work (on crops) (since the article said he was a herbicide specialist).

Mr. Kempen: "No, I can't say."

I wanted to know how long it could remain in my soil (just in case I wanted to plant a pea plant or a bean plant when I got it all over the corn) and he should know, for he's a herbicide specialist, he said.

Mr. Kempen: "2,4-D lasts two to four weeks. If it's dry might be longer, maybe one and one-half months."

(Why is it still in my garden, and out on the ridge above the house, and clear up there four miles from the spray after a year?)

Then I wanted to know whether there is a difference in visual damage between Silvex, 2,4-D or 2,4,5-T; a specialist should know.

Mr. Kempen: "Quite similar. Probably varies with the plant." (Sorry, Mr. K., it varies with the herbicide! Ref: Dow Chemical.)

Then I asked about my little green pine trees, whether it would be harmful to them or not.

Mr. K. "Not particularly." (Sorry, Mr. K., you failed that one, too. It can kill them. Ref. USDA)

I pressed this conifer thing a little further to find out which might hurt my little green pine trees the most, 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T or Silvex.

Mr. Kempen: "I don't know for certain. I would think ... Well, I really don't know." (A herbicide specialist should know.) The foresters kept saying "Won't hurt grass." so I asked 'does it affect grass?' and do you know what he said?

Mr. Kempen: "At higher rates, it will." (You score about a three on that one, Mr. K., but it says on the label it can kill stoloniferous grasses, and, that's St. Augustine, Bermuda, etc., and it doesn't say it has to be a 'high rate' either!)

I figured a real bonafied herbicide specialist would know the rate recommended for mesquite (everyone knows that one!). But he didn't know.

Mr. Kempen: "Have to check and see what the label suggests."

(I never found anyone yet that reads those labels!)

I asked if he knew the rate for pines.

Mr. Kempen: "No, I don't get involved with that very often."
I surmised Mr. Kempen must know a lot about herbicides and animals to be such an authority as to be a herbicide specialist. I asked him if he had done any work with animals and herbicides.

Mr. Kempen: "No, my work is agricultural crops."

I'd read in USDA bulletins they aren't supposed to use Silvex and 2,4,5-T all over agricultural crops like my spinach and peas and potatoes, and melons, oranges and radishes, and okra, so I said "You use 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T and Silvex on crops?"

Mr. Kempen: "No, we never use it on crops here. In fact, we have regulations in California that prevents us using any 2,4-D material between March 15 and October 15." (But June through August are the only months the forest service sprays it — in California.)

Me: "So you don't use 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex?"

Mr. Kempen: "Not between those periods."

Me: "What crops do you use it on when you use it?"

Mr. Kempen: "We don't use 2,4,5-T on any crops — just brush and rangeland."

By now it's a little confusing, for I thought he was a herbicide specialist but he works in agriculture... and this is more of that "open-range cow talk". Maybe they're converting the farms to grass and rangeland now. I asked if he was aware of the biometrics findings re these studies.

Mr. Kempen: "No."

Me: "Do you have a copy of it?"

Mr. Kempen: "No, as far as I know it's not been released."

(You can order it from that printing place in Washington D.C. Mr. Kempen. It was available five months prior to my conversation with you. Price $3.00.)

Then I asked if he'd been aware of the hearings before the Senate committee in Washington on the 2,4,5-T (and 2,4-D and Silvex.)

Mr. K.: "No."

Since these herbicides have now been proven to produce deformities in animals, I was sure he would have studied all the latest research, so I asked if he was aware of these new findings.

Mr. K.: "What I've heard is through the newspapers and Dr. Day at the weed meeting at the University."

Me: "Do you have any toxicology studies re humans?"

Mr. K.: "No."

Me: "Have you done any studies re these yourself?"

Mr. K.: "No."

Me: "Are you aware of any of the findings or research in your libraries? Have you read any of these reports?"

Mr. K.: "No, my report was based on what Dr. Day said."

Then I cheered up a little, for I thought maybe I had finally found a new toxicology source re humans and what herbicides could or couldn't do to them. I asked if he had any toxicology reports from Dr. Day and was he a medical doctor.

Mr. K.: "No." (No reports.) "No." (Not medical doctor.)

Mr. Day was a plant physiologist.

Me: "Are you a doctor?"

Mr. K.: "No, weed science."

Me: "Any lab analysis work re herbicides?"

Mr. K.: "No."

Me: "Did Dr. Pimentel introduce himself as a member of the task force (at the weed meeting)?"

Mr. K.: "Yes, on that Globe, Arizona incident."

Me: "Was he supposed to be one of the members?"

Mr. K.: "Yes." (He wasn't.)

Me: "You, yourself, have no knowledge re herbicides 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T or Silvex on animals or plants as far as doing actual testing on animals or plants?"

Mr. K.: "No, no data on it."

Me: "Have you done any studies re the residues of these herbicides in water?"

Mr. K.: "No, I read something at the weed science where some work was done by the Forest Service at Arizona State University, I believe."

I asked whether these "phenoixies" last very long in water.

Mr. K.: "They don't last very long in soils and in water they break down fairly rapidly." (2,4-D was still in the water in a town in his own state after 5 years!) Montebello, California.

Me: "How soon do they break down?"

Mr. K.: "100%?"

Me: "Yes."

Mr. K.: "I don't know."

Me: "How long?" (Damn persistent Scarlett O'Haras!) Mr. K.: "I don't know!"

Me: "If it gets in plants, how long before it would be gone?"

Mr. K.: "It would probably stay in the plant as long as the plant lived."

(Just like I suspected, and not like I'd been told that 'if it doesn't die in a few weeks, it is all out of it; the plant will be fine'. "No permanent damage?" "Until the plant dies" sounds pretty permanent to me!!)

Me: "Is the herbicide translocated from the plant to the seed?"

Mr. K.: "YES, IT IS, but we don't know for certain if it's translocated intact as 2,4-D or whether it breaks down into some other metabolites."

(So even if I could grow anything, and they had seed pods, and I planted them, I'd be eating it all over again!)
Me: “You don’t know?”
Mr. K.: “No.”
Me: “It could carry into the next plant?”
Mr. K.: “Yes, it conceivably can.” And since water is real important, I figured a herbicide specialist would know about the monitoring being done on water.
Mr. K.: “There may be a project on aquatic weeds, mostly done in Denver. Since all this fuss about pesticides, some work on water is being done at O.S.U. Rather limited at the University.”

Then he said he believed these herbicides could be used safely — and he included all three.
Me: “You have not seen the Bionetics or Mrak report?” (Mr. Mrak was located right out there where he is. Same university.)
Mr. K.: “No.”
Me: “Are you aware of the government tests on the golden hamsters?”
Mr. K.: “No.”
Me: “On the mice and rats?”
Mr. K.: “I have heard reports from Boise Day. He got some of the stuff before it was released to the newspapers.” (And you didn’t read it? My goodness, I would have.)

And since those hearings in Washington in April turned out to last clear into June, I was sure any real herbicide specialist would want to keep up on those, so I asked if he was aware of them and what the findings in the hearings had shown in June.
Mr. K.: “No.”
I asked if he knew whether the LD50 was more for mice or dogs.
Mr. K.: “No, I don’t. Do you?”
Me: “I’m just asking you, for it says you’re a herbicide specialist and this is information for my report.” (The LD50 for a dog is much less than a mouse.)
Mr. K.: “We certainly couldn’t collect all this information to begin with — and if you read it all, you wouldn’t have time — — .”
Me: “Pardon?”
Mr. K.: “If I read all that kind of information, I wouldn’t have time to do my work.”
Me: “If you read the information on the toxicology, you wouldn’t have time to do your work????!”
Mr. K.: “Right.”
Me: “Where are your information sources?”
Mr. K.: “Oh, from all different sources: our University Weed Specialist” (I thought that’s what you were, Mr. K.), “Pesticide Research people, USDA people and company people.” (chemical?)

I thanked Mr. Kenpen and I truly am grateful for his enlightenment that he is not a herbicide specialist. I received his permission to write the information he gave me into my report in my book.

Then I called Dr. Pimentel. No trouble finding him, he was at home.
First I asked him if he had been a member of the task force, to which he replied “no.” After reading him the article, I asked if the quote re “the biggest hoax etc.” attributed to him was really his and he replied it wasn’t. I asked him what he had said and he replied:

Dr. Pimentel: “I don’t remember exactly. I did state that the people in Globe were honest; that they had been misled. My own views are stated in that press release” (the ‘root-rot, woodpecker and sapsucker’ one, I guess).
Me: “Do you have a copy of your remarks given at the weed science meeting?”
Dr. P.: “No. The reason I was there was I representing the ‘Science and Technology on General Activities Relative to Herbicide Registration’ (good grief) taking place in Washington (Then why weren’t you in Washington, Dr. Pimentel?) “I was asked about the Globe situation and I said I had been there and I thought the people there were honest and of the highest integrity but that there had been some misinformation.”

Me: “To whom did you attribute the misinformation?”
Dr. P.: “The fact that some people had not fully investigated — ”
Me: “Who are the persons you are accusing of not fully investigating?”
Dr. P.: “I know one individual (never gave name) including CBS. When they prepared their story, they did not check all the facts.”
Me: “Which ones?”
Dr. P.: “Let me give you an example: The goat that was lame was a goat that by age was six years old or older and the appearance of that goat could not have been caused by exposure to herbicides.” (The goat was not lame — it was deformed and it was under 5 years old.)
Me: “On what did you base the age of the goat?”
Dr. P.: “The teeth.”
Me: “They (the owners of the goat) have proof it was born after the spray. What about the Duck?”
Dr. P.: “We were told the duck came from a region outside the spray area.”
Me: “Who told you that?”
Dr. P.: “This should be in the Tschirley report.”
Me: “It isn’t. What about the guinea pigs that were born at my home in the spray area, with one eye etc.?”
Dr. P.: “I don’t know anything about them.” (Why didn’t he? I told the “task force” about them.)
Me: “You didn’t know about a lot of things. Are you aware of the
action of herbicides in plants? 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex?
Dr. P.: "I'm not going to claim to be a plant physiologist. I'm an
ecologist, animal ecologist."
Me: "Have you done any experiments on animals with 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T or
Silvex?"
Dr. P.: "No, I have not conducted any experiments with these."
Me: "Have you done any experiments with them with plants?"
Dr. P.: "No, other than treating my home garden."
Me: "Do you know the differences or similarities between 2,4-D,
2,4,5-T and Silvex?"
Dr. P.: "In the way they affect plants?"
Me: "Yes."
Dr. P.: "Well, some are more effective."
Me: "Which is more effective, 2,4-D – T or Silvex?"
Dr. P.: "2,4,5-T is reported more effective (don't you know, Doctor?)
in killing brush shrubs than 2,4-D. Silvex will affect some bushy
species that 2,4,5-T would not."
Me: "What are the visual symptoms?"
Dr. P.: "Leaves become chlorotic (yellow) with curling." (This was one
of symptoms in our plant life listed by various USDA members. They
said it was caused by drought.)
Me: "Same with all three?"
Dr. P.: "Yes, with all three."
Sorry, Doctor, you failed on that little test. One of the most out-
standing things about Silvex is that malformations in the leaves which
always occur with 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T failed to develop in some of the
experiments. There are a lot of other differences, like green stems and
leaves a year or two later so there were no visible symptoms that the
plant was dying. Another sentence: 'Silvex was as active or slightly
more active than 2,4-D; while 2,4,5-T was less active than 2,4-D.' That
blew another theory, didn't it? Source? Silvex Tech., Bulletin Number
1: January 1954 - Dow Chemical. On with the interview:
Me: "Regarding animals ... Since you have had no experience in
doing any actual testing of any animals, what are the symptoms you
would list as indicating herbicide poisoning?"
Dr. P.: "I have worked with pesticides."
Me: "I'm talking about 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex." (Let's stay with
the issue!)  
Dr. P.: "As to how they'd affect animals? I have really not observed
animals poisoned by herbicides."
Me: "You haven't observed them, or haven't you checked into them?"
Dr. P.: "I have not personally observed any of the experiments. I know
about the experiments and all that, but I was not actually personally
present in doing any of the experiments.
Me: "Are you familiar with symptoms of herbicide poisoning in man?"
Dr. P.: "I would not be in a position to make any decision, not being a
toxicologist re the real symptoms."
Dr. P.: "I think your book will be a valuable contribution whether I
agree with all of it or not." (A little prejudiced ahead of time, Doctor,
before you've even read it!)
Me: "I'm not interested whether you agree or not. I just wanted to
know whether you made the quotes attributed to you."
How could Dr. Pimentel say the people in Globe were 'honest, of
highest integrity' and yet claim he thinks we lied about the age of one
poor deformed goat and one duck? How can we be honest and
dishonest, too? You didn't see 'Cluck', did you, Dr. Pimentel? She
was a paralyzed chicken. We have a lot of other pretty sad pictures
like goats with two mouths, and pigeons with deformed legs and guinea
pigs with no eyes. We weren't professional, like you, but some of the
professionals did get here - real fast - only they didn't come out of
Washington and have government jobs. Will it make their word
worth less since they didn't have USDA on their cars?
I am more than weary of hearing the words 'duck and goat' and
"misrepresentation of the facts" spouted from the mouths of those
who profess to be trained scientists in the unknown world of herbicides.
It is tragic that these men would attempt to cover the damage that has
occurred by these methods. It is time that you, the reader, and these
self-styled specialists meet the man and the woman who own the duck.
The goat is now dead. By the way, Dr. Pimentel and Mr. Kempen:
Which one of you is not telling the truth? Mr. Kempen attributes a
quote to you, Dr. Pimentel. Dr. Pimentel denies that he made these
statements, Mr. Kempen. Which one of you lied?
I wonder if Mr. Kempen knew that Dr. Pimentel's name was on the
same committee list in Washington, D. C. with Dr. Julius Johnson,
vice-president Dow Chemical Co.? Or that the findings of these various
committees were kept secret until AFTER Globe?
If Mr. Kempen reads my book, he'll learn the only time the Forest
Service in California is using 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T is during the period of
time he said their use was restricted ... and that the rates being used are
many times greater than necessary to kill even a pine tree! And
that none of them I interviewed at the USDA or USFS in
California knew any more about herbicides than he did - and that's
damn little!
“A DUCK, A GOAT AND THEIR OWNERS”

I will not attempt to prove by this chapter some scientific point about whether a goat or a duck living in the area of Globe, Arizona, were disabled and malformed by the spraying of phenoxy herbicides. I do not need to prove what I already know. The place for this will be in a courtroom.

I know nothing about goats’ teeth or ducks’ tendons, but I know when the goat was born because I was there. And I know about the duck because it was hatched in an area that had been sprayed. But it would not have made any difference to me whether I had been there when the goat was born, for most of all, I know these two people, Bob and Charmion McKusick who own both of these animals and they do not lie. I do not need to defend them for they have their own very special brand of courage. I do not need to plead for them, for the facts will speak for themselves.

The goat is dead now, as are so many they had before. And I suppose it is hard to realize how much even a goat could mean to someone.

I am weary of the picture that has been presented to the world of these people who own these animals; I resent the implication by members of the USDA that they have lied.

What I write will not be in their defense. They need none. It is only that I would like for those who came and went away unknowing to at least be aware of the facts surrounding these two people. I write of them as my friends, but mostly as a writer, disclosing facts.

For the twenty and more years I have been in Arizona, I have admired the art work of this unusual team to whom beauty is so visible, and who make it visible to others. Long ago, when Bob was about 15, his interest in chemistry cost him one of his hands but he became one of the greatest artists of our time despite this loss. There are those who sometimes say that a person’s greatness may evolve because of some tragedy they were forced to overcome. I do not subscribe to that belief. I believe a man’s greatness is inherent within him, and that the recognition of it by himself is what makes it flourish. I will mention briefly at this time, since we are touching on things that so many consider ‘handicaps’, that my husband, Willard Shoecraft, who was at one time the owner of three radio stations has been a double amputee since childhood. In the field of radio, his name and his talents are well known. And of him I make the same statement: his greatness that he has achieved was not because of an unfortunate accident, but as I have stated re Bob McKusick, it has been in spite of it. If either of these two men feel they are really handicapped, it’s indiscernable.

Because there are those who feel a man’s background is more important than the man, I will list partially some of the information which may be pertinent as it applies to Charmion and Bob McKusick.

Bob is a member of the American Craftman’s Council, and is also on the Governor’s Commission for Arizona Beauty.

He was the designer of the goblets and plates which were used for the World Premiere of the play “The Robe”.

A Mosaic design which he crafted was selected for the cover of the album, “The Miracle of the Roses” by Patricia Benton. This is the album which was selected by the U. S. Government for use in their cultural exchange program with Mexico.

One of the things for which he is famous, in addition to his tiles which are sold around the world, is the development of a new mosaic technique which has been adopted by many leading mosaic artists. Some of these tiles and mosaics have been installed in many outstanding architecturally designed buildings such as the Paradise Valley Country Club in Scottsdale, Arizona. You will find their names in “Who’s Who in Arizona”.

“The McKusick’s fame as potters has become nationwide and many national magazines have carried articles on this unique team.”. This was the quote of a famous art critic.

Bob’s background training was in chemistry, anthropology and art at the University of Arizona.
Charmon McKusick is a graduate with the honor of High Distinction from the University of Arizona with a bachelor of arts degree in Anthropology and a minor in Zoology and Geology. She is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Kappa Phi and is presently studying for her master's degree in ornithology and anthropology. She has spent five years training in ornithological osteology under the teaching of Lyndon L. Hargrave, research professor of Ethnobiology at Prescott College, and has also had three years of mammalian osteology under Thomas W. Mathews, Chief, Preservation Lab, Southwest Archeological Center. Both of them are members of the Arizona Academy of Science.

More than these degrees of learning to me is their ability to care what happens to that world out there . . . to care enough that Bob McKusick would say on our Open Line program at KIKO on July 3, 1969, as he recalled the loss of his hand 24 years earlier and referring to the tragic spraying of our homes and our mountain, “I have only one hand, but I would trade this one I have left not to have had this happen to all of us, and to our area.” And I knew he meant it.

These are the two people whom I have seen care for the animals and birds that died after the spray. This is the scientist, Charmon McKusick, who is trained in these things. How strange that those who called themselves ‘scientists’ didn’t know.

Doesn’t it seem ridiculous to accuse them of lying about a little duck with twisted feet and slipped tendons identical to those in the government experiments and a deformed goat that is dead now, especially when the truth has been impossible to obtain from those doing the accusing?

Many of these men have issued the statement time after time that these dangerous chemicals caused “no damage in Globe, Arizona, because the deformed goat was born before the spray and the deformed duck 4 miles away.” These men are liars. But they are also guilty of the crime of suppressing the truth by not reporting the other deformed animals, including guinea pigs with no eyes, pigeons with cleft palates and twisted feet, goats with double mouths and misshapen heads, and ducks with double wings.

Nor did they tell of the destroyed crops, and the slaughtered vegetation on the private land.

These men lied, but worse than that, they suppressed the truth. Their ignorance surpassed their arrogance when they assumed they could set aside the damage to hundreds of people and hundreds of acres by attempting to disqualify one goat and one duck.

I include this paper of Charmon McKusick, for those who may find it useful.

INTRODUCTION

The following excerpts are records of abnormal occurrences observed during the last four summers in Kellner Canyon, Gila County, Arizona. This is in no way to be construed as connected with the National Park Service. It has not been compiled as a government project, was not executed on government time, makes no use of files of the Southwest Archeological Center, and bears no relationship to my employment as the National Park Service’s archaeological avian specialist. My job description specifically permits independent study projects, independent writing, and independent publishing.

Between May 15 and 28, 1966, eleven Brown Towhees were found in our yard seeking water. They were unable to fly, had eyes discharging or swollen shut, joints of tarsometatarsus and tibiotarsus enlarged. Unable to eat, or drink, or stand upright. They were brought in and force-fed and watered, but all died within one to three days. There have been no resident towhees to date. Inquiry was made of Lyndon L. Hargrave, then Collaborator in Archae-ornithology, Southwest Archeological Center, and later in the summer of Dr. Roy Johnson, now of Prescott College, Arizona, but neither were familiar with the symptoms.

In 1967 a change in bird population was quite noticeable. Not only were the towhees absent, but there were no resident cardinals, jays, tanagers, hardly any Cactus Wrens, no Bewick’s Wrens which have been plentiful since 1954. The Band-tailed Pigeons came to eat acorns, but only 12 of them. There were few woodpeckers.

In 1968 the five members of our family were sprayed with our two dogs on our patented land two miles by road from our residence. We ran to the car, but the dogs were farther away, and breathed quite a lot of spray on our skin. Immediately on returning home, this was washed off with strong soap and clothes changed. In spite of immediate action, the result was rash, difficulty of breathing, chest pain, muscle spasm. I experienced an annoying painful discharge of milk, unprecedented since I have born no children in 12 years and had a hysterectomy six years ago.

We did not think of washing the dogs – they came down with a pneumonia like affliction within a few hours, and since the veterinarian
was out of town and they obviously would not live until morning. I gave them 2 cc. combiotics each. The veterinarian on his return the next day said it was a double dose, but to give them each 1 cc. more that day. Both lived, but the younger has not breathed well since.

There was some damage to the tops of hackberry trees in our yard, apparently due to drift of spray. The leaves fell from the trees and were eaten by the geese, which immediately showed signs of respiratory distress, of five adults, three were saved with injections of ½ cc. combiotics each day. Only one goose hatched in 1968. The gosling which was in a pen ate the leaves with its mother. It recovered from pneumonia, but was paralyzed and spastic, living for about two weeks under force feeding before it died.

No ducks at all hatched in 1968. Many chickens raised for Lyndon L. Hargrave's Comparative Osteology of the Chicken and the Grouse were also lost.

In April of 1969, the hackberry trees which had shown top kill in 1968 shed all their tender leaves in one day and began to disintegrate with bark and branches falling off. Chicken and geese exhibited a depraved appetite, as did the goats, leaving their grain stand while they licked up all the leaves. The fowl became sick immediately, starting a long siege of force feeding, buying combiotics in 100 cc. bottles for giving ½ cc. shots.

After the afternoon of June 8, when the helicopter passed just above our residential property line on its way to the Kellner-Russell Project, spewing out fluid as it traveled, the remainder of the summer has been spent ending the dead and dying. One Silver Seabright hen which survived eating the leaves which fell in April, went into pneumonia again, which she survived, but suffered such a high fever and severe convulsions that the entire left side is paralyzed. At first the neck was drawn all the way around to the back, and she was severely spastic. She has been force fed for three months now, and with vitamins, stretching of the spastic limbs and exercise is slightly improved. The most interesting change in this specimen is the complete resorption of formerly normal wattles and comb. The skin where they were is not even pigmented any longer.

A larger seven year old peacock was found paralyzed after this spraying with feet clenched like fists. After several days of treatment and injections he could move on the tarsi, but it was over a week before the feet could be unclenched, and much longer before he regained his equilibrium.

The nich left by the departed song birds has been filled in the past three years by increasing numbers of Phainopepla. After the spraying of 1969, all the birds which had come to nest, including the Phainopepla, departed as soon as their young were able to fly. Many young sparrows have died during June and July, as many as two or three a day at our waterer. There are now in late August no birds left except those sparrows and mourning doves which eat commercial feed with our remaining few 'fowl. Our giant sycamores which once swarmed with tanagers and orioles are silent. There are no Poor Wills at night. Our only visitors are the swallows which for the first time have come down from the pond on our patented land. The water pond has some strange new life — it is periodically blood red.

As for ourselves, we had a recurrence of all the ills of last year, only more severe, since our yard has been sprayed and we cannot get away from it. In addition we attempted to eat our fruit before we realized it was contaminated, and we suffered cramps and diarrhea. The inside of a fig was fed to a Mocking Bird we were raising, causing paralysis and eventual death.

The trees had noticeably more gall insects in 1968. No birds came to eat them. No Band-tailed Pigeons came in 1968. No woodpeckers stopped in the Fall on their usual way down the mountain.

By spring of 1969, what hackberry trees still had leaves were literally covered with galls. Everything is covered with insects this summer, even a brown beetle is devouring the datura, leaves, blooms, stems, and all. There was no grass of course; where we used to pasture a burro, now three remaining geese cannot find a blade.

The flower beds were empty in 1968, so we paved the yard with brick and planted prickley pear and cholla. The Cholla has split and exudes a black tarlike substance. Everything we planted in 15 years is dead except the figs, the ends of their branches have rotted off in some places and drip slime. An attempt has been made to replant — four seedling of mimosa were planted in the beginning of August in the evening. By morning two were black and slimy, and others were burned, but still live. Every time it rains the burning worsens.

A goat due to kid June 15, 1968, lost her kids on June 5, after the spraying. She has not bred since. However, she did produce milk and was slacking off after a year of milking when the spraying took place in 1969. She and another goat that was going dry immediately picked up and both are milking much more than usual. The July breeding season lasted a month instead of a week this year, no evidence that any of the does were bred in spite of this.

During 1969 no ducks or geese were hatched, one duck is setting for the fifth time without result. The hatch of chicken was 8%, and any allowed to walk on the ground died within 2 days. Those given away have survived. We cannot replace with ducklings or goslings since the environment in contaminated. A young adult drake has however
managed to survive, though not developing properly.

Our signal that summer has arrived is the arrival of our usual two turkey vultures. This year there are at least 12 by actual count. They are feeding on foxes and bobcats. Could this be a food chain result? It may be, as an owl and three hawks have died after being observed with loss of equilibrium and inability to fly. The multitudes of dead birds could certainly contribute to these predatory birds dying strangely one month after the spraying.

SUMMARY

Conversations with many complaining residents report over and over the following afflictions which they attribute to the best of their belief and knowledge to the results of spraying:

Cramps and diarrhea after eating fruit from trees which later showed leaf damage; peeling and cooking the fruit did not lessen the symptoms. Difficulty in breathing, pain in chest (some in both 1968 and 1969 thought they had heart attacks).

Vaginal bleeding — both teenage girls and mature women, severe and prolonged, one women two years beyond menopause had to have a hysterectomy.

Muscle spasm — severe and extremely painful, particularly bad in shoulders, some backs thrown out by severity of it.

Eye irritation, repeated after rains following as much as two months after spraying.

Skin irritation, recurring upon re-exposure to sprayed brush.

Damage to trees usually does not manifest itself until the following year.

Among wild birds and domestic fowl, the greatest number of deaths has occurred among juveniles. The greater the body weight, the greater the chance of survival. Loss of equilibrium is the first symptom, followed by respiratory distress, high fever, convulsions, paralysis, and death within a few hours if untreated.

Cats and dogs which have died have almost always been in a fenced yard, rather than house pets which spend most of their time inside and have thus had less exposure.

This report was signed by Charmion McKusick, the scientist, and dated August 1969.

Many of the goats are now dead. Other "abnormal occurrences" since it was written have included goats born with double mouths, misplaced eyes and misshapen heads, ducks hatched with extra wings protuding from their backs, pigeons with leg deformities and unable to fly; many guinea pigs were born dead, or with misplaced or missing eyes, cleft palates, and twisted spines.

"Albinism" was prevalent in many of the animals. Many of the horses aborted or died after extreme loss of weight and hair. A lack of breeding and off-season breeding was noted in animals and birds.

There were many dwarfed calves born in addition to deformities. Hemorrhaging and abortions were noted by many of the female area residents.

Abnormal behavior of the animals included a loss of fear as they wandered into the open and were killed. Due to the loss of fear coupled with extreme hunger as their food has been destroyed and their habitat changed, many bears came into our cabin area and forced their way into the cabins during the presence of dogs and residents. Altho the Game and Fish Department trapped an adult bear in a cage, it managed to escape through a hole less than 12 inches square due to its emaciated condition.

Many fawn were found dead, and others were born out of season. Pigeons laid eggs on the ground in the winter altho there were nesting places in the barn, and attempted to hatch them. Apple trees bloomed in December with snow on their branches.

And so the story of "Abnormal Occurrences" in Globe, Arizona, continues . . . . . .

"GET ME A BUTTERFLY NET"

A news article in one of the Phoenix papers, stated that scientists from 11 nations had gathered in Flagstaff, Arizona, to hear more than 60 reports of "recent research on the nature of the subterranean forces . . . believed to be slowly changing the face of the earth."

The group was made up of geologists, geodisists, and geophysicists. There were 10 scientists from Japan, 9 from Great Britain, and 8 from the Soviet Union. Also others from France, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Canada, Australia and Argentina. I guess the nations who didn't send anybody already know what's going to happen, and have either resigned themselves to it — or backed off ten paces and shot each other! I would have liked to have been there, and interrupted their little jam session with a few questions, such as:

What are all of you doing about telling people, really telling them . . . (not just writing it up in a paper to be put away in a mouldy library, or hidden in a drawer somewhere!) . . . about all the things that are changing the face of the earth (and not very slowly either!) right here on top of the ground where Aunt Maude and Cousin Wilbur and great-uncle Melvin and also me myself live!
Why are so many scientists as apathetic as the general public — in their reaction to many of the alarming facts re what is really happening to man because of his disregard for the ways of nature? The majority of them leave the burden of informing those who should be doing something about it to a handful of their more courageous members. Some of these men actually supress the knowledge which they have and refuse to rally to the side of those true scientists standing in the front lines crying like voices in the Wilderness. Why must the few always fight the battles for the many?

Some of them are so wrapped in their own scientific robes and so lost in their scientific jargon that they don’t realize it’s their world, too. They isolate themselves in their own little cubby-hole of research. I’m sick of hearing, “well, we’re just now finding out these things” — and then visiting their science or medical libraries, and getting past the guard on the way in, and again on the way out, only to find that there are tons (and I mean literally tons!) of research findings, showing many of these chemicals were known and proven to be extremely hazardous 20 or 30 years ago! When one of the USDA men told me that they had only recently discovered any hazard regarding the use of the phenoxy herbicides, I asked him how he was going to explain the research paper I was holding in my left hand, dated 1948, which related a few unpleasant experiences regarding their use.

Plunging ahead in my “research of the researchers”, I am looking at a newspaper clipping dated after Congressman McCarthy came to Globe, showing a photograph of the Director of Monk’s Wood Nature Conservancy, located in England. He is happily holding a mole trap, and the article says he “talks of moles with great glee”, and gives out his own personal theories of whether the mole digs more holes in good soil or bad, and also why moles even dig holes at all! My God! The world and practically everything on it is slowly committing suicide, and he’s counting mole holes! I was going to save this “Monk’s Wood” bunch ‘til a later chapter, or just discard them entirely, but I believe they fit in right here. So Goldilocks will now go into their “Woods” after them ... and bring them out into the outside world, for at least a few paragraphs, and all my pity and sympathy is extended to the British people, as I do so.

I have a research paper, stamped “not for outside distribution” from the “Monk’s Wood” headquarters, and it’s entitled “Toxicity and Hazards to Man, domestic animals, and wildlife from auxin herbicides,” listing specifically, 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T, 2,4-DB, 2,3,6-TBA, MCPA, and MCPP. That just about covers all of them.

It tells me the following: That in 1964, the assumption was that 70% of the 8 million acres of cereals grown in the “United Kingdom” are treated annually with herbicides. Now, that’s quite a good sized hunk of land, Kids! We’ve been told it’s used on four million acres in the U.S.A., and no one was supposed to be putting them on my oatmeal at that!

Then it tells me this amounts to 2,500 tons, or 5,000,000 pounds, and that’s a helluva lot of pounds especially when it drifts all over the damn place! In fact, the total tonnage of insecticides and fungicides combined to use on all the crops in the United Kingdom, is only that much! (Stay away from that breakfast food stuff! It’s loaded!)

Like this MCPA (one of the 2,4-D bunch). When Mr. Dodd took a survey of eastern England in 1962, he found over 90% of the cereal fields were treated with herbicides. (That’s MORE than 70%) and most of it was MCPA. Want to know what it says in my USDA research report, published in May, 1969 by the USDA about that particular herbicide? The USDA did one “Long term trial” (USDA Research Report No. 108) on one sheep given little tiny amounts which was 307 days if they fed him once a day, or 100 days if they fed him 3 times a day. Then he got sick, real sick; but they kept right on feeding him, and he died before the 384th dose! When they checked him over, while he was still crawling around, they noticed he had “muscular spasms, anorexia, ataxia, and dyspnea” and after he was good and dead, they looked inside and guess what? ... his spleen was enlarged, his lungs were congested, his kidneys were swollen, there were hemmorhages and his liver was light-brown! Then they gave just four doses to another sheep (same teeny-tiny amount, 100MG/KG) and he was flat out poisoned; he finally survived, but they sure took all his fat off! They also tried it out on 5 chickens (real big researchers, those boys!) and they looked over one that died after just one dose, and his spleen was enlarged and his “intestinal mucosa” was all bright red! Then I looked in the “big green book” with the shock of corn, and the seal on the front ... (USDA); I found that there has been no tolerance level ever established for MCPA, although it happily recommends spraying it, among other things, on my barley, my lima beans, my “pinto’s”: all the stuff my horse eats, all over my corn, my lespedeza and vetch, and my peas, providing I am going to can them or freeze them! The climax to this informative “one paragraph in size” research, is the statement that “MCPA applied at .1 to 2,10 pounds per acre, would not be hazardous at all to these three test species”; chickens (although they died!), sheep, (buried him too!), or cattle, although the yearling was poisoned after 8 doses! And that’s what they’re spraying all over my great grand-dad’s oatmeal!

Back to the English paper, and those boys in the “Woods” ... on page 39, it says that in 1945, someone named Kraus, ate a little bit of
2,4-D every day for three weeks, and no one could see any ill effects. (No way to tell what went on inside; I imagine that sheep looked pretty good up to the 4th dose!). It also fails to tell us what strength he took - and boy, is there a difference! Like from 1.1 to 87.9 of pure stuff! Doesn’t say whether it was salts or amines, or esters! Whether it was low volatile, like butoxyethanol, butoxypropil, ethoxypropil, isoeetyl, propylene-glycol, butyl ether, or high volatile, like methyl, ethyl, isopropyl, butyl, or amyl! That makes the whole thing a rather silly experiment! In 1965, somebody in Denmark drank 125 ml. of 2,4-D, and killed himself; tore up his nerve tissues and central nervous system. Maybe the Doctor he talked to before he died was like some of those in Globe who kept insisting no one could possibly have any ill effects from these “harmless herbicides”!

The next paragraph gives the oral toxicity of 2,4-D to man as 50 to 500 MG/KG. Nice wide range there! Great margin for error! Never pin it down! Leave it open in case you’re wrong! But I’ll bet some of those who subscribe to the “harmless, can’t hurt you!” school of thought, wanted to drum “Freireich et al” right out of their little club for showing, in 1966, that a number of drugs are more toxic in man than in the mouse, by a factor of 10 to 15!

In fact, he states it is dangerous to assume that a toxic dose to man (when they’ve never tested it on humans!) is the same as a toxic dose to an animal, basing it on the weight factor involved. The same page tells about a farmer, (1961) who sprayed the real harmless kind, (2,4-D-40% solution – we’ve been shot down with 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T, 2,4,5-TP, and others, as strong as 87%). He was hauled into the hospital, treated, released, hauled back again in 18 days, and was in there for 40 days! Some Russian field workers also had the same symptoms, after using 2,4-D. Then Duggan and Weatherwax (don’t know where or who, except that’s what it says) made a report on residues of herbicides, 2,4-D etc., on food and drink samples, taken from 25 cities in my own big U.S.A! I would have thought there was enough to keep those British researchers busy checking their own little messes over there, in the “Woods”) and they found residues in oil, and fat, and sugar, and sugar products and grain, and cereal, and dairy products, and the leafy vegetables. The big green USDA book, tells me that no levels have been set for these things, in that kind of forage for me, so they shouldn’t be there, but their comment, (the “Monk’s Wood”) is they concluded the toxic hazards are small, and “there did not appear to be danger to health at the present time”. (Excuse me, I just can’t get that sheep out of my mind, or the chicken, with the bright red intestinal mucosa!)

On page 42, I discover how little is known re the fact that these herbicides and insecticides may all wind up out there together in the same place, and start an “antagonism”. Good word. Well used. Makes me wonder if while they are battling each other, they might combine forces and kill me off quicker.

Same page talks about 2,4-D in 1954 and 2,4,5-T in 1966, and experiments with calves, pigs, rats, and chickens. They found the highest tissue levels in livers, kidneys, spleens and lungs. Balayannis (1965) dosed a rabbit (one) and 6 mice (six) with one of the herbicides and found it in their feces. (Cost me $25.00, but I also found it in cow manure, 10 months after spraying.)

Several of them then drew the brilliant conclusion that if it was in the manure, it could contaminate a susceptible crop on which the manure might be used. Then someone decided it would be interesting to spray 2,4,5-T out there on the grass where the chickens were running around. This reduced the egg production, took off all their fat, and shrank them up in size real good. They also found residues of the chemicals in the eggs, and it bleached out the feathers on some of the chickens that were hatched. (Like albino guinea pigs?)

Page 45 talks of illness, and death, and chronic tympanites, in the wine. By this time, this whole bloody paper sounds more and more like that USDA Production Research Report, number 106. I wonder if they shared notes, or the same animals?

The things that happen to the pigs on Page 45, get pretty gruesome. . . like dying right after birth, and twisted spines. After reading Page 48, I know why the bees in Arizona are dead. 2,4-D and related herbicides are wiping them out! But they are increasing the reproduction of the damned old “pea aphid”! (See, all you smart task force crew members who wandered around my place, telling me it was aphids and galls and such things! You even helped prove everything we said, by documenting these little things, when you saw them all over the place. Now, if you’d been real sharp, about this hormone spray stuff, you would have known why the aphids were there! And when I tell you what’s in the next paragraph, you’ll be even more upset, because you didn’t know these things! Or did you? Only you never thought I’d find out too!)

Do any of you remember muttering about “nematodes” and “galls” in Globe, Arizona? Page 49: “plant cell hypertrophy and proliferation, common effect of 2,4-D in many plants, provides highly suitable conditions for development of nematodes”. I have another one about the galls too, caused by 2,4-D; got it from the list the USDA sent me from Beltsville, Md., I wouldn’t have known what to call those things, but you did, so thanks for documenting their presence; it will help with our “evidence” in court.
Page 51, gets us into the fish department, and they don't sound at all enthusiastic about these chemicals near the fish market! No real good conclusions at all; leaves me with the feeling they're trying to tell me it's not such a great idea, to just go sloshing it around over the fish pond.

When we checked the oyster beds, boy! Page 53: "Larvae of oysters were killed by 1 ppm (real, real teeny, tiny little bit) of 2,4-D..." "cause for alarm." end of quote.

Page 54 gives a summary, about as vague and meaningless as USDA report number 106, or as Dr. Byerly at the 2,4,5-T hearings in April, 1970 in Washington! Maybe the French translation on Page 55 would have made more sense.

I again look at the photograph of "Britain's Number 1 Mole Man" (that's what the news item calls him) and wonder just what he or any of his fellow associates at "Monk's Wood" are doing about the herbicide problem in the United Kingdom. The research paper I just finished reading shows they were more than aware of the existence of herbicides a long time ago... specifically the 2,4-D phenoxy group. It also sounds like they may have been aware that there could possibly be some hazards connected to their use. And even if none of those who are mentioned in the news article from England, had ever read this research paper, before they met for "lunch in the canteen", including those from their Toxic Chemicals and Wild Life Team, maybe they should have read it, or talked to their Forestry Commission, before they made some of the remarks which the article attributes to them. Maybe if they had checked a few facts ahead of time, they wouldn't have been, according to the news item, "muttering crossly about an item in "24 hours" (a British TV show) in which an "American woman in Arizona had told horror stories about the effect of defoliants on animals and people". Maybe the next direct quote wouldn't have appeared in the item if they had. "Terrible, wasn't it? Terribly overstated." The name of the "Monk's Wood" expert who gave out this little gem of prejudiced thinking with no checking of facts, was carefully omitted. I've been trying to locate him, for I am that woman! But, at the moment, he is hiding behind his scientific robes of immunity. When a letter was addressed, via certified mail, requesting his identity, or the identity of the author of a letter from "Monk's Wood" stating "the goat was born before treatment" and the "duck hatched four miles from the treated area" none of them so far have ventured out of their woods, to pin the quotes on their tongues. Don't you know, Mr. Anonymous, this chemical can drift in the U.S.A. just like it does in England? It can travel in a high wind, and heat, and high pressure, for hundreds of miles clear to your house in the woods.

My file C-18 (Letters from England) is rather thick. And it appears there are those in your country that aren't a bit happy about these chemicals, either. Maybe it would be more fitting at the moment for Dr. Dempster to get some real facts on these chemicals that are being questioned by the whole world than to continue "investigating the effects of DDT on the small cabbage white butterfly and the brussels sprout" which he has already been investigating for five years! Why doesn't he find out what DDT is doing to people, instead of "surveys of butterflies and moths and reptiles and amphibians" to build up a "data bank" for an "insect census", and also for a "massive European survey", re how many insects there are, especially since the "insect census will take 10 to 15 years". Why don't some of you get your heads out of the butterfly nets long enough to realize there are PEOPLE over there... You're part of them! And that you'd damn well better take a good look at them, and what's happening via the use of these chemicals that were invented in 1941 for germ warfare. If some of the predictions which have been made by a few of the world's greatest and most dedicated scientists continue to become realities, that damn 15 year insect census won't really seem very important by the time it's completed. We've put a hell of a lot of deadlies out there in our atmosphere... in our food, our oceans, lakes, streams, and soil. Our earth has been a sponge long enough. These pesticides are being soaked up by every living thing there is. And one of those things happens to be you and me. Check on that other news item entitled "Weed Killers Join Pesticides on challenged chemical list." Written by Robert Cowen, London, April, 1970. Maybe you weren't aware that according to this article, Britain's Forestry Commission has now banned the use of 2,4,5-T and that "forestry workers are concerned about reports of herbicide-related illness among themselves and about "animal deaths." The last sentence states that in recent American studies done by the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences, it was concluded that 2,4,5-T itself could produce birth defects."

So "that woman from Arizona" who told the horror stories, challenges the anonymous scientists who supposedly made the statements attributed to them. Stand up and be counted, and back what you've said by facts. I already have.

The last paragraph of the "Monk's Wood" news item includes the sentence (re the opening of a refrigerator in your main building) "It was full of dead birds."

So are ours, Mr. Scientist, and dead guinea pigs, and skunks, and a bob-cat or two; only they didn't die in the Irish Sea like yours did; they died in our yards, after the spraying by the U.S. Forest Service of
our area, with herbicides.

Some of the guinea pigs don't have any eyeballs, or any eyes on the side of their heads like the ones in the government experiments with these chemicals which have also been used in your country.

Maybe when that news item came out, you were all over at the canteen again, and missed it. Or when the one appeared in "The Observer", your London newspaper, on April 5, 1970, written by Charles Foley. He's been here — call him sometime.

I can't help but wonder at the sentence attributed to one of you: "our scientific reputation is the dearest thing we have". The more I analyze that sentence, the more galling it becomes to me. In my Webster's Fifth Edition it defines "reputation" as: "one's reputed character as distinct from one's inherent or real character". The synonyms listed are "fame, renown, glory, distinction".

No where does it mention integrity or devotion to the search for truth.

Perhaps you value too highly just the "reputation" of character, rather than the true character itself. If this is so, then I pity you, for the "dearest thing" could someday be lost, and then you would be very poor indeed. But no one can ever destroy truth, nor would any true scientist even attempt to do so.
"PARANOIA FOR HIRE"

I was looking through the yellow pages trying to locate those thirteen doctors, (only found seven and one was a veterinarian!) interviewed in Globe by the "Root-Rot" Task Force crew, and who reportedly had seen "nothing out of the ordinary" in the number or type of illnesses in our county. (Although it has now been disclosed we're leading the entire state at a galloping way-out-in-front lead for liver diseases, fetal and early child deaths and guess what else? Homicides!) That's when the idea came to me! Never can tell what you'll find "walking through the yellow pages". I started thinking about all the services that are obtainable in this fast-moving, expedited world. I looked under 'Miscellaneous Services' to see if there might be anything such as:

"Graveside Flower Services for Golden Hamsters."
"Larynx tuning for Tree Toads."
"Automatic Ant Hill and Mole Hole Counters."

When I couldn't find any of these, I wondered if there might be such a thing as "Physician Services", and ran my one remaining fingernail down the column (the others are all worn off from digging around in all this unhealthy dirt left behind by the USDA). I thought there might be such specified services as:

"Treatment of pemphigus bulgaris" (which was something to do with replacing epidermis. And much of ours is missing.)
"Specialist in Rumpf's symptom" (which has something to do with "twitching in traumatic neuroses." But I guess it would be a little late for utilizing this service since that's "a puckering of the cornea just before death", but you know some of these doctors! Great sense of humor right up to the bitter end — as long as the end is yours!)

I wondered why none of them had specialized in the treatment of strabismus. (Maybe that's because this could be a very convenient disease, since it's the "absence of binocular fixation," and one eye could watch those USDA members in Hardin's office while the other eye kept track of those boys across the street at Mr. Cliff's!)

The more I studied those specific services offered, the stronger became my conviction that my new idea would be a sure-fire thing, for it had all the ingredients to make it a booming success. Having been exposed to the advertising media, I was aware that it is impossible for any new idea or product to fail if it possesses: 1. A need for the product or service (and for my idea, the need is staggering!). 2. A scarcity of the product or service (and not only was this service scarce, it was non-existent in the entire world of specialized, amateur, or unspecialized services!) 3. Make sure the product or service is compact and...
readily available. (This service is very compact. Total weight about equal to one bag of cement (but in ounces that can be pretty potent!) and the availability of the product whenever and wherever needed had already been proven.)

After re-reading the news item in Time magazine, (2-23-70) I originated the brand new service never offered before, my specialized, one-of-its-kind-in-the-entire-world service, entitled: "PARANOIA FOR HIRE!" This item was their editorialized version of the "Globe incident".

Without that article, this great new service might not have come into existence for several hundred years.

Time even showed my picture in my old range boots with a twisted plant like a Jacob's staff. I never knew where they got the photograph, since no one from Time Magazine came to see me. But after I checked around, I found this was the way Time often does their stories, and that it was evidently because they didn't want to upset me by flashing bulbs since they already concluded we were nervous! So, they tippy-toed in and out, I guess. Never saw them at all. They said we had a "paranoid outburst" and that the spray evidently "can do odd things to people's minds".

Several people thought we should sue them, because they pointed out that magazines or newspapers aren't supposed to write up stories about someone unless they really interviewed them, but I explained that Time had really been very clever, for if they hadn't put that article in there and my picture, and the word "paranoid", I might have never invented this wonderful new service.

This article took up two-thirds of a page, and they were real smart in picking catchy words to grab the curiosity (like I said, even made me curious as to when and where the story came from), but that sure was thoughtful of them to give all that space and attention to us!

The title was "Globe's Mystery!", and it tells such things as population of Globe, mentions herbicides 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T and Silvex, and how they were sprayed here. It even gave real factual things like "eggplants were orange", etc. The next paragraph they called "Lurking Spies". Now that should hold the readers. And it says that "Outrage became an ecological crusade . . . odd complaints . . ." and that I suffered chest pains, numbness of hands and feet and various other ailments all of which were true.

Then, just like those paperbacks with a real gripping title you have to read to the last page to find out why, they saved the "lurking spies" part until last, and stated that I was "convinced her phone is being tapped, her mail opened, her every movement watched by lurking spies". Now that was a pretty strong sentence, and some of my friends clear to Alaska and Wales got all upset, and wanted me to sue them. I had to calm them down and explain, "Don't you see? Time Magazine has done a lot of research we didn't know about at that time and they've found how all this spray stuff can damage your brain and do all kinds of horrible things to people's heads."

And sure enough! Here are a few "toxicology facts" we learned about two months later:

Quotes from the transcript of the recent hearings in Washington entitled "Effects of 2,4,5-T on Man and the Environment". (But of course, I didn't know about these when Time wrote that article in February. The hearings were in April, and I got the transcript in July!) Time was good enough to learn about it, and document it for me two months prior to the hearings! (Wonder who their doctor is?) On with the direct quotes from the papers entered in the hearings: on 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T.

"In two cases, pronounced hypochondria and in one case distinct alienation of the total personality were recorded."

"A decrease in mental capacity . . ." "Psychoneuropathic complaints in the region of the extremities . . . ."

"Sense of insecurity, inner restlessness and a feeling of illness . . . ."

"Basic mental mood . . . deteriorated behavior characterized by dissatisfaction or sullenness and irritation . . . ."

"Mood of fear and unease was present . . . ."

"Increased emotional reactions, irritability, tendency to fits of temper and also a certain herbitude . . . ."

"Chronic neuromuscular weakness of the leg musculature . . . marked psychopathological disturbances . . . ."

". . . exhibited considerable psychopathic or neurotic structural elements . . . ."

". . . psychopathological intoxication . . . ."

"Weakness principally affecting the muscles of the lower limbs . . . . . .parasthesia and hypoesthesia . . . ."

That was real considerate of Time to go to all that trouble and learn about these things so they could make the statement about "paranoid out-burst", and "environmental concern can do odd things to people's minds" and describing me as they did with that "lurking spies" bit, especially when they didn't talk to me? I'm puzzled how they knew all those symptoms of herbicide poisoning when we didn't, but it sure will help our case in court that they recognized "paranoid behavior" when that's part of the symptoms of this stuff!!

The Time article tells of the visit to Globe of "a group from Environmental Action" in Washington, D. C." accompanied by Dr. Samuel Epstein referred to as a "distinguished expert on herbicides from Harvard Medical School", and states this group ended up "perplexed
and incredulous” as a result of their visit. Time appears shocked that “some of the Silvex-touched residents tried to check on Dr. Epstein’s credentials” by telephoning Harvard. (My Webster’s Fifth Edition says “paranoia” is a “chronic mental disorder characterized by systematized delusions of persecution”. Gracious Sakes!) That Time Magazine really wanted to help document physical ailments for the “Silvex-touched residents”! “Chronic”, yet! That means we’ve really been damaged — won’t even go away! We may always act like this! That’s why my “Paranoia for Hire Service” should be a real economic success — permanent, you know. I may even sell stock in my company. They continue by stating “others (don’t know which ones they mean) accused the investigators of being imposters, really representatives of chemical manufacturers in disguise”, and that we said the real Dr. Epstein died six years before.

When I read all that, I decided the ingredients were there for a pretty good novel, but that maybe the facts would do just as well — and since Dr. Epstein exited Globe so fast with his little crew of three, leaving a lot of unanswered questions behind, just in case he buys my book, maybe he can answer them now. (I guess I should have entitled this one “Will the Real Dr. Epstein Please Stand Up?!”)

Dear Dr. Epstein: (And since there will probably be many Dr. Epsteins who may read this book — for there seem to be a great many of them, dead and alive — I shall clarify which one by stating if “any of the many” was “Dr. Epstein who came to Globe, Arizona the first week of February 1970”, this is directed to him.)

The Time Magazine article refers to you and your group of three “investigators” from “Environmental Action” in Washington, D. C. ending up “perplexed and incredulous” over your visit to Globe. Some of us were a little “perplexed and incredulous” over your visit, too, and since you all left so hurriedly (almost in the middle of the night!), our puzzlement still remains.

Of course, we’re just “hill-people” and a little unsophisticated to the ways of a great world famous Harvard Medical school doctor, especially since Time stated you in particular were a “distinguished expert on herbicides”: So possibly our reaction to your methods of research seemed a bit unusual to you and wasn’t the way they react to such things in the big cities!

Some of the specific questions I wish to ask are:

Why did you, Dr. Epstein, visit Dr. Fred Tschirley of the USDA prior to hurrying to Globe?

Why did all of you insist on getting here and leaving BEFORE Congressman McCarthy came when the rest of the world timed their visit with his?

Why were you, Dr. Epstein, apparently upset by the news from the Environmental Action member who preceded you, that Thomas Whiteside of the New Yorker had arranged to arrive the same day as yourself — so upset that Mr. Whiteside was notified and his visit cancelled?

Why did all of you appear annoyed at my insistence that you obtain the permission of Thomas Whiteside before allowing you to open the package addressed to him in care of me and sent by Dr. Paul Martin of the University of Arizona, containing data regarding a series of interviews in the sprayed areas which Dr. Martin had supervised? (Was my precaution ‘abnormal’, doctor?)

Why did the one young man with you exhibit such frustration on opening the package so much so that he swore and said it was just “raw data”. And why did he seem so upset because the names of those interviewed had been blocked out by Dr. Martin before photostating the report? (Are names that important, doctor, for research?)

Why did the first young man who arrived quickly look through my files and then phone California for two helpers to fly to Globe to “document the evidence”?

Why did this young man call Washington from my home after his arrival and state “this woman through badgering and temper tantrums has obtained information it would take us 20 years to have gotten together”? (These Frank Lloyd Wright type houses! No ‘secrecy rooms’! Don’t need intercom! I can stand in the hallway and hear everything, clear down to the barn! Real great way to keep track of those “lurking spies!”

Why did you, Dr. Epstein, decline my request that you view my guinea pigs, those that apparently had been born with the same deformities with which you must have been familiar, although I didn’t realize until much later that there was a “Dr. Epstein” on several of those HEW panels in Washington on that Bionetics report.

Why did you use my home and my bedroom to privately tape record the small group of area residents individually, but skipped me in the process, then all of you came back the next morning to see me alone? And when your questions began sounding more like a quiz put out by the USDA or Dow Chemical and I objected, why did you appear quite offended and hastily retreat down the canyon? (Typical question: “Now isn’t it true, Mrs. Shoecraft, that you and these other residents have met together and discussed your various illnesses?” My reply: “No, Dr. Epstein, it is not. In fact, I had not met some of them until last night, so we haven’t at any time sat around and compared notes regarding our ailments.”)

Why, when I reminded you of the analysis findings of Silvex, 2,4-D
and 2,4,5-T in our water, soil and plants, did you inform me that these were of no significance at all?

Why did you not make any use of the material intended for Thomas Whiteside from Dr. Martin in your report, nor even give it "Honorable Mention", although that report showed out of 56 interviews in the three canyons exposed to the spray, the incidence of reported illnesses was higher than the other areas checked further away and included: "42 reported damage to plants and crops and 23 reported illnesses which may be spray related" including among other things, breathing difficulties, chest pains - false heart attacks, coughing of blood, subnormal temperature, hemorrhaging, pains and numbness in arms, uterine hemorrhaging and miscarriages.

Why was no part of your Globe report or the report of the Environmental Action members included in your testimony in the hearings on 2,4,5-T in Washington, D.C. April 15, 1970?

Part of your Globe report which was not given at the hearings includes:

"The following summary report is based on a two-day visit February 6-8, 1970, together with two staff members of Environmental Action, to Globe, Arizona. The object of this visit was to attempt the preliminary evaluation of the possible toxic sequelae which had been ascribed to recent contamination of certain areas in the Pinal Mountains by Silvex - a herbicide related to 2,4,5-T. Sources of information are itemized in the appendix. Limitations imposed on this report necessarily include the restricted duration of the visit, and the restricted population sample at presumptive risk.

1. BACKGROUND

The Tonto National Forest area has been sprayed with herbicides by U. S. Forest Service helicopters in the summers of 1965, 1966, 1968 and most recently in June of 1969. . . . . . . The 1969 spraying in particular appears to have been at variance with standard procedures in that it seems that the herbicide was applied to water sheds with limited domestic use in aquos rather than oily solution with prior notification to and concurrence of the water pollution control division of the Arizona State Department of Public Health and without prior posting of warning signs.

III. SUB-HUMAN EFFECTS

Instances of the following herbicide-related effects were claimed by three interviewees:
1. Marked reduction in bird life, particularly robins and towhees, in sprayed areas over the last four years.
2. Findings of dead birds in two gardens immediately after the June, 1969 spraying.

3. High mortality in poultry in one small farm in 1969. Although much of this mortality occurred between April and June, the possibility cannot be excluded that this was related to a relatively stable dioxin contaminant or breakdown product of Silvex which might have persisted since the 1968 spraying.
4. Reduction in hatch rate of eggs on the same farm since the spraying.
5. Deaths of several baby guinea pigs after the 1968 and 1969 sprayings.
7. Birth of several goats with misshapen and asymmetrical heads in one small farm since 1967. One three year old goat with severe spinal deformation was seen.
8. Respiratory distress, loss of appetite, patchy depilation and paralyses in a few dogs following the 1969 spraying. A local veterinarian was consulted by telephone for advice on treatment of one dog with acute respiratory distress. Otherwise, he was unaware of any herbicide-related veterinarian effects. (If the veterinarian told you this, he lied.)

Referring to your interviews with 13 persons, you state:

"The most consistently described symptoms were acute respiratory distress and skin rashes which co-existed in several instances. One individual described diarrhea and hoarseness in all three children following the 1969 spraying. He also described anginal pains following steam cleaning of empty herbicide cans in 1967 and 1968. Furthermore, he developed the same symptoms during the 1969 sprayings and on occasion when he burned wood or foliage from the sprayed areas."

Part of your conclusion read:

"An undetermined though probably limited number of individuals in the Tonto-Globe area have been exposed to Silvex following its use as a herbicide spray in a manner inconsistent with standard practice."

But none of this report appeared in the transcript of the hearings.

Why weren't we informed that you were on the panels at HEW relative to the Bioetics reports, which also includes Dr. Johnson, Vice-President of Dow Chemical?

What is there in either of the foregoing reports to indicate that you or the Environmental Action members were "perplexed and incredulous" by 'paranoid outbursts' in Globe, Arizona?

Did you or your group submit these reports to Time Magazine?

Could the "lurking spies, chemical companies in disguise and paranoid outburst" story in Time which was reportedly based on information supplied by members of the "foursome" to Arizona
have been due to any of the following reasons?

a. That members of this little mountain area became a bit weary and wary of the attitude of all four persons in this group and the type of questions asked. Some of them observed tape recordings being made by one member without the knowledge of those being taped! (Wonder if they ever got all that transcribed!)

b. That when I informed these young people I had checked the information which they gave me that they were from Senator Gaylord Nelson's office, they seemed to be upset?

c. That on the night of February 7, 1970, after one of the residents interviewed informed me that a report from Harvard stated a Dr. Epstein had been on the staff but was now dead, I checked further and located another very live Dr. Sam Epstein in Boston at the same time you were in Globe - and you were also from Boston, so I called in person at the motel where the four of you were staying in Globe to explain to you that the residents had been upset by your interviews, and the following incidents occurred:

You appeared surprised at my visit. I was equally surprised to find in addition to the four of you, one of the area residents and his young daughter who told me I was just in time for an experiment that was about to take place. When I asked "What experiment?", I was told that all of you were going to his land located in the foothills of the Pinal Mountains on the edge of the Forest, where he had a large pile of brush, and that the experiment was to consist of setting this highly flammable, sprayed with herbicides brush pile on fire, and that you, Dr. Epstein, intended to breathe the fumes or smoke or whatever emanated from this blazing mess, to determine what effect it might have on humans. I then asked if anyone had obtained a permit to burn brush in the area, especially since the time was then 9:30 p.m. and a blaze such as a giant pile of brush on the edge of a National Forest would probably create a hell of a lot of excitement for a great number of people, including the U.S. Forest Service. The young lady belligerently replied they had a permit, whereupon I asked from whom, and the area resident looked at her and said, "Why, no, we don't have any permit." and I suggested everybody had better forget the whole thing unless they got one from somebody, although I couldn't imagine from whom, since by the time everybody could get out there, it would be at least 10:00 p.m. I was then informed by one of your companions that it was none of my business, to which I replied it damn well was my business if anyone intended to burn contaminated brush anywhere near my area, since the USDA regulations said the fumes could be poisonous and not to burn it! I then approached the telephone and stated I intended to call the local ranger regarding the regulations of such things, and the young lady and one of the young men rose from their prime on the bed positions, quickly arrived at my side by the phone, and the young man angrily jerked the phone from my hand and I was told that I was "not going to call anyone and spoil everything!"

Now, maybe my behavior at that time was a bit abnormal to you, doctor, being from the big city and all, but I thought the whole idea sounded like the damnedest bit of research experimentation I ever heard of! To set fire to a pile of contaminated brush at 10:00 p.m. with no warning or notification to anyone just to see what the hell it would do! Maybe you haven't been around brush fires, doctor, but I have, and I have a pretty good idea that even though you might be a qualified doctor on cancer research in kids, you didn't know a hell of a lot about brush fires, national forests, controlled burns that sometimes get away if some idiot is in control of an "uncontrolled fire" and to me it was just sound logic that nobody, not even some big doctor from Boston, or London or Harvard (Dr. Galston's from Yale and he didn't even suggest such a thing!) or three young kids, two of them playing "Mod Squad" parts were going to jeopardize that mountain or me or anyone else down that canyon. (It's amazing how the word "Environmental" in a title anymore is supposed to hang some kind of halo on any organization, and everyone is supposed to stand back in awe.) "You've come a long way, Baby!" was my theme song by then, so I got outside to my blue Tornado (That front wheel drive helps it to corner at about 70, even on a dirt road, when I need to!). Off into the night went Pandora, after having turned in one of my best and most "paranoic" performances to get this mess of nonsense stopped. By the time the telephone-grabbing tough half of the team drove to said land (he went the back way through the hills - I took the paved road, but it's faster!), I arrived on his heels with two other residents as reenforcements; said my little speech which included a few pretty strong phrases, such as "I don't give a damn who the hell any of you are! Nobody in his right mind would set fire to a pile of brush on the edge of the forest at 10:30 p.m. So forget it, boy! If you want to stick your heads in a bucket of fumes, flames or anything else, fine! Have at it and good luck to you, but go get your own damn bunch of contaminated chapparal and take it with you, and do your little bit back there in Washington under scientific conditions, not out here in the middle of the night on private land where if everybody down the canyon gets sick from it, they'll sue the hell out of this poor guy for letting you do it!"

I guess my performance that night made Sarah B. look like an amateur. Sold it so well that you bought it, Dr. Epstein, and left. Checked out, all of you. Possibly I did some ego wounding, or the Time
Magazine article would never have been printed. And without it, my service, "Paranoia for Hire", would not have been born.

I'm still looking at my notes, Dr. Epstein, and regarding your "credentials", I see that:

You were born in England.
Schooled in England.

Held positions in England until 1961 among which are listed: "Demonstrator – morbid anatomy – London" "House Physician, St. Johns, London" "Senior Research Associate in Pathology – Children's Cancer Research Foundation, Boston"; that you're a member of Air Pollution Control, served as Chairman of the HEW panel on "Mutagenicity of Pesticides", a member of the HEW panel on Pesticide Interactions, served as Chairman on the HEW panel on "Teratogenicity of Pesticides" and a member of the HEW panel on the Carcinogenicity of Pesticides.

I note also that your publications number 97, only two of which appear to be relative to herbicides, and those were on maleic hydrazide, not 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T or Silvex.

I see that your testimony before Senator Hart in the hearings in Washington two months after you were here included the following statements: Regarding the unintentional contamination of crops – "There are no available data on the extent of contamination..." "It is well known that phenoxy herbicide dusts may drift for miles even on non-windy days..."

In reference to the dioxin which is present in 2,4,5-T: "There have been no tests made on any dioxin for genetic damage."

"Inhalation is a very significant route of human exposure..."

"What little information we have on dioxins indicate these are highly toxic."

"There are no available experimental data on behavioral or psychopharmacological effects due to dioxins. This would be of interest in view of the possible psychiatric effects described in humans exposed to dioxins."

"... material which is sprayed, like timber, pasture, and shrubs may well be burned. In fact, it is quite common to burn shrubs after you spray..." if you heat 5 grams pentachlorophenol at 300 degrees, you get 1.5 grams of octodioxin isomer. So you are putting into the environment material high in polyphenols and which are likely to be combusted. We have no idea how long these dioxins will persist and these data are just not available."

"Combustion of shrubs, brush and timber or other materials exposed to phenoxy herbicides or other polychlorophenols may thus liberate high concentrations of dioxins in the atmosphere."

So now I'm really puzzled. Did you know those things the night of February 7, 1970 in Globe, Arizona, Doctor Epstein, or did you just learn about them? If you knew, then why in the hell did you want to set fire to a brush pile at the foot of my mountain at 10:00 p.m.? Of course, to my "paranoid" mind, the very idea of anyone doing such a thing, or suggesting it, and especially a doctor devoted to research, seemed much more "abnormal" than the fit I took to get you all stopped, but I did just that! (One more reason to believe this "paranoia" service will really get things done, when common sense can't!)

One more question comes to mind, doctor.

The Thomas Whiteside article in the New Yorker, dated 2-7-70, (the same day you were here) states that you first heard about the "availability" of the Bionetics study in February 1969 (a year before the "Globe incident") and that at a meeting of your "panel" in August, 1969, you asked for a copy of the report, and that you didn't obtain a "full report" until September 24, 1969. (Where was everybody from February until August?)

So here I sit all puzzled and perplexed again, mulling over these thoughts. You were the Chairman, co-chairman, panel member, etc. on this study that took 7 years and cost 3½ million taxpayers' dollars, but one of the Ralph Nader's cute little girl helpers quietly got a copy by walking in and walking out, while all of you men on the panels couldn't even manage to do that?? That's pretty embarrassing, isn't it?

Just doesn't make any sense to me! But then this spray stuff does "strange things to people's minds". Time says so! Makes me remember a sign I saw the other day. "Don't send a child to do a man's job... send a woman!" (Since you were on those panels at that Bionetics place, and evidently working around there once in a while, I wondered why you didn't use a pass key, or talk to the night watchman, or SOMETHING, Dr. Epstein, and just look in the files over there for any information you might have wanted?)

I also wanted to let you know, Dr. Epstein, about the nice young man who came after the Time article appeared. The lean, slim, good-looking one from "Time's sister magazine, Life". He stayed here for two or three weeks. (I always wondered if "Time" helped get him here and was sweating it out over that article. You know how these paranoid minds suspect everyone!) He was really great to all of us. Even bought me a new machete knife, packed great picnic lunches, took me with him in his power wagon, and gave me his shirt tailored special in Korea. (Now you can't do much better than that! Get a man's shirt right off his back!) Do you know what he told me the day the day we went to the Superstition Wilderness area to shoot pictures and
gather samples of cactus (saguaros, yet) that turned out to be contaminated with 2,4,5-T, 2,4-D and Silvex? He told me his name used to be Epstein, and one of his uncles was also a Dr. Sam Epstein!

P.S. Just discovered one of the young men with you is also from Boston and WORKS FOR TIME MAGAZINE!

As I pursued the idea of setting up offices for this new specialized service of utilizing our "paranoid behavior", the idea was further strengthened by statistics surfacing from the State Health Department.

The Arizona State Health Commissioner stated in a letter to the Chairman of our County Board of Supervisors (July 1970), after the statistics showed our county is number 1 in Arizona for homicides, that "accident deaths, suicide, and homicide may well reflect the personality of the inhabitants..." and this helped our case considerably. I'm sure, if not our mental outlook! This strengthened my belief that my service "Paranoia for Hire" was really needed! (He also stated in his letter that we're No. 1 in liver diseases and these "phenoxies" are real liver lovers! Tear hell out of them! Also, he said that "the excess deaths from congenital malformations and disease of early infancy are a matter of concern...". (Where the hell were all those Gila County Doctors when this "vital statistic" gathering was going on? Here they kept telling us and the news media "Forget it, Kids! You're just fine! Nothing unusual! You're all in great shape! It's quite normal to have your liver disintegrate by the time you're 35 and to commit suicide or prevent an ulcer by committing a homicide is perfectly natural! No need for concern! And most babies always die before they're two, so what's so unusual?)"

And of course, the newspapers had to get back in the act, too. The Arizona Republic six months previously on 11-30-69 had reported, "Defoliant (2,4-D and 2,4,5-T) Likened to Thalidomide", and referred to a report that anguish Southeastern mothers "have given birth to monsters...", and that they were blaming these herbicides, just like us.

This same newspaper reported on 5-17-70 that in an article in Science Magazine it was stated the defoliation program "has had tremendous psychological impact on the Vietnamese people...". Headlines of an article, same paper, 2-21-70 read, "Fear Holds Back Globe Area Defoliation Job" and stated Federal investigators (that ("root-rot" report bunch) had said from a "psychological standpoint, they would hesitate to recommend resumption of a USFS defoliation program although no ill effects upon plants and animals had been found... real fear is the human reaction, whether real or psychological...". Upon reading this great literary contribution, I practiced another "psychological fit", saw that I was still in very good form for the role, and blew them all a kiss down Phoenix way, with one big one to Mr. Pulliam! I then grinned fiendishly into my mirror (real paranoid reaction, doing that!) and said, "Baby, you've got it made! They've now stated from about four sources - TIME Magazine, couple of newspapers, few doctors and the State Health Department ("Homicides No. 1 in Gila County... may be reflecting personalities of inhabitant...") that psychotic reactions to things just scare hell out of them! That they'll stop, cease, desist and quiet just about anything you don't want them to do if you run around exhibiting a first class A "persecution complex" and throw in a couple of 'hallucinations' just for effect, and maybe even just a little bit of "delusions of grandeur" would help! 'Paranoid outbursts' just seem to drive them right up the wall! So, go for broke, baby! Think of the possibilities! No limit to the usefulness of this great new idea! Get your office set up and business will be booming! Paint the slogans and pass out the cards, for just imagine what a break this is! They're all saying that it's not because of logic, or facts, or a desire for a better world, or remorse for what they've done, but that they just can't stand psychological fits!! As I look back over the past ten months, I realize more had been accomplished by a couple of "psychotic nuts" and one woman pictured in TIME Magazine with a crooked stick and the word "paranoid" tucked down below the photograph, than a lot of these so called "environmental protection" outfits had accomplished in 20 years! So I said to myself: If a couple of paranoid screw-balls could do all this, just imagine what one sane person could do!

So my office will be ready for business, soon as this book is finished, with a big sign over the door, "PARANOIA FOR HIRE!". Some of the slogans on the wall will read:

"If your taxes are high, and you can't save a bit... Just call on me and I'll throw a fit!"

"If your butcher now charges two more dollars for meat, My paranoic behavior will make him retreat!"

"Don't hassle, don't grumble, don't fidget and mumble... Hire me for your problems and they'll all become humble!"

"Facts they don't care for! Nor reason... nor lead!" But paranoic behavior will stop 'em all dead!"

So now instead of using the phrase "Stay healthy!" as "I.C.U." members part company, we now smile fiendishly and say "Stay paranoid!".
"DESTROY BY CRUSHING AND BURYING"

This is the directive given to users of 2,4-D and related herbicides, when referring to the empty cans which have contained these chemicals. No exception is made, whether its a gallon jug or a 55 gallon drum.

This order is stated in the USDA publications. It is stated in a Department of Defense manual. It is stated on the labels of these chemicals made by Chipman, and some of the other chemical manufacturers.

It is not stated on the Dow label, although it should have been. They evidently forgot it, just as they forgot several other warnings.

The forest service personnel of the Tonto National Forest did not "destroy by crushing and burying". They sprayed the outside of the cans with a little green paint and placed them in the picnic and recreation areas. Some of them were found in the flowing streams where little children were playing. But if Dow had used this warning, who reads the label anyway? Several of the Forest Service personnel admitted to me that they never read the labels, and that they were unaware of exactly what some of the numbers or wording really meant!

For ten months, the Forest Service and the USDA kept insisting they had not used 2,4-D or 2,4,5-T on us, in June, 1969 — just "Silvex", also known as 2,4,5-TP. But the analysis sheets kept coming back from the labs where we sent the water, plant and finally samples of me, showing 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T, in addition to "Silvex".

A letter to Senator Barry Goldwater from Chief Cliff's office, USFS, Washington, stated "the project was treated only with Silvex."

A similar letter was sent to Senator Fannin, and he was assured that the "hazard to man and animals from Silvex, is very low."

The regional forester addressed a letter to Congressman Steiger in which he stated "the local people, particularly those living immediately adjacent to the project area, were not properly conditioned for the project, and were genuinely concerned over their well being following the application of Silvex."

You can bet we were damn well "concerned".

And anybody who thinks he's going to "condition" me to think it's alright to spray a few thousand gallons of poisonous chemicals on my head, whether it's 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T, Silvex, endrin, or even water, especially on my own land, had better take the long way 'round!

The analysis of manure, fruit, vegetables, flowers, bushes, trees, berries, walnuts, drinking water, irrigation water, pine cones, pine needles, tree limbs, plant life in the stream bed, soil samples, and finally even me continued to show other herbicides than just "harmless Silvex."

We had been assured at the council meeting by the Forest Service that "the herbicide used was low volatile Silvex" and we were unaware then that at 89° the volatilily of low or high becomes the same according to USDA bulletins (USDA #2183).

There was a letter in my "confidential file" from the Executive Secretary of the FCPC — "Federal Committee on Pesticide Control" — and it seems he'd been given a different reason for their having used Silvex, instead of 2,4-D.

Someone in the Forest Service headquarters in Washington had told him that "they'd planned to use 2,4-D, or 2,4,5-T, but it couldn't be "obtained locally". I checked all over Phoenix and not one chemical company had it in stock! They said it was too hazardous and volatile to store. One crop outfit said he had a five gallon can on his runway as somebody had failed to get a requisition slip for it, so he couldn't get rid of it! The FCPC continues by saying the Forest Service substituted the closely related product "Silvex". But there was a very important PS on that letter, and it reads: "This substitution was NOT cleared with the FCPC —"'

On page two of one of those much later USDA task force reports, they tell another lie: "Spraying was part of a project by the Forest Service, and approved by the FCPC."

Let's see what else they told my friend over there at the FCPC: "Unused camp grounds were posted to prevent human exposure." This was a lie, to which they later admitted. Eighteen people paid 50¢ each to have a picnic that day.

Then they told the FCPC they quit spraying "when the wind reached 10 mph". Why 10 mph when the USDA says it's supposed to be 5? Who'd they clear that with?

"Monitoring of water showed less than a detectable level." It doesn't say "level" of what. Just "level". I wonder what they were checking for? If it was Silvex, or 2,4-D, or 2,4,5-T, they found them, and so did we; the levels of these were detectable.

Then they informed the FCPC it drifted up to ¼ of a mile onto private land. They'd been telling us it didn't drift at all! But after admitting it drifted, they conclude maybe the damage was caused by drought!

Since I can't mail my letters in one of those free mailing envelopes with the eagle on it, and the Secretary of the FCPC evidently won't answer any other kind, this is an open letter to him, if he hasn't been fired yet, too.
Dear Secretary of the Federal Committee on Pesticide Control:

I'm looking at your conclusions, and I can see I'll have to give you some of that toxicology information I have, you'll check with HEW, or FDA, or USDA, or Mr. Hickel, since he stopped the use of these chemicals on Department of Interior before he was fired. He must have gotten some information somewhere that would refute your comment number 4, "acute human poisoning by Silvex to justify hospitalization is unknown as far as I am aware."

I thought you were supposed to know about these things, since you're the Executive Secretary of the Federal Pest Control; how can you tell whether you should say, "okay", fine, go ahead, Great!" or "Stop! No! Don't Quit!" If you don't know the answers or even the questions?

I'll make some copies on my $29.95 Copy Mate — it's a shame they don't keep a book like that up there in your office with some of the rules that tells you a lot of frightening things about the results of the use of these herbicides. Regarding that "Oregon State Analysis" showing the water free of Silvex. That wasn't where they sent it; that's where they sent the apple and pear, and found them contaminated. They sent the water to the University of Arizona and a place in California, and an island somewhere off the coast of Florida. These labs found herbicides in the water samples. They didn't tell you they used 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T besides Silvex, and that those were showing up too! Real sneaky! How can you be a good "secretary of the FCPC" if no one tells you what they're really doing, and lies to you?

Somewhere you mention "no evidence that Silvex causes chromosome changes."

Why didn't someone give you a $3.00 copy of the Biometrics Study book? Even the Deputy Administrator of the USDA, Agriculture Research Service, Washington, in a letter to Sam Steiger, stated that although the "mode of action of 2,4-D, Silvex formulations is not clearly established" (and I don't need my Funk and Wagnalls to tell me that means they don't know what it will do!) "there is evidence that plant respiration, food reserves and cell division are affected". So, if it can do that to a plant, don't get it on me!

I agree with number 7, that "there are certainly many employees of the United States Government who are not certain what was used" but I couldn't figure what you meant by finishing it with "but I suspect there have always been some who are."

I started doing a lot of homework real fast, to learn everything I could about these chemicals. I also checked with the chemists for an explanation why the analysis showed the presence of 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T and a few other chemicals in addition to Silvex. Their answers were that "somebody must have sprayed them out there!"

There are no farms above me, just forest, and we didn't plant a garden on that old homestead until 1968, and I didn't use any chemicals on it.

Finally in February 1970 while McCarthy was here, almost 10 months after the spray, here came their big admission: from the Forest Service records (and reprinted P 161, "Hearings" — February 9, 1969.)

"We have learned that in addition to the Silvex reported, a small amount of Monsanto 2,4-D, Thompson Hayward 2,4,5-T and 30 gallon Hercules 2,4,5-T was also used, in 1969."

I wonder what else they'll admit to finding "in addition to" before the curtain falls on their last act? I guess that's the big difference: they play their parts well, most of the time, but they're still just "acting" and our performances are of necessity, "real".

The original reason stated by the Forest Service for spraying us with Silvex, instead of 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T, was because "the 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T were unavailable". This substitution of Silvex had not been cleared with the Federal Committee of Pesticide Control (FCPC) in Washington. Finally, in February 1970, the USDA admitted they had used 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T in addition to the Silvex. After the "Root Rot" scientists were here, I was told by one of the Forest Service Personnel that they had taken samples of the "chemicals used in Globe" to have them analyzed. When I checked further, I learned these samples were taken from cans which had never been in the Globe area. And so began a new game the USDA, the Forest Service and I invented, entitled: "Let's Find the Cans!"

There are no rules to go by, but the game can be played something like this:

1. First of all, don't read the label. If someone saw you doing that, they might think you didn't know what you were doing, or how to mix the chemicals, or where the hell to spray them or anything! Besides, the label has probably fallen off anyway; most of them are paper and the painted ones streak in the first rain storm, and only a chemist would be able to explain the wording anyhow!

2. Don't keep any kind of inventory. This helps confuse others, and yourself, in case someone ever wants to know what the hell was sprayed where!

3. Haul the drums around a lot from one place to another over rough roads. Make sure they leak; this makes them weigh less.

4. It's imperative in Arizona and California to always store surplus chemicals in the hot sun where it reaches at least 140° in
the summer. The tops swell and the contents squeeze out and volatile, since the label which no one reads anyway, states, “may be stored safely in unheated buildings.”

5. Don’t ever let the boys at the GSA know when they send the wrong formulation, like “hi-volatile” instead of “low-volatile”. It might hurt their feelings.

6. Don’t ask anyone what the numbers on the cans mean.

7. And if someone really gets curious about all these strange goings on, and requests an analysis of some of the suspicious contents, take samples of the can contents to quiet him down, but don’t send them to a laboratory if you do, either lose or hide the results of the analysis.

These are a few of the guidelines for the surprising and “not very funny” game.

It took about a week of my time, some painful trips, and several more rolls of film to gather these facts:

1. No one from any of the task forces, including the last bunch, took samples of the chemicals from the cans used in Globe, although they stated they had. Reason? The cans are missing. Photos I had taken of these cans in Globe, in July 1969, show they are not the cans from which Dr. Tschirley’s crew removed samples, nor are they among those inventoried in March 1970.

2. I accompanied forest service personnel taking the inventory of the chemicals on hand. This inventory shows the forest service openly lied in reports and speeches before the public, when they stated they substituted the experimental “Silvex” made by Dow, because they “could not obtain 2,4-D or 2,4,5-T,” for they had at least 6,000 gallons of 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T on hand at the time these statements were made.

3. The forest service was unable to locate purchase orders for some of the chemicals, including about 2,500 gallons of Dow “Esteron”, which is one of those specifically mentioned as being used in Vietnam.

4. The chemicals on hand at the forest service depot included:
   Dow Esteron 99; Dow-Kuron (Silvex); Chipman — Labels and numbers washed off; Thompson-Hayward “Ded-Wed” 2,4,5-T and/or 2,4-D (gues you take your chances which one is inside the can); Am-Chem “Weed Done”; Monsanto “Crop Guard”; Stull — Hormone Spray.

5. Many labels were faded or washed away entirely, so it was questionable what the cans contained.

6. One 55 gallon drum labeled 2,4,5-T was marked “Junk”.

7. One 55 gallon Monsanto “Crop Guard” 2,4-D had “Hercules 2,4,5-T” written on top of the can.

8. Two unsealed Thompson-Hayward 55 gallon drums 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T were said to contain balance of chemicals sprayed in Globe. The analysis of a sample from one of these cans sent in by the Forest Service showed the presence of endrin, and dieldrin, in addition to 2,4-D and Silvex.

9. In addition to being unable to locate the “Dow Kuron” drums used in Globe, no one can locate the Hercules 2,4,5-T drums either.

I checked further, and discovered the Forest Service and the USDA are unable to locate any purchase order from Hercules, nor can Hercules Chemical Company locate any sales order for 2,4,5-T issued to the Forest Service. However, in the Forest Service files is a map showing a “Hercules” research area, for several kinds of chemicals, and it is located within one of the previously sprayed areas.

Although the Forest Service and the USDA have suppressed this information, Dr. Tschirley admitted to me, September 1970, that since no one could locate the Hercules cans or orders or the “Dow” cans, it would be “impossible to determine the specific product used in Globe.” But Dr. Tschirley never released this information.

The Forest Service collected samples from 13 different cans. The samples were then split and mailed by them to separate laboratories for analysis. The set mailed to the USDA in Washington never arrived. I’ve always wondered if they (the USDA) thought the foresters collecting the samples were so naive that they sent all of the samples to one place. If so, I guess they were surprised to learn that identical samples were sent by the Forest Service to other testing laboratories at the same time. And the results from these labs of some of the contents of the chemical cans is a little embarrassing. (Remember, 1964 through 1966 is when Julius Johnson, Vice President of Dow Chemical stated the contaminant in the manufacture of their 2,4,5-T became so toxic, the plant was closed down! And although Dr. Johnson, was also on one of the study panels, nobody told the Forest boys not to use the damn stuff they had already purchased in 1964 and 1965, or which was already in the warehouses, waiting for a purchase order to start it in action! They bought all this mess of chemicals after the unpublished Bionetics tests showed how bad they were in 1965 and 1966, and after the plant was shut down and started spraying us and Vietnam after they were shown to produce tumors and deformities. One more big question: Why did the Forest Service stock pile thousands of dollars worth of these chemicals during the time the “Dow” plant was shut down? Why did Salt River Project decide to purchase and
stock pile thousands of gallons of these chemicals also, at the same
time?

Did they all purchase the contaminated chemicals at a real
bargain? If not, where are all of those thousands of contaminated
gallons already manufactured? Who bought them? Where were they
sprayed?

I have repeatedly asked the USDA for the analysis of the set of
samples which were resent to the USDA by the Forest Service. They
have refused to release these reports, even to the Forest Service
Headquarters in Phoenix. Wouldn't you think they'd know I'm already
aware of the results? This is just one more stupid bit of behavior or
misbehavior from some of the charter members of the Washington
Branch of the "Privileged Liar's Club!"

I wonder what the governor or Senator Goldwater would do if
they knew there are about $35,000.00 worth of these chemicals
which we were told were "unavailable" and which were designed
and used as "biological war weapons", sitting in the heat of the
Arizona desert, just 10 miles out of Phoenix! I wonder if Salt River
Project knows they're volitilizing — dioxins and all — just a few feet
from their big canal that carries their water into Phoenix?

THE PRIVILEGED LIARS

A news item appeared in the Oakland (California) Tribune on May
30, 1970, headed, "U.S. Has the Right to Lie to the Public" and
stated that this was the basic legal argument used by government
lawyers in an effort to dismiss a taxpayer's suit which charged that
the Los Angeles and Bay area air pollution control districts were
deliberately deceiving the public in their reports. The attorneys for
the government had used as their argument that there was no law
prohibiting a government agency from lying.

The parties bringing the taxpayer's suit against the government
summarized this precedent setting form of legal argument in the
sentence: "We've all made the statement that the government lies to
us, but this is the first time they have actually used the right to lie."

So I have chosen "The Privileged Liars" as the title most fitting
for this particular chapter in my accounting of this "Tragedy of
Errors". The emotions are mixed which crowd their way into my
heart and march their way into my mind, accompanied by the drums
of cold hard facts. One of the strongest today is anger. Close on its
heels I find an almost overwhelming feeling of contempt directed
toward those who have, through choice or circumstance, brought us
to the brink of chemical chaos. I've searched deeply this morning,
and whatever pity I may have had for any of those involved in
inflicting these wounds on us and the rest of the world is now gone.
Somewhere along the way, as page after page was written, Polly-
anna packed her suitcase with her disillusioned dreams and exited
from the play.

I was forced to accept truths which often caused my mind and
heart to wince. Time and again only two words applied to state-
ments, letters or reports made by various government officials: "They
lied." Or occasionally the alternative, "He lied." And as I often said
on those occasions, "Why?" I repeat again today, "Why?"

When a man chooses to trade his birthright of integrity for the
mess of potottage he inherits when he lies, perhaps one of the most
tragic side effects is what it does to others. It seems to become an in-
fected disease that knows no barrier, whether it be a man's rank,
education, position or power. In observing these men distorting the
truth, lying when they deem it necessary with no apparent qualms of
conscience, or failing to acknowledge the truth when faced with it, I
often wondered if it did not automatically set up a "pathological liar"
environment for those working under them.

I run the fingers of my mind through some of these past disclo-
sures relative to the spraying of various chemicals on our private
land and persons in Globe, and the deceit that shrouded what happened here comes into my grasp.

I recall the government in statement after statement insisted "only Silvex was used"; until finally, when faced with documents from their own files they were forced to admit that other chemicals had also been used.

Other sickening recollections of misrepresentations, half-truths and unmasked lies included these:

That our picnic area had not been sprayed. This is a lie, as their own map shows it is included in the spray zone with the words "public use discouraged" written by the Forest Service across the recreation area.

That the area to be sprayed was closed to the public during the actual spraying. This is a lie. Many people on picnics paid 50c each for use of the picnic area during the spraying days.

That the only claim for damages submitted prior to our 4½ million dollars filing was denied because the damage was not due to herbicides. This is a lie. The claim was for a pitiful $450 from a Mexican-American who lost his trees and garden. He became paralyzed three days after one of the earlier sprays and has never recovered.

That no animal, fish or fowl deaths occurred due to these chemicals. This is a lie.

That no persons, except "one case of possible eye-irritation", were injured by these sprays. This is a lie.

That these chemicals are "harmless to humans or animals". Research data, some of it twenty years old, done by the USDA, prove this statement to be a lie.

That these chemicals are "harmless to pine trees and grass". This is a lie, as shown by their own publications and labels.

That these sprayings were submitted to and approved by the Federal Committee on Pest Control (F.C.P.C.). This is a lie as indicated by an inter-office government memo.

That the Salt River Project jointly financed only the spray projects for 1968 and 1969. This is a lie. Other facts and statements indicate Salt River Project shared in spray projects since 1965.

That grass was seeded and growing "15 to 20 inches high" at the time of last spray on June 8, 1969. This is a lie. None had been planted at that time in the entire area since the inception of the program in 1965.

That close monitoring and evaluation work of the project had been done prior to and after each spray. The absence of material to substantiate this claim proves it to be a lie.

That the work was supervised and close attention was paid to such necessary items as wind, altitude, temperature and drift distance. This is a lie. No weather records were kept, no flagmen were posted on the ground, and no one visited the nearest resident (Me) regarding the direct spray and drift, although I called it to the attention of the helicopter pilot. The Forest Service continued to spray for four days!

That "herbicide specialists" were included in various task forces which the USDA sent out to assess the damage. This is a lie. There was not one herbicide specialist truly qualified to assess the damage to plants, animals or humans in our area or the circumstances surrounding our damages.

That these various "task forces" were "unbiased, scientific men who were deeply concerned with viewing every aspect of the situation here, and who visited every damaged area and investigated each report." This is a lie. Although I was the closest and the loudest protestor, they carefully avoided my land on various task force trips, and not one of these men ever looked at the guinea pigs born after the spray. Many were born with various deformities, including malformed heads, double ears, misplaced eyes, one eye, and no eyes at all. And some of these men who came had been associated with the Bionetics work which had shown these chemicals (2,4-D and 2,4,5-T) could produce these exact deformities in test animals as early as 1965 and 1966! Yet not one of them mentioned this fact, nor requested seeing these guinea pigs.

When I am forced to realize these lies were told by various members of the most powerful branch of our government, the USDA, I am appalled. But their reason for lying is easier to understand than why they made the following incredible statements which were included in "An Analysis Report of Alleged Damage Resulting from Application of an Herbicide Silvex" sent out by the USDA, Washington, D.C. in November 1969:

"Silvex would not adversely affect grasses . . ." The label indicates that it will KILL bermuda, St. Augustine, and any other kind of grass that has runners which is exactly what grows here (or did grow here!)

"Mixture, Silvex, 7½ gallons of water, designed to be effective on oak brush . . ." The label says to mix it with oil, not water, when applying by air, whether for oak, mesquite, pines, kumquats or mel!

"Spraying will not be done when winds greater than 10 mph" The USDA recommendations state spray "under 6 mph" and no weather records were kept by the Forest Service during spraying! One notation at the ranger station records a wind speed of 16 mph.
"It cannot and does not react on corn or other grass species" the USDA bulletins say it can and does!

"All of the private properties in the area were examined by the technical specialists." This is a real ugly lie, as none of this first crew came near my place until I contacted Washington and told them they had again conveniently avoided me!

"Aquatic insects, frogs, sunfish and bullheads, were not adversely affected." The Game and Fish Department had already reported that they saw no fish, so they concluded none customarily resided here! But the label reads "toxic to fish" — and the fish died.

On Page 5, they admit that analysis by the University of Arizona of four water samples including one from my kitchen sink, showed contamination with 2,4,5-TP (Silvex) and stated that Dr. Roan at the U of A (The one who eats DDT) couldn’t find any real earth problems connected with it. But I still have a tape recording of this same doctor who is director of the pesticide study center, U of A, who stated the water was contaminated and advised against using it.

"Ground water contamination is highly unlikely..." Yet it was found in the city well five miles away and 600 feet deep in a sample that sat in the State Health Department in Phoenix for over 10 months before testing, and it’s still here in the drinking water and stockponds, 16 months later!

"...cannot cause soil sterilization..." But it did. And chemical company literature states that it can,

"...stream bottom vegetations showed no evidence of damage..." Yet analysis of dead stream plant life and soil shows they were and still are contaminated with these chemicals.

I’ll grind my teeth as I write this one due to its utter absurdity: "Votilization effects in canyons are highly doubtful as these areas were purposely excluded from treatment." My God! How do you "exclude" a narrow canyon when this damn stuff drifts for miles, no matter what the wind direction or speed! Besides, the canyons were included to be sprayed on their damn maps!

"Residue is not a problem..." The hell it isn’t! What are they going to do about the residues that are still here 16 months and 6 years later? I wonder if the smart boy who wrote that sentence would like to retract it? Or this next one:

"Research data indicates 48 to 72 hour persistence in water..." How about 48 to 72 years? Water studies from Montebello, California, clearly show they knew this statement was a lie when they made it as those studies show 24-D was still in the water after five years!

"The allegation that foliage treated with Silvex which is subsequently burned would release the herbicide into the atmosphere and possibly cause harmful effects is without basis as fire temperatures range between 500 degrees C and 850 degrees C. Thus any possible herbicide effect would be immediately rendered ineffective by such temperatures." I suggest whoever wrote that one take his feet off his desk, put on some track shoes, and get over to Senator Hart’s office and read what can happen if fire should catch up with some of this damn treated brush or trees or even dirty old rags used to mop up these chemicals after they spill on the ground! I’m sure his office kept copies of the information entered during the hearings relative to a thing called “Dioxin"! This contaminant known as “dioxin", can be released into the atmosphere at 300 degrees C when brush or trees or shrubs that have been sprayed with these chemicals are burned. Isn’t it a damn shame since Dow Chemical knew about this dioxin for at least 20 years as disclosed by the testimony of their Vice-President in the Senate hearings, that they never told the Forest Service? And when those smart boys in the USDA in Washington knew it, why didn’t they tell the Forest Service either?

I have now removed two letters from the “USDA’s” file, both are dated December 8, 1969, both say exactly the same thing but are typed on two different typewriters. One is from the USDA in Washington and one is from the Regional Forest Office in Albuquerque. It is almost nauseating to realize that someone three thousand miles away dictated the one from Washington, in Chief Cliff’s office. It is full of untruths (and surely the regional office in Albuquerque must have known that when they instructed some little secretary to type a copy word for word so it would appear as though it were really from the regional office!).

On page one, there is a reference to these herbicides “decreasing fire potential", yet their own forest service information states these esters formulations will cause treated plants to be more flammable! The letter establishes ¼ mile as the general extent of drift, which is 1,320 feet. But the supervisor of the Tonto Forest told me they use 100 feet as a buffer zone! And USDA literature states it can drift for hundreds of miles.

Somewhere among my tapes is an interview with Mr. Sanders, President of Sanders Aviation, Phoenix, whose profession is crop spraying. He stated he would not use any 2,4-D formulation because it is too hazardous and too volatile. He further stated that he recalled a lawsuit in 1949 where drift had been shown to occur 15 miles distant from the spray. He also said that Lloyd’s of London was the
only firm that would insure anyone using these chemicals because they are dangerous and require special handling and special equipment. He commented that the esters formulations are volatile that an open pint can placed in the middle of a 40 care field of cotton will wipe out the entire field! And yet the USDA tries to delude the world into believing it is possible to aerially apply these chemicals with no drift at all!

Each one of these never to be forgotten literary masterpieces always includes one real classic line around which to build the entire plot. This was no exception. Although the "task force" concluded that damage had occurred on some of the adjacent private properties, they "also concluded that the work had been carefully planned and executed." My God! This is saying it was intentional that we were sprayed! Maybe that's where the acting assistant director Willis King, over at the US Department of Interior, got the idea to end his letter of December 18, 1969, with these lines: "A number of follow-up investigations (of Globe) have been conducted by the US Forest Service, Salt River Valley Water Users Association, Rocky Mountain Forest and Range Experiment Station, U.S. Agricultural Research Service, Arizona State Extension Service, and Arizona Game and Fish. Damage was not demonstrated except for a minor incident caused by spray drift at one end of the project. Our conclusions are that the United States Forest Service handled the spraying operation on the Tonto National Forest in an effective and responsible manner." Now I'm the closest private land and person located at the end of the project, and what happened to me is no minor incident! Just to say that their spraying operation was effective raises my objections even higher! If they had told me I was included in their "Operation Biological Warfare", I could at least have had on a gas mask, respirator, flame throwers suit or something. One thing's for damn sure...I wouldn't have been standing outside in that sexy pink nightgown looking up in the sky to see what in the hell was happening if I'd known they were carrying out orders to "execute as planned"!

No matter which of these three letters I read, and there are a couple of more that say the same thing, it still says in capsule language: "Sure, we admit we sprayed your private land. So what the hell difference does it make? You had no business to even be there, and if you think we owe you an apology, forget it. You should be the one to apologize for getting in our way, and daring to think because you have a deed to a chunk of ground that gives you any rights to what happens to it, or you, if you're stupid enough to be on it!"

If they had used this kind of language prior to June 8, 1969, maybe this book would never have been written.

I just pulled another one of the letters from the "F.S.C." file. It's from Secretary Hardin's office. I hope one of them up there checks his "smart pill" supply for he sure ran out of them on December 15, 1969. Here are a few memorables:

"Rate of herbicide used was consistent with label instructions..."

For what???

"No wind velocity in excess of 16 mph was recorded during the period of application." The rules say "under 6 mph", remember?

"No evidence that silvex at rates used, is toxic to humans or animals..." No one knows whether it is or not because no one even knows what rate or what exact chemicals were used. And no humans have been tested and test animals died.

"Silvex was the only herbicide used." Big fat, nasty, ugly lie! The USDA finally admitted in February 1970 to the use of additional chemicals, after I insisted because analysis of water, soil, plants and me showed their presence. "Water samples indicate(contamination) content well below approved tolerance level." This is a lie, as there are no public health service levels established for presence of any amount of these chemicals in drinking water.

By the time February 1970 rolled around, the USDA admitted to having used in addition to Silvex made by Dow, chemicals formulated by Monsanto, Hercules and Thompson-Hayward. They also changed the "longevity" from "48 to 72 hours" to "possibly 8 months". I wonder how many more corrections and admissions they will make before they die of shame or old age, in their reports on Globe? What little respect they might have retained in my mind was made impossible by their absolute fanatic refusal to show one grain of concern for our welfare or regret that they had been the cause of such great losses to all of us. The sheer arrogance of those in the USDA in Washington and the emissaries whom they sent or who volunteered for the job was so apparent in their attitudes which clearly demonstrated they had no wish to solve any of our problems. Their obsession seemed to be to add a few more untruths to the already endless list of lies and misinformation that emanated from the various government agencies centralized in Washington. These included the USDA, the US Forest Service, the FDA and HEW.

After much more prodding, more phone calls and several more broken promises, I received a copy of what is purported to be the final report of the last "great eight" scientists who came to our area, the ones whose theme song of damage was "root-rot, woodpeckers and sapsuckers". So I will continue the chapter of the "Priviledged
Liars" with some of the contents of that report. It is also worth noting that when I called the US Forest Service in Phoenix two days after I had received this last 29 page, plus one exhibit, package of unrelated garbage, they had not been supplied with a copy of the report although copies had been furnished to the chemical company attorney's who were busy taking my deposition.

A "TASK FARCE" REPORT

As I look at the list of names of this last crew of government boys who ran over each other getting here on top of Congressman McCarthy, I am almost amused at how absurd it would be for a judge, in seeking to learn the truth, to send the criminals to investigate their own crime! Or a murderer to investigate a murder he had committed!

On September 21, 1970, the USDA finally put together a "report" to attempt one more time to convince the world that the Forest Service was completely innocent of having caused any harm to us. In fact, they attempted to dress up their product in a lot of sheep-skin covers that carried "PHD's", but I found on close inspection the sheep-skins were only covers, and some of the same wolves were hiding just under the first layer! By the time this last crew jetted in and out, Red Riding Hood wasn't walking alone in her woods anymore. Those woods had become pretty big forests, and there had been a couple of other companions holding her hand when she took a short-cut or two over to grandmother's house by way of those big trees out there, and their PHD sheepskins were attached and for real!

This last attempt to cover-up, white wash, or just plain lie their way out of a mess has only made them look more guilty. If someone said to this "bedded-down-in-government jobs" bunch, "Take me to your leader!", they would have pointed to Dr. Fred Tschirley, USDA, and two times visitor to Vietnam (Once to Cambodia, where he saw no lasting damage from these chemicals there either, but the government has paid out millions of dollars to each country on claims based on the same type of damage noted here, including "root-rot and paralyzed animals"!)

Just in case any of you readers want to check deeper into how much these men on that panel did not know about the effects of phenoxy herbicides on plants, animals and humans, relative to a place called Globe, Arizona, here is the list of names, with rank and file added (and some of it gets pretty rank):

Dr. B. Clair Eliason — HEW — Has done no background work with 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T or Silvex. Internship in Pediatrics, 1968-1969.

Dr. Howard Heggestad — USDA — No background work with 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T or Silvex. Work and training is in air pollution, mostly sulphur dioxide. Dr. Heggestad has sent me papers he has written, but none pertain to herbicides.

Dr. George Hepting — USDA — No background work with 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T or Silvex. Work and training in air pollution.

Robert F. Stephens — Fish & Wildlife — U.S.D. Interior — No work with 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T or Silvex. Opening remark to me in August 1970: "I'm no expert on herbicides and their effect on animal populations.", He was unable to answer any of the standard questions relative to these herbicides.

Dr. Paul Sand — USDA — Although he was supposed to be trained in herbicides, he was unable to answer most of the questions I asked. He concluded with, "You are questioning me about things that are in your part of the country that I am totally unfamiliar with."

Dr. Cipriano Cueto — USDA (Pesticide Regulation Division) — He was courteous and attempted to be as honest as his job would allow, I'm sure, by telling me that the answers to what the effects of these particular herbicides are or what they will ultimately do, or how harmful they may be, are as yet unknown. His attitude indicated that he did not in any way consider himself to be a "herbicide expert", because there is no such person.

Dr. Wayne Binns — USDA — This is the member of the team who is credited with spreading the story all over the world that the deformed goat was born prior to the spraying of Globe, Arizona, therefore the entire universe was advised to forget the whole incident! Nothing at all happened here! When I asked Dr. Binns if he had any background training in these phenoxy herbicides or their affects on goats or other animals, he replied "No.", I pursued the point further by asking on what he based his statement relative to the age of the goat, and was told he obtained a picture of a goat's teeth from the library after he came to Arizona. He looked in the goat's head and decided it must be 4 or 5 years old! I requested a copy of this book or picture or whatever, and sure enough! Here it is attached to this last report! Would you believe it's called "Exhibit 1!", shows a first-grade drawing of five sets of teeth under the heading "Age of a Goat by its Teeth". . . . ? But the classic of all time is this sentence on the bottom of the page:

"A general guide for telling age of goats by their teeth. It is not too dependable as there is quite a variance in tooth development." When I referred to the deformed duck, which he had also disqualified by
saying “born 4 miles from the spray . . .”, he called our old Charley a “goose”! (Now you must admit that most men do know a “goose” from a duck!) As for that “4 miles away” bit, their own big red and gray book states “drift has been experienced to a distance as great as 100 miles . . .”!

Add the Chairman of the “Root-Rot Boys”, Dr. Fred Tschirley, to the list, and that rounds out the number of “experts” to a fat eight. There were also those two “observers”. The first one was Barry Freeman — Agriculture Department — University of Arizona — Had a big beautiful brain that knows all about range management, and very little about the effect of herbicides, but enough to believe they can be hazardous. At least, that’s what he told me when he looked out over my town and rode around with me and said if anyone had told him they were going to use these chemicals here, he would have advised them not to do it. He even told me about one job near Tucson that he was asked about once, and he advised them not to spray because of one house seven miles from the target area. Maybe he forgot about that day he spent with me, but I haven’t. He also told me he saw herbicide damage in my garden and trees but he didn’t include this visit in his report.

I saved David Pimentel for last, because they always give him such an impressive title “Consultant to the Office of Science and Technology”, but all of them seem to overlook the fact that he and the Vice-President of Dow Chemical Company, Dr. Julius E. Johnson, (who has been the loudest protestor to any curtailment of the use of these phenoxy herbicides) were on the same committee in Washington! And since these men were both supposed to be working together, I presume they knew what the other was doing. Besides Dr. Pimentel failed my questionnaire on herbicides, and I gave him the easy ones! I haven’t heard of him making any more speeches lately, like the one he reportedly made in California which I covered in another chapter!

The introduction on Page 1 of the report acquaints everyone with the main characters and refers to the “closed session” of two days in “Phoenix with “Salt River Project, USFS, Arizona Land Department, State Health Department and Game & Fish”. It was the same crew, no new members or names. Then it tells of “animal blood”, “animal tissue” and gags on to the next page which becomes another “chaparral to grass” or “grass to chapparal” thing, and I’m rolling with laughter by then with tears emerging from my swollen eyes as they describe this scenic picture of deer roaming the peaceful plateaus of our grass covered mountainside. It even says it was to “improve the water quality” which is now contaminated!

Isn’t this a poetic phrase: “. . . relic stands of mature chaparral.”. Or how about “. . . evapo-transpiration lesses . . .” or “. . . additional edge effect . . .”? (Whatever the hell that is, it indicates I’m going to just love the “New Look”!) After reading the 6 points on Page 2, I shook my head, commented, “The hell you say!”, and tackled one of their mathematical problems on Page 3 which again involved nothing greater than simple addition and subtraction, but they didn’t get the right answer! Real pathetic! They came up with “3”, only no one knows for sure what it’s “3” of!

On Page 3, they describe why water was substituted for oil as directed and when I read their explanation to a few men who really do know why the oil should be there and not water, I had a lot of company rolling on the floor laughing with me! I suspect this particular bit of “unscientific” knowledge was supplied by Dr. Fred Tschirley, their leader, as it sounds like the misinformation he gave me in my interview with him in Washington, but I never dreamed he would be arrogant or unwise — enough to show his ignorance of the correct way recommended to mix these herbicides for aerial application. This one interview alone was all that was needed to show he did not know much about herbicides, or else he was lying intentionally.

Half of the page mumbles about wind record, wind speeds, fire weather stations, what constitutes a “gale wind”, but the sentence accidentally got in there which reads, “the actual wind speeds (during the operation) were not recorded . . .” and “possibility of wind velocity exceeding 10 M.P.H.”.

Page 4 shows a chart with 5 chemicals listed as having been used in Globe in 1969. (Remember when they said “only Silvex — by Dow — was used in 1968 and 1969 . . .”?)

On Page 6 there is another chart of the rainfall in 1969 supposedly for Globe, but the figure they list is not the one we obtained from the local official weather station. After telling us that most of our damage was due to “root-rot, woodpeckers, and sapsuckers”, they now add drought . . . (I hear you laughing way over here as you read the figures from their chart: “Average rainfall 15.75 — 1969 rainfall 13.13”! But the official report we have lists 1969 rainfall as 16.26 inches, so it was above normal! The weather station also lists the following rainfall figures for our area: 1956 — 7.89” (Now that’s a drought, kids! Not 16 inches!) (But nobody had their yacamas die from it!) 1960 — 13.26” (And nobody complained about all the trees dying that year either! Nor deformed guinea pigs and goats!) 1966 — 16.11 inches (And I called the Forest Service boys for the first time in 1969 to see what in the hell had happened to my trees that were turning yellow!) 1968 — 22.97 inches (And the trees, grass, flowers, garden crops,
white mice, guinea pigs and hamsters died that wet year! Don’t understand how the animals could have died from root-rot, though.) 1969 — 16.26 inches (The word drought just won’t be believable, boys! Try something else!)

One more interesting item to blow that drought theory right out the door: A news story from Phoenix stated that the water impounded by the Salt River Project in their reservoirs was twice the normal level. The date of the story: October 7, 1969.

Since they seem to be all unstrung about our weather, I’ll insert the story of my blue ribbon hanging on the wall. This was our first year to have a Gila County Fair — with fruit and all that kind of thing. There was a classification for peaches, too. In 1969, when all our peaches shrivelled up, turned black, cell-divided and fell off, these smart boys from the task force teams said it was because “the winter had been too warm”. This year, 1970, more of the trees died, so they said it was too cold and they froze.” . . . But by then, we were all pretty much aware that these were members of the Whitewash and Cover-up Clubs, especially when analysis showed the peaches contained 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex in 1969 and 1970.

But high on the top of our mountain above the town of Globe is our summer home. It’s 8000 ft. elevation and it gets real cold up there. Sometimes there’s 10 feet of snow in the wintertime. Twelve years ago, my dad planted a peach seed in the ground in the yard by the cabin with the remark, “This earth is good, and it will be warm in the sun and this seed will grow you some peaches someday.” He was one of those real extra-special people. It never entered his mind when he moved here from Pennsylvania that you couldn’t grow the same things here as “back home”, so he grew them! People used to come from all around to look at his garden in Globe with everything just the way it grew in the East. I’ve seen him take a rose-cutting, stick it in the ground, cover it with a glass jar, and say, “This will be a mighty fine rose bush.”. And I always knew to move back and make way for it, for everything grew that his hands touched. He loved the good earth more than anything in the world, and it knew it. Mama used to say, “If you plant seeds with love, they know it.”, and both of them had the kind of faith that made things happen. They never got to see what that little peach seed did. They were buried just 10 months apart the next year in the little cemetery on the hill that faces the mountain.

But I watched that little tree poke its head out and each year it grew a little taller. It didn’t know that peach trees don’t grow on mountains in Arizona! Too cold! Or smelter smoke! Or drought! And finally in the summer of 1970, after the “smart set” had told us there were “no peaches because it was too cold”, that little tree had 104 peaches on it! I called the local Forest Service and one of the rangers came up to verify it “for my files” and I photographed those gorgeous peaches. So five of them went to our first county fair and won the blue ribbon. They were beautiful. I’m sure they could have held out against any competition, but they were also the only peaches entered in that particular class.

Several pages of the report are devoted to telling us that we have been infected by such things as “phymatotrichum omnivorum” (My God! That sounds worse than “root-rot”) and “attacked by P. Omnivorum”. Of course, they used the diversionary tactic of spouting “air pollution from smelters”. Sorry kids, we’ve had that checked and it doesn’t turn into 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T or Silvex under analysis or cause deformed goats or eyeless guinea pigs! Finally the subject of dioxins being present in these chemicals is touched on lightly . . . more equations, subtractions, and square roots are done, and the conclusion is finally reached that dioxin was indeed present in this mess they shot us down with! They further admit that even the “purified” kind Dow talks about still had some of it in there because “all of it could not be removed” and that in the newest experiments done by Dow and by NIEHS with this “purified junk”, deformities were produced in the test animals! And the deformities were the same kind we had reported!

When they get over to the residue reporting, they sound even a little more unsure of themselves. After they squeezed through that deformity section, admitting these chemicals do and have caused deformities, it left them a little winded. In fact, nowhere do I find a time limit on how long these things may last! No more of that “48 to 72 hours” bit for water! Remember when they said it could not contaminate water? Now I read “some contamination of surface water will inevitably occur . . . “. And they even got around to saying “residues in forage grasses . . . 4 or 5 months . . . “. (They said earlier it didn’t affect grass or hang around out there anywhere!)

Page 17 even belts one to the chin of the FDA, by telling us they have found residues of 2,4,5-T, which has no tolerance levels established, in 1 to 2 percent of all the dairy and meat, fish and poultry products for 1964 through 1968! Then they state that although these residues were present and there should have been none, it “lends added support to the concept of lack of residues accumulation of phenoxy herbicides. . . . “. As to whether dioxin is also present, they finish themselves (and me!) by saying that “studies . . . are underway . . . but not enough time has elapsed to get results . . . “. Remember when Dr. Johnson of Dow Chemical told Senator Hart that they had been aware of this
dioxin goodie since 1950 or earlier? Isn't 20 years a helluva long time to still not know?

Page 18 talks about "sage grouse" in Colorado, and how there were no effects on them due to the use of 2,4-D. However, they did autopsy 6 dead ones, and found 2,4-D in their brains!

Page 19 includes an admission that 2,4,5-T is toxic to fish! But since they saw no dead ones (or live ones either!), I guess it doesn't count!

And to really stay true to the colors under which they were all lying, they proceeded to discuss as minutely and in as descriptive detailing as their minds could muster, each encounter with each "human health aspect" who had consulted with them at all, and inserted their own comments about those who did not, I being one of the latter. I refused to go into the private details of my life with them after my offer for them to look at my guinea pigs was turned down cold! So the report really went to town in my direction, going so far as to use a direct quote from a local doctor named Randolph stating what I supposedly said to him during a visit which I supposedly made after the spray. At the time the spraying occurred in June 1969, I would not have visited this particular doctor with any problem relative to my health, or my guinea pig's health! I have no confidence in this man as a doctor, or as a man. His behavior long before June, 1969 caused me to form these opinions of him. So I loudly protest any indication that I would at any time have sought him out as a physician for myself after the spray! If he made the statement attributed to him, he lied. Possibly doctors often sit around telling each other about their various patients, and I suppose occasionally one of them might be guilty of fabricating a patient, especially if he thinks it will make him real popular with the "big boys:" to claim a patient as his, who is not, when he doesn't think the person will ever know about it. But they never expect the other doctors to run out and publish it in a report that is sent around the world! Besides, they usually keep their mouths shut or are supposed to, about patients, authentic or imaginary, something to do with their "oath of office".

Those privileged ranchers, the stars of my "Unbrave Cowboys" chapter, get almost a full page of recognition, and guess what? Their cow charts show those boys aren't making money playing cowboys on the range! They're making it with all those big calf crops! But their figures, and stories, on this page don't tally with some of the other information we obtained earlier. But I guess if anyone is exposed to "Privileged Liars" long enough, a bit of it rubs off all around!

Maybe they thought we would be so sick or angry by all the garbage in the first 25 pages that we'd give up and quit reading, so they saved the analysis until the last four pages. And then they lied again.

First, they said the analysis results were of the Silvex and 2,4,5-T used in 1969, but they weren't, for they only showed 2 and there were 6 chemicals sprayed. Besides that, these samples were not of what was sprayed in Globe because they lost the cans! Dr. Tschirley's reply to my question in September 1970: "We'll never know, if they can't find the cans, or any of the chemicals, just what was used in Globe, will we, Dr. Tschirley?" And his reply was, "Unfortunately, Mrs. Shoecraft, this is true; we'll never really know!"

But they brazenly state that these analysis "were of the chemicals used!" Unfortunately for them, and for the manufacturers, even those samples, one by Dow and one by Thompson Hayward, contained dioxin. Then they lied again. They didn't even put down the correct label figures for the registered product! We don't know how much 2,4-D they found for they don't say, but the analysis of the soil samples for Silvex showed one of them contained 5,500 ppm! And these were taken almost 10 months after the spray! (What was that you told me, Dr. Tschirley? Only 1 ppm in the sample you brought from Vietnam? See, I told you that they should have put oil in the damn stuff, not water! That's the way the Adjutant General mixed his brew for Vietnam and Cambodia! But he's stopped using them over there now. Had to pay out too much money for damages!)

We're back into the animals and blood, tissue and blood, and liver and blood, and shoulder roast and blood... until finally I get sick and vomit in the paper bag I kept handy for this report. After I put the bag in the bathroom, and separated some of the "however" from the "therefores," it says they found the damn 2,4-D or 2,4,5-T or Silvex... or all three... in about 75% of the meat samples they hauled out of here. All except the shoulder roast! Now that's what I'm going to buy from now on! No more of those bloody old tissue loaded steaks! Just shoulder roasts!

Their conclusion more or less says they really don't know whether they have any conclusions yet or not!

And I guess these new riders that have replaced the ones who used to ride the purple sage but can't now because it's been killed by herbicides, have a very difficult time getting their skirts over the saddle-horn, or holding them down over their knees while they use the other hand to keep their hats on the top of their swollen heads! Privileged Liars always do strange things.

P.S. I wonder if any of them ever read the little story inside that big book that has most of their names in it somewhere, including Pimentel, Tschirley, Dow Chemical, six other chemical companies, Dr. Cueto, and a few others. It's known as the Mrak report. It tells of a
"therm al inversion" and the absence of any winds in an area where a pesticide "had been used successfully for 16 years prior to the date of the accidental poisoning" with the result that "persons and livestock . . . were affected by the pesticide . . .". Seems I remember these "air pollution" experts along for the ride talked about "thermal inversions" occurring right here. Maybe they'd better read about these things in that book with their names inside the covers.

"B. B" (Before Bionetics)

In 1963 the US Department of Health, Education and Welfare decided to determine whether a few of the chemicals the USDA had okayed for use for twenty years would produce cancer and deformities in addition to a lot of other diseases they already knew about. Approximately 100 chemicals were selected for testing, including 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T and 2,4,5-TP (Silvex).

Data obtained clearly indicates the manufacturers and the USDA were already aware of the hazards of these particular chemicals prior to beginning this study in 1963. A list of illnesses caused by them twenty years ago included damage to the central nervous system, kidneys and liver. One study told of two small children playing in a yard sprayed with a much weaker solution of 2,4-D then used by the Forest Service. A rash appeared. Their eyes, mouths and lips became swollen. Several days later urinary disturbances including incontinence, and renal damage appeared. Other symptoms of poisoning by 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T included "fatigue, nausea, vomiting, anorexia, diarrhea, swelling and aching of the extremities. These symptoms progressed until pain, paresthesias and limb paralysis were severe. Disability was protracted and recovery incomplete even after several years."

Under "symptomology" this same paper lists:

"lethargy progressing to coma" "progressive decline in blood pressure,; "Flaccid paralysis" "sudden death (in animals) ascribed to ventricular fibrillation and cardiac arrest" "reduction of body temperature" in non-fatal poisoning, severe and protracted neuritis with pain and paresthesia. Poisoned animals display muscle rigidity..."

"CHRONIC EXPOSURE may lead to central nervous system defects in control of motor function."

Another study from the Journal of the American Medical Association, November 1959, describes three patients exposed to 2,4D. Symptoms of poisoning included numbness in legs, fingers and toes, swelling of feet and legs, diarrhea, rash, vomiting and damage to the nervous system. It concludes by stating: "Disability was protracted, recovery incomplete even after lapse of several years. Since there is no antidote or other specific treatment of 2,4-D poisoning, this herbicide should be used with caution."

My question is: "Why was it allowed to be used at all?"

Other studies show the same findings and list the same symptoms. In addition to "loss of memory, depression, pathological behavior, psychoneurotic symptoms, weakness in mental capacity, decreased drive, and loss of potency and libido."

Those of us in Globe Arizona who have chosen to fight rather than accept the government's violation of our rights by spraying us with these chemicals, have had or been accused of having all of these listed ailments. The dates of our reporting these symptoms to the disinterested members of the A.M.A. and the USDA were prior to our obtaining copies of these publications. How strange that we chose the symptoms of "2,4-D poisoning" when we didn't know what they were. Stranger still that our animals who cannot read, also chose the same ones.

The heading of a new item February 28, 1971, Washington DC., reads: "Administration ORDERS SLASH IN RESEARCH ON BIRTH DEFECTS". It states a study has been in progress for twelve years by National Institutes of Health (H.E.W.), to determine "such tragedies as mental retardation, nervous system defects and childhood behavior disorders". The cost to date is "$100 million dollars". The "study bunch" are unhappy because the funds this year will be a mere "$5.5 million dollars." One of the doctors directing "part of the big collaborative effort" is quoted as saying: "This is the best longitudinal study of child development that has ever been made."

My reply to that is "Bull Roar!" And I continue by adding "The Hell You Say!" What happened to the findings already obtained by the National Institutes of Health and HEW from the Bionetics study completed in 1968 and still kept secret? These took seven years and cost 3.5 million dollars. Weren't they good enough? What happened to the other 96.5 million dollars already spent? Instead of "childhood behavior disorders" there should be one on "Manhood behavior disorders". A lot of these researchers and all of those members of the USDA who lied to us should volunteer as "guinea pigs" to be studied. But the study would probably be renamed "Mis-behavior Disorders" of the USDA.
WHY?

Of what real use are all these other things
That take your time... and mine?
We say that we have learned so much... and yet
We cannot look inside a tiny seed
And see what makes it grow...

These things... and many more... appear to be
More than we can ever know...
Are all these secrets locked from you and me...
Or is it just because we will not see?

Recently, I was referred to as an "iconoclast" — and maybe I am. According to Webster's Fifth Edition, this is someone who is a "breaker of images" — one who "attacks cherished beliefs as shams."

If those beliefs are wrong, and if on close inspection they will not stand the spotlight of truth, then I believe they should be exposed and destroyed.

Believing a thing will not make it so. The Forest Service believed that 2-4D and 2,4,5-T were "harmless". That didn't make it true, for just beneath the surface and on the research shelves, and in the laboratories, and in a lot of scientists' heads — was all the evidence anyone needed to prove these were not as harmless as they had been led to believe. As this research was done, nobody bothered to publicize what they found.

The findings were printed, but they were buried so deeply a seeing eye dog couldn't have located most of them! A forester is told by the head outfit, located in Mr. Cliff's office in Washington, "Hey, man, this is great stuff! We're going to see to it that you get funds to spray it all around, and it will make grass grow like crazy! And you can free those conifers, so you'll have tall stands of timber, and the streams will cascade down the mountain, and there'll be fish swimming and singing and dancing all over the place. In fact, they'll be bigger than ever, according to Dow Chemical literature, which states: "the greater the treatment, the bigger and heavier the fish."

Add to this idyllic picture, the anticipation and impatient pressure exerted by ranchers so they can have more cow feed, and by the farmers, who are so torn up over these starving millions that they just have to "increase their yields" — and "grow more crops" and any money made along the way is only a by-product!

I don't mean those hardworking, backbone of America individuals who used to be designated as "farmers and ranchers" — for nobody worked as hard as they did! They broke their backs getting it done, and got lost and squeezed out somewhere in the shuffle. They were the ones who tamed a wilderness and did without any of the luxuries and most of the necessities! They sweat real sweat, and bled real blood for rich dark soil, and steep hillsides, and great open plains, and high mountain peaks. They knew what the words "the good earth" really meant. To the cowboy, they meant one thing; to the farmer, another. But they both loved the land and all it stood for.

So when I say "rancher or farmer", I mean the "big outfits" so big, and all encompassing, that they dwarf the little operator clear out of sight — whose brand on the side of their beef is a $, and whose thousands of acres of melons and lettuce and grapes and cotton is another Lear Jet to park on a runway. I mean the rancher or farmer, who, even if he's just pushing cattle over the rocky hillside above Globe, is so small himself, that he can't see what he's doing to a land that a lot of men died for when he encourages the use or helps to apply these chemicals that will ultimately turn and destroy him.

I'm sure that most of the forest personnel who have used these particular chemicals were unaware of their hazards, for if the researchers didn't even tell each other, why would they tell anyone else? Can you imagine any of them saying: "You know what? That crazy hormone stuff made by Dow or Monsanto, or Thompson-Hayward, or Chipman, wiped out those bluegills, and some of the mice have twisty tales, and a few bulgy eyes, and no eyeballs, and some club feet... and cleft palates! And that hound dog we both liked? He just flat out died this morning!"

Or, "Boy, you should see what just the vapors from that stuff did to the tomato plants; and the pea pods aren't going to have any peas either! And it's dividing up the cells, so a sycamore leaf doesn't know whether to be a sycamore or an elm!"

Someone, somewhere, should have let somebody know. If the researchers had informed "unscientific me" that they had never done any scientific studies regarding the effect of these chemicals on human beings (that being mel) and that they were female hormones, (and that being a part of me also) then I would have printed up handbills at my own expense and stood on a street corner passing them out, and hoped that at least one member of the Forest Service, the BIA, the Army Corps of Engineers, and possibly the Adjutant General of the Department of Defense, might walk by and take one of them home to read! (Purposefully didn't mention anyone from the top office of the USDA — don't get your feelings hurt, Mr. Hardin, I'll get
Dr. Roan, University of Arizona, whose file, A-19, is getting thicker (and muddier) every day, and whose title is “Project Director, Community Pesticides Studies,” did tell me that they are now “studying” one 2,4-D, or 2,4,5-T or Silvex victim. He died in Hawaii and was a suicide yet!

I am sick of the word “scientist”. I am sick of hearing it, sick of seeing it in print, and I am sick of paying for research projects being done on many of the less important issues of life, while the vital threads of life itself are slowly disintegrating before our eyes. Why search for the reason of a thing when the obvious answer is sitting on the surface? Why continue looking for a different answer when the answers to many of these things were painstakingly arrived at twenty years ago? If two and two were added together and the answer was four in 1950, is there any reason to assume that if we abandon the problem for twenty years and keep telling everyone during the interim that the answer is five, or six, or eight just because we want it to be five or six or eight that this will make it so? If someone asks us to prove our answer, won’t it still come our four? This is simple basic arithmetic, and I feel this is as deep as can be comprehended by some of the “wizards” who are supposed to be “researchers”.

The real scientist to me is one who cares enough about the truth that he is willing not only to search for it through the method of trial and error, but who is also willing to disclose all of his findings and proven facts. It is the person who is brave enough also to say, “I do not know,” if he does not. Again, I return to the word “integrity”, which seems to be a quality much more rare than “empathy”. If a man possesses the virtue of integrity, and he is also a scientist, he cannot allow his knowledge to be distorted or misquoted or expressed in only half-truths that on the surface appear to state one thing, but when checked more deeply disclose a different answer, or worse yet, his own lack of knowledge in the field in which he has been represented as a scientist. How unfair to present his testimony as proof in arriving at an answer to a given problem in some particular field of study, when he is not a qualified scientist in that particular field. But even more unforgivable is his allowing himself to be represented as an expert on the given subject with all the ready answers at his fingertips and on the nerve endings inside his brain somewhere, when he himself knows he is lacking in knowledge but for reasons known only to him, he does not say so.

The word “scientist” has been one which through the ages of man’s total evolvement in life and with life, has always inspired a feeling of awe… and respect… and belief… and trust.

How can anyone to whom it has been ascribed allow it to be misused?

I had great admiration for the word scientist, and I still do, as applied in its true meaning, but not when it is used to mislead. It resets another phase of my disillusionment. I sit here in August 1970, on my once beautiful mountain above the little town of Globe, Arizona, and study the toe of a very unscientific but well used boot on my left foot. Added to the feeling of disillusionment with the various groups of government investigators who have come belatedly and scurried and hurried out again is also now one of disgust. I review the newspaper clipping regarding the press releases given to the world by this last group of visiting firemen sent in February 1970 to put out a fire that is still in high gear. The blaze is now much higher than when they arrived, and gaining in intensity.

We begged for an unbiased group to be sent. This has never been done. But no one who is unbiased has been sent by the government to Vietnam or Cambodia, either, to report the truth of what these chemicals have done there. As early as 1966, a group of 29 scientists who were in search of truth and the disclosing of it when found (no matter whose toes might be stepped on) under the leadership of Dr. John Edsall of Harvard, appealed to President Johnson to prohibit the use of defoliants and herbicides in Vietnam (and I would hope also some thought was given to prohibiting their use and experimentation on us and America). They tried, but evidently no one listened, although their protest was followed by a letter of petition to President Johnson from 22 scientists, seven of whom were nobel laureates. This was followed up by the signatures of 5,000 additional scientists to co-sponsor the petition, protesting the use of these chemicals. All of this was in 1966, the year our area was sprayed twice. And the acres sprayed increased six times over 1965, according to the figures given to me by the Forest Service. But none of the scientists bothered to tell President Nixon about it. And when we did, his attitude to the world about the antics of the USDA was “let’s change the subject. Anyone for tennis?”

This was the same year the amount of these chemicals used in Vietnam was increased over the previous year, by five times. Please impress on your mind the year 1966, those of you who are not scientists, and those of you who are, for this was the year the Bionetics research laboratories showed that these chemicals could produce birth deformities and tumors in the cancer studies in the test animals on which the experiments were being performed at the direction of the government, although this information was not
released until 1970, four years later, during the hearings in Washington. Dow Chemical Company was also aware of these findings in 1965, or if they were not, they have no excuse to offer. Why did Dow not notify the USFS in 1964 when they shut down their plant due to the fact that the "chloracne potential of 2,4,5-T trichlorophenol (2,4,5-T) process was building up to a danger point?" (Statement of Dr. Julius Johnson, Vice President of Dow Chemical, Senate Hearings April 15, 1970). According to his testimony, the plant was not put back into operation until 1966 or 1967, and by then, we had been sprayed at least three times with the damn, stinking contaminated stuff that they never bothered to tell anyone might be loaded with a few extra goodies that no one had even counted on, the ones that wound up twisting mice's tails, deleting their eyes, corkscrewing their necks and heads, and leaving part of their skull open, giving club feet, cleft palates, slipped tendons and deformed legs.

I am looking at the list of names appearing inside that great big impressive book for which I paid $3.00 (and never got the damn book. The copy I have was given to me by someone else. My check was cashed, but I never got the book.). The title is "Report on the Secretary's Commission on Pesticides and their relationship to Environmental Health, Parts I and II". It is 677 pages thick, and the study cost us 3½ million dollars, but they forgot to include a couple of real essentials, like Part III. Maybe they were just too busy running around putting all this garbage together (and some of it is garbage, nothing more, to my very unscientific but totally practical mind). Maybe they were tripping over each other in their haste to make sure no one stepped on anyone's toes and by then they had become so careful not to say anything that might offend anyone else that they just forgot to say anything PERIOD, even to each other!

As I look over the vast list of names in the front of this $3.00 book, I think what strange and unusual bedfellows! And I wonder why. Why give a man a job to do, and then beset him on all sides by those who don't believe in the work he's doing in the first place.

Then they line everyone up so that the knowledge of each more or less nullifies the knowledge produced by the next in line. A ridiculous and stupid equation, like saying "go find the answer" and then saying "and just in case you do, here's someone right next to you to clobber you before you can tell what you found".

There are twelve pages of names of individuals who were supposed to have something to do with getting this report together, including the part that got left out.

Since I have to work my way around or through or over this 677-page compilation of confusing information referred to as the "Secretary's Book", let's just run up and down those list of names, names of panels and the "grateful acknowledgements of thanks" listed in the front of the book and see who a few of them are. (These 17 pages were not numbered among the 677. They are written in Roman numerals, maybe to confuse the printer so he would only charge for 677, saving us money, you know.) So that means there are really 694, then count the back cover because they counted the front, and that's about 697. Then add about 61 pages for the Volume III that they mislaid somewhere until 1970, and that brings us up to over 750 pages! Quite a book! "Gone With The Wind" potentials! Except that "Gone With The Wind" is a much more believable story than is the one which unfolds out of this book.

THE BOYS AT BIONETICS, BELTSVILLE AND BETHESDA

This book which is open before me has been erroneously referred to as the "Bionetics Book" and the "Mrak Report". The cover carries a 13 word title: "Report of the Secretary's Commission on Pesticides and Their Relationship to Environmental Health", Parts I and II, U.S. Department of HEW, Dec. 1969." (The Part III that shook up the world regarding deformatsies is still unavailable.) These are supposed to be the findings of a study which cost us at least 3½ million dollars, took 7 years to complete, just to tell us a lot of things we'd already been told 20 years ago, that these damn pesticides being sprayed all over hell's half acre (and several million acres this side of heaven, too) are going to wipe us out. That's the message, if anyone is smart enough to read, and not necessarily just between the lines, but just around the "however", the "therefore" and the "perhaps in due time" type of governmental garbage it contains.

There are roughly 250 names in the front of the book of individuals who evidently contributed in compiling all this mess, and because I don't want to bog down writing my book, like they did theirs, I won't name all of them, but I will set out just a few that I find most intriguing. Let's pretend this is a new chapter, called "Strange Bedfellows" or "How Come He's on a Pesticide Clean-Up Program?"

The commission was composed of 14 members. Right up at the top, I see Dr. Julius E. Johnson, Dow Chemical Company (and the same Julius E. Johnson, Vice-President of Dow Chemical, who so vigorously protested any curtailment in the use of 2,4,5-T at the Senator Hart hearings in Washington, D.C. April 1970, after de-
formities in test animals, and after he admitted knowing a lot of other hazardous facts about these chemicals! Then I see Dr. David Pimentel’s name as an associate member. (Remember Dr. Pimentel and the “Herbicide Specialist” incident in an earlier chapter?) When I turn the page, there they are again, just like the Bobsey Twins! Real togetherness, Johnson and Pimentel, except they’ve cut down the odds of being able to compare notes for they’re on the same subcommittee with the title “Effects on Non-Target Organisms Other Than Man”, and the two of them make up half the team! (Maybe that’s what’s wrong, they should have been on a committee entitled “Effects of Pesticides on a Target Organism Known as Man, Animals, Birds, Water, Soil, Vegetables, and the House by the side of the road where Man is attempting to Live!) The more I study these various names on various committees, the more apparent become the reasons why no one working on this study rushed around informing you and me of the results. Wouldn’t it be strange if one owned a store, which was broken into and robbed, and when the criminal was apprehended, he admitted the crime? But justice being as it is, a trial by jury was granted him just the same, and when the storekeeper entered the court-room, he discovered the judge was not a real judge, but the criminal’s father, the jury was composed of his twin brother, his 4 sisters, 2 uncles, a grandmother, and 4 of his first cousins! And the only witnesses were the man’s children, nieces and nephews! Well, “Kissin’ Cousins” out there, that’s just the way this book reads!

The commission staff member’s list reads like a “Who’s Who” for the FDA & HEW! We move over a little and make room next to Dr. Johnson of Dow Chemical, for a few of the other chemical company representatives under the heading of “Acknowledgements to other Contributors”. This list includes M.J. Sloan of Shell Chemical Company, USA, and Dr. J. Robinson, Shell Research, London, England, W.B. Shafer or Stauffer Chemical Company, Arthur Poulos of Chemical & Engineering News, Washington, D.C., Donald Spencer and Kenneth Krausche of National Agricultural Chemical Association, Mr. Chambers of Esso Research, Alfred Mulliken of Chemical Specialty Manufacturers Association. Also Dr. John P. Frawley of Hercules Chemical, Inc. There’s even a representative of the chemical company which threatened to sue the publishers of Rachel Carson’s book, “Silent Spring,” prior to its publication, Velsicol Chemical Company.

I also find the name of Mr. Ross Wurn, Ross Wurn and Associates of Modesto, California. How unusual that Dow Chemical Company sent a gentleman by the name of Ross Wurn, from California, to the Range Management meeting in November 1969. Don’t suppose these were both the same man, do you?

But the USDA list of names in the book outnumbers all the others, including even the FDA! Dr. Fred Tschirley’s name is there, and also Dr. Harry Hayes, USDA, who was recently fired from his job as director of the Pesticide Regulation Division (PRD), and no one seemed to know why. I called Dr. Richard Bates, the director in charge at National Cancer Institute, and he informed me that Dr. Hayes was the member of the USDA whom he notified as early as February 1969 regarding the alarming findings in the teratogenicity studies of 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T, but Dr. Hayes apparently chose to ignore it. Dr. Bates also stated he had notified the Department of Defense and the FDA, but none of these agencies chose to inform the American public either. If the information had not accidently leaked out, I suppose these reports would have been suppressed forever, for I’m finding more startling proof every day that shows these government agencies were aware many years ago of the hazards connected with the use of the phenoxy herbicides and many other chemicals, but they have chosen to either ignore or suppress this information. A heading for an Associated Press news release (5/31/70) reads, “Federal Pesticides Chief Removed from Job,” but it doesn’t bother to tell that this chief in the USDA who was Dr. Hayes, was also the director of the Bioptics findings relative to 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T, showing they produced deformities in the test animals a long time ago, although he never passed the word along to the USFS, who were and still are, using these chemicals.

As I look at the size of this book, over 700 pages, I am struck with the idea that possibly this entire compilation of “facts”, “contradictions”, “however”, “perhaps”, “maybes”, and “possibilities” was jacketed together in another attempt by the FDA, USDA, HEW and Department of Defense to stall for time, for it is packed with frightening accounts of the danger of these and other chemicals, but the conclusions always manage to trail off into a meaningless “Let’s not rock the boat” attitude of concern. Whatever good might be accomplished on one page, in the realm of showing we’ve learned anything by this whole damn study, is counteracted by “but on the other hand” type of philosophy on the next page. Possibly someone concluded that if it takes a day to really digest one informative page and look up all the references it lists of this voluminous contribution, we’ll forget how much it cost us, and give them at least seven more years to “study” some of these things that any high school sophomore chemistry student would already know!
Why didn’t they all just read Rachel Carson’s “Silent Spring?” Her book told about all of these things almost 10 years ago. In fact, this “Mrak Report” sounds more like a propaganda job to get a few more billion dollars poured into these research labs such as the Pesticide Study Center at the University of Arizona, where Dr. Roan happily eats DDT, and gets paid to do so. Why is it important to keep verifying the same thing, that these chemical combinations which killed and deformed in 1948 and 1956 and 1961 and 1965 and 1969 will also kill and deform in 1970 and the year 2000?

Although I’m sure this book will be very useful in the courtroom, for those who may also decide to sue a few people like we did, it is with utter disgust, annoyance, and a “the hell you say!” attitude that I offer some of the quotes from the latest “stranger than fiction” HEW contribution to life (or Death!)

It is difficult for me to tear myself away from the name of Julius Johnson, Vice-President of Dow Chemical Company, especially since he was on the committee and one of the four members on one study team. A few other items relative to Dr. Johnson hold me a little transfixed, too, as I study his photograph (C & EN 4/27/70). This news release states Dow Chemical is a major producer of 2,4,5-T and that 17½ million pounds were produced in 1968. It also quotes a few of the remarks of Dr. Johnson during the Senator Hart hearings in Washington including that he saw “no imminent hazard in the use of 2,4,5-T”. He really enters quite a plea to continue using it, stating he found it “difficult to believe that any practical hazards exist from registered uses”. The article failed to mention that Dr. Johnson had been on the Bionetics report committee, that he had access to any of the reports he cared to look at, which showed deformities as early as 1965 and 1966, that in addition to producing deformities with 2,4,5-T, they were also produced with 4 formulations of 2-4D. Nor did the article disclose that under questioning by Senator Hart on April 15, 1970, Dr. Johnson admitted: “Since 1950 we (Dow Chemical) have been keenly aware of the possibility of a highly toxic impurity being formed in 2,4,5-T”. “In late 1964, some workmen developed chloracne, assay program showed chloracne potential from 2,4,5-T process was building up to a danger point, plant was shut down.”

When Senator Hart asked him who was notified by Dow Chemical, upon learning of the presence in the 2,4,5-T of a “highly toxic impurity”, he replied that in March 1965 (a year later), they notified “other manufacturers of 2,4,5-T, the Michigan Department of Health, the University of Michigan and various other health oriented individuals in private medicine and industry”. He even got around to showing some pictures of “chloracne in humans” to the Mrak Commission on November 7, 1969 (5 months after Globe was sprayed and 4 years after the plant was shut down, and we had a few pictures of our own by then!). Now isn’t that one hell of a big deal! He also told Senator Hart of a cozy little jam session which he attended in November 1969 with his buddies over at the FDA, and which the FDA had arranged. Others attending included Dr. Mitchell and Dr. Bates of the National Cancer Institute (HEW) and another man, Mr. Rowe. Dr. Johnson stated he offered to underwrite the costs of re-running the tests in the government labs at the National Institute of Health (NIH-HEW) because he evidently wasn’t satisfied with the results, even if they had taken seven years to obtain!

But guess what? HEW was so obligingly nice and so willing to scrap all that evidence since it had made Dr. Johnson unhappy, that one of our star performers in the little play, Dr. Mitchell, told Dr. Johnson that it would be just fine if he’d like to run his own tests at Dow’s own laboratories, and since everyone was so friendly, that’s just what he did! And although it took 7 years to get these other results out, here came Dr. Johnson galloping into the offices of HEW and USDA just 6 weeks later with the astounding news that the “Dow 2,4,5-T of regular production grade did not cause birth defects”. (I wonder what kind of “expedient” lab he has, anyway?) We’ll leave Dr. Johnson for a little while, sitting in the middle of his chemical cans, and test tubes and sample rats (or should I leave it singular for just one?), and come back to him later, when we cover (or uncover) some more of his testimony before Senator Hart.

Since I have now managed to choke down the list of names (although some of them gagged me) as organizers, committee members, panel advisors, and manipulators in the front of the book with the 13 word title, hold my hand and let’s look into some of the wording it contains. This will require a new chapter, and since it appears no one in Washington is ever going to publish the entire findings relative to the deformity studies, and since by using my Elliot Ness hat and long black leotards, I managed to get a copy of these omitted statistical pages, I’ll include this information also. I’m very proud and very grateful, that I was privileged to furnish a copy of these sheets to Senator Hart, to be used in the April hearings in Washington.

The following will be a random study of the “Secretary’s Report Parts I and II”, for it appears to be just that, a very random, inconclusive study, whose ability to depress anyone reading it is tremendous, not necessarily by relating the frightening knowledge which we have about a few of these “USDA Approved” pesticides,
but the even more tragic fact that is paramount and cannot be
hidden. It tells the unbelievable story that the researchers and the
various government agencies have known these facts for many
decades. So it is with no fear of being corrected by any government
agency, scientist or researcher that I make this statement: We do
not need to learn more about most of these chemicals, specifically
those referred to as phenoxy herbicides. We need only to be made
aware of the findings of studies already completed 20 or 30 years
ago, and to become so aware of the research already completed
that we will not forget the tragic results of the past.

My disillusionment with those in power in my government who
could have prevented these things from happening but chose deliber-
ately to distort the truth is surpassed only by my anger. I cannot
accuse them individually, nor can I ask what they received collec-
tively for selling so much of the entire future of the world, but I can
ask: Was it worth it?

"A COMEDY OF TERRORS"

This title would be much more fitting for the book "Report of the
Secretary's Commission on Pesticides and Their Relationship to En-
vironmental Health", Parts I and II. I also have a separate publication
of Part I dated November 1969, in which appears a letter from the
Chairman, Emil M. Mrak, University of California at Davis, to Secre-
try of HEW, Mr. Robert Finch. While the book containing Part I
and II may be purchased from the government for $3.00, this earlier
dition of Part I is not for sale, and Vol. III is unavailable.

The date of Dr. Mrak's letter is November 11, 1969, and the date
given by Dr. Johnson Vice President Dow Chemical and member of
the "Secretary's Commission", in his testimony before Senator Hart
was November 7, 1969, at which time Dr. Johnson stated he pre-
sented photographs and information to the Mrak Commission which
he claimed indicated the results of the Bioetics tests showing defor-
mities produced with the 2,4,5-T material used in the experiments
were due to an "impurity, not to the 2,4,5-T itself". The dates of
November 7 and November 11, 1969, sound like a gambler's choice
at Las Vegas, or real great numbers for a crystal ball gazer. (Can't be
bothered analyzing them from that angle myself, though. Too busy
riding my broom after the chemical companies and the USDA!)
These dates are significant, as November 7, 1969, is the date Dr.
Johnson brought his new box of old goodies and tale of woe to the
Secretary's Commission. Also, November 7, 1969, is the date of his
termination as a member of that commission! Why? Altho Dr. Mrak
was aware of these findings, he made no reference to them in Part I.
In his letter of November 11, 1969, to Mr. Finch: "Chemicals...are
of such importance we must learn to live with them. The final
decision regarding the usage of these chemicals must be made by
those governmental agencies with the statutory responsibilities for
the public health and for pesticide registration..."

I looked at the unreadable signature of Dr. Mrak beneath those
remarks, and didn't need a graphologist to tell me our personalities
would probably clash! Nor did I need anyone to tell me that whatever
else might be contained between the covers of his book would be
approached very skeptically by me...for he just blew it!

The first sentence said in essence, "Sorry, kid, maybe it's a little
rough to take, but even if they kill you or wipe out the good earth,
these chemicals are here to stay!" And the second one left the
choice of just what would be done about it to those masterminds
most responsible for already doing us in! "Governmental agencies".
Hell! These agencies, HEW and FDA, may be "responsible for my
health", but they sure haven't improved it any! As for the "pesticide
registration" reference which keeps the decision making over there
in the USDA playhouse, someone must have gone over Dr. Mrak's
recommendation, because they fired Dr. Harry Hayes anyway, before
too many more exposures came to light in that department (Pesticide
Registration Division).

The book supposedly available for $3.00 to the public, Part I and
II, bears the date December 1969, altho the study was completed in
1968. In the front is another letter from Dr. Mrak to the "Honorable
Robert Finch", dated December 5, 1969, and begins with the
sentence: "The complete report to your commission on Pesticide...is included herein."

"Part II contains the complete reports and conclusions of four
subcommittees and the four advisory panels to the commission..."
"...over 5,000 references to research were reviewed and evaluated,
recommendations of the commission were adopted unanimously..."
(What about Dr. Johnson? Did he adopt them too?)

Dr. Mrak skipped his closing line of the November letter to Mr.
Finch which read, "We hope our efforts will be helpful to you in
carrying out your awesome responsibilities."

Part I is reprinted and takes only 34 pages this time instead of 62
as in the publication of the identical report four weeks earlier. The
only excuse I can accept for this sudden splurge of informational
spending was that maybe that abbreviated 62 page "first edition"
was all they ever intended to publish at all, to explain seven years of their time and 3½ million dollars of our money. And when so much hell broke loose over Globe and the report leaked out on the deformity studies they grabbed up everything in sight, slotted it between some unimpressive covers, rushed to the printers with this 700 page mess so an alibi would be ready just in case someone named Congressman Richard McCarthy and Senator Phillip Hart asked what in the hell they'd been doing for seven years!

The comedy script opens on page 7 with the "Commission Recommendations" which number 14 and fill 14 pages allowing space for wide margins and overlaps. Number one: "Initiate closer cooperation among the Department of HEW, USDA and Department of Interior." That one is so revoltingly nauseous that I put the damn book away for a week! How can the USDA and HEW possibly attain any more "togetherness" than they already have? They hold hands in broad daylight as they cross the street against the light in Washington, smile fatuously when they meet for dinner at night, check each others heart beat before retiring, and each advises the other "breathe in and breathe out" before breakfast!

Here are a few more random recommendations: "Eliminate within two years (it's now been 3) all uses of DDT and DDD ... except those uses essential to the preservation of human health or welfare...". That's a damn broad statement! Especially in view of some of the terrifying things in the rest of the book! Just suppose the manufacturers of DDT decide it's "essential" to continue its use, or their health may be impaired because they might develop an ulcer over its cancellation or something! And that word "human" in front of welfare means no one evidently gives a damn about the bird or animal welfare!

The balance of these recommendations is mostly concerned with conditioning us to the idea of more "advisory committees", more money to research what we already know, and number 8 suggests giving Secretary Finch "unlimited power" which he already had, in making decisions regarding the carcinogenicity hazards of a chemical relative to its presence in food. There is no suggestion of who decides what to do about those that are mutagenic or teratogenic.

The next portion is concerned with the use and benefits of pesticides. After stating there is a "serious lack of information on pesticide use", it briefly sketches a few items relative to contamination including such things as needing further "research and development" in the areas of: "the micrometeorological conditions suitable for aerial sprayings". (Why not just limit it to the sentence "Stay on the ground with your damn spray can?")

Other sentences: "Pesticide chemodynamics with emphasis on reservoirs of storage." "Continuing development of spray devices with narrow spectra of droplet sizes." "Immediate studies of effects of pesticide residues on algae photosynthetic activity." (Well, you bunch of studiers, how about an "immediate study of the effect of pesticide residues on me, my neighbor down the road, the cat in the kitchen and my dog that's still sick?")

After using the above scientific wording, and indicating that more knowledge and training appears imminently necessary, I'm a little surprised, but not shocked, that the summary states "a need exists for non-language, internationally intelligible insignia or markings," in reference to improving the labeling instructions and regulations. So how about that? First they use a language unintelligible to inform everyone of what's wrong, stress the need for the education of anyone using or even considering to use, these pesticides, and instead of insisting the prospective users be educated and certified as such, they go to the other extreme and assume most of those using these chemicals can't read anyway! (My assumption that they don't read is probably more accurate!) Now they are suggesting: "let's eliminate words entirely and use sign language yet!" by requesting "non-language insignia or markings". We're back to the Stone Age and drawing pictures on the wall!

Another happy thought on page 29 of Part I: "Less than 1% of the species in the United States have been studied concerning the influences of pesticides on natural populations..." "DDT causes egg shell thinning in ducks and falcons, but not in pheasant and quail..." (What about robins and blue birds, or did they just up and die? And I wonder how much that bit of research cost us?)

This next recommendation is more unbelievable than some of the others: That a "handicap tax be placed on each pesticide in proportion to its pollution hazard." I think that sentence tells me that although there is a hazard recognized, if somebody (the chemical company, I presume, or the user) pays some money in the form of a tax to the government, that will make it quite all right to continue to kill. What is the difference in that suggestion, and allowing a criminal to pay a tax for committing a crime?

How this sentence sneaked through, I'll never know: "The field of pesticide toxicology exemplifies the absurdity of a situation in which 200 million Americans are undergoing lifelong exposure, yet our knowledge of what is happening to them is at best fragmentary and for the most part indirect and inferential."

That sentence is contained in the concluding chapter of Part I which gets us as far as page 40 in Part II in the 677 page edition.
In the section on the History of Pesticides, no wonder the good earth is dying, and has been for a long time. It states that in 1763, ground tobacco was used to kill aphids, that rotenone, which is still being used and which many persons believe to be a recent discovery, was used as an insecticide in 1848! Other ancient history items:

"1886 — hydrogen cyanide used for scale insects"

"1916 — hydrogen cyanide no longer effective on scale insects."

"1892 — lead arsenate used as insecticide on gypsy moth." That poor gypsy moth! Now they're chasing him with "sevin"!

"1892 — Dinitrophenols used in Germany." I've become very aware when Pyrethrum was being ground tobacco used and "Pyrethrum page

I've become very aware that many of the members of the various government agencies, especially those in the USDA, are prone to "pass the buck" and fix the blame for their errors on someone else when possible, but this one really folded me over in hysteries. On page 44, Scout's Honor, it fixes the blame for the presence of Pyrethrum on Marco Polo! And he's no longer available to say it's a lie!

A large portion of this book is devoted to extolling the benefits of DDT. These three letters just keep popping in and out, like subliminal advertising on the late, late show! In fact, one of the recommendations is that the Delaney Clause be modified, stating "if this clause were to be enforced for pesticide residues, it would outlaw most food of animal origin, including all meat, all dairy products, eggs, fowl and fish. These foods presently contain and will continue to contain for years, traces of DDT despite any restrictions imposed on pesticides." Well, I'll be damned! Isn't that an admission by HEW that somebody is violating what we consider to be a lawful regulation? And that they fully intend to continue to do so?

There are biographical sketches of 5 persistent insecticides. Even the Adjutant General's fraternity gets a full page, and I learn that 1½ million dollars of our money in 1969 was spent for "pesticide research" by the Department of Defense. I also learn that the department "conducts pest control programs as required" (required by whom?) "on the 30 million acres of property controlled by the Department of Defense in the United States." (Where? And what in the hell are they spraying?) This page concludes with "while price data are not readily available (Boy, I'll just bet they're not!), current costs of the Department of Defense Pest Control program are approximately $7.7 million dollars per year..." And that doesn't include what we sprayed in Vietnam or Cambodia!

Let's pause and reflect...Why all the fuss over the Department of Defense spraying 2-4D and 2,4,5-T on enemy countries on trees and brush when they are spraying millions of gallons of these same chemicals in America? I thought that we only had the USDA, the USFS, the BLM and the BIA (until Secretary Hickel did a 180° turn and said "Quit!" on his lands), the Army Corps of Engineers, the private ranchers and a lot of other untrained idiots who might be using these damn pesticides with no discrimination and no real knowledge. Now we add the Department of Defense, in our own country! And since these are the boys who dreamed up 2-4D, World War II, Fort Dietrick, Maryland, as a "chemical war weapon", I wonder what else they may be "experimenting" with out there on those 3 million acres of American soil!

The sentence which tells me that the "total dollar value of pesticides produced in 1964 in the United States was $440 million dollars; this has increased to 12 billion in 1969" (or almost 30 times greater now than 5 years ago), makes me believe the "don't question me or I'll sue you" attitude exhibited lately by some of the personnel associated with the chemical companies, is of a highly economic nature. Inflation may be here, but not enough to account for a staggering monetary increase in sales such as that!

That poor little gypsy moth which they've been chasing with chemicals since 1892 shows up again on page 60: "For gypsy moth control, DDT is being replaced ... by Sevin (carbaryl)". So now instead of killing him with DDT, let's switch over to one of the "deadlies!" This one, Sevin, is one of those which in addition to possibly causing cancer, did a real great job of causing deformities in the test animals! Page 657 of the same book reads: "...teratogenic ... should be immediately restricted to prevent risk of human exposure ... Carbaryl (Sevin)..." Page 664 of the same book, listed the following deforming for Carbaryl, (Sevin): Skeletal malalignment, non-fusion of skull, incomplete ossification, cleft palate, gross facial malformation..." There's gonna be some mighty ugly gypsy moth's flying around, providing they can still fly after that garbage hits them!

We're only on page 61, with over 600 to go, and I feel a little more shattered by the sentence "potential use of chemosterilants on a wide scale ... is an intriguing one ... it is likely through continued research by universities, government agencies and the chemical industry ... that chemosterilants will be developed for field use."

Now all of you "mad-hatter" scientists may find it "intriguing" to mess around with sterilants, but I find a more suitable word to be "frightening", especially if I were attending school with the love-of-my-life and was dreamily looking forward to someday being the mother of at least one of his children! And I would be even more frightened by the next quote, same book, 543 pages later, referring
to insects: "...chemosterilants are designed to produce dominant lethal mutations..." "In the USA, chemosterilants are not registered for use as pesticides. However, the Entomology Division of the USDA is currently conducting experimental field studies, in some of which the possibility of human exposure cannot be excluded..."

When I read that sentence sometime in February 1970, I promptly asked the USDA, including Hardin’s office, "Where are you applying this new kind of birth control by chemicals?" Did they tell me? Of course not! Just take your chances and guess where the test areas are!

Other subjects include "nematicides", "rodenticides", "mollusicides" and "piscicides". Of the last one named, it states the "use of piscicides is restricted to game and fish management for improvements to public waters..." And with no more reticence than Spiro Agnew at a press conference, it relates that the application of "rotonone, a highly toxic fish poison" to lakes and rivers "stuns the fish" and as they float around on top of the water, unconscious if not dead, someone (from the Fish and Game Department, I suppose) lifts out the "desirable species" and if the fish is still alive, places it in a "fresh water tank where most revive". (The dead ones remain dead.)

Continuing this happy fish story, everyone or anyone who played an active part in the first act, returns to the lake, river, stream, canal or pond, looks over the remaining "undesirable fish" and really likes him have it! "A second application kills undesirable fish..." No stunning this time...he’s flat out dead!

And just in case rotonone isn’t to your taste for killing fish, this closing sentence is offered from page 73: "Toxaphene has also been used on occasions as a means of killing undesirable fish in water management programs although it is not registered for this use..."

Over on page 119, hidden away from the above sentence, appears a bed-time story in reverse, telling of an "interesting experiment" which involved the application of toxaphene to "two mountain lakes" in Oregon, one of which "could not be restocked with trout for 6 years because of toxic quantities of toxaphene remaining in the water". But this book, just like the USDA, never gives up! After relating the Oregon lakes horror story, 94 pages later I read: "Toxaphene has been used as a piscicide, and is very effective..." Yes, indeed, it is very effective!

The following quotes from the book fluctuate between comedy and tragedy. I leave the decision to you:

Page 81 — "Very little is known about possible...antagonistic interactions of various chemicals."

Page 83 regarding chemosterilants — "Some are powerful mutagens and carcinogens... Even if chemosterilization were performed in the laboratory, there seems to be no information of effects on predators eating the insects."

Page 103 — Relative to drinking water standards and the amounts of pesticides established as permissible by the Public Health Service — "they have never been established..."

Page 104 — "Permanent pesticides are virtually PERMANENT..." (It required "scientific experts" to make that statement!)

Page 105 — "...1963, State of California used about 20 percent of total pesticide production." (Forgot to add that in 1970, they still do!)

Page 113 — A dust storm occurred in Texas on January 25, 1965. "By January 26, part of the dust had reached Cincinnati, Ohio. Pesticide content included among others, DDT, chlordane and 2,4,5-T." (That’s about 1500 miles! And those "Root-Rot" scientists rattled and rambled about a distance of 4 miles from the target spray area where Charley, the duck, was hatched!)

Page 116 — Working with dieldrin, it was concluded that it would take "several hundred years" to transport it in solution through the "top 12 inches of soil to reach subsurface waters in significant amounts". Then what’s it doing in my well water, and the water in Pasadena?

Page 117 — "Preliminary results...indicate pesticide pollution of ground waters more widespread than commonly realized." "At the time of writing (1969), only 9 samples (in one state) had been analyzed, but all 9 contained DDT, 3 contained endrin, 2 contained chlordane, and one dieldrin and heptachlor." (There is no enlightenment as to which state, but I suspect it’s Arizona or California, and that the only reason the government is now checking even one state is because we’ve been raising so much hell over what the labs have been finding (at our expense) in the water sent in by us!)

Page 123 — This page is devoted to "water and 2-4D" and gives us the happy news that once it gets in the water, which it is, in my well, they have found no sure way to get it out!

Page 132 — "In cases where large scale applications are made by plane...attention must be given to problems of drift...drift has been experienced to a distance as great as 100 miles..." (How far away was that duck?)

Page 203 — I thought when I read a few statements on this page from Chapter 3 that they sounded familiar and quite similar to some of the chemical company and USDA propaganda. When I checked
the committee on "Chapter 3", the four members included Dr. Julius Johnson of Dow Chemical and Dr. David Pimentel (the herbicide specialist who knew nothing about herbicides 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T). (Strange bedfellows are at it again!) Dr. William Upholt, F.D.A. and executive secretary to the Federal Commission on Pesticide Control, and Dr. Eugene Cronin. A very interesting note regarding Dr. Upholt was a memorandum from his desk dated December 8, 1969, on U.S. Government stationery that refers to the incident of the spraying in Globe, Arizona. It contains the sentence, in referring to the use of Silvex instead of 2,4-D in spraying us, "this substitution was not cleared with the FCPC" of which he is Executive Secretary.

Here are just a few of the statements, all of which I am prepared to challenge, put together by this foursome:

1. "2,4-D is known to be readily decomposed ... this fact has been well established by many investigators." (Did anyone check an analysis sheet from Globe, Arizona, before making that statement? One of them shows its there after 5 years! And in the Montebello, California water after 5 years also.

2. "2,4-D breaks down quite rapidly in the soil under normal conditions." (How abnormal is Globe?)

3. "Martin’s review points out that 2,4-D, MCPA and 2,4,5-T disappear in the soil." (I don’t know about Martin’s review, but a review of a stack of analysis sheets done by labs, 1970, show that statement is false.)

4. Page 204 — "2,4,5-T is not considered to be very long lasting..." (But it is.) "Fox reported that 2,4-D did not affect the number of wireworms, springtails and mites..." (I wonder what it did to the birds, bees, deer and fish?)

5. "2,4-D and MCPA had no effect on earthworm population..." (What about us kids that live on top of the ground?)

Remember all the "say it with music" melody in an earlier chapter which told us in flowery language that one of the main reasons for spraying our mountain was to "improve the wildlife habitat"? Page 205 of the same book says "The extensive use of herbicides can damage the habitat of wildlife..." (You bet your sweet bippy, it can! Destroy is a much better description!)

Page 206, speaking of insecticides and miticides — "There are approximately 400 chemicals registered as insecticides and miticides with the USDA PRD... in most cases, the exact mode of action is unknown..." and this bit of cheer... "DDT affects the nervous system... to cause death in insects..."

Page 207 relative to effects of pesticides on phytoplankton (which is pretty damn necessary to a thing called "photosynthesis" and the production of "most of the oxygen of the atmosphere" just in case we all want to keep on breathing!): "Controlled 4 hour exposure to 10 ppm of aldrin, chlordane, DDT, dieldrin, heptachlor, methoxychlor, or toxophene reduced productivity of phytoplankton by 70 to 94 percent." (The phenoxy herbicides can destroy it quicker!)

Page 208 — "In the U.S., parathion and phosdrin are the organophosphates which have caused most pesticide poisonings." And on this same page under the heading of "host", a reference is made to 145 parathion poisonings occurring in Florida, briefly mentions a "2½ year old Negro male", but it doesn’t say whether he lived or died, and concludes the story with "recently, with legislation prohibiting the use of this insecticide... the position has improved considerably..." (Then why did the two men die in Phoenix "recently" from what was originally diagnosed as "parathion poisoning")?

Then I read the informative bit of news that there is an "extensive nationwide program" currently operating to advise parents "of the dangers of these economic poisons". (Again, I repeat: Where?) And if you made it past that "white wash job", the balance of the sentence will surely cause you to wonder at the brand of stupidity the advisors are exhibiting while trying to get a fire hot enough to make this same branding iron effective in leaving its mark on the rest of the American public that aren’t already stamped "USDA Approved"!

This sentence continues by saying that one of the things which this far reaching and "enlightening of parents" crash program is accomplishing is to instruct said parents "on the careful and safe disposal of containers". (How about some crash training in that department for the boys using chemicals in the USDA, or would learning such a basic thing be beneath their stations of knowledge?) But the classic advice given to the parents is yet to come. It states they are advised not to put PESTICIDES in junior’s pop bottle or baby’s nursing bottle!

With that, I leaned back, looked at the wall, then out the window at my dying mountain, poked the dog with my boot to see if he was dead yet, and said, "My God! It’s already too late! The exposure to all of these messes has actually affected that fraternizing bunch back there in Washington, and since there’s no antidote for some of these pesticides (or some of these men in government, either!), we can’t expect their reasoning or behavior to ever improve!"

On pages 310 and 311, two charts are shown which could easily have been condensed on one page (or probably omitted entirely, for they only add to the incredibility). The heading is, "Epidemics of Poisoning by Pesticides", covering various dates from 1952 through
1969 (USDA people reading this, that's 17 years). Now are you ready for some governmental "vital statistics"? I've made my own little chart from their figures which is: Period of time covered by references: 17 years — countries represented on charts (also 17):

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Wales</th>
<th>Malaya</th>
<th>Iraq</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Egypt</td>
<td>Qatar</td>
<td>Colombia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guatemala</td>
<td>West Pakistan</td>
<td>Korea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>India</td>
<td>Canada</td>
<td>Iran</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. Arabia</td>
<td>Mexico</td>
<td>Turkey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shipboard (?)</td>
<td></td>
<td>and the United States of America</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total number of cases of pesticide poisonings (on chart) for all countries listed: 6,442
Total number of cases of pesticide poisonings (on chart) for US, altho we manufacture 75% of pesticides in the world: 487
Total number of deaths listed (on chart): 628
Total number of deaths listed for U.S.A.: 2

And what did those two die of? You'll never guess or believe it! "Pentachlorophenol in the nursery linens!" It is also very interesting to note that in Iran, 17 were poisoned by parathion and 15 died! In the United States, 400 were poisoned by parathion, and nobody died! And I'm really intrigued by the six cases in the United States who were poisoned by "Mevinphos" in their pants yet! And I can't find that one in my Funk & Wagnall, either!

Page 314 — This shows eight rectangles representing an epidemiology study of pesticide poisoning of "White and Non-White persons covering a five year period," and I would first of all inject the word "discrimination" to even have done such a study! In fact, the only wording on the page which makes any sense are the three appearing under the chart: "Mean age — 3." And since my son's little girl is just exactly that age, and has become very adept at running off, writing on tables with crayons, holding the cat when the cat wants loose, not answering when called and biting her mother, they fit her quite well at the moment ... "Mean age: 3." Dow Chemical is also going to think it's an appropriate description when they learn what she did to the slides which their attorney spent two days harrassing me about!

Page 345 — "If pesticides are a health hazard ..." (I'm not even going to waste space on that assassin remark.)

Page 359 covers briefly the toxicological effects on man of "chlorinated insecticides, organophosphates and the carbamates..." "...affecting the nervous system, both peripheral and central..." "...extensive evidence acute action can be detected to the brain-stem, interference with nerve impulse conduction, parasthesia, disturbances in equilibrium, dizziness, tremor..."

Page 360 — "...increased excitability of the nervous system..." "Scattered reports suggest parathion and malathion may also be capable of causing peripheral neuropathy. The evidence cited in these reports is not convincing." (Why not? Were your minds already made up?)

Page 362 — In five lines, the "chlorinated phenoxy-acid compounds" (herbicides 2-4D, 2,4,5-T, 2,4,5-TP (Silvex) and MCPA are brushed over by saying of 2-4D (none of the others are mentioned): "Several authors have attributed peripheral neuropathy to exposure of 24 Dichlorophenoxyacetlic acid". Then follows a one sentence "however" which isn't worth repeating because it is untrue.

Halfway down the page appear the "inorganic arsenicals" and the following: "Symptoms include a feeling of throat constriction with difficulty in swallowing, muscular cramping, headache, severe cases convulsions, coma and death..." "42 fatal arsenic poisonings cases involving children, compound most often responsible was a herbicide."

"Chronic arsenical poisoning, nausea, vomiting, coryza, hoarseness and mild bronchitis, skin manifestations, peripheral neuritis, may progress to motor paralysis..."

The Forest Service has been using cacodylic acid, known as "agent blue" in Vietnam — an arsenical compound.

Page 363 — Thallium sulphate: "... polyneuritis, epilation, gastro-intestinal symptoms..." "...encephalopathy and retrobulbar neuritis..." "...persistent neurological damage found..."

Page 363 — "Effects on skin: Since little or no relevant data are available... these reports suggest pesticide induced skin conditions are more likely unrecognized or unreported than uncommon..."

Page 366 — "Eye may be affected by pesticides..."

Page 368 — "...In 1933, 2-4 Dinitrophenol was advocated as an oral agent for obesity... consequences were disastrous when cataracts appeared as delayed effects throughout much of the U.S."

Page 369 — Effects on respiratory system: "May be absorbed through this route..."

Page 371 — Organophosphorous compounds: "Following changes have been observed by various investigators: (1) Hypertension or hypotension. (2) Hyperglycemia or hypoglycemia. (3) Bradycardia or tachycardia. (4) A-V Block and dissociation, exaggeration and inversion of T-wave. (5) Disappearance of P-wave. (6) Cardiac arrest. (7) Sub-epicardial hemorrhage. And (8) Acute toxic myocarditis."
The book picks up about there with the beating of the drums again for DDT, inserts of "however", "none-the-less", "must be discounted due to", etc., etc., etc. It also includes a couple of sex-studies (not that kind!) just the uninteresting kind of whether males or females store more DDT and other pesticides in their bodies while alive! Even drew a conclusion or two that black bodies store more than white bodies, but failed to mention that the tests were done where many more black bodies than white bodies resided! (Real sharp, those boys! All the credentials to become, if not already, members of the USDA or the FDA!)

Page 431 — "Attempts to produce symptoms of poisoning in animals... dosed with dieldrin by starvation have not been successful." (And we pay for "research" such as that!)

Page 433 — "Well known that nitrophenols are more toxic at higher environmental temperatures..." (Like the Southwest?) "...the pathology associated with exposure to the organic phosphorous pesticides is not noteworthy..."

Page 435 — "DDT has been shown to cause atrophy of the adrenal cortex..."

Page 437 — Relative to reproduction: "In general, the results of these studies have been reassuring." (To whom, for heaven's sake?) "Some workers have postulated an estrogenic effect for DDT... similarly to diethylstilbestrol! "...DDT produced a striking inhibition of testicular growth and secondary sexual characters of cockerels." (Now all you readers of Playboy had better reread that one slowly, for the triumph of the women battling for unisex may be closer than you think! Frankly, I can think of nothing more unpleasant than a world full of loud, bossy females! And any place devoid of all you wonderful males would be intolerable to me! So put that DDT back on the shelf, honey! Get away from those chlorinated-hydrocarbons which include the female hormone herbicides 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex! I like you the way you are! Don't want any appendages added or subtracted, either! And for the sake of posterity, or the woman who's in love with you, take a damn good look at some of these pesticides, and realize they may be affecting more than just your head!"

"Declining reproductive success and population numbers (of wild bird species) has been attributed to chlorinated hydrocarbon species by some observers."

Page 442 — It is explained on this page that California which uses 1/5 of the pesticides in the entire U.S. requires its' physicians to report any injured workers, and that during 1965 and 1966, the greatest number of occupational illnesses attributed to "economic poisoning" was "held to be due to organic phosphorous compounds" with herbicide poisoning running a very close second! (Yet on Page 433 is the sentence: "...with the exception of the neurotoxic effect the pathology associated with exposure to the organic phosphorous pesticides is not noteworthy.") It sounds pretty noteworthy in California, just 9 pages later!

Pages 446, 447 — The most usual and early symptoms for recognizing pesticide poisoning are listed as: "Chlorinated hydrocarbons; Hyperexcitability, nausea, vomiting, tremors, depression, dermatitis, urticaria, and results of liver or kidney damage."

For inhibitors of cholinesterases, the listed symptoms are: "Running nose, sensation of tightness in the chest, shortness of breath, cough, dimmed or blurred vision, tearing, drowsiness, headache, dreaming, disturbed sleep, increased fatiguability, and inability to concentrate."

Page 448 — Poisoning by mercury: "Fine tremors of the hands, loss of peripheral vision, incoordination of speech, gait and stereognosis, headache and irritability."

Page 449 — Most common symptoms of cases of pesticide poisoning: "Vomiting, nausea, miosis, weakness, abdominal pain, dizziness, sweating, headache, tachycardia, hypertensio, dermatitis, infection including pneumonia, gastrointestinal upset, cardiovascular disturbances and joint pains."

Page 450 — I don't suppose this sentence will mean a damn thing to those "know-it-all" doctors in our area who displayed to the whole world their unconcern and utter ignorance of the toxicology of pesticides, herbicides in particular, by chit-chatting with the "root-rot" group of scientists. But this sentence will be inserted for those two doctors who had enough sense and enough ethics to remember they were doctors, not candidates for a new comic strip.

IT IS:

Page 450 — Therapy: "Good diagnosis of the cause is important because (as per example) use of atropine to treat poisonings by the pesticides dinitrophenol and pentachlorophenol may be rapidly fatal where it can be lifesaving in cases of cholinesterase inhibitor poisoning."

This brings us to Page 461, and the "carcinogenicity of pesticides."
"CANCER AND DEFORMITIES"

Armed with the sentence "The panel is unaware of the existence of any chemical which is capable of inducing benign tumors only... all tumorigens must be regarded as potential carcinogens...", I turned to page 469.

Maybe the words "carcinoma", "carcinogenicity" and "teratogen" dress them up a little, so everyone doesn't wince quite as much at the sound, but they still mean "cancer" and "deformities", just as "Hansens Disease" may sound better, but it still means Leprosy! I waded through a very ineffective introduction which contained another plug for DDT (page 463 — "In the case of DDT, it appears probable that health benefits resulting from its judicious use... may exceed such hazards present in terms of carcinogenicity in man.") which was supposed to prepare us in advance for the disclosures on the following pages about DDT, and the results it produced relative to cancer in test animals.

As I studied the many pages, I realized with entirely too much clarity that a lot of the facts submitted as such had been "overlooked items" in the information released to the world of the so-called Bionetics Study findings. A furor emanated from Washington, D. C. in November, 1969 via press releases relative to the use of 2,4,5-T in Vietnam and its causing birth deformities, although information on its use in America was suppressed, but I do not recall hearing even a mention of the statistical results of the other chemicals tested at the same time. Nor do I recall anyone questioning the cancer producing properties of 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T or Silvex. 2,4-D was passed over lightly, but no restrictions were placed on it, and 2,4-D is the one registered for use on at least 30 food products although Silvex and 2,4,5-T are not.

Why is this important? Because the chart listing the names of the chemicals which showed an increase in the incidence of tumors in the animals tested in the cancer studies included: 2,4-Dichlorophenoxy propionic acid, 2,2,4, DP, 2,4-D Isopropyl Ester, and 2,2,4,5-T (Silvex). (Please note that 2,4,5-T is NOT listed as having shown cancer producing properties.)

When I turn to the studies relative to which of the chemicals tested had produced deformities or abnormalities, this list included: 2,4-D Isocetyl Ester, 2,4-D Butyl Ester, 2,4-D Isopropyl Ester, 2,4-D — (Bre 063) and 2,4-D Dichlorophenol. And the much publicized 2,4,5-T was also on this list. All of these produced abnormalities. Upon examining the charts which were not included in the book, but copies of which I obtained, I further learned that the abnormalities noted for 2,4,5-T in the test animals were duplicated by 2,4-D and included cleft palate, cystic kidney, and eye abnormalities such as anophthalmia (bulged eyes), agnathia (absence of eye) and microphthalmia (small eyes). In addition, the following abnormalities were also noted: Ectopic intestines, Hydrocephaly, Club foot, Encephaloocele. The date on these particular sheets show these statistics were compiled as early as 1965 and 1966, before we were sprayed.

The only abnormality listed for 2,4-D in the small chart tucked in the back of this 700 page "tragedy versus comedy" is "agnathia", and for 2,4,5-T, "Cleft palate and cystic kidney". Yet the charts from which this information was supposedly taken tells a different story.

In the unpublished Bionetics sheets appears the following condensed information of the testing of the 2-4D formulations included in the teratogenic studies: Page 14 — "2-4D Isopropyl esters significant increase in number of abnormal fetuses evidence of fetotoxicity". "2-4D Butyl ester — significant increase in incidence of abnormal fetuses, abnormalities being primarily of the eye and jaw." Page 15 — "2-4D Isocetyl ester, an increased incidence of abnormal fetuses, may have weak teratogenic properties." Page 21 — 2-4D — (Brl 063) increased incidence of fetal abnormalities, seen in four of six adequate sized groups, reduction in fetal weight." Page 27 — "2-4D Methyl ester, since the study with the BL6 strain was undertaken during the interval in which the controls were unusual results can only be suggestive." and "2-4D Ethyl ester, control data unusual, results, only suggestive". Page 28 — "24 Dichlorophenol, significant increase in number of abnormal fetuses, half of anomalies consisted of extended legs..."

I noted that 2,4,5-T was the only chemical formulation out of 48 which was tested on rats in addition to mice. This testing was omitted on all the others, including 2-4D, so this does not give a true picture of the other 47 chemicals or whether 2-4D might even be more hazardous than 2,4,5-T as is indicated by the unpublished "Volume III". The cold, hard, unemotional but very tragic facts are these:

1. The attention of the entire world and a senate investigation has centered on only 2,4,5-T which was shown to be teratogenic, but which was not registered to be used extensively on food crops.
2. No restrictive measures were taken against 2-4D which was shown to produce the same deformities as 2,4,5-T in the Bionetics tests, but 2-4D was shown to also produce tumors in the cancer studies. It is used on millions of acres of food crops in America although its use has been banned in Vietnam.
3. 2,4,5-TP (Silvex) was shown to be carcinogenic, but no tests
were done to ascertain whether or not it is also a teratogen. These herbicides were also found to be mutagenic.

4. Most of the 84 chemicals tested were found to produce one or more kinds of abnormality and most of them were carcinogens while a great many were mutagens.

The remaining question of importance is not 'Why did they choose to single out just 2,4,5-T?', but rather 'Why did they choose to ignore the others?' and not inform us that these tests disclosed some very frightening things in addition to what we already knew.

One of their reasons, if not the only one, is economics, for as much as 30 times more 2,4-D is manufactured, sold and used in America than 2,4,5-T. Our air, soil and water has been exposed to the misuse of this chemical for the same years as DDT.

In searching for comparative truths between 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T hidden in this suppressed report, I find: Two formulations of 2,4,5-T were included in the studies. The condensation of their findings:

Page 18 — 2,4,5-T (Brl. 061) (Mice) — "increased incidence of normal fetuses, cleft palate high at 113 mg/kg dosage but not at lower dosage..." (Rats) "abnormal fetuses threefold that of controls..."

Page 23 — 2,4,5-Trichlorophenol (Brl. No. 144) "...given at a dosage level of 85 mg/kg... (Mice) all fetal and maternal measurements were within normal range..."

Upon examining closer the dosage rates for these two compounds, 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T, I find the dosage rates which produced abnormalities indicated the amount of 2,4-D, 46 mg/kg, was less than half that used in many of the 2,4,5-T studies. No where did I find any reference to the 2,4,5-TP (Silvex) as having been checked at all in the teratogenicity studies although it was checked as a carcinogen in the cancer studies.

In comparing the "cancer and deformity" lists, the following chemicals registered for use on food crops produced "positive tumors": (cancer) Heptachlor 2,4-D Aldrin PVCDDT Chlorobenzilate Biphenyl Dieldrin 2,6-Dichloro-4 Captan Mirex Gibberellic Acid Strobase Atrazine Captax PPDDD Monuron Piperonyl Butoxide Perthane Piperonyl Sulfoxide

The list of chemicals producing tumors, but not registered for use on food crops included:

Azobenzene CCC Amitrole

Chloranil Avadex Cyanamid
Vancide Bl PCNB Zectran

Bic (chloroethyl) ether
N (2-hydrorYlhydrazone)

The seven deadilies under the heading "these should be immediately restricted" were:

PCNB IPC Folpet Carbaryl (Sevin)
2,4-D—4 formulations 2,4,5-T—1 formulation

Of these seven, ONLY 2,4,5-T was singled out to draw the fire and less of it is sold than any of the others.

Halfway down the page of 474 appears another of those "guilt-edged, double talk, we hope you won't see this" little items which have the persistant habit of appearing throughout this book. Under the heading "Priority Group C-3" "yielded an increased tumor incidence" and showing a chart naming 8 chemical compounds is the following:

"Triphenyltin acetate belongs in this group but is not registered as a pesticide. However, Triphenyltin hydride is a pesticide registered for use on both food and non-food items...was not tested for carcinogenicity."

Now I resent the Department of HEW, the FDA, NIH, NCI the Adjutant General, Bioetics Laboratories, USDA, or Science Advisor to the President DuBridge assuming any American with an IQ above 60 wouldn't understand what that sentence actually said! Interpreted in my four letter language, it reads: "These are two chemicals with a big long name and almost identical twins. We suspect they could cause cancer. Although we've been hired to analyze only registered pesticides, and one of them is registered while the other one isn't, we'll disobey that little order and test the one which isn't." Which is what they did and which showed cancer producing abilities, whereupon the researchers quickly put it's twin sister back in the realm of the unknowns and didn't test it at all. It's now registered for food and other uses! As long as they can say, "Well, we really don't know whether it is a carcinogen or not", it continues to be sold and applied. It is quite clear that they suspected it was cancer producing or they would not have tested its twin!

As I look at Page 657, "Teratogenicity of Pesticides", and realize it is composed of only 18 pages of information (or non-information), I am reminded of one of those funny cards which reads "Plan Ahead" and runs out of space before it gets to the "D". About 50 pages were used for cancer, and another 150 for mutations, and now they've run
out of space, time or information, so the most alarming study relative to deformities is allotted only 18 pages!

It required almost 700 pages, 3½ million dollars and seven years to tell us the following:

That pesticides may not be good for us, but they may not be bad for us either, depending on who wrote the script.

That of an approximate 100 chemicals tested for cancer all produced tumors, except 3 and one of those has been shown to produce severe deformities.

That of 48 tested for deformities, 7 were placed on “Restrict Immediately” lists — but only one has been mentioned, (2,4,5-T).

That many of those shown to be carcinogenic are also mutagenic and teratogenic.

That although the “Science Advisor to the President” placed a few meaningless restrictions on 2,4,5-T because it is teratogenic he failed to restrict 2-4D which is not only teratogenic but carcinogenic also, and it is being used on food although tolerance levels have not been established.

That the Science Advisor to the President concentrated all his efforts and directed his sights toward 2,4,5-T and more or less ignored the other chemicals when there is less of it sold or used than the others.

That all of the “hue and cry” for more research data on these chemicals to make them “safe” is ridiculous, for we have volumes of research and references showing the hazardous effects of most of these compounds have been known for 30 years!

So the big question again, in view of the foregoing statements, is “Why??”. And now I begin my theorizing. I have found my “theories” are usually more accurate than a lot of the USDA garbage which has been disennounced as “facts”.

Upon learning that 2-4D was apparently just as teratogenic as 2,4,5-T and in addition was apparently a carcinogen, while 2,4,5-T was not (or else it wasn’t tested), I surmised there had to be some reason for centering all the spotlight on 2,4,5-T. So I turned to “Economics”, for I’ve learned by now, this lies behind most of the false-fronted alibis which have been given to us by the government agencies when finally cornered and exposed.

This one was so close to the surface that it had been overlooked. On Table 2, in the Big Book, I find a chart which tells me that only 15 million pounds of 2,4,5-T were manufactured in the United States in 1969, but 70 million pounds of 2-4D were manufactured in 1969. Still more important is the figure of almost 600 million pounds identified as “other organic pesticides” and a balance of an additional 400 million pounds which brings us to the staggering sum of over a billion pounds. So actually the 2,4,5-T was one of the lesser ones to sacrifice since it comprised about 1% of the total pesticides produced! Therefore, the loss economically would be far less to the chemical companies, or to those affected by government subsidies in various land control projects, or to the purchasers, by the curtailment of 2,4,5-T since its twin sister, 2-4D, which is also used on food remained on the unrestricted list. All that would be necessary was to substitute 2-4D for 2,4,5-T on the “grasslands” and “populated areas” and no one would even feel “the pain in the shift”! or their pocketbook.

And if 2-4D could be used in Vietnam, the Adjutant General and the Vietnamese government would still be happy. Instead of getting rid of one evil, we have really increased it. Where they were spraying 2,4,5-T, which was not used on food crops, they are now spraying 2-4D which has been and still is sprayed on food crops, ranchlands, forests and Vietnam until January 1971. It has been sprayed twice this summer in our own region (but not our forest) of Arizona with an invitation later published in the paper to the “cattle permittees” to attend a “field tour” on September 25, 1970, and bring “a sack lunch” to view an area “sprayed with the herbicide 2-4D to control rabbit brush”.

My only comment is: I hope they all get sick! This was in the Apache Forest area, and since the new regulations have emanated from Washington, October 1970, no one is to be informed of any more spray programs or where or when they are being conducted. I guess this is to prevent any more occurrences such as Globe. We found out where and part of what they sprayed in 1969! Now instead of worrying about “2,4,5-T and deformities”, we must worry about “2-4D and deformities and cancer and mutagens” (I regretfully add this post script. A tragic fire broke out in this forest after the spraying of these chemicals claiming not only the vegetation of thousands of acres but the life of a pilot swept into the blaze.)

What did we really learn from this seven year study? Why must the “list of horrors” be continually extended before restricting these chemicals? If the research of 20 years has shown these compounds to be capable of causing “liver and kidney damage, paralysis, severe eye damage, respiratory ailments, central nervous system destruction, genetic changes” and other long-term illnesses, why is it necessary to now add to the list that before the USDA will even consider them hazardous, they must also produce cancer (and they will probably qualify that by saying “it must be terminal”). Why must it be shown that they will also produce mutants in the future genera-
tions, and that the deformities produced must be alarmingly grotesque, not just a small thing like having no eyes, or a cleft palate, or a missing leg, or a skull that's not fused, and missing testes (which means just that... they're just not there!). ("Zectran" — Table B2 — Bionetics Report.)

Please sift, and digest if you can, my condensation of this 700 page travesty. Recall the names of the chemicals on the government lists. After you have pondered their ability to remain alive and in use, then ponder their effects on your own life, which seems just as certain to be on the verge of extinction, whether "USDA" approved or not.

Before closing this book I look again at the letter from Dr. Emil Mrak, Chairman, Secretary's Commission on Pesticides and their Relationship to Environmental Health, Chancellor Emeritus, University of California, Davis, which was addressed to the Secretary of HEW. It contains three recommendations:

1. "Chemicals including pesticides... are of such importance in modern life that we must learn to live with them..."

2. The second one refers to making individual judgements of values of each chemical, and further research (evidently ignoring the results already known).

3. "The final decision regarding usage... must be made by governmental agencies."

A copy of another letter is also before me, dated February 5, 1970, two years after the Bionetics and Mrak Report. It is written on Dr. Mrak's own University stationery. From head of the "Environmental Systems Group", University of California, Davis, and it says:

"Thank you for your letter of January 21, 1970, requesting access to information on the toxicology of certain herbicides. We don't have any information on herbicides 2,4-D or 2,4,5-T."

So how qualified was Dr. Mrak, or how interested is he truly in research, when those in his own university have no knowledge of his findings in these tests which were completed a long time ago? But even more astounding are the following statements made by Scientist Director, Division of Community Studies, of that unpredictable branch of our government known as "Health, Education and Welfare", whose names appear as the publishers on the cover of this book. The letter is dated January 29, 1970, with HEW at the top and in small print on the left is FDA, two months after the publication of said book. It reads in part:

"Thank you for your letter of January 16, 1970. Enclosing information on the spraying incident with herbicides. Our work is somewhat different in nature dealing more with studies on effects of pesticides directly on people. These are long term studies and mainly involve insecticides. It will be a considerable period of time before definitive information can be obtained... therefore we would not have anything we could contribute."

That last sentence is probably one of the most truthful statements they ever made.

Although the USDA, HEW, FDA... and the PRESIDENT of THE UNITED STATES... have chosen to ignore the findings of the Bionetics Research Laboratories, I am inserting copies of some of the pages which I furnished to the Honorable (and most sincere) Senator Phillip Hart, D. Mich., to be used in the Hearings in Washington, April, 1970:

EVALUATION OF THE CARCINOGENIC, TERATOGENIC AND MUTAGENIC ACTIVITY OF SELECTED PESTICIDES & INDUSTRIAL CHEMICALS

VOLUME III

EVALUATION OF THE TERATOGENIC ACTIVITY OF SELECTED PESTICIDES AND INDUSTRIAL CHEMICALS IN MICE & RATS

SUBMITTED UNDER CONTRACTS PH43-64-57 AND PH43-67-735 WITH THE NATIONAL CANCER INSTITUTE

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INTRODUCTION

Forty-eight compounds which are commercially available and used as insecticides, herbicides, fungicides and as industrial chemicals have been given to pregnant rats and mice at different dose levels and by the subcutaneous and oral routes to study their potential interference with normal developmental processes, an action which has become known as teratogenesis. Three known teratogens, employed as positive controls, a possible metabolite of one of the pesticides, and nicotineamide were included in this study. The test compounds were evaluated not only for their teratogenic activity, but also for other toxic effects on the fetus and the mother. The effects of these compounds on maternal weight gain, maternal liver weight, the number of implantations, fetal mortality, placental weight, the amount of amniotic fluid, fetal weight and crown-rump length were evaluated as well as their ability to produce congenital anomalies.

Fetal Study

A summary of the results for each compound in order of BRL number, is presented below. The detailed information for the prenatal studies is tabulated in Appendix A and for the postnatal studies in Appendix B.

On the basis of the evidence accumulated in these studies, we have arranged the test compounds in five categories. There are almost no compounds for which the evidence is adequate to substantiate real confidence in proper categorization.

Two compounds produced sufficiently prominent effects of seriously hazardous nature to lead us to categorize them as probably dangerous. These are PCNB (BRL No. 060) and 2,4,5-T (BRL No. 061).

Eight compounds gave evidence of being hazardous, but were not sufficiently studied to justify condemnation at this time. We label these as potentially dangerous, but needing further study. These are Captan (BRL No. 026), Piperonyl butoxide (BRL No. 027), 2,4-D isooctyl ester (BRL No. 032), Ethyl carbamate (BRL No. 034), 2,4-D (BRL No. 063), Ethylene imine (BRL No. 078), Amitrol (BRL No. 089), and 2,4 Dichlorophenol (BRL No. 272).

Seven other compounds appeared to affect fetal growth, but not development and the evidence seems adequate to categorize them as fetotoxic, but probably not teratogenic. These are 2,4-D, butyl ester (BRL No. 031), Sevin (BRL No. 047), SDDC (BRL No. 049), Ferbam (BRL No. 062), Atrazine (BRL No. 066), Ethyl tuac (BRL No. 134), and N-hydroxyethyl carbamate (BRL No. 274).

TABLE 8-1

POSTNATAL STUDIES - C3H STRAIN

<table>
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<tr>
<th>BRL No.</th>
<th>Compound</th>
<th>Dose</th>
<th>No. of Freq.</th>
<th>No. of Litter</th>
<th>Av. Live</th>
<th>Av. Wt.</th>
<th>Percent Mortality</th>
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<tr>
<td>---</td>
<td>Non-treated</td>
<td>---</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>22</td>
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<td>6</td>
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<td>4.5</td>
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<td>Piperonyl sulfoxide</td>
<td>460</td>
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2,4-D isopropyl ester — BRL No. 030 (Table A-9)

This compound was given subcutaneously in DMSO to BL6 and AKR mice at a dosage of 94 mg/kg. It was also given to BL6 mice at 46 mg/kg and to three AKR females at 130 mg/kg. One of the two groups of BL6 mice given 46 mg/kg showed a significant increase in the number of abnormal fetuses and some evidence of fetotoxicity, while the other showed no significant difference in this respect. Since significant effects were seen in only one group of mice, their practical importance is limited.

2,4-D butyl ester — BRL No. 031 (Table A-10)

The butyl ester of 2,4-D was given subcutaneously in DMSO at a dosage level of 46 mg/kg to BL6 mice, at 100 mg/kg to BL6 and AKR mice, and at 150 mg/kg to two C3H females. At the lowest dosage the maternal weight gain, maternal liver weight, amniotic fluid per fetus and fetal weight were all increased over the control values.

During the September to November 1966 time period, the effects of the 100 mg/kg dosage were unimportant. When this study was repeated after November 1966, there was a significant increase in the incidence of abnormal fetuses, the anomalies being primarily of the eye and jaw. Since this was the only group in which a high incidence of abnormal fetuses was observed with this compound, its practical importance is questionable.

Fetal weight was reduced in one group of AKR and one of BL6 mice. This may indicate an effect upon fetal growth, as opposed to development.

2,4-D isooctyl ester — BRL No. 032 (Table A-11)

The isooctyl ester of 2,4-D was given subcutaneously in DMSO to C3H and BL6 mice at a dosage of 48 mg/kg and to a few of the A/He strain at 24 mg/kg. It was given similarly to BL6, AKR and a few B6AK hybrids at 130 mg/kg. The BL6 strain using 48 mg/kg showed a significant increase in abnormal fetuses. The C3H mice showed some signs of fetotoxicity but no abnormalities. During the interval September — November 1966, in the BL6 strain at 130 mg/kg the fetal mortality was quite low. Repetition after November 1966, again at 130 mg/kg in the BL6 strain, revealed an increased incidence of abnormal fetuses. This compound may have weak teratogenic properties in the BL6 strain.

This compound showed no important effects in the AKR strain at a dosage level of 130 mg/kg. An incomplete study with the hybrid fetus B6AK suggests no important effects at 130 mg/kg.

2,4-Dichlorophenol — BRL No. 272 (Table A-53)

2,4-Dichlorophenol was studied by subcutaneous injection in DMSO at a dosage level of 74 mg/kg in the BL6 and AKR strains. The BL6 mice were used during the interval in which the control values were unusual, but differed only in unimportant ways.

In the AKR mice there was a significant increase in the number of abnormal fetuses. Half of the anomalies consisted of extended legs. Fetal mortality was unchanged, but the fetal weights were significantly less than those of the controls.

2,4-D — BRL No. 063 (Table A-24)

2,4-D was studied in C3H, BL6, AKR and B6AK mice by subcutaneous injection of solutions in DMSO at dosages approximating 100 mg/kg. A few litters of A/He mice were used at 50 or 100 mg/kg and one BL6 litter was given 215 mg/kg. Oral administration was used in the BL6 strain only at a dosage of 100 mg/kg.

Increased fetal mortality was seen in only one group, the B6AK hybrids, following subcutaneous administration. It also occurred in the only group, BL6, used for oral administration. Increased incidence of fetal abnormalities was seen in four of the six adequate-sized groups used for subcutaneous injections and in the one group given the compound orally.

In the C3H and the BL6 mice there was reduction in fetal weight. This seemed to be irrespective of route of administration. Other signs of toxicity to mother or fetus were seen, but not consistently.

2,4,5-T — BRL No. 061 (Table A-22)

This compound was given by the oral route to BL6 mice at dosages of 46.4 and 113 mg/kg and to AKR mice at 113 mg/kg. It was given by subcutaneous injection to BL6 mice at dosages of 21.5 and 113 mg/kg and to AKR mice and B6AK hybrids at 113 mg/kg. It was also given subcutaneously to C3H mice at 215 mg/kg, but there were too few of these to merit inclusion in the discussion which follows. Administration was for eight days (6th through 14th) in most cases; for nine days (6th through 15th) in some; and for five days (10th through 14th) in one case - the details are indicated in the tabulated results. Subcutaneous administration used DMSO as a vehicle; oral used 50% honey.

With the single exception of the lowest dosage used (21.5 mg/kg to BL6 subcutaneously) all dosages, routes, and strains resulted in increased incidence of abnormal fetuses. The incidence of cystic kidney was high at the 113 mg/kg dosage, but not at lower levels. The incidence of cystic kidney was also high except in the AKR strain and in the BL6 mice which received 46.4 mg/kg orally. Fetal mortality was increased in all groups given 113 mg/kg for eight or nine days, but not in mice (BL6) given this dosage for only five days nor in the two groups of BL6 mice given lesser dosages (46.4 mg/kg orally and 21.5 mg/kg subcutaneously).
Most fetal and maternal measurements showed inconsistent changes from which no conclusions can be drawn. In contrast, there was a highly consistent decrease in maternal weight gain in BL6 mice given 113 mg/kg by either route. Lower dosages and the AKR strain showed either no change or a slight increase. All dosages, strains, and routes showed an increase in the maternal liver weight and this led to a further study discussed separately below.

These results imply a hazard of teratogenesis in the use of this compound. The problems of extrapolation preclude definition of the hazard on the basis of these studies, but its existence seems clear.

Liver Weight Study (Table A-22)

The observed influence of 2,4,5-T on maternal liver weight as mentioned above raised a question as to its effect on the fetal liver. This was answered by a study carried out in BL6 mice using subcutaneous injections of DMSO solutions at a dosage of 113 mg/kg only. The period of administration was lengthened to cover the period from the 9th through 17th day of gestation. Separate control groups were used concurrently. Except for the inclusion of fetal liver weight, measurements were made as previously described.

The fetal livers of the 2,4,5-T treated mice weighed significantly more than those of controls given DMSO only and the weights of the whole fetuses were significantly less. Correspondingly, there was an increase in the fetal liver weight expressed as percent of body weight.

Other observations were consistent with those reported above. The incidence of abnormal fetuses was unusually high as were those of cleft palate and cystic kidney.

Rats — Sprague-Dawley Strain (Table A-22)

Because of the potential importance of the findings in mice, an additional study was carried out in rats of the Sprague-Dawley strain. Using dosages of 21.3 and 46.4 mg/kg suspended in 50% honey and given by the oral route on the 6th through 15th days of gestation, we observed excessive fetal mortality (almost 80%) and a high incidence of abnormalities in the survivors. When the beginning of administration was delayed until the 10th day, fetal mortality was somewhat less, but still quite high even when dosage was reduced to 4.6 mg/kg. The incidence of abnormal fetuses was threefold that in controls even with the smallest dosage and shortest period used. Fetal and maternal measurements showed only occasional instances of significant differences from controls except in the case of maternal liver weight which was consistently increased in all 2,4,5-T treated animals.

It seems inescapable that 2,4,5-T is teratogenic in this strain of rats when given orally at the dosage schedules used here. These findings lend emphasis to the hazard implied by the results of studies on mice.

2,4,5-trichlorophenol — BRL No. 144 (Table A-39)

This compound was given subcutaneously in DMSO to BL6 and AKR mice at a dosage level of 85 mg/kg. All fetal and maternal measurements were within the normal range.

α-(2,5-dichlorophenoxo)-γ-lactic acid — BRL No. 146 (Table A-40)

The number of animals in this study was insufficient to satisfactorily evaluate this compound. The data obtained suggest that it may be detrimental to the fetus since the average fetal weight was low and fetal mortality was high. There was no indication of any teratogenic activity in the surviving fetuses.
After reading the headlines of our local paper, November 12, 1970, and in view of some of the mayor's and other local and state politicians actions in the past, I've been trying to figure out whether they've now come up with a brand new alibi, such as offering a new excuse for some of their failures in not looking after our welfare, or performing the duties for which they were elected, lying to us when it seemed convenient or more lucrative, masking the facts with no apparent twinges of conscience, and evading any of the real issues.
The headlines read: "MAYOR URGES RESIDENTS SUPPORT EFFORTS TO OVERCOME RETARDATION" ... and relates that in a proclamation, he had stated that "mental retardation is a problem which affects six million Americans"...I wonder how many of them are in government offices? They've offered us every other excuse there is for their "do nothing" activities, except to increase our taxes, and form more government agencies to "study" our problems, such as the 128 "study groups" that cost us $56,746,275.00 in 1970 just to "study the poverty problem"! Now that wasn't to solve it, that was the amount spent to "study" it! I wonder how much good might have been done to alleviate the poverty problem for at least a few people if just half that amount had been spent in direct aid to those who truly know what the word "poverty" means without having to "study" it... or look it up in somebody's Funk and Wagnalls! But maybe we've all been blaming these governmental blunders on the wrong disease... the one called "bureaucracy" when maybe these boys can't help what they do... maybe "mental retardation" has set in along with the diminishing of their pain centers for anyone's ego except their own... and hardening of their hearing abilities to the sounds of anyone reminding them of their duties. As I look at the list of symptoms and diseases that can be caused by these "hormone herbicides" spray on us... and after learning that in a recent air check, they even found some 2,4,5-T over Washington... I realize now maybe they're not responsible for their actions... maybe it's just that they've all been sprayed with 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T and SilveX! Some of the symptoms are: "mental diminution possible, lack of drive, extreme fatigue... and lack of desire to accomplish tasks"... (If some of the local and state officials we have in office exhibit any more of the latter than they already have, we'll have to bury them! It's already hard to determine on some of them whether "rigor mortis" has already set in... or whether it's just a poor embalming job, as far as their activities relative to accomplishing anything constructive for that disenchanted bunch known as their "constituents"!)

Maybe those headlines explain why the officials of Globe have done or have not done many things as we kept fighting a "winning but without their help" battle against these chemicals.

It seems America has become used to the alibis offered by members of the USDA, FDA, HEW, and their own local and state politicians for their inability to solve most of the problems for which they are hired.

But "mental retardation" seems to be the only one believable at this stage... and that thought becomes more than a little un-nerving!

"SEX!"

They talk of the "Pill"
And they talk of the shot...
And birth control methods
Provoke us to thought...
But maybe our need for concern
Now is through
And they've found a new method
To control me and you!

Just load up some planes
With these chemical sprays...
The ones made of hormones,
And spray up a haze!

If you're in your house,
Or standing outside,
This stuff will still get you
For it drifts far and wide!
When if falls on your head
If you don't up and die,
You'll have mass sterilization
Supplied from the sky!
If it makes you impotent
That's part of the plan!
They'll make women more sexy,
But eliminate man!
Your libido will vanish...
And the hair on your chest
Will be just decoration
With no drive and no zest!

The girls may walk by
All perfumed and in laces,
But you'll not give a damn
About bodies or faces!

Keep mixing these messes
Of pesticide brew
And our sex life is OVER...
And that includes YOU!!!
For those of you who may possibly turn to this chapter first (and I'll be disappointed if some of you don't!), I suppose I should start with some "in-depth" sex study (if there is such a thing!), or a picture from "Playboy". (No one can find any of those other kind lying around — you know, the ones they describe with that hard to pronounce word, "pornography.") Seems the government boys in Washington have gobbled all those up and are sitting around "studying" them like they do all these other things. The other day, when I read that one of our own right from Arizona Congressmen stated that "pornography was the number one pollution in the country", I immediately worded up a little reply that just possibly if they'd all quit looking at dirty pictures in the back room and take a damn good look at something else for a change, we might get a few other things done. Because, at the rate we're going, there won't be any photographers or any models, or any congressmen left, if we don't hurry! I also suggested that if they'd check on a few of these chemicals, they might be shocked at what effect they're having on sex, including their own! Maybe that's what they're waiting for... the evolution of man. (Nope, I forgot! These hormones may be eliminating him entirely! It may be a new creature of some kind that's evolving who's all brain and no sex!)

Again, I wonder if anyone would really get excited about the effect these chlorinated hydrocarbons are having on the entire world, if the headlines read: "Sexual Impotence Guaranteed!" or "Don't Look Now. But Your Libido Just Left You!" or maybe something poetic, like: "No need for the Pill next year... Sterilization will soon be here!"

But since the studies indicate that when anybody's libido just shrivels up and dies or becomes all shot-to-hell, they become rather listless and display a "who gives a damn anyway" attitude, even those stunning headlines would probably evoke only a mild shrug of the shoulders and a "so-what?" comment, as a little more maleness slipped away, riding on the molecules of some damn pesticide coming out of the sky or the nozzle of a spray can. And we could expect the arguments would become a little more intense about whose turn it was to carry the purse!

This test tube crew has tried these chemicals, the phenoxy herbicides, and some of the other chlorinated hydrocarbons, on at least six or seven kind of animals, besides the one I call "ME". The more I read about what some of these hormone spray pesticides are doing to the male sex life, the more disturbed I become. A little birth control may be okay, like a sign I saw on a bumper, "Control Your Local Stork", but they could just get carried away with this thing, and wipe the world out!

Some of the things I've read in their own big fat books are a little unnerving. The tale of the monkeys (and that's getting pretty close to an animal called "man") makes me nervous and I'd be even more nervous if I were male instead of female!

These are some of the studies submitted at the Senate hearings: In describing what happened to the test monkeys, I read such things as: "Major changes are generalized alopecia (that means his hair all fell out) and subcutaneous edema 1 to 2 months before death". Also, "delayation of the heart, hypertrophy of cardiac muscles, muscle fibers separated by fluid, muscle cells were hypertrophic, nuclei were enlarged, and distorted..."

As for his lungs: "congestion, edema, fibrosis were observed, and presence of lung mites..." Then if we look at his liver: "cells enlarged, moderate distortion of the architecture..." Referring to his Spleen: "blood sinuses devoid of cells, and trabeculae especially prominent..." His lymph nodes were edematous and his "bone marrow resembled coagulated plasma."

We finally reach the nitty-gritty part of that monkey, and he was a boy monkey because it reads: "Testes — when examined active spermatogenesis was not found, limited number of primary spermatocytes, no mature spermatooza..." They might as well finish him off — and they probably did.

One of those unpublished Bionetics pages listed as one of the abnormalities "missing testes".

A copy of a toxicology paper from the Academy of Sciences (French) is entitled: "The disastrous effects of the herbicide 2-4D on the embryonic development and fertility of Gamebirds."

The first sentences are:

"2-4D has a disastrous effect on development of the pheasant, Red Partridge, and the Grey Partridge... some of the important sexual malformations were total sterility or greatly reduced fertility..."

This is a recent study which states "2-4D highly toxic... out of 520 Pheasant eggs, 345 Red Partridge eggs, 201 Grey Partridge eggs, embryos dead before 19th day were 399, 148, and 155 respectively... surviving embryos were partially or totally paralyzed, retarded in size... Abnormalities included: "Lordosis, vertibrates of the neck fused together, rendering all movement of the head impossible", and consequently chicks were unable to open the shells "at moment of hatching". "Feet were affected with muscular atrophy and often deviated from their normal position; extremities of the wings were contorted and held firm" (these are identical symptoms
documented by a bird scientist in our area which appeared in our
ducks, pigeons and chickens).

Under the heading "Male evolution" appears the sentence
beginning, "Certain profound modifications occurred,..." and after I
read the rest of that study, turned on all the lights, woke everybody
in the house and told them they'd better get ready for some new
versions of "the birds and bees" stories. For this French to English
translation sounds like they not only "modified the male", but they
changed him completely!

"...testicles attained sterility,... and reduced fertility,... 50% of
cases,... right testicle empty of gonocytes,... abnormal mitosis or
were degenerating..."

"INTERSEXUALITY,... abnormal proliferation of germinative epi-
theleum forms important cortical accumulations,... can even recover
the entire gonad,... these are phenomena of intersexuality of the
second and third degree,..."

IN 50% OF THE CASES "THE GENITAL TRACT OF THE MALE
EMBRYO RESEMBLED THAT OF A NORMAL FEMALE". End of
quote,... and end of maleness, period.

But the ego of the female was not to be out done, not even in a
scientific experiment. So since the male in these tests gained the
spotlight by subtracting a few appendages, the female drew their
attention back again by adding a few:

"... among many of the treated females,... right gland does not
regress,... accumulation of gonocytes took place,... among others,
THIS GONAD RESEMBLES A SMALL TESTICLE,... the Astological
structure is EFFECTED THAT OF A MALE GLAND AS IF THE COR-
RESPONDING OVARY HAD SUSTAINED A PHYSIOLOGICAL
CASTRATION. THE HORMONAL STRUCTURE WAS GREATLY DIS-
TURBED" "IT IS IMPORTANT TO NOTE THAT EVEN THE VAPORS OF
2-4D HAVE AN ANALOGOUS ACTION"... WHEN NONTREATED
EGGS PUT IN TREATED NESTS, THE EMBRYOS SHOW SAME
SEXUAL ANOMALIES.

Final Sentence: "It is a question OF FEMINISATION OR PHYSIO-
LOGICAL CASTRATION

Several studies included in the senate hearings of man's
accidental exposure to these chemicals noted among other
symptoms that "reduced libido and impotence have been reported
as most frequent neurological and psychopathological symptoms,..."

And here are a few more to ponder, from this book with the
"experts" names inside: "chlorinated hydrocarbon pesticides may
affect reproduction, possible direct estrogenic effect, declining repro-
ductive success and population numbers, estrogenic effects in the
rat, increase in uterine weight, and a striking inhibition of testicular
growth and secondary sexual characters of cockerels" end of quote!

And I'm not going to look that one up in my Funk and Wagnall's! I'd
be afraid to! It did make me remember that red ear sunfish, and his
lack of "testicular growth" from an earlier experiment.

P.S. While all the scientists are studying the effects of these
chemicals on the sex-life of the great horned owl, the big horn
sheep, or a female beagle and the fact that they are failing to
reproduce as in the past, I wonder if they ever considered the
possibility that maybe it's not all due to their inability to do so, but
just that the desire to even try is no longer there? That phrase "loss
of libido" translated into literal language, means they no longer give
a damn about a thing called "sex," let alone something called
"reproduction."

Maybe it's all some scientific plot to take care of overpopulation,
by means of mass from the sky sterilization, and the rest will be
taken care of on the ground, by eliminating any desire to play those
"I'll chase you and you'll chase me" games! Just think what a great
victory this would be for those zealots who keep screaming that we'll
all be doomed to damnation by way of the sex route! No desire, no
potency, no sex! Even those senators and congressmen all tied up in
knots with that subject of pornography wouldn't have to worry any
more and they could throw all those dirty pictures in the wastebasket!

Just remembered a cartoon that ended a recent lecture entitled,
"Is Man Extinct?" It was of two mammoth animals, male and female,
looking at each other. One of them commented, "They say it's all up
to us." To which the other replied, "I say to hell with it!"

"SEE, I TOLD YOU I WAS SICK!"

An alarming news item appeared in our local paper, dated July 16,
1970, more than a year after our last spray. It didn't appear in either
of the Phoenix newspapers, although that is where the news it
contained originated. It reported the Arizona Commissioner of
Health, in a letter to the Chairman of the Gila County Board of Health
(Globe, Arizona) stated that our County is leading the state in deaths
caused by diseases of early infancy and fetal deaths, and that the ex-
cessive number of deaths from congenital malformations, certain dis-
eases of the liver, homicides and suicides, was a matter for concern.
He further was quoted as stating the chairman should request more fed-
eral aid regarding "this important area" and offered the support of his
department. He added that his department would be happy to talk to
our State and County representative "who would like to make Gila
County the healthiest county in Arizona". Maybe he'll read my book —
and this is directed to that health outfit in the "Big Valley."

Dear Doctor:

Why do we suddenly have to be the "healthiest county" in
Arizona? Why didn't you listen and help us when we needed you?
How many phone calls to your various State Health departments
have I made? Could I get one... just one... of you to really show
concern over our "health" regarding contaminated food and water in
our area? You're a little late to start telling us we're a mess up here!
Why don't you get your bumper and dust mop and charcoal filters and
sterilizers and start cleaning up the Salt River Valley. Start by
checking the grapefruit and irrigation water for herbicides that aren't
supposed to be there...! We already found out what is in the water
over in that big lake, Doctor, and among other things it includes the
herbicides sprayed in Globe. We found some in your grapefruit, too,
and it's not supposed to be down there in that pure, sun-filled Salt
River Project Valley! Would all this sudden alarm over us be a "diver-
sionary tactic"? I use them myself, sometimes. Sidetrack the issue to
give everyone time to figure out what approach to use to get out of a
tight one! Diversionary tactics like "let's make a big fuss about Gila
County because some of the copper mines are there and maybe
they'll all think they're dying deader than a door nail up there from
plain old smelter smoke that's been around for fifty years. Because
nobody must know that Salt River Project sprayed this mess all over
their watersheds and got it down here in the water! But, it didn't
work because a lot of us have lived around here a long time, and
those old smelters have been there forever! The stuff that comes out
of their smoke stacks may be pretty potent, but it doesn't make
one-eyed guinea pigs and deformed animals. We did some checking,
too. Remember when we had that big strike which put a dent in the
economy but not the spirit of our little community? Nobody was any
healthier up here when that air above those stacks was pure
sunshine. Instead, the illnesses got worse! And the mines were shut
down for almost a year! But the sprayings continued. We checked
those other areas that have copper mines, too, but we rate that big
"number 1". We resent your remark: "Low levels of sanitation", my
foot! We take baths, too! So after you get the "mote out of your eye"
down there, maybe you could look around and say, "Do you suppose
there's anything to this herbicide noise since this old Gila County is
the one where most of it has been sprayed".

Two news stories appeared (5/27/70) in the Phoenix paper —
one entitled "Public Water Impurities found but Ours Safe" and the
other "Phoenix water supply essentially free of germs and
chemicals". At the time these statements were made, not one test
had been run on the drinking or irrigation water of Phoenix for the
chemicals 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T or Silvex.

After this item appeared in the paper, I contacted the State
Health Director personally, and asked for more details regarding his
letter to the Chairman of our County Board of Health, who is also
chairman of the Board of Supervisors of our County. He informed me
I could get all the information I wanted from the vital statistics re-
ports which were on file at the local County Health office. This was
that department I'd already had so much trouble with, where they
wouldn't check the water, wouldn't accept samples, wouldn't even
tell the same stories as the City Manager's Office or that water de-
partment place down in Phoenix called "Division of Water Supply,
Environmental Health Services, Arizona State Department of
Health". Big impressive title, isn't it? Don't count on it meaning a
thing! They appear to be less concerned about the "environment"
than my dog, "Scott" or my horse, "Sundowner"! It's really funny
how everyone is latching onto that word "environment" today.
So impressive. Makes them sound like they're really all torn up over
the mess that's out there, and one can almost picture any group who
puts that word in their title as being really sincere. Like saying,
"Look at me! I care!" Just found out the "Governor's Commission on
Arizona Beauty" now wishes to be known as the "Governor's Ad-
visory Commission on Arizona Environment". There's that magic
word again!

But I called the local health office anyway, and I already had the
script written for that part of the play. "What vital statistics reports?
We don't keep any here." So I again called the State Health Director
and asked him to send some copies of a few of those items to me,
which he did, although he sounded very surprised that the local
health office didn't have them.

Later, when I saw the member of the Board of Supervisors to
whom this letter had been addressed by the State Health Director I
told him the news it contained probably came as a shock to those
local doctors who had been interviewed and evidently thought we
were all doing just fine up here! I even told him I thought it was real
courageous to have made such a public stand by having the letter
published and, do you know what he said?

"What letter?"
I thought "Now, kid, your eyes are getting bad from this spray, and you don't see real good sometimes lately, but your ears haven't been too bad, up until now!" Although I was relieved when I learned my hearing wasn't impaired, I was a little upset when I realized I'd heard correctly. He told me he didn't even know what I was talking about. So I asked how did his letter get in the newspapers? He said he didn't know. I then called the supervisor's office where they spend our tax money, after they figure a way to get it, and the secretary told me she remembered passing the letter around to the supervisors but that to her knowledge none of them read it. She appeared surprised that the newspaper had printed it, since it had been addressed to the supervisor who was also chairman of the Gila County Board of Health and he hadn't even looked at it. In checking the copy of the files, it was discovered that evidently the State Health Director in Phoenix who had written the letter considered it important enough that he had sent carbon copies to another member of the Board of Supervisors who hadn't read it either, the state senators, the state representatives and both local papers in Globe!

On the day I was checking which was more than a month after the date of the letter and almost a month since it had been "passed around" at the supervisors' meeting, I was told not one of the persons to whom this letter had been sent had even mentioned it or contacted the supervisors regarding it. Not one senator or representative, nor any of the doctors who thought we were all so healthy. I was told that the first they were aware of what the letter contained was when I thanked the supervisor for getting it in the newspaper! The only excuse offered for the total unawareness of the contents of the letter, or what it's impact on our county might be, was that "We sold the bonds... and had a whole month's business to do..." and "...nobody reads these things very carefully..." In fact, it was considered of so little importance that no record or mention of it was in the minutes of the meeting! But I do not believe the secretary is to blame for this. I consider it the fault of those whose job it is to see to it that these things are taken care of, and that's not the secretary. If the word "health" appears in part of a man's title, I consider that's his area to look after.

But clear across the front page of our local paper a few weeks later appeared this message: "Globe property taxes to skyrocket!" The county rate went up $1.11 per $100.00 valuation, and guess what the $1.09 was for? A bigger hospital! (Here I thought those doctors and supervisors and everybody didn't even know we were sick!) Our population here hasn't been increasing, so why do we need a bigger hospital for all these healthy people? (I don't know what the two cents left over is for... incidentals or coffee breaks, I guess!)

It's been very difficult for a lot of us to keep resentments at a minimum, when those who were hired to be concerned were not. Most of the doctors were too busy fighting each other or extricating themselves from charges ranging from malpractice to dope peddling.

Working against odds that were almost unbelievable, we still managed to gather material to compose a "toxicology" file. There was only one doctor in the area who showed any interest in looking at any of the research. When I finally obtained a copy of the Bionetics Report containing the 'smuggled' information regarding the deformities caused by these herbicides, I contacted several of the local doctors and told them to call me if they wanted a copy. As of July 1970, not one has called! I even had a copy with me when I saw Dr. Roan Pesticide Study Center in June 1970, and he had no desire to see it. His comment, "I don't find that type of research very persuasive."

The only kind of illnesses that have put me inside a doctor's office or hospital until after 1966 were clean-cut easy-to-see things, like having babies, or a nail through my boot, or a scorpion bite, but never any of those "what's wrong with me — I don't feel good" kind of visits. None of those "I feel so depressed I could die" kind. I don't even carry medical insurance, and now I probably can't get it, since they've found 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T and Silvex in my tissues. I guess the females of us that live up these canyons won't suffer "menopausal syndrome."

We'll never get old, just die suddenly one of these days! Maybe that's what made me mad! I had my tombstone wording all worked out before this spray. It was to read: "She had a ball and didn't miss anything!" Now I've had to change it to the hypochondriac chant: "See, I told you I was sick!"

WALK SOFTLY AND CARRY A BIG CLUB!

This is my advice to anyone seeking information from the USDA, Washington, DC headquarters. This does not apply to the branch offices around the country, for all of them have been as cooperative as "Big Chief Sitting Still" Clifford M. Hardin would allow them to be. Evidently every "branch office", and this includes all United States Forest Service regions and districts, is advised to notify his office in writing of every move they make, prior to and after making it
I discovered so many unnecessary, and ridiculous "memorandums" in their files from one USDA department to another that I fully expect to someday find a folder marked "V V" (very vital), containing information which might read: "June 15, 1969 "memo to Cliff" (which could be Chief Cliff, USFS, Washington, or Mr. Clifford M. Hardin, Secretary USDA): "Request permission to visit restroom, 4th floor, 10:00 am, June 24, 1969." followed by the reply from "Cliff" — June 22, 1969, "Permission granted to visit restroom 4th floor, 10:00 am, June 24, 1969. Use only yellow tissue, not white. Sorry."  

These "memos" would really make more sense than some of them I have read.  

As I look at the sheets of paper in duplicates, triplicates and sometimes 10 copies of each, covered with typed wording on one side only, arranged in such sequence that they spell out the worst kind of "government garbage", I shed ten more tears for those trees I love.  

For every sheet of paper used is part of a tree that died somewhere. I truly believe that more of them are being used to manufacture paper to print untruths by the USDA, whether in reports to each other, or to the newspapers, than is being used for building materials.  

If the "board feet of lumber" wasted in distorting the facts on paper which I have discovered, plus the energy expended in attempting to cover up the truth, were used to construct houses, there would be more than enough to "shelter the poor!"  

I learned long ago, from a Cherokee Indian ancestor, how to walk softly in my moccasins. A stubborn great-grandfather of English ancestry, who chiseled out a big nick in America for 16 children and for freedom, gave me determination.  

The right to survive and to claim and defend what is mine, told me to carry a big club, after looking at the records of Washington's Sacred Cow, the USDA.  

The scientists proved that this chemical mess could deform and retard, and bring on mental stress. But Byerly and Bayley continued to stall, and say they could see no real hazard at all.  

The ground that is sterile doesn't mean a damn thing. Nor the horrors come true from the book "Silent Spring" — Animals born with no eyes in their head Are only a prelude to the ones that are dead.  

Humans, deranged and gasping for breath Accept unprotesting, this chemical death. These poisons are easy to buy any day All stamped, and approved by the USDA.  

They'll kill off the world with these chemical tools — Nothing makes sense to some doddering fools! So let's vote them all "Laugh-In's 'Finger-of-Fate'" And spray them all under before it's too late!  

These were the words I wrote after listening to the testimony submitted during the Senate Hearing, April, 1970, by Dr. Ned Bayley, Director of Science and Education, USDA, and his assistant, Dr. T. C. Byerly, USDA.  

Information submitted by the attorneys for the Study of Responsive Law Center included the findings of the Bionetics Laboratories and the recommendations that these herbicides be immediately restricted. The tests conducted by the FDA showed that currently manufactured 2,4-D, 2,4,5-TP (Silvex) and 2,4,5-T all produced the same deformities.  

A news release from the office of Congressman Richard McCarthy on the opening day of the hearings in Washington, read as follows:  

CONGRESSMAN RICHARD D. MCCARTHY CALLS FOR FIVE YEAR BAN ON HERBICIDE: CONDEMNS AGRICULTURE AND DEFENSE DEPARTMENTS FOR UNREGULATED USE OF UNSAFE DEFOLIANT  

"Representative Richard D. McCarthy, D-NY, called upon the military and National Forest Service officials to cease using defoliants containing the chemical 2,4,5-T until the Food and Drug Administration "can determine, once and for all, whether the compound is safe."  

In a statement presented to the Senate Commerce Subcommittee on Environment, McCarthy reported on his visit to Globe, Arizona on February 12, and 13. It was there that the Buffalo Democrat con-
ducted two days of public hearings, following a suspension of spraying operations after residents and scientists had complained of irregularities in a Chapparel Management program.

McCarthy told the subcommittee, chaired by Senator Philip Hart, that the Department of Agriculture, which administers a large part of the state, had a callous disregard for preserving forest and range-land, and the welfare of the residents in the area. Instead, he charged, officials of the National Forest Service have been applying an untested spray manufactured by the Dow Chemical Company which may be birth-deforming. McCarthy compared this with earlier charges by the House Government Operations Committee that Agriculture Department officials in the Pesticides Regulation Division and agro-chemical companies are guilty of conflict of interest.

He informed the Committee that Forest Service officials were unaware of the controversy under investigation by Senator Hart until they read about it in the press.

McCarthy told how he was informed by a regional administrator that new scientific evidence was often disregarded or unknown. "They did not know until recently, for example, that the Food and Drug Administration has never established a safe tolerance level for 2,4,5-T. IT IS SHOCKING THAT OFFICIALS WHO MANAGE SUCH SPRAYING OPERATIONS ARE UNAWARE OF THE FACT THAT THE DEFOLIANT HAS NEVER BEEN APPROVED FOR COMMERCIAL USE."

He concluded "that the US Forest Service is negligent in enforcing current regulations regarding the use of 2,4,5-T, that it fails to transmit new policies quickly, and that no adequate system exists for transmitting new scientific evidence" such as the 1969 HEW Commission on Pesticides Report which cautions against its use.

In recommending a five-year ban, the Congressman noted that the American press reports point to birth defects in Southeast Asia in sprayed areas. He deplored the fact that no scientific investigation has been carried out by the military.

In addition, McCarthy urged the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare to instruct the National Institutes of Health to begin collecting nationwide statistics on birth defects. No such information exists at present.

In his testimony which he submitted on that date, his references to Globe, Arizona, included the following statements:

"The Agriculture Department readily admitted that the spray drifted onto private property. The owners have a rightful complaint regarding this fact which has not yet been resolved. The local veterinarian, Dr. F. I. Skinner informed me that he would not have recommended the use of 2,4,5-T compounds had he been familiar with the results of the Bionetics Laboratory's tests."

"It is also true that illnesses developed whose symptoms are similar to those which are known to be associated with herbicides. In addition, I saw malformed animals who were born after the incidents of last June."

"Statements were made regarding this fact by persons testifying in good faith, and should not be dismissed. They obviously have some bearing because the Forest Service has suspended further spraying in the area."

"No one is being helped by the procrastination of officials in Washington."

"These agencies are now involved in the 2,4,5-T controversy, yet none have assumed responsibility for regulating this herbicide. The Food and Drug Administration, which under the 1954 amendments to the Cosmetic Act of 1938, has the obligation to establish safe tolerance levels before a chemical of this kind is put on the market, has failed to enforce the law. The Agriculture Department continues to ignore other agencies in administering the Federal Insecticide, Fungicide and Rodenticide Act. The Pesticide Regulation Division established by this act, was sharply condemned by the House Government Operations Committee report of November 13, 1969, for not carrying out its responsibility to police the licensing of herbicides. In addition to the charge that no legal steps have ever been taken against firms which violate licensing regulations, the Committee report brought to light repeated instances of conflict of interest among various officials of the Pesticide Regulation Division and agro-chemical companies."

"Finally, the White House has backed down from its assertive position of last October. After reversing an earlier ban, I am now told boldly by Dr. Lee A Dupont that the 'we anticipate, indeed we will insist upon final action of 2,4,5-T before its period of principal usage in late spring.'"

"I will not hold my breath."

"Mr. Chairman, there are obvious irregularities in the regulation and management of herbicide compounds containing 2,4,5-T. It is clear that the National Forest Service no longer regards preservation of lands in their natural state as a primary responsibility. There is insufficient information regarding its risks and inadequate statistics on its effects to animal and plant life. Its use must not be continued until its safety is assured."

Congressman McCarthy's hearings held earlier in Globe, had concluded with these statements:
"I would conclude these hearings now with a couple of observations. I think it's important to know that 2,4,5-T was developed at the Army's Chief Germ Warfare Research Center at Fort Detrick, Md. My experience in investigating the Army's chemical and biological warfare programs, and policies, has not encouraged me about some of the actions that have been taken, without taking into consideration some of the unforeseen consequences. For instance, when they wanted to dispose of waste from nerve gas production at the Rocky Mountain Arsenal near Denver, they first dumped this material into ponds on the arsenal's property. They didn't expect that it would find its way out. They thought it would just be absorbed in the water on the pond. It wasn't. It was carried out into adjacent streams, and the neighboring countryside, and killed among other things, livestock and 6 square miles of sugar beets.

"They then dug a deep well and figured the best way to dispose of it was by dumping it deep into the earth. That set off earthquakes in the Denver area, some of them up to six on the Richter scale, and caused great alarm in the community. They finally had to pull out this material, and of course the earthquakes stopped.

"Then, they thought they should ship it across the entire United States. They thought this would be safe. Scientists later said it would risk the lives of thousands of people, the plans also called for dumping this large quantity of nerve gas and other materials into the Atlantic Ocean. They thought that would be safe.

"Scientists later said it could destroy all marine life in a 600 cubic mile of the Atlantic Ocean, with a cataclysmic effect on ocean's production cycle.

"Now, I cite these instances not in reproaching the Army, or the CBW establishment, but I think that this particular program has a questionable record.

"We find 2,4,5-T developed by the Army's Germ and Gas Warfare establishment, 25 years ago to this date. We do not know for sure whether it will produce birth defects in human beings. I find it unwise to say the least to use such a substance without being sure that it is safe. For some reason the burden of proof seems to be on me and my colleagues in the sense that the attitude is, 'we'll keep using it until you can prove it is unsafe.'" Well, I quarrel with the basic assumption, I think that it should be just the reverse. I don't think that any toxic substance whether herbicide, drug, whatever, should be used, sold in the United States until it can be shown that it is not harmful to human beings, that it doesn't produce cancer, or birth defects, or genetic effects.

"One would think that we have learned from the Thalidomide experience, but apparently we haven't.

"I also find it incredible that the Dow Chemical Company could have succeeded in helping reverse an order from The White House."

Accompanying Congressman McCarthy to Globe, was Dr. Arthur Galston, a distinguished biologist of Yale University and authority on the subject of herbicides.

His testimony was also submitted and included these statements, in referring to Globe:

"I could smell evidences (of herbicides) at various points. (Ten months after spraying) There probably are residues x x x and those could serve as a continuous supply of leaching into water of the area.

"Now, as far as the damage to plants around homes, there is no doubt about it, it has occurred. I have seen it, and as a plant physiologist, I could testify that this is typical damage due to herbicide drift. I think the people whose plants have been damaged ought to be compensated in some way, because the damage has been considerable around some homes and I think it's unfair to expect these people to bear the brunt of this kind of inadvertent drift operation. I did see damaged animals, and I talked with humans who alleged that they were adversely affected. All I can say is the damage is there. The spray operations did occur.

"I could document further a lot of the symptoms that people are reporting here (in Globe) have been reported for massive doses of 24-D. So we should not leave the possibility that this did occur."

The list of witnesses against the misuse of these particular chemicals was long and impressive, and included many outstanding scientists. Although the ruling is that a chemical is to be restricted if it is shown to be carcinogenic or teratogenic in no more than two species of animals, these chemicals, 2-4D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex, were tested on mice, rats, chickens, guinea pigs, golden hamsters, and monkeys.

They were shown to produce deformities in all species; numerous documents were entered, describing the illnesses of many individuals and groups of persons exposed to these chemicals.

Evidence was submitted that proved it was known for at least twenty years, that these chemicals could produce liver and kidney damage, heart failure, bronchitis, hemorrhages, violent fits of temper, paralysis, psychovegetative syndrome, loss of potency, and libido, reproductive damage, brain damage including loss of memory and concentration, psychopathic behavior, cataracts, and damage to the central nervous system.
Statement after statement told the same story: That these are the most dangerous long-term chemicals ever developed and rather than it being a question of using something about which too little is known, it is a question of knowing they are deadly, and using them anyway. The symptoms of illnesses they have caused were reported by some of us two years before these hearings in Washington.

Tests were conducted by the Bionetics Laboratories, Dow Chemical Company, FDA, and the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences. All of these tests, including those by Dow Chemical, produced deformities in the test animals. There were no witnesses at the hearings who could scientifically defend their use or prove their harmlessness, not even Julius Johnson, Vice-President of the Dow Chemical Company, who had to admit under questioning by Senator Hart, they they had not released information as they should have, and that Dow had been aware for at least twenty years of the presence in the manufacture of 2,4,5-T of the deadly contaminant, Dioxin. At no time did Senator Hart, nor his legal assistant, Leonard Bickwit, soften their approach to dragging the truth into the open, no matter how embarrassing it became for some of those whose laxity, disinterest, stupidity or intent it was that caused this tragedy for so many. Senator Hart’s determination and confidence carried and held all the way through the hearings — and spilled beyond the great stone walls of the Senate Building. He was not hampered in his efforts as are so many by the impact of a place called Washington. His attitude was always polite, but his questions were strong and clear. He quietly pursued a question until he received an answer — and if the answer was vague, or deliberately confusing, he persisted until he untangled it often to the embarrassment of the person being questioned, some of whom were Dr. Paul Kotin, director of the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences, (NIEHS), and Dr. Jesse Steinfeld, Surgeon General, HEW.

After his questioning of Dr. Johnson, vice-president Dow, I called my attorney, and told him he might as well take a few days vacation and go fishing — for Senator Hart had saved us a lot of time and money in getting questions answered by the Dow Chemical Company — questions that we would never have known the answers to, nor how to ask!

Not only did Senator Hart ask and insist on getting answers to all the many questions concerning 2,4,5-T but he also asked Dr. Johnson what he intended to do about the mercury with which Dow Chemical had contaminated Lake St. Clare. One of the statements made by Dr. Johnson was: “The period of time between 1966 and now could have been shortened by sharing appropriate information, and I admit we could have assisted by volunteering earlier.”

But when Senator Hart questioned him as to the reason no information was released to the public or even to the USDA, when they closed their plant due to the dangers encountered in manufacturing 2,4,5-T in 1964, he had no alibi to offer, except to agree with Senator Hart that they should have told somebody besides just a “couple of other chemical companies” and a “few individuals.”

Dr. Johnson also made a real soap-box plea for continued research “on a national scale” and “supported” by the government to avoid “some of this public fear” and that the “Federal Government” should play a major role in supporting this research.

Sorry, Dr. Johnson, I believe they’ve been “playing” long enough! It’s time they stopped. The game’s just about over, and as for “supporting” the research, my tax money has already “supported” a lot of first-hand knowledge twenty years ago — and I don’t need to tag anymore of it to re-learn what they already know.

Dr. Johnson and Dr. Tschirley must have read the same speech somewhere, for Dr. Johnson concluded his bit with, “x x x replacing emotion, rumor, and misconception with a clear explanation of the facts.” That’s just exactly what we’re doing, Dr. J and Dr. T.

There were a couple of puzzling entries submitted by Dr. Johnson. One was supposed to be a scientific study on the residual properties of 2,4,5-T, since that was what the hearing was about. But when I looked it up by the number which he gave, it’s a study of DDT! The other referred to the studies done by Dow with the “nice, clean 2,4,5-T” that reportedly produced no deformities, but when I hunted that one up, there were no deformities in the test animals, except: “kinked tails, two of the feet were mis-shaped, resorptions occurred early; ossification of some sternebrae and skull bones; subcutaneous edema; intestinal hemorrhage… and a slight decrease in average weight.”

These hearings began in April 7, 1970. On April 21, 1970, the Department of Defense “surrendered” and sent a five sentence letter stating they were going to “stop, desist and quit” using these defoliants “within the defense establishment,” which included Viet Nam.

Then Secretary of the Interior, Walter Hickel, announced he was banning 2,4,5-T on all of the lands under his department. He also threw in 32 others for good measure, including DDT, aldrin, dieldrin, endrin, heptachlor, lindane, toxaphene, amitrol, arsenic compounds, azodrin, bidrin, DDD, TDE, mercury compounds, strobane, and thallium sulfate.
But the USDA has such a real case of genuine egotism that they can ignore the rest of the world, and remain immune to the actions of such impressive outfits as the Department of Defense, the Department of the Interior, the Department of Public Opinion, and even the Department of the Law. They seem to suffer no more qualms of conscience as they violate their own regulations or break their own rules or ours than they do when they choose to lie for reasons known only to themselves.

I do not know how much the April hearings cost. The transcript consists of 471 pages, and the print was very small, or it would have been at least 1,000. But in spite of this overwhelming evidence against these pesticides, the Bobsey Twins of the USDA, Dr. Byerly and Dr. Bailey, still exposed their united front to the world, and one of them had the audacity or lack of knowledge, to say to Senator Hart, after admitting "no tolerances have been established": "In view of all the information now available, we have not found that registered use of 2,4,5-T without a finite tolerance on food crops constitutes a hazard requiring cancellation or suspension of such registered uses."

After Senator Hart pondered this staggering statement of "my mind is made up — don't confuse me with the facts" type of answer, he then asked Dr. Bailey of the USDA:

"The basic conclusion of your testimony is, you have not found that registered uses of 2,4,5-T without a finite tolerance constitutes a hazard?"

Reply: "That is correct."

Senator Hart: "And yet, this morning, we have heard testimony that tests suggest that 2,4,5-T when contaminated by dioxin — is teratogenic in three species; that the Mrak Commission said the teratogenic effects in one or more species, should be grounds for immediate restriction; that residues of 2,4,5-T are found in one our of every 200 food samples analyzed by the FDA; that we can't be sure of the amounts of Tetradioxin in 2,4,5-T now being sold, nor do we have as yet clear ideas on the amount of other dioxins, some of which may be more potent than the tetra; that no evidence suggests that these dioxins are not persistent or cumulative in human tissue; and that some evidence exists which would indicate perhaps they are. In view of all this, would you say that you are SURE that use of 2,4,5-T on food crops does not constitute a hazard to man?"

Please remember, before reading the reply of this man representing possibly the highest and most powerful office in our country, that of Secretary Clifford M. Hardin, USDA, that the following information had been submitted by the FDA, HEW, and other government agencies; as evidence against the continued use of these chemicals:

That the compounds under question, 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T are 100,000 to 1,000,000 times more potent than thalidomide in their potential to produce abnormalities in the test animals. (Senate hearings April 15, 1970.)

That the Secretary's Commission report had stated in 1968 they could be immediately restricted.

That government regulations recommend the immediate restriction of any chemical showing deformity agents in one or more species of animals. These were shown to produce deformities in at least six species.

That the contaminant, dioxin, present in the formulation of these chemicals, and capable of being activated by various methods, is the most deadly of all the chlorine compounds known.

That there is no antidote, nor any specific treatment for plants, animals, or man poisoned by these chemicals.

That their use in Vietnam was declared illegal by 58 countries.

It is with deep regret that I submit the reply of Dr. Bayley, Director of Science and Education, USDA:

"I WOULD SAY THAT THE INFORMATION WE HAVE DOES NOT GIVE US ANY INDICATION THAT IT IS A HAZARD TO MAN IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE REGISTERED USES."

So that is why I retired to my hotel room in Washington early, on that particular evening, wrote the verses appearing at the beginning of this chapter, and fell asleep, counting not sheep that have been killed by these chemicals, but the unbelievable number of government employees whom I met, whose minds appeared to be so full of "inspired ignorance" that there remained no room for knowledge — or understanding.

"HARDIN HOUSE"

This would be a more appropriate name for the big gray building in Washington, than the "Department of Agriculture". After listening to the unbelievable statements made by Dr. Byerly, and Dr. Bailey I put on my Indian moccasins, my Navajo jewelry, tucked my tape recorder and my unhappy thoughts into a carry-all case, and visited "Hardin House" to check on more of the "Hardin Follies."

I gave them a multiple choice of whom I wished to see: either Secretary of Agriculture Clifford M. Hardin, who was out of town, or Dr. Ned Bayley, whom no one could find, or Dr. T. C. Byerly, the
"expert" at the hearings — and he was in, and so was I!!

Since no one could tell by the size of my "carry-all" whether I had brought not only my lunch, but my clothes as well and planned to stay awhile, I was not kept waiting very long. The secretaries were very efficient. One of them mentioned that the office of Mr. Cliff, USFS, was just "right over across the street", and proffered the information that they were "expecting me" to call on them while I was in Washington. My only reply was, "I'll bet they are!"

Then I looked in my carry-all bag again, rattled a couple of papers, and everyone was afraid I was hunting a sandwich, so I was hurriedly escorted to Dr. Byerly's office, where I was granted a very unusual interview.

These two men, Dr. Bailey and Dr. Byerly, indicated in the previous day's testimony, that countless residue studies of these chemicals had been done, that their files were crammed with enlightening information showing "no reason to cancel their registration."

So we started with the water residue studies. I led off by saying that some of the information in various publications was very contradictory.

Dr. Byerly's reply: "Errors have a way of being propagated. I found an error in one of our publications a couple of weeks ago that startled me. Somebody had slipped a decimal point and a rather important number was 1/10th of what it should be. I called the people... This has been copied in one publication, copied in a second publication, and it's been going on for at least 10 years."

Me: "Did it make any difference?"

Dr. Byerly: "I don't know whether it did or not. Maybe nobody had ever used the book."

Since he seemed reluctant to produce those "masses of residue studies on water and 2,4,5-T", we switched to soil.

Me: "Has the soil in Vietnam been tested for residues of 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T or Silvex?"

Dr. Byerly: "Honestly, I don't know the answer to that, so I have to say I don't know."

Me: "Has the soil been checked in the United States?"

Dr. Byerly: "There's a good many soil tests in the United States..."

I pursued the subject with logic, by asking "where?"

Dr. Byerly: "One location in Yuma, one in Arkansas, couple in Mississippi, one in North Dakota, and one in Alabama. I'd be happy to supply you with some publications from Puerto Rico."

But I didn't want to know about Puerto Rico, and tropical, humid rain belts; I wanted to know about old, hot, dusty, tough and dry Arizona.

So, after much hunting and checking, and digging through drawers, there it was: The only long range study which the Department of Agriculture evidently has ever done, for every time I ask another department for "those water and soil residue studies", this is the book they send me. I now have five copies. Later, I suppose, my lawyer will give it a name like, "Exhibit 91" or something, but I'll call it "T I R", for now, meaning "Tests in Residues" (or, "This is Research"), or "This is Ridiculous!")


The first thing I noticed was that although the studies were started in 1965 and completed in 1967, it wasn't published until after we were sprayed in 1969!

It consisted of 97 pages. And since 2,4,5-T was the subject of the entire hearing, I assumed a major portion of the book would be studies about 2,4,5-T — especially since Dr. Byerly and Dr. Bailey has assured the entire world that "extensive testing had shown residues were no problem" with 2,4,5-T.

In my recap of this book I condensed quite easily the information it contained on residues of 2,4,5-T (and 2,4-D and Silvex) to one page. Here it is:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Area</th>
<th>Rainfall</th>
<th>Blocks 2-4D</th>
<th>2,4,5-T</th>
<th>Silvex</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Crystal Springs, Miss.</td>
<td>53&quot;</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>None</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Greenville, Miss.</td>
<td>47&quot;</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>None</td>
<td>None</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Stuttgart, Ark.</td>
<td>33&quot;</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>None</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Grand Forks, N. Dak.</td>
<td>33&quot;</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>None</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. Grand Bay, Alabama</td>
<td>60&quot;</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>None</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Yuma, Arizona</td>
<td>3&quot;</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>None</td>
<td>None</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

So now, we recap that information again, and the new capsule edition reads: 2,4,5-T was applied only once and nobody went back to check for residues!

Although there were about 117 blocks in all, only 6 of them had any 2,4-D application; only one area had a second application, and no testing was ever done of Silvex!
No drinking water samples were analyzed for any of these pesticides, from any area.

Here is a list of the chemicals used in the Yuma area, with it's 3" rainfall: Aldrin, DDT, Demeton, Dicofol, Dieldrin, Endosulfan, Panogen, Perthane, Thiram, Trifluralin, Benofin, Dinocap, Dimethoate, DNOSBP, Dilan, Endrin, PCNB, Toxaphene, Vegadex, Ethyl Parathion, Methyl Paraithion, Meninphos, Malathion, Fenthion, MSMA, Toxophone, Sodium Fluosilicate, Zineb, Sulfur, and Oxydemetonmethyl.

But the list did not include 2,4D, 2,4,5-T or Silvex. And no one checked the water, the melons, citrus or food crops in that area for the presence of these chemicals, although 2,4D is one of the main chemicals used for the vegetation and crops. The USDA did not apply any of these chemicals to the test areas in the vicinity of Yuma, but in view of some of the alarming facts that were disclosed there, it seems so strange that no one tested for the “phenoxy herbicides”. Such as this statement:

"Residues were most frequently found in surface sources and in exit water at Yuma, Arizona, indicating pesticides are carried into water from cropland by normal drainage or irrigation... and by sediment.”

"Area is irrigated with river water, carried through the valley in large canals... further examination (for Yuma area) reveals that water entering a block contains few residues, but as it exits, residues are more in evidence.”

But nobody wanted to check for 2,4D, 2,4,5-T or Silvex.

As for the rest of those pesticides they sprayed all over hell, they found residues in water, soil, crops, invertibrates, fish, small mammals, and birds’ eggs.

Another sentence which is disturbing:

"An unidentified chlorinated hydrocarbon was found at very noticeable levels in many soil and sediment samples.”

And they’ve still not identified it.

If they’d trot back over to any of those areas, and grab a sample of that “unidentified chlorinated hydrocarbon” they’d probably find out it was Silvex! The classic concluding sentence of this wisdom-book is: “The largest residues in soils were usually found where the greatest amounts were used.” And it took scientists three years to tell us that?

I didn’t waste any tape while I read the book in Dr. Byerly’s office. I stuffed it in my “carryall” and gathered this information later.

Continuing my interview, I asked Dr. Byerly if he had any studies "above the 1,000 foot level".

Dr. Byerly: “I don’t honestly know. I’ll inquire, but I don’t know.”

There aren’t any, because although Dr. Byerly sent several studies of "herbicides in Puerto Rico soil" where the rainfall reached 109.88 inches one year, there were none on “Herbicides in mountain soil, 5,000 elevation, Rainfall 15”.

He then decided to talk about “Dioxins” and stated: “we don’t know whether or not it’s persistent; (although he admitted they’ve used these chemicals for twenty years). ‘Matter of fact is, we’re just learning how to do the tests for the specific kind of dioxin for this specific kind of place, so we must find the answer for 2,4,5-T per se.’

Then we discussed another USDA publication, which is used extensively, and he stated there was also an error in it. He stated the wording is such that the application rate appears to be 18 pounds of chemical per acre (which is 50 times greater than necessary to kill mesquite).

I asked if he knew whether anyone ever misread it and had applied the chemical in this strength. Dr. Byerly: “I haven’t the vaguest idea.”

To my inquiry of what he considered to be a ‘safe margin’ for private land in applying these herbicides:

Dr. Byerly: “You’ve asked me something that’s an impossible question to answer. I would suppose this: that within the realm of human capabilities, that no drift is what is desired, and this is one of the most difficult things – errors do happen as in the Globe case. There was some drift. Nobody denies it.” (They’d been denying it for months!) “It was there on the plants. It should not have happened. As for recommendations, you should not spray under such circumstances that there will be drift on your neighbor.”

He told me that the USDA has a contract with the U of Illinois for the purpose of writing better chemical labels. (I thought Chemical companies did that.) He added that he preferred no books with recommendations be written, just “get it all said” on the label. (What good would it do, when nobody reads them anyway?)

He was aware of whether any standards for pesticides had been established in water. (They haven’t.)

I stated that the USDA was violating their own rules by allowing these pesticides to be sprayed in such a manner all over the United States. He replied that he agreed “...with the principle that the government should participate in the establishment of criteria and standards, and with the states in the development of regulations” and “that it should observe the regulations in its own programs but not without exception.” “The exception should be deliberate and for sufficient cause. I will not say there has been or has not been,
because I don’t know. I can’t be absolute. In usual practice, I would subscribe and support the fact that the government ought to abide by it’s own rules, but you cannot make that as an absolute — because in our society, the Sovereign Makes the rules.”

Another bit of alarming information was: ‘You cannot be closer to the land than the Department of Agriculture is; we are responsible for the primary use of 80% of the land surface in the United States.”

After telling me the Department of Interior had jurisdiction over the other 20%, I asked about that “forgotten man”: Private Citizen, USA — and was told:

“Private people have proprietary rights and proprietary rights are limited rights. There are no unlimited property rights for anybody in the United States.

“The final thing is this: That the state and local authorities are the ones that have to police things” (I don’t like that word either!).

I asked what rights the private individual has left, and he replied: “…the rights of the sovereign are limited in that he can’t take away property without due process.”

Dr. Byerly kept inserting Latin phrases with admonitions for me to “write them down and look them up and ponder them”. One of them was “After the fact, therefore because of it” which he explained by saying “that is the reason why I as a scientist must be skeptical.”

I countered with one from the “good Book” on my mama’s library table: “Seek the truth and the truth shall make you free” and above all, “seek wisdom”.

Not to be outdone, even in that field either, he quoted “and above wisdom, seek understanding!” He concluded with: “Just as I try to seek the truth, I try to keep this in mind from time to time because I’m capable of error and from deviation and all of these other things, but be assured I’ll do my best.”

My parting phrase was in Apache: “This land is mine” … and I finished by saying, “no one but I can lose it for me.”

A verse so very appropriate with which to condense this immeasurable display of vanity, arrogance, and wisdom with which I and many others have been exposed, is this:

Isaiah 29-14: “For the wisdom of the wise man shall perish — and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hidden.”

“GETTING HARDIN’S HOUSE IN ORDER”

Many times after June 8, 1969, I was informed by various members of the Forest Service that these chemicals (2-4D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex) were not “poisonous” — that they were herbicides and “harmless to man and animals”. I was reminded they bore no “skull and crossbones” on the label (tho I am convinced now this must have been an oversight on the part of the chemical companies in view of what even their meager research had shown these chemicals could do).

But to clarify whether herbicides are poisons or not, I quote the following: “Economic poisons are defined in the act (Federal Insecticide, Fungicide, and Rodenticide Act, June 1947 and amended in 1959, and 1964), as “any substance or mixture of substances intended for preventing, repelling, or mitigating any insects, rodents, fungi, weeds or other forms of plant and animal life or viruses, except on or in living man or other animals, which the Secretary of Agriculture shall declare to be a pest and any substances or mixtures of substances intended for use as a plant regulator, “fungicides (including wood preservatives) disinfectants, rodenticides, herbicides, amphibian or reptile poisons or repellents, bird poisons or repellents, plant regulators, plant defoliants and plant desiccants:”

The source of these quotes are from a copy of a USDA directive dated 3/16/1970, signed by E.M. Bacon, Deputy Chief, USDA, Forest Service, Washington, D.C., which was sent to “Regional Foresters, Directors, and Area Directors”. So it isn’t one of my “quotes” or the Pesticide Regulation Division, or even the Pesticide Control Board. Please note the date, more than a month after the “Task Force” or “Root-Rot Crew”, had been here and gone.

The first paragraph of this particular directive states:

“In recent months, we (the USDA — FS) have been attempting to get our house in order in regards to the use of registered pesticides, the preparation of publications which include discussions and/or recommendations of pesticide use, and related matters. One of the major considerations which has surfaced is the importance of using and recommending to others, the use of registered materials only.”

This seems rather an odd admission in view of the fact that for ten months, all these various “task forces” have been insisting they were “all-wise” and “all-informed” on the subject of pesticides and their applications. It’s rather unnecessary to “get a house in order” that is supposed to be so neat and tidy in the first place. That part of the sentence alone rather admits someone has decided there’s a bit of chaos out there. The next sentence is even more potent, and I
believe my lawyer will pick this one up real fast:

"From recent correspondence, and first hand discussions with your personnel, it is evident that there is a wide lack of understanding of pesticide registration policy and procedures and of Forest Service responsibilities in this important problem area."

No. 8 of this 4 page bit of correspondence reads: "The Forest Service has responsibilities with regard to registration of pesticides (as have other public agencies) to supply the registrant with: "8B — Information on formulation, dilution, or mixing rate, method and rate of application, and host plants."

(I wonder whether anyone in the USDA ever complied with that one, relative to the spraying in Globe? Or how they answered it since no one seems to know what the formulation, rate or the plants sprayed really were? Water, soap powder, detergent, peach trees, and sycamores, in addition to cattle that were not removed, and ME in my yard!)

"8C — Additional information as applicable, on phytotoxicity (meaning when it's hot like Arizona in June, how far did the vapors that can also kill, manage to travel?) "translocation" (meaning did they get it in the peach seeds besides the peach leaves and peaches?!) "persistence in soil" (like did the USDA tell anybody about the "12 months still here" in research area of Globe?) "Water and plants" (like it's still in BOTH, in Globe, 12 months later?) and "compatibility with other chemicals" — (like telling someone these chemicals are not very friendly to other chemicals that the various USDA branches already had sprayed here, such as formulations that had arsenic, endrin, dieledrin, etc., in them.)

Part of the last paragraph above Mr. Bacon's name states: "We are developing procedures for coordinating and expediting new or amended registrations of pesticides through the recently formed Pesticides Coordinating Committee."

Don't you think you're about 20 years late, Mr. Bacon?

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WHERE'S THE EAGLE'S EYEBALL?

The first one of these envelopes I received (or the first one I really looked at... there may have been many prior to my becoming a full-fledged member of the ICU Committee, and now I keep better track of even these little things!) — But this first envelope I saw... really saw I just figured was some kind of a sloppy printing job — or they accidentally got the print plate in backwards or upside down or something — and since I read all the time, how our government back there in Washington is trying to cut expenses, I just figured they thought they'd use these old envelopes 'til they could get rid of them to save us money like I did when we sold two of our radio stations, and we were stuck with all those letter heads and envelopes!

This envelope from Washington was messed up with what looked like some kind of a little brand mark or something, in the right hand corner, you know, right above the words: "Postage fees paid, US Government Printing Office"...

Then time passed, and I noticed this same mark was also on the big brown envelopes I was receiving, which were by then coming in pretty heavy, and finally I noticed it was even on one of them from Dr. T.C. Byerly, USDA, Washington, DC. That's the Dr. Byerly who testified at the Senate hearings on 2,4,5-T. I interviewed him later, when I went to Mr. Clifford M. Hardin's office in Washington. I knew he wouldn't be using old envelopes to save money, after listening to him in the hearings! — and especially when this one was marked "air mail." I also noticed the one I had that said: "US Senate" with Warren G. Magnuson in the right hand corner didn't have this mark on it, and the one from the US Department of Agriculture in Tucson, marked "Forest Service", didn't have one on it either. So I decided I'd better find out about that mark up there, and I called one of those offices somewhere at that printing place, the office where they have another little boxed-in notice on the lower left hand corner that says: "If you do NOT desire to continue receiving material of this nature please check here (X) and return this envelope to the above address." ... and above that, it reads, US Gov't Printing Office,
Division of Public Documents, Washington, DC 20402...Official Business! (I marked “X” in that little box several months ago, because I opened one of them, marked some other blank spaces, sent a check for $9.00 and never got anything!) But I now have about 21 of these big, brown envelopes, 67 of these little ones, for they never looked at my little “X” in the box on the front, (and they don’t spell my name right either, they put Mr. in front of it, and S L. at the top and 250 at the right!) But when I asked about that mark, do you know what they told me? They said, “That’s an eagle!”

So I put away my funny Indian telescope glasses, the ones with the little pin holes to help my eyes, and put on my 5 & 10 pair, and my other strong ones on top of that, and finally I got the six inch magnifying glass my daddy gave me to study flowers with before he died, and I still can’t see an eagle! I turned it upside down, sideways, even put it against the window to see if it was one of those imprints that has to have light like a picture in the bottom of a chinese cup I have, but I still can’t see an eagle! You know what I saw? (And I admit by now I’ve become rather obsessed with guinea pigs and their eyeballs) — To me, it looks like a kind of a sketch of my guinea pig “split” — the one that had one eye open on the left side of his head, and a tight, closed one on the right side, just like this “Eagle” — and he could never open it. So I never knew if he had an eyeball inside or not — he was the one I mentioned that died after “Cyclops”, the one that had one eye and not even a closed-up slit on the other side of his head. I looked at that picture some more, then I thought maybe I just didn’t know what an eagle looked like. So I looked in my “Funk and Wagnall’s” but it doesn’t have any pictures, although it did tell me some other things:

It tells me he likes to build his nest in the top of a tall tree near the water, and since we have now polluted both, it’s no wonder he’s almost extinct! My World Book Encyclopedia tells me that our official US emblem, the bald eagle, is rare now, because he’s been “hunted” so much. I don’t believe it; I think it’s because he’s been “pesticided” to death! It also says: “Federal laws now protect it fully.” WHERE WERE THEY WHEN HE NEEDED THEM? Real “big deal” — to protect him after we’ve about killed him off! Besides, that statement is false, for the Eagle is not “fully protected by Federal Laws”, as long as the Federal Government does not protect him from pesticides!

Then, I got my American bird book, and my memory was fine! The photograph of that Eagle didn’t look a bit like the drawing on the envelope!

His head and neck are almost as big as one third of his body; he only has 5 feathers on his wing which I can see on the right side (maybe less on the other side!) and anybody knows that no eagle could fly with only 5 feathers! I can’t figure out if that’s his tail or his legs sticking out below the wing; if it’s his tail, it’s all split and only has five feathers too, and it’s dragging, pointing down, and anyone knows this would throw his balance all out of kilter — needs more than that for a balast!

Then there’s a whole mess of something, looks like sticks or part of a TV antenna (or the whiskers from a mouse cartoon!). There’s no ear to hear with, either; but you know what really has me all upset? His eye is all shut! And when I think of this being the symbol of our great big blessed, wonderful country — the full impact of what I’m looking at, slowly moves in. Here is the symbol of our country: a great, beautiful, wonderful bird, which we have almost made extinct by the use of pesticides, and he’s all lopsided, and out of proportion, and at first glance you can’t tell whether he’s flying frontwards or backwards! Then, we picture him with his eye shut, so he can’t see where he’s going, and doesn’t dare look over his shoulder to even see where he’s been! And I begin seeing quite a similarity between him and maybe a lot of these people out there that are supposed to make up our government, they’ve made this mess out of him, and the rest of us . . . . let them do it. I think about little “Cyclops” again, the guinea pig with the one eye, whom I loved so very much, and I wonder if maybe the left side of this poor, blinded bird looks...
like him. Maybe there's no eye on that side at all! (What was it Prince Charles found when he "helicoptered" over to Pautuxent Wildlife Research Center in Maryland, recently, with David Eisenhower? He inspected the bald Eagles, one of which was dead — plain, flat-out dead! And an autopsy was performed, and guess what? Pesticides killed him!) (Newsweek, July 27, 1970).

At least, that poor old "flying blind no radar to guide him eagle" on the envelope is still trying to fly! Maybe he's trying to leave while he can, and has his eyes shut to keep that damn spray out of them, or else the eyelids are paralyzed shut like a lot of our birds that have fallen over dead in the last few years!

**THE BOYS IN THE BUG DEPARTMENT**

The word is "entomology"; but my Funk and Wagnall's still calls it "bug studies" and some of the men in that department are smaller than the insects they've helped to destroy.

At the University of Arizona in the Agriculture Department one of those "studies" is being conducted on pesticides. Not that anyone is really trying to find what hazards might be connected with their use, they're just "studying" them.

The director is Dr. Roan. Any conversations I have had with him leads me to believe he is a much bigger advocate of using pesticides of every description with little or no knowledge about most of them than was the representative of Dow Chemical, whom I interviewed.

Time after time, he contradicted the statements he made previously. It was his laboratory that found no residues of these herbicides in the Globe City water, but the sample had been split and the other laboratory found residues. In one news interview he stated we should not use the water. In another he said "no basis for concern." When three field workers were apparently poisoned, two of whom died in Phoenix, from what was originally diagnosed as paraathion poisoning, Dr. Roan and the local pathologist, one month later, said it was "tree tobacco". The men were migrant farm workers with no relatives, and evidently no friends. Although county hospital records indicate a laboratory other than Dr. Roan's had shown positive tests for paraathion relative to the lone survivor, no explanation for this fact was ever given. Although there are many documented "paraathion deaths", Dr. Roan indicated to me he was not aware of any.

The New York Times, August 21, 1970, carried a story of a farmer using paraathion as a substitute for DDT on tobacco, and his two sons were poisoned by it, one of whom died, although they did not enter the field where it was used until AFTER the 5 day recommended waiting period. Another story tells of a young man who became ill after entering a small area the day after spraying, but recovered. Several weeks after recovery, he entered the area again, and this time, he died. But Dr. Roan is apparently not interested in stories such as these about paraathion or any other pesticide.

The news release also stated no traces of paraathion were found in the vegetables the men ate, but when I asked Dr. Roan if they had really tested the vegetables, his reply had been 'no'.

By this time, he evidently had invented a new diagnosis of death, for when I asked if any pesticide residues were found in their tissue, he admitted there were, but would not tell me which pesticides. Then he said it was alcoholism that killed them!

I have often wondered if many of the contradictory statements I encountered in various interviews with Dr. Roan were because he had been eating DDT and was suffering from a loss of memory! (News headlines, February 15, 1970: "Two Scientists Eat DDT to Prove it is Safe!" There is a picture of Dr. Roan looking more than a little ill, and the article states that he was quite confident "there would be no ill effects" or any "danger from the experiment". It also states prisoners in Atlanta Federal Penententiary were being fed 100 times as much DDT daily as the normal populace, (I wonder if the prisoners knew it) and that "no harm immediately befell them." I guess they died later.)

Another sentence is that "to date, there is no evidence that DDT has any effect on man". Now, that boy would be a real big candidate for the USDA team, except he's already tied in with them at the University!

When we asked Dr. Roan if his department could check just one sample of plants, water, or soil for us, he quickly declined. His reply to our request for help in 1969 read: "I regret to inform you x x x due to reduced financial support x x x unable to provide assistance to any local health authorities except in cases of emergency." What could be more of an emergency than we were?

A news release quoted Dr. Roan as stating the delays in getting any of the analysis done was due to a "budgetary cut". But when I checked with him, he admitted there had been no decrease in funds.

When I asked about the blood samples, relative to finding the herbicide residues, he stated there was no way to find it in blood, but after the "Root Rot" team was here in February 1970, Dr. Roan
galloped over the mountains from Tucson, called me, and attempted to set up a blood letting session. I told him I thought it would be a bit ridiculous, since 2-4D and 2,4,5-T had already been found in my tissues, and asked what had changed his mind again, to believe now he could find it in blood. He referred to one suicide case in Hawaii of 2-4D!

When I insisted that he tell me where his department had obtained all this newfound wealth for research of our area after not even one dollar had been available when we asked for help, he said it was from the FDA.

But none of us could get the FDA to sample even one damn cow, steer, bull or bullock out there eating everything in sight that was colored orange, in spite of the fact McCarthy found it in the beef in Kansas City! and later it was found in Globe.

I still suspect it was USDA money and USDA investigators with their coin purses jingling, not the FDA!

One letter from the same area of the campus at the University of Arizona, which housed Dr. Roan, stated that their department “had no laboratory equipment for checking for analysis of herbicide residues.” And that the “cost for such equipment would exceed our budget for several years.”

And yet a letter from the “Chief” of all these damn pesticide studies, in Georgia stated that “Dr. Roan’s laboratory is one of the 15 which we support across the country. It is a well equipped laboratory with competent chemists.” (I don’t know how competent one of those chemists is, but he lied to me on at least one occasion; he also stated the only date he uses on his analysis findings of pesticide residues, is the one which shows when the sample was taken, not when he runs the test, which sounds like a pretty sloppy and incompetent chemist to me! Maybe that’s why he let those water samples sit for two months before checking, hoping the residues would go away!) And another batch sat for 10 months but they still had “herbicide residues”.

If anyone would like to really do the entire world a great service, relative to what is NOT being studied about pesticides, and what is NOT being released even when discovered, that bug department at the University of Arizona would be a good place to start. And Dr. Clifford Roan would be the first one to chase out into the open; he would probably be hanging onto Dr. Morgan, his close buddy. Some of the information that has been given to me by these men in their attempt to cover up the dangers of insecticides, herbicides and their own crass ignorance, is more than ridiculous — it’s frightening.

I asked Dr. Roan if there was any area in the United States where experiments on humans, with 2-4D and 2,4,5-T were being conducted, and I left his office, on the U of A campus, a little stunned, and very sick, after the following conversation:

Dr. Roan: I know of an area like that.
Me: Where?
Dr. Roan: It’s in Arizona, but it’s not Globe.
Me: What part of Arizona?
Dr. Roan: I’m not revealing that. The people don’t even know it.
Me: The people don’t know it’s (2-4D and 2,4,5-T) been sprayed there?
Dr. Roan: No.

To my question whether it was forest land or private land that had been sprayed, his only reply was that “people are living there.”

Me: . . . “and they don’t KNOW they’ve been sprayed? Was it 2-4D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex combinations?
Dr. Roan: I think it was; we haven’t gotten around to that area yet, but by doing it blind, without people knowing what we’re doing… it's a remote area and not an agricultural area.
Me: How are you going to tell the people you want to check them?
What are you going to tell them you want to check them for?
Dr. Roan: DDT.
Me: But, you’ll really be checking for 2-4D and 2,4,5-T, which they don’t know has been sprayed there?
Dr. Roan: As far as they’re concerned, it will be because of DDT, and DDT hasn’t been sprayed there; it’s a very remote area.
Me: Was it private ranchers, spraying rangeland?
Dr. Roan: It was exactly, near as I can tell, for the same purpose as it was done in the Globe area.

(And what was that purpose exactly, Dr. Roan? Do you suppose we’ll ever really know? How many of us are the “guinea pigs” in your research files?)

Me: But they did spray and contaminate the area, just like Globe?
Dr. Roan: There’s possibly the same degree of contamination; there’s no reason to assume there’ll be any difference. This will be a blind experiment to eliminate bias.
Me: To do What?
Dr. Roan: To eliminate bias. If you tell a person he’s going to be exposed to something, he immediately develops symptoms.”

(But what if the symptoms develop, just like ours did? Even when we were not aware we had been sprayed either in 1968? And these symptoms are shown to be identical to documented cases of 2-4D and 2,4,5-T poisoning? Will the same government inspection crews
be sent to “inspect” the areas just like they were to Globe? And to Vietnam? And will they release more lies to the world on the harmlessness of these herbicides? Will they find a deformed lamb, or a calf, with no eyes; or a child with no ears? And no brain? Will there be a second verse to their deliberate chant: “Born Before the Spray!” in an attempt to cover up another crime?)

My interview with Dr. Roan continued for some time, but part of my mind froze in terror, as I realized this cold, analytical approach, had quite successfully completed an “emotionectomy” on those performing the experiments, rather than on their victims. And whatever hopes I had that “communication” and “insight” and the “human contact” element might bridge the gap between the worlds of science and man, and true knowledge, became more remote than the “remote area” of this experiment.

When I asked how the information would be gathered from the people or their doctors, if they were not aware these chemicals were used, he replied that they’ve all been told it was DDT.

He then declined even to accept a “copy” of the “copy” of the unpublished Bionetics report which I furnished to Senator Hart for the 2,4,5-T hearings in Washington stating “I don’t find that type of research persuasive or alarming.” — although this study cost us $3 million dollars and required 7 years!

He refused to even discuss the cancer and deformity findings or anything else, relative to any of these chemicals including some in the DDT family with me.

After that last frightening interview I concluded that Dr. Roan does not need to eat DDT to become sick! I wish to state I believe he and his whole department are sick! Very sick, indeed!

“Lack of cooperation” is not what we received from his department; it was a deliberate hiding of the facts, and a concerted effort to withhold the truth in many instances from us.

It would have cost no more than $25.00 to have run one sample of our food, or soil. But, Dr. Roan said there were “no funds available.” He didn’t even bother to give the samples I hauled to him to a doctor to whom they were addressed.

But when I check the amount of the contract for his “DDT eating experiment,” between the University of Arizona and the US Public Health Service, this one contract alone was for $705,997.00! Isn’t that a damn shame to have to finance such an outfit with our own money, so they can learn how to eat DDT and to lie? And I keep wondering who those “guinea pigs” are out there somewhere in the hills and deserts of Arizona who don’t know they’ve been exposed to 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T! Maybe this was one more lie from a candidate for the “Privileged Liars” Club, and it was really Globe, Arizona, and us, after all, where these chemicals were being tested! If anyone in private industry was conducting such a “study” he’d be arrested for practicing “biological warfare” on citizens of the United States! But when it’s a government agency or one of their closely allied “study groups” conducting the research, whom do you call for help? Read this next statement carefully: There’s no law that says it isn’t legal for a government agency to spray anything, anywhere, anytime, as long as it’s in the United States. It’s only illegal against a foreign or enemy country.

The only recourse you have in case some of these chemicals get sloshed all over your area, or you, and you survive, whether done by private individuals or one of the various government agencies, with full blessings of the USDA stamp of approval on the chemical label, is to do just what we did: Say to yourself, when you get so you can breathe again, “If I live til tomorrow, I’ll sue the bastards!”

MY LITTLE ANTS

I have a friendliness for little ants. Not necessarily those big red kind — or the black ones that bite, but polite, dark brown ones. I always loved them very much.

At our mountain house they were always fun to watch going across the ceiling. They had their own particular road map and never varied their path from one particular rafter. They came in behind the big cook stove, across the living room, and disappeared out the bedroom wall into “outer space” somewhere, I never used any poisons on them, for they were very polite. Didn’t get in my sugar, or the jam on the shelf. Have you ever watched one in particular, and seen how he will stop and speak, or tip his hat or something to every ant he meets going in the opposite direction?

Sometime after I moved into my house in Ice House Canyon, the ants very silently moved in too — nice little brown ones like I had on the mountain. I never found where they came in — they were just there — only since this was a different kind of house (and possibly they figured Frank Lloyd Wright wouldn’t have included them in the plans — ‘tho I believe he would!) — they only came after I was in bed. I fed the cat at night, and there was always some left in the dish — Skippy Dog Food — that’s all my cat loves — the ants like it, too. And each morning the yellow feeding dish would be covered with ants. But as soon as I arrived, very quietly, and very soon the ants
would be gone. It was a very nice arrangement. They never got in my honey jar, or cake in the cupboard, or anything else — just Skippy dog food and it was a very pleasant relationship. It wasn't that we really went through any kind of ritual, like me saying, "OK boys, the sergeant just got here — let's move before someone steps on your head!" But it was nice. Everyone else got up later than I did and if they got up first, they just kind of got used to them being there, too. Once someone was there whom I wasn't too anxious to have spend the summer, one of these "rise early, beat your chest, isn't it a great day" variety, who leave me cold! My blood sugar doesn't get up there 'til about 10:00 A.M. and I'm like a visitor in my own kitchen until then. But he came tearing down the hall, saying, "There are black ants all over the place in there" — and I quietly stopped him with: "no, they are brown — and they are assembling for mass, and the choir boys will be along soon. It's Sunday, you know." (P.S. try that line sometime on an unwanted guest!)

About five days after the "last spray" my son called me to "come quickly!" to "hurry, don't wait, Mom! you've gotta see this! It's real crazy, Mom! You won't believe it! Look in the carport!" And there I watched an army of ants, six inches wide (even I didn't know I had that many) marching through the carport, out the other side away from the mountain and then they were gone. And that was the end of my ants. No goodbyes, no flute playing, no taps. They just went away.

Seems silly I know, but I wait for my little ants to come back to my kitchen.

One scientist said they knew their home was contaminated. They knew, but we didn't.

I miss my little ants.

"SCORPIONS, TARANTULAS AND CENTIPEDES"

It is now August 1970. But they are still here, the scorpions, tarantulas and centipedes. I don't know why. And I don't know why the little ants moved away just after the spray in June 1969, and have not returned. We've learned to live with the "Big Three" as I call them, the scorpions, tarantulas and centipedes. Many stories have been told of these creatures and how one of their favorite habitats is Arizona. I've lived here for 23 years, and I had never seen a centipede except in the Desert Zoo, until the summer of 1968.

I was not aware of the use of these chemicals that year. One evening I killed four scorpions in my living room. One was curled like a spider on my pillow. Another was sitting under the sink, and two were in the bathtub. Two ventured into my son's aquarium.

The tarantulas are great giant spiders. I've seen them along the highways. But this year, 1970, they have walked boldly into the house, although I have three cats and two dogs. One centipede in my house was at least 14 inches long and bright orange in color. I don't know where they're supposed to live, or even why they are here.

This summer there were no mockingbirds, nor dragonflies, nor butterflies or hummingbirds. The wild flowers didn't bloom on my mountain. Nor were there any skunks, raccoons and rabbits. The leaves turned orange on the sycamores and cottonwoods in July 1970, although there was rain. Now they are gone and new green ones grow back only to turn orange and go away again. The grass seed we planted just lies in the ground.

The things that I loved so much are gone... the soft, the gentle things. The flowers... and the bees that used to light on my hand. There are no crickets for my cricket cage from Japan and no earth worms down by the garden. There were no beetles or grasshoppers in the summer of 1970.

But there are scorpions and tarantulas and centipedes. I haven't learned yet how to love them. But if nothing else ever returns, I guess in time I will.

The dragon-fly has gone away — and the butterfly — and bee
Where did they go? I don't know...
I only know they've gone away... from me...

The moss is brown — the fern is dead — the wild rose vanished long ago...
And the deer and chipmunk... and spotted fawn...
Where did they go? I don't know, but they're gone...

Where is the gentleness? Where is the kindness?
Where is the love that used to be?

Why did they leave? Where did they go?
I don't know... I only know they've all gone away
And left only silence...and dust...and loneliness...for me...
"TIME OUT FOR ALVIN"

Today is July 29, 1970, and I ask that you pause with me for a few moments out of respect to a little guinea pig named Alvin—who died respectfully and rather quietly at 10:00 a.m. today. He was the brother to ‘Abby’, my first tiny-eyed guinea pig born on October 4, 1969. My notes say: "Litter (3) Born to ‘Rusty’, short hair female, red brown color. ‘Big-Sam’ — father — one born dead and head not completely grown together, one albino, short hair, tiny pink eyes, one all white long hair, dark eyes —" (that was Alvin).

‘Big Sam’ is dead.
‘Rusty’ is dead.
Alvin is dead now, too.

He was one of many that have had the same symptoms, which seem to get worse after the rains. The ones that have managed to live since they started dying in June 1968 have had: “Extreme loss of hair with skin darkening where hair is gone, sores on skin, extreme loss of weight, retarded growth, eyes bulged, eyes swollen shut,” and many more symptoms of illness that resembled the illness of the dogs and some of the other animals.

I brought Alvin with me to see the mountain yesterday, I separated him from the others a week ago to see if his skin would heal. I thought maybe if I got him up there where the water was from the mountain spring it would help. But I guess I brought him too late.

He was photographed at the studio in town several weeks ago, and I’ve observed what I could about these little animals and tried to keep a record that might help someone else someday — if not me — or my little animals that are gone now. I am not a scientist, but would it have made any difference if I were? Nobody in the USDA believes them either.

So my observances re Alvin are:

Born: October 14, 1969
Died: July 29, 1970
Why? I don’t know. I just know that he’s dead.

Have you ever watched a guinea pig die, Dr. Tschirley — or Dr. Byerly — or Dr. Bailey — or Mr. Hardin — all members of the USDA. He tried for an hour this morning to stand and finally lay on his side just moving his feet for 45 minutes. His eyes were swollen, like my male Collie’s eyes when I took him to Dr. Skinner two days ago. Dr. Skinner has no diagnosis for his eyes or the sore spots on his sides — or the female Collie’s lameness — or sores — or loss of hair. He is the veterinarian who testified at the McCarthy hearing in Globe, whose testimony at the hearing to me was incredible, after I had taken my own animals to him when they were ill. He never showed any interest in seeing the guinea pigs, not even those born with only one eye.

At 9:30 this morning, Alvin quit moving his legs and then he ‘cried’ for a little while. They ‘whistle’ when they’re happy, and this was the most pitiful sound I ever heard. I had been spared seeing the others die individually. At 10:00 a.m. there was no more sound, and Alvin was dead. I wrapped him in foil and tagged the little package, and put him in the freezer like so many of the others, for there’s no one to call that gives a damn about a little guinea pig that died on a mountain. Nobody but those of us who love little animals.

"Lassie" close-up of the sores and patches of skin exposed because of hair loss.

Emotional? Yes, Dr. Tschirley, who wouldn’t walk 200 feet to the barn to see the guinea pigs, after you finally arrived at my home on February 19, 1970. You had spent the entire afternoon at McKusick’s taking blood samples of his goats in an attempt to disqualify our charges against the forest service. Dr. Tschirley had used and reused the phrase: “You must look at these things scientifically, not emotionally,” but I became emotional about little Alvin. His fur was damp from sweating before he died, but part of the moisture was my tears. Have you ever seen a 15 year-old boy with his head turned away so no one would see the emotion on his face because a pet named “Big Sam” or “Rusty” or “Lady Godiva” or “Palomino” or “Little Lady” was dead... and no one knew why? I didn’t see his white mice die in 1968, but he did. He said they gasped for air and would try to get up and couldn’t. All of them died within 48 hours after the spray. So did the baby guinea pigs, and the three older ones almost died, too. His hamsters
I remember a particular occasion after he buried the little animals — and I didn’t know they had died — he was too quiet when I took him to KIKO to do his radio show. Finally he told me the guinea pigs were mine, not his anymore, for his last big beautiful female died. He wouldn’t tell me where he buried “Big Sam” and “Rusty” except that he buried them together. He wouldn’t tell me where he buried them because, he said, he didn’t want any scientists even touching them.

Tell him not to be emotional, too, Dr. Tschirley. Tell him as you did me prior to your trip to our area almost ten months after the spray of 1969 that we must “separate fact from fancy” and “not be influenced by our emotions”. You and your group of so-called ‘scientists’ who were employees of the government, proceeded to allow a misrepresentation of the facts to be released. It has been the “facts” which have caused the emotion. Please add to your file of ‘facts’:

Alvin is dead. 10:00 a.m. July 27, 1970.

For My Son’s Guinea Pigs

I’ll close your eyes now that are swollen . . .
I’ll close your eyes now that you’re dead . . .
I’ll wrap you gently — hold you softly . . .
And wipe the sweat that’s on your head . . .

The blackened skin spots will not matter . . .
No one will see them any more . . .
Whatever pain you knew is over,
Just like the ones that died before . . .

‘Cyclops’ with his little ‘one-eye’ . . .
‘Rusty’ that we loved so much . . .
‘Split’ and ‘Sam’ and furry ‘Lady’ . . .
All so soft — and fun to touch!

I don’t know why, I give no reason . . .
I don’t know what the experts said
Who wouldn’t see — or hear — or listen . . .
I only know that now they’re dead.

“POISONED: The Sick-And The Dead”

The following story appeared June 16, 1970 in the San Francisco Chronicle:

“Alvsbyn, Sweden — A calamity has befallen a herd of Lapland reindeer in a forest near here, because government pest controllers forgot to consider the nature of local livestock farming.

“The calamity has just come to light in the records of the Swedish Forest Service and reports to the Swedish Ecological Research Committee.

“Last summer, the Forest Service, seeking to curb heavy undergrowth in a pine forest west of the Gulf of Bothnia in Northern Sweden, sprayed a wide area by plane with a mixture of the herbicides 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T.

“Then last winter, a Lapp family named Blind, arrived in the area with their reindeer herd of about 600 animals. Provincial authorities told them they could move their herd to the district of the spraying, but no one told the family that the forest had been sprayed.

“Last April, a spell of warm weather was broken by intense cold and snow. The reindeer, especially the young ones, could not reach their ordinary fodder, and began to eat the leaves of the forest undergrowth.

“Within a few days, nearly 250 animals disappeared, and 100 corpses have been found so far. About 40 of the females aborted their young in April and May, and the foetuses appeared to have been dead in the uterus for some time.

“As soon as the remaining reindeer were given their regular fodder, the sickness and deaths stopped.

“The Swedish National Veterinary Institute reports that leaves from the sprayed area — even this long after the spraying — contained 25 parts per million of 2,4-D and 10 parts per million of 2,4,5-T.”

Another account of this incident appeared under the heading “Swedes Report Reindeer Deaths from Herbicides”:

“Swedish scientists have reported the deaths or disappearance of 250 reindeer, more than a third of a herd of which was inadvertently driven into grazing ground sprayed with herbicides.

“Another 40 animals aborted, producing “unusually premature” fetuses, the Ecological Research Committee of Sweden reported in the current Center for Short-Lived Phenomena reports put out by the Smithsonian Institution.
"The herbicide involved was the same as that sprayed in Vietnam, 2,4-D, mixed with 2,4,5-T. It was sprayed on by air last July 12, the Swedish Forest Service said.

"The area involved is a coniferous forest region in the north of Sweden, near Alvsbyn, about 55 kilometers west of Lulea." ("conifers" include pines)

A news item relative to deer in Arizona, appeared in the Tucson Citizen, March 11, 1970, in the column of the outdoor writer, Bill Quimby, under the heading: "Fawn Deaths may Offer Clue". It states the Game and Fish Department (Task Force No. 2) is conducting studies to determine the cause of low deer production in some parts of Arizona, and the first program will include laboratory analysis of dead and dying fawns collected in key areas. But they didn't check for herbicides.

"Wildlife managers discovered a number of dead fawn in thick cover last summer and ranchers in the area also reported an uncommon number of dead fawn last year (1969)". (I wonder where these reports were when the last task force was running around?)

Then the article mentions the "3-Bar Wildlife" area, (Salt River Project Reservoir, Roosevelt Lake) stating a check will be done on the deer in that area. A letter dated March 19, 1970, USDA — Forest Service, Rocky Mountain Forest and Range Experimental Station, informs me that the chemicals used in the 3-Bar Experimental Watershed have been 2,4,5-T, a mixture of 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T, PBA (polychlorobenzoic acid) TBA (trichlorobenzoic acid) Fenuron, Tandex, Baromacil, and Pictoram."

Now how about that, sport fans — who like to hunt and fish — as far as "dead deer, dead fawns", or maybe a dead skunk or two? That stuff was out there all the time — only we didn’t know it!

Please note: These are also the "experimental kids" that have been messing around in a "research area" right back of my house with a lot of chemicals they didn’t tell me about, since 1966!

The last paragraph of the news item of March 11, 1970, states the "fawn crops have remained consistently low during the past 10 years despite rigidly controlled hunting pressures and almost no hunting of antlerless deer during recent years, and that the habitat conditions appear capable of supporting much higher deer populations" according to the Game and Fish Department, and "should allow greater fawn survival." Deer count went down when herbicide use went up.

Latest question by me to Game and Fish, and "Rocky Mountain": Has anyone ever checked for residues in the areas of 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T, or other chemicals in water, soil, plant life, or dead animals? The latest, and same, answer: "No, not yet.

Paralyzed chicken — later died.

We are still waiting over 2 years later for any autopsy reports or analysis of the dead animals taken from any area after the spray in June, 1969 by the Game and Fish Department. The results of these "studies" have also been withheld.

Number two is "The Sheep Story", appearing in the Arizona Republic, January 24, 1970. It tells that a herbicide defoliant which apparently spilled from an applicator's plane onto an alfalfa field, had caused the death of 500 sheep at Casa Grande, Arizona, South of Globe.

There is no date of the accident given, nor could I find that any "big news story" had ever been released in reference to this occurrence. A small follow-up item relating to it was in the other Pulliam newspaper, the "Gazette" April 4, 1970, which doesn’t say much either, except that it refers to the time of the accident as "last summer". The Arizona State Board of Pesticide Control was quick to place the blame of the death of these sheep in Arizona on the carelessness of a private small town operator, although we were unable at any time to "budge" this "law enforcement" agency to even check into the carelessness exhibited in Globe in applying herbicides when it involved Salt River Project and the Forest Service.

The heading of a story, Phoenix Gazette, Jan, 22/1971, read: "1250 sheep deaths a mystery" and states "more than 1250 sheep have died mysteriously," on a range in Utah not far from where 6400 died in 1968 from "nerve gas". 400 sheep died near there also in 1964. Symptoms listed were hemmorhaging with blood "pouring from their noses"
which also describes some of our animals that died in Globe after the spray. But the Army declares they haven’t been messing around with their chemical kits up there in Utah for two years this time. So the government sent the same “expert” USDA doctor to Utah that they sent to Globe – the one who didn’t know a goose from a duck! And his conclusions on the sheep deaths sounded as unbelievable as his conclusions on “a goat and a duck”! He decided it was loco-weed that wiped them out! Either he wasn’t aware of the following or he forgot to add:

1. Records of the U.S. Forest Service, Salt Lake City, Utah, show herbicides used in the Globe area were also aerially applied to these rangeland areas after the hearings in Washington disclosed their hazards.
2. No sampling of soil, water or plants (including said loco-weed) has apparently been done for the presence of herbicides 2,4-D or 2,4,5-T prior to or after use by the Forest Service.
3. I was told by the owners of the sheep the symptoms did not appear to be the ordinary ones of loco-weed poisoning (one of which seems to be “running in circles”). Maybe some of the USDA members have been eating loco-weed!
4. Spraying of plants (even those which are poisonous including loco-weed) with 2,4-D and related herbicides can make them attractive to animals including sheep. They eat them and die.
5. USDA studies show 2,4-D caused hemorhaging in the sheep tested.
6. The big-horn sheep is disappearing in California for some “mysterious reason” although there are laws to protect him. Did anyone ever check him for herbicides?

Number Three is the “Horse Story” and it relates a man in Iowa used a weed killer on his lawn; he followed the directions, avoided contact with his skin, etc., and watered the lawn as directed. It rained after the application, so the chemicals supposedly were diluted. Three weeks passed, and he mowed the lawn. The grass cuttings were given to his neighbors horses. Four of them died within 48 hours, and two more horses wandered into the area and ate some of the grass. They died, too. The heading of the article is: “What if it had been a child?” and finished by quoting Representative Andrew Varley, Iowa, as saying: “When we’re picking on DDT, we’re snatching at gnats and swallowing camels.” (P.S. – I’ve particularly noticed none of these USDA toxicity studies relating to phenoxy herbicides ever show “horses” as the test animal, Why – because the horse and the dog have the lowest toxicity to these chemicals. The LD50 is 50 mg/kg for a dog, but about 2,000 mg/kg for a mouse!)

Number Four, is “The Bee Story” and the headlines of a story in the Arizona Republic, December 14, 1969, states that “Honey Bee Industry in Arizona now Dead, U. of A. Scientist (Leon Moore) Declares.” It also states Dr. George Ware, head of the Department of Entomology at the University of Arizona had said in a speech at the annual meeting of the Arizona Beekeepers Association, that the bee industry would never again be part of Arizona’s Agriculture, unless the State provides a form of monetary indemnification to beekeepers whose hives have, or are being killed by pesticides.

The article continues “no bees, then no melons, or cucumbers, or tangerines, or tangelos, or mandarin oranges, or long-staple cotton” which is a necessary item for that long handled underwear we may need if we migrate to Alaska where there’s not quite so much of this stuff flying around yet. (The long handled “woolies” are out – since we killed off the sheep in story number two.) This same news story states that Clarence Benson, Phoenix, Secretary of the Beekeepers Association, said in a prepared statement that pesticide industry leaders had attempted, by intimidation, to “hush” Drs. Moore and Ware, and also stop the tests they were conducting in Graham County, Arizona, “that would cut pesticide sales and help the beekeepers.”

Are 2,4-D and related herbicides toxic to bees? They sure are, according to the researchers.

Has anyone tested the bees, or their product for residues? You bet! And did they find residues? Certainly! In the research papers compiled by the “mole hole and butterfly” scientists of England, and stamped: “not for outside distribution”, page 48 says:
"2,4-D and MCPA are toxic to bees not only from visiting the flowers, but also as a result of drinking contaminated (by 2,4-D) water trapped on treated plants." This study is dated 1950.

Another study on the same page, tells that one of the phenoxy herbicides "paralyzed and killed bees which ingested doses that corresponded to those recommended for weed control." Our bees died all over the place after these chemicals were sprayed in Globe, Arizona. Manzanita honey used to be an Arizona specialty — but the manzanita is "chapparral" and this is the main target of these mad spray programs in Arizona.

This same page continues relating results of other studies including the finding that "radioactive 2,4-D can be translocated to the nectar of Poinsetta and red clover plants (and manzanita and wild roses!) and shows up later in the bees.

The test compounds of 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T and other phenoxy herbicides were made radioactive prior to their application in research areas. (Please note: there was a research area, unknown to us, for the Hercules Chemical Company in our area, in addition to the Rocky Mountain Experimental Research area.) Even the radioactivity was translocated to the bees.

June 14, 1971, a news release stated the Agriculture Department decided to pay $3,000,000.00 as damages to bee keepers whose bees were destroyed by pesticides. Mr. Nixon is asking for an additional $5,000,000.00. But the compounded losses due to the death of the bees is too great for their narrow-minded knowledge to comprehend.

Number Five is the "Two Dead Men and One to Go" story — which I covered earlier in another chapter. The headlines read: "Spray poison suspected in two deaths — third ill" — as reported in the Arizona Republic, Phoenix, May 5, 1970.

Number Six is "1,100 School Children exposed to Skull and Crossbones Spray Material." It bears the same date as the above story. I doubt the story ever made it past the state line and the Arizona Pesticide Control Board.

The chemical sprayed was "Thimet" whose label bears a skull and crossbones square, which reads, "Poison, do not drop; if leaking, don't breathe fumes, touch contents, or swallow". There are other sentences on the label, such as: "Danger! Poisonous by skin contact, inhalation, or swallowing". "Rapidly absorbed through skin". "Repeated inhalation or skin contact may, without symptoms, progressively increase susceptibility to poisoning!"

"Do not get in eyes, or skin, or on clothing."

"Do not breathe dust."

"Keep all unprotected persons out of operating areas or vicinity where there may be danger of drift from air application." (Like a school full of children right next door?)

"Vacated areas should not be re-entered until drifting insecticides have dissipated following aircraft application."

"Destroy empty bags and cartons by burning, stay away from smoke and fumes." (Seems that should say "bury")

"Keep out of reach of domestic animals." "Highly toxic to fish and wildlife." "Extremely hazardous to shrimp." "In case of an emergency endangering life or property involving this product, call collect, day or night, area code, 201-835-3100."

The symptoms of poisoning listed are: "Blurred vision, abdominal cramps and tightness in chest." Then it says: "don't wait for a doctor, but give two atropine tablets at once." (Now just where do I get the atropine if not from the doctor, for whom I do not wait?)

There are some directions for the doctor, in case he gets there — after I didn't wait for him, and just in case I keep a supply of atropine handy to take at such times and am not dead yet. It tells him, (the doctor):

1. Never give morphine or phenothiazine tranquilizers."
2. "Clear chest by postural drainage."
3. "Artificial respiration or oxygen (if I've by now quit breathing!) may be necessary."

"Repeated exposure to cholinesterase inhibitors may, without warning, cause increasing susceptibility to very small doses of any cholinesterase inhibitor." Re-worded so I can tell what this means, it could simply say: "If you're damn fool enough to get exposed to this chemical, and survive, the next time you may not be so lucky... it might kill you."

Then there is a big long disclaimer by the manufacturer, American Cyanamid Company.

So what does the news story, Arizona Republic, May 5, 1970, tell me? That on May 4, 1970, a helicopter sprayed the aforementioned chemical on a field, several blocks from the homes of residents of a northwest Phoenix area, including also, an area where a grade school of 1,100 students was located.

It reports the finding of dead birds in the yards, and the administrator of the State Board of Pest Control Applicators is quoted as saying the chemical was "highly toxic" whose deadly effect does not discriminate among bugs, birds, four footed animals, or man."

It also quotes him as saying that it is one of the worst chemicals on the list, and that "it'll kill you if you inhale enough of it. Skin contact is as bad as ingestion of it."
The last paragraph gives us the delightful and happy news that the doctor of the County Health Department for that area “plans no further investigation of the incident,” adding that none of the other public health doctors (I presume this means from any of the other county areas) including himself among them, plan to examine any families reportedly made ill by this deadly poison.

Have fun, you crop sprayers! The Pest Control applicator’s administrator and the County Health Department Doctors sound like they’re behind you (‘way “up wind”, away from the direction of the spray I guess) all the way!

(P.S. Mr. Rayburn gets his own special mention in Chapter: “The Pesticide Un-Control Board”.)

Eight months later, as an addition to this story, I was just informed by the State Chemist at the University of Arizona Experimental Laboratories that he had given permission to use this deadly chemical, “Thimet” on a crop in Arizona for which it is not registered. He also stated that the information contained in the files of the state chemist is confidential and refused to answer most of the questions I asked him.

Several chemicals I named were unknown to him. He would not give me any information on the chemical “Cor-rol”, although a news release the previous day stated two calves sprayed with this pesticide had been stolen. The thieves were advised not to eat the meat because it could be deadly. (January 18, 1971)

Story Number Seven is entitled “Herbicides in the Verde River.”

The source is Arizona Republic (Phoenix) June 6, 1970, and it states that six miles of the Verde River in Arizona which was full of northern pike has been poisoned with a herbicide, by a farmer. It continued: “no estimate could be given of how many fish, snails, nymphs, frogs, bugs and minnows” had been poisoned. The fish kill included channel cat, bass, sunfish, and boneytails, in addition to the northern pike.

Area residents were warned not to use the water and move their livestock out of the area.

How could a farmer who is supposed to be working on land and growing crops, get all that mess in the water? How much did he get on my pintos, if enough blew over there into the river to kill the fish?

Anyone care to go fishing?

Story Number Eight is “The Chemical Fire” and tells of a fire which destroyed a chemical plant in Tucson . . . July 2, 1970. What caused it? The report states it is believed to have been caused by an “experimental batch of chemical weed killer” which was thought to be “unstable and could have exploded from heat inside the company’s warehouse.”

I wonder how much dioxin the heat released? (Label: store in unheated buildings)
Net results? See the Associated Press news release of July 3, 1970:

"Tucson — AP — Contaminated streams of water were still a problem and three firemen remained hospitalized Friday following a $300,000 explosion and fire at a chemical plant here.

"Police used bullhorns to warn motorists of chemically-polluted water flowing in gutters in the area of the fire which followed an explosion Thursday at the Copper State Chemical Company.

"The fire scene remained cordoned off by fire officials and the three firemen were reported in fair condition after being felled by fumes. Their symptoms were described as similar to "a bad chest cold."

"The fire has been blamed on two bottles of chemicals, which Fire Department Captain Nallis Franklin said were improperly marked.

"Franklin said the bottles of weed killer were delivered to the chemical plant, but not marked for refrigeration.

"About 50 bystanders, 23 firemen, three newsmen and a police officer were treated at Tucson Medical Center for smoke and gas inhalation. One child received first degree burns from playing in the contaminated run-off water.

"At one point, fire officials ordered a mile-square area evacuated because of the smoke, but police said most onlookers and residents refused to leave the area.

Story Number Nine... "Workers Ill, Tulare County"

Associated Press: "Sacramento — State Agriculture Director Jerry Fielder has announced emergency regulations limiting use of the pesticides guthion and ethion in California. The new regulations require citrus growers to keep workers who handle foliage out of orchards for 30 days after application of the two pesticides — plus the chemical parathion. They also require permits for the use of ethion and guthion. Permits already are required for use of parathion.

"Fielders says the new regulations were sparked when 16 workers became ill in Tulare county recently after being exposed to citrus foliage that had been treated with one or more of the pesticides."

Story Number Ten: "11 Crop Dusters in California"

From: "Arizona Republic, September 18, 1969: A story concerning Marion Moses, a nurse heading a clinic in Delano, California, for the 400 families of grape pickers, stated the deaths of 11 crop dusting pilots in California were caused by the organic phosphate "parathion" and that this chemical was developed as a World War II nerve gas by the Germans, affecting the depth perception of pilots, causing them to crash. She also is reported as stating that parathion is used on crops in Arizona." (You're so right, Miss Moses!)

Another: "Associated Press, September 1, 1970:

Six people were hospitalized yesterday and four Phoenix firemen were treated after they removed a leaking container of lethal herbicide from a loading dock in Phoenix. The 53 gallon container was being shipped from a plant in Texas to the Roosevelt Water Conservation District plant in Higley, Arizona, where it is used to kill weeds in canals. It began to leak on the loading dock of a Phoenix trucking firm. A check revealed Acreolene is considered highly flammable and toxic in sufficient quantity if inhaled or brought in contact with the skin. Phoenix firemen with protective clothing and breathing gear put the herbicide aboard a truck. The truck got a police escort to the freeway and an escort by Arizona Highway Patrolmen from there to Higley. So with sirens screaming, I guess they delivered it to its destination and dumped it in the water!

Another: from "Washington Water"

"Accident — or Criminal Negligence" — space for this story preempted for two important questions:

"The United States, quite accidentally, has committed a major atrocity in South Vietnam.

"This comes from a sober, well documented article in the New Yorker magazine, February 7. As many as a third of the babies born in heavily defoliated areas of South Vietnam may be deformed by the spraying of 2,4,5-T despite warnings of a laboratory study, put under a secrecy lid, the chemical is still being used.

"When 2,4,5-T was used in lesser intensity in Arizona, nearby animals and trees were killed, men sickened, and women had miscarriages, according to a New York Times dispatch, February 8.

"Fifty thousand tons of a chemical which produces deformities in fetuses of mice and rats have been sprayed on almost 5,000,000 acres of South Vietnam. The findings of Bionetics Research Laboratories were that the test animals were born with lack of eyes, cystic kidneys, and cleft palates. At the lowest dosage tested, 39 per cent of the fetuses were abnormal, at higher dosages, 90 to 100 per cent.

"Not only has the report on the dangerous side effects of 2,4,5-T used in this country under a trade name, been kept secret from the U.S. public, but the Pentagon on October 10, announced there would be no change in its use of 2,4,5-T in Vietnam."

Story Number Eleven: Yolo County Farm Worker

This is the story as it appeared on our Associated Press News Service, May 26, 1970: (Sacramento) — A 41 year old Yolo County farm worker whose liver was permanently damaged from pesticide handling has won a $30,000 out of court settlement from several pesticide companies. The settlement was made in a suit filed by Ernest Edom. He demanded $300,000 damages, contending his liver ailment was
caused by pesticides and doctors backed him up. The settlement was hailed by attorneys for the California rural Legal Assistance Organization and the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee. They say the payment will pave the way for settlement of other cases in which farmhands contend they have been injured by prolonged exposure to pesticides."

A news story 3-24-71, states "deadly pesticide responsible for major fish killings in the Humboldt River (Elko, Nev.). "The pesticide responsible had been banned by the Department of Interior, but not the USDA." (they never ban anything and their restrictions are meaningless) 2,4-D has now been banned in addition to 2,4,5-T by the Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA) where it was found being used near water supplies for 3 Tennessee cities.

Tallahassee, Florida, is the location of the sad story (6-10-71) of Lake Apopka where thousands of animals, birds and fish have died including alligators, turtles, many species of fish, water snakes, crows, egrets, seagulls and others. "Laboratory tests have revealed pesticides in fatty tissues" . . . but I'll bet they didn't check for herbicides which they've been using in great amounts to kill the water hyacinths in Florida! Many shad have died and they have a "high oxygen requirement . . . and phenoxy herbicides are oxygen inhibitors.

Washington Post (6-13-71) reveals a study done by the National Academy of Sciences has shown 25% of the DDT manufactured to date is now riding around in the ocean, plus a lot of other pesticides. They are now present in the old fish, the young fish, and the fish eggs.

One of the most tragic and memorable stories of pesticide poisoning was that of the family in New Mexico who ate pork poisoned by eating grain treated with mercury. (2,4,5-T was also used to treat grain seed! It has now been almost two years since this accident. One of the children (age 15) is still blind, unable to speak without great difficulty, and his paralytic condition confines him to a wheel chair. Another (age 10) remained in a coma for more than a year, is still unable to move and is blind. The mother also ate the pork and her baby born five months later is blind, retarded, and with the motor development of a one month child although more than a year old. Recently he developed an allergy "to something in the desert air and finds it difficult to breathe. He caught pneumonia and has now become anemic" . . . These are some of the ailments that can be caused by the chemicals sprayed in Globe . . . and since they have aerially applied great quantities of them in New Mexico, he probably now has herbicide poisoning! Although four other children appear unaffected, the family has sued for $4,000,000.00. But the USDA closes off their minds and conscience:

"800,000 pounds of mercury, representing 15% of total mercury marketed, are used in the production of (other) pesticides . . . in Japan, deaths and teratological effects have been directly attributed to intake of mercury containing seafoods . . . mercurial residues can persist up to a hundred years." (U.S. Department of Health and Welfare, Report of the Secretary's Commission, 1969)

The FDA was still hunting the rest of the hogs in the area fed the same grain that were already sold and shipped out to market. Hadn't found them yet last time I checked.

Associated Press June 6, 1971, carried a report on the death of the salmon in the Columbia River, which involves the states of Washington and Oregon, charter members in the Herbicide Club. The Forest Service in Oregon put up a loud and ignorant protest against any restrictions on their use. (Siskiyou) I'm sure they've never checked the Columbia for 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T or Silvex, but I'll bet they'd find them if they did!

Another news item same date is headed "Livestock dies by thousands in dry Navajoland". Navajoland has been dry before, but livestock didn't "die by the thousands." But the article doesn't mention the "White-Eyes" managing that Indian country have been spraying 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex all over it . . . until Mr. Hickel stopped them.

And so concludes my chapter: "Poisoned — the Sick and the Dead."

Just a brief glimpse of the many cases that are out there. And I hear the sound of many voices: "no hazards"; "perfectly harmless"; "no dangers involved"; "ecological hysteria"; and I wonder in what "never-never" land the owners of these voices live.

P.S. Don't forget our National symbol, the bald eagle, over there at Patunxet. Pesticides killed him.

"THE COUNTY COLLECTION AGENCY"

One of the "Task Force" reports states that all the properties visited in our canyons had shown signs of "moisture stress" with the exception of one. That lone exception was the property of the man from whom we purchased our land in 1965. The report relates that one of the daughters of this man stated there was "no damage" and that the reason the group wanted to inspect the vegetation on this property was because "a portion of the irrigation water is the same source as the Shoecraft's".
in the hospital with a broken hip, a paper was drawn up to transfer it to this man. Had I been aware of the part the Assistant to the County Attorney had played in the lives of these people, I would have been better prepared for some of his actions.

This land had been her birthright. This paper which lost it to her forever with no payment in return bears the name of the Deputy County Attorney and the word "court house" on the margin. Just a little scrap of paper called a "quit-claim" deed . . . with no provisions for the welfare of this woman. Nor did she receive any of the money which was in excess of $20,000.00.

Had I known some of these things while she lived, perhaps I could have helped her more. She gave me some papers tied with a ribbon, which I did not read until she was dead. She died as a suicide and was found in a pool of blood, in the old adobe house where she had always lived, but which was no longer hers. We all loved her very much.

She wouldn't have weighed 80 lbs., but she was afraid of nothing. She had more than enough courage to face anything except heartbreak. I have been given many visible treasures by the two sisters of this man, but the greatest was their love and trust. She told me she thought that her interests in her home had been protected when these papers were drawn, only to find too late they had not. Although we had an option on her home which could be exercised even while she lived, we gave our word she would have a life tenancy in the home she loved. She cooked on a wood range and carried her water from the well. The last weekend of her life she spent on the mountain with us. Sometimes she would cry as she talked of a time that was past . . . and of good things that used to be. I went to Mexico to haul my last load of tile, and when I returned, she was dead.

Many shocking incidents occurred, as this Assistant County Attorney aided these people in their attempts to regain our land by whatever methods he could devise. Some were not only shocking, but illegal.

A newspaper over twenty years old lies open before me — the story on the front page states the County Attorney has been indicted "on charges of bribery" — The name of the County Attorney, who was later convicted of a felony, is this man who again resides in the same office in the old Court House. The name of the writer in the by-line of that long ago story is my brother-in-law. Possibly the conduct (or misconduct) of this man with us was determined in an effort to settle old scores — or chalk up some new ones. But his unethical practice of using his power to file criminal charges — or dismiss them as a bargaining factor to gain a monetary return for some of his clients has caused me to rename his office "The County Collection Agency."

So the task force report stating "no damage" on the land of those who had testified in a courtroom that it was necessary to haul water since they could no longer obtain it from the "same source as the Shoecraft's" will probably be helpful to us, since our source of water was the creek flowing through our land, and shown to contain these chemicals. When I climb the stairs in the beautiful old Court House, with its polished copper railing, iron balconies, and unpublished and little known stories of the West, I always pause long enough to see whether the sign inside the door of the County Attorney's office has been replaced by one reading "County Collection Agency" . . . with a small one beneath it reading: "Open for business".

"THE SACRED BULL AND THE UN-BRAVE COWBOYS"

My grandfather's name, on my father's side, was Thomas White.

My great grandmother on my mother's side was a Cherokee Indian. I was born on a farm in Ohio.

All the animals were my pets. I was never afraid of any of them. When the country club people had their fox hunt, they would ride past the house in their red and black coats; but I always felt so sorry for the little fox. Once a neighbor's bull got out of his pen, and almost killed a young boy. I screamed for the boy's father, because the bull's head was on the boy's chest and he couldn't make a sound. He fired one bullet into it's head and rescued his son. I felt very sorry for all three of them, and for myself, too, for it was my first time to see anything that big die.

When I grew up, we moved away from the farm, but I wanted to someday own a place with animals, birds, and flowers. After many years of living in the West, we found the place and built our home where I believed all of these things could be.

Although I hated barbed wire, we fenced our land, and installed a cattle-guard. But after the first year of building the house, the little flowers wouldn't grow — and the ones that were there, died. And the trees lost their leaves and began to wither away. The little birds sang the first year, and then we buried many of them that died and some of the animals, too.

When the leaves came out on the walnut tree, even a year after many of the little animals died the year of the "Big Spray", many of them were misshapen. They were tiny, or big, or long, or round; some of the limbs grew so fast that they split, and fell to the ground; the
cherry tree had lots of leaves, but no blossoms. Analysis showed they contained these herbicides.

One day, I heard the dogs barking down by the barn, and when I checked, there was a big bull. He seemed angry because the dogs were barking. I put the dogs in the house and drove the bull out with my truck. He had no fear of anything and acted like he was drunk—and went back out over the cattleguard.

The next morning at daylight, the dogs were barking again, and the bull was back! This time our son got him out with the truck. That night I called the rancher who owned him. I had read that the chemicals which killed the flowers, could put sugar into some of the plants...and that the animals would eat them and become ill. The rancher said he would keep the bull out.

A few days later when I returned from town, the bull was in the back yard, and he had eaten many of the plants I had been photographing for the scientists. I also photographed the bull eating the trees by the barn, when the barn fence was between us. So I called the rancher again, and told him the bull was in the yard, and when he came, he told me to keep the dogs inside, for he didn't know what the bull might do. He told me to stay inside too. He said it was a new bull, and he didn't know much about him. Then he tried to drive him out—he had a helper with him—but both of them were unable to get him out. He promised to come back the next day and drive him over the hill. I told him about the damage to the plants by the bull, and showed him the trees and shrubs he had destroyed.

I have always loved Western movies, and books, by Louis Lamour, and stories about Matt Dillon. I believed that every cowboy rode "tall in the saddle" and carried a rifle like mine, which I didn't use any more. The leather that held it was old. It had belonged to a real cowboy who left the mark of his boot heel on many a mountainside, prairie and bar. To me, a cowboy was someone who never grew old, and you could always see part of the sunset in the creases on his face. He might swear up a storm, but never in front of a lady, and he usually said "ma'am" when he spoke. The cowboys I'd known always made a woman feel like a lady. They had their own code of ethics: if they gave you their word, they kept it. This was what I believed.

So when the cowboy told me he'd remove the bull from my land, I believed him, and would have considered it a terrible insult to call and ask if he had.

When I returned three days later to our home on the mountain, I checked the animals, including the guinea pigs that hadn't died. My son was away, so I looked after his fish, which he kept in a tank filled with bottled water—because the well water made them die.

The day was warm, and the wide doors made of glass, were open. I was in a room in the center of the house, when I heard the dogs barking. Then I heard a peculiar noise; I thought something had happened to the fish-filter; I rushed into the living room, and discovered the noise was coming from a bull with his head and shoulders in the doorway, and his feet pawing the two-inch thick shag rug! The dogs were behind the bull, so they were no help; I grabbed for the rifle, a .30-30, but there were no shells, for why keep shells if you haven't hunted for 15 years? All that was left was the furniture.

Later, if seemed funny throwing chairs at a bull, but at the time, there was no humor in it. I was afraid he would come back through the glass, because there are 40 feet of it in the living room. But after pawing the ground awhile with the dogs running and barking, he finally waved his head in the air and took off to the other end of the fenced land—the "upper ten acres"—most of it steep and rocky.

Then I called the sheriff's office. I remembered the last time I had called that particular number, and asked for protection on our own land—and none had been given. The brother to the sheriff who was in office at that time was one of the ranchers who worked for the Forest Service at the time of the spraying of these chemicals. Some of the land included in the spray area was part of his rangeland. His father is also a rancher who runs his cattle on the mountain and is the only one who stood up at our public meeting and defended the spraying program. He was accompanied to this meeting by the man from whom we purchased our land. And his daughter who lived at the
home of the rancher.

I remembered this was a new sheriff, and one of the real cowboys referred to earlier.

I would like to believe that the rest of this story would have been different had he been there when I called. But he wasn't. I was told that someone would be sent to our land from his office to get the bull out. As I waited, I thought of the time when I visited the bull ring in Mexico with the owner. There was no bull fight that day; and the great arena was empty. He showed me the various boxes where many famous people had sat — and weathered posters with the names and pictures of some of the great matadors who had died in the bull ring which they loved. I attended one bull fight in Barcelona, Spain, and had never gone to another. But this man took time to explain the history of bull-fighting: that it is not a sport, but a very special way of expressing beliefs which to the Mexicans are deep and little-understood by the "gringos".

He has spoken at many of the Universities in the United States. I never quite understood all that he told me, but I no longer believe that the bulls are killed for the joy of killing. He told me that he wished to do me the great honor of allowing me to climb the ladder and believe I was brave, too. I never told him that his admonition to "be very careful" as he walked behind me was unnecessary, for I could hear the sound of my heart pounding — and I'm sure the bulls could hear it, too!

Finally the men came from the sheriff's office. One of them was the chief deputy who had been employed in that office for over twenty years . . . and worked under three sheriffs. Probably all three of them at some time in their life would have qualified as "cowboy material" . . . at least by the cut of the clothes they wore. There was no emotional display of their concern over Thomas Whites grand-daughter . . . and the fact that I was not lying dead on the floor in a pool of my own blood, or that single-handed, with my 104 pounds, the aid of two chairs and two collie dogs, I had backed a bull out of the house, and kept him from crashing back through the glass windows. But I attributed this calm unconcern to some new reserve that was part of their duty.

I was a little dismayed by their reaction to the account of what to me was a traumatic experience, for I don't believe this is an ordinary, everyday happening. I imagine this was the first time that a house inspired and designed on the principles of Frank Lloyd Wright had been subjected to such an occurrence. I considered it very unusual for a big range bull to come in over a cattle-guard in the first place. If these men thought it was strange that he did this, or that he walked right across the bridge where his tracks could be seen, on up the curved cement steps where his manure was still fresh, in spite of the dogs barking, it was not visible in their faces.

I showed them the chewed and broken trees and bushes that had been destroyed on some of his previous visits. Although he was uninvited, he would leave his calling cards in various places. I told them it was possible this chemical spray had him confused, or he wouldn't be eating the wild cherry and walnut leaves which the analysis sheets had shown contained these hormone chemicals. I told them Monsanto Chemical Company mentioned this in one of their own publications a long time ago — before Rachel Carson. I also recounted the lack of fear shown in the other animals after the spray, including the rabbits and fox and bob cats that died in my yard.

While the chief deputy was putting bullets in his pistol, he asked me why I hadn't used my rifle which was lying there. I told him I had no shells and he advised me never to let that happen again, but to get a box of shells . . . and keep them and the rifle handy, and to use them both next time, and not the furniture. I believed he meant what he said. I thought he said it out of concern for my safety and headed into town to do as he had advised, I told him I would have used them to protect myself and my home and that if the bull threatened either in the future, I would do as he had told me to do. I believed him when he said they would go find the bull and that he would shoot him if he gave them any trouble. I was still naive enough to believe that the part of the world known as the "west" was made up of "brave cowboys" who kept their word . . . that even if they rode out of the sheriff's office in something other than on a horse, they still rode out with a determination to protect life or property to the extent of whatever their duties might be . . . and that this protection would be extended to any individual in their area, whether a rancher with a big "spread" the city mayor, the county attorney, or a woman living in the middle of some of their ranch land at the foot of a tall mountain.

I hadn't bought any shells for my rifle since the new gun law . . . so it was my first time to fill out the information required. But it didn't take long. When I returned in about thirty minutes the sheriff's car was gone, so I was again alone. But apprehensive fear is not part of my nature and I assumed since they were gone, they had found and removed the bull, and that the danger was past.

I don't like guns, and I don't like bullets, and I don't like killing. And I know I would never fire this rifle again unless it was in defense of my life or the life of someone or something I loved. So the rifle was placed on the shelf and the box of shells placed beside it.
I was grateful to the men whom I believed had so quickly done what they said they would do. I thought of them as brave, and above all else, as great "cowboys" for I was sure they had quickly gotten the bull out, or disposed of him, for this was what they said they would do. They knew that I was alone, I thought of how very kind this had been of them, and how they must be better "cowboys" than the rancher who owned the bull, for he evidently never found him, no matter how many times he came and looked. I decided maybe that was why he hadn't told me earlier the bull was still there because he was embarrassed by the fact that he was a 'cowboy' and a rancher and had been for many years, but that he couldn't find a big range bull on a fenced-in ten acres! Maybe this upset his ego! Maybe he was afraid I would tell someone else that he couldn't find his own damn bull!

Since I was concerned over whether they had gotten him out a live or dead, and since I wished to thank them for their prompt action, I called the sheriff's office. Never once did I think of saying "did you find him?" for this would be a terrible insult to their intelligence and ability as real cowboys. But somewhere in the conversation with the office, I heard the words: "but they didn't find him". The pause was long... and finally I said, "you mean they didn't find him?" Then I don't remember all the things I said... but some of them were "Good Grief! A full grown bull, with horns yet... a noisy, belligerant bull, that must be sick or something from all this spray stuff or he wouldn't have been in here in the first place... and you mean they all just went off and left him out here?... and I wouldn't have known he was still here if I hadn't called to thank them for getting him out! How could anyone just up and lose a bull?! Was I supposed to do? Stay in the house? My son's little girl was supposed to have been here today, and the what if she had been out there when he came? What in the world kind of cowboys are there any more that can't find a big range bull in a ten acre fenced in field!"

For years I've been hearing about less and less cattle, and how the Forest Service is cutting down the allotments, but that day I figured out what happened: those cattle are still out there, same as ever, maybe lots more... only this new breed of cowboy doesn't know how to find them anymore! For if three men from a sheriff's office and the rancher who owns him can't find one bull in a ten acre field, no wonder they think they have less cattle! This kind of a round up wouldn't have qualified any of them for a Matt Dillon movie - not even for "High Chaparral" either!

Finally that night, the rancher who owned the bull came by and said the sheriff's office had called him. He was one of the ranchers included in the "letter writing" of the Forest Service to explain how wonderful the chemical spray would be on the mountain. Ever since somebody said the chemical was in the cattle, and they're subject to seizure if it is, and Congressman McCarthy found it in the beef in Kansas City, we'd been offering to buy one of the cattle from this rancher, but he wouldn't sell any to us. Shipped them all out to the east. I showed him some of the damage to the trees, and told him again the bull acted real crazy and explained what the toxicology papers say about "nitrates and nitrites" etc., but he just said it was "normal for them to eat all those kind of things." He told me to keep the dogs in, and he'd find the bull. He came back after 30 minutes and said he couldn't find him either. By then it was dark, and I spent all day with that bull. But he promised to come back in the morning and "move him up the mountain" with the others. In a few minutes he was back and said the bull was up on the road, with the cows, and he'd move them all out in the morning.

So the next morning after closing the iron gates, I went up the mountain and stayed for five days. On the morning of the fifth day, I came down, let the dogs out of the truck, picked up the mail and was getting ready to go to the barn to check the guinea pigs - on two previous occasions the bull had been at the barn, so I had been taking my rifle with me. But I didn't think I'd need to do that anymore; I assumed these "brave cowboys" wouldn't want anything to happen to me, even if I had upset them by telling them this chemical might wind up in their beef, and maybe some of the ACP program funds were going to be phased out and stopped since 8½ million dollars went to ranchers as "pay" in 1964 for spraying the stuff. But I believed no cowboy would break his word and leave a big range bull on my land, and not tell me, especially if the bull was acting crazy and not afraid of dogs or cattleguards or anything, and ate wild cherry leaves and walnut trees and even manzanita. A brave cowboy would have stayed up all night and even the next day to be sure he got him out. In fact, a real polite cowboy would have apologized for the damage the bull had done to my land... and to my nerves, for being in the house in the first place.

So I didn't think I'd need the rifle. Then the dogs started barking and when I called them they wouldn't stop barking as they always do if it isn't something important. So I thought I'd better go see what was wrong and picked up the rifle - the 30-30; no scope and just one silver-tipped bullet. I believed I was being careful like they'd told me to be. I reached the big rock fifty feet from the house, and there he was! His head was down, swinging at the dogs, and then he looked up, and his head swung again, and he started moving toward me, as I stood alone with a rifle and only one shell. The path was no more than eight
feet wide, with a huge boulder on one side and a tree on the other. I've faced death a few times, looked it right in the eye and so far I've won; but looking back later, it always seems so strange the things you think of . . . like "Now I can't baby-sit with my son's child tonight..." And of this particular incident, with no seconds to spare, no time to read a bull's mind, and figure out whether he was playing for keeps or not, and knowing if he was, there'd be no second chance for I was alone, and had only one shell . . . .

All I remember thinking was: "I've got to keep my head, for there's something wrong with his!" I didn't have time to think of the things that weren't finished yet, or that if I had just a little more time, maybe they'd believe us. There was no great dramatic panorama of life flashing before me as I lifted my rifle, and knew I didn't dare miss. I said, "Forgive me!" as I fired the bullet that made a clean wound—no blood and no mess, and the only pain was mine. I remember the "brave bulls" in Mexico, and wondered how a matador must feel sometimes, and if there is any difference in the feeling if the death is sudden and clean. I remember my son saying: "Never point a gun unless you mean to use it, and never use it just to maim or wound for then you've only made an enemy."

I never looked back, for it would have hurt too much; for my great-grandmother was a Cherokee Indian, and she didn't like guns, or bullets, or killing. She loved flowers, and birds, and animals, and trees, and streams, and little children.

When I reached the house, I called my friend, and she came. She was there in twenty minutes, and she told me that it was alright; that Whoever it is that keeps track of these things or tallies them up, knew why I did it; that I had no other choice. The friend said maybe partly because of me, some little child might have a better chance of survival, and to remember the flowers and the trees on the mountain and on many mountains that wouldn't die now, because I had cared. This special friend knew possibly more than anyone else how much I care, and that I would have given my life, with no questions asked, for those things which I love.

She called the proper office to report the incident as required but the men who had come when the bull was in my house refused to come. Finally the rancher came whose father-in-law was the chief duty who had sent me after the shells for my gun. He was a cousin of the rancher who owned the bull. He had talked to me about the spray on his ranch land, and had said that he wondered himself if that was why he had less calves born, or if it could have caused any of the abnormalities that had shown up in the calves that belonged to his cousin who owned the bull. The rancher had told me the bull was gone from my land before I left for the mountain five days before. But when he called his cousin from my home, the rancher who owned the bull, he said the bull he saw really belonged to someone else, but he never came back to tell me, and he never came back during the five days, although he knew I would not be aware that the bull was on my land when I returned from the mountain, and that I would be alone.

It didn't seem to disturb him that the rancher hadn't kept his word; all that seemed to disturb him was the bull. I heard him saying that probably I "could have put a rope on him and led him out" and from some where far away, I heard my friend say: "then why didn't one of you big brave cowboys get out here last week when she called you and do just that! Why did you leave him out here?" Then she told him of the little child that might have been there and he remarked that the bull "probably wouldn't have hurt her" . . . Although these men were there in thirty minutes they said the meat could not be saved for that was too long. My friend walked with me and showed them the tracks across the cattle-guard and the men stood and talked a long time. The "cowboy" who had been my friend, said he would be back with the man who owned the bull and they would take him away. But he lied. So did the rancher who owned the bull.

Instead, there was a phone call that night, from the deputy county attorney who starred in the chapter "County Collection Agency". He stated unless $450.00 was paid to this rancher, he, the acting county attorney, would file a felony charge the next morning for killing a bull, on my own land, in defense of my life after he crossed a cattle-guard—and fence.

When I later asked the rancher if it was the county attorney's office that collected the money for him, he stated it was.

There are many methods of attempting to collect funds which are unusual or illegal. But this appears to be both.

Although there was a new sheriff in the sheriff's office, the personnel in the county attorney's office was still the same. Nothing there had changed.

Perhaps this was when I also realized that as unbelievable as it seemed, Death had elevated this giant horned animal into a "Sacred Bull" . . . like the cows of India. This dead thing 50 feet from my house, this animal that could have so easily destroyed me, was apparently of far more value to those I considered the "brave Cowboys" than I was. The honor or rightness or truth of a thing was evidently of no more importance now to the man making the decisions in a county office, than it had been three years before.

But since "time was of the essence" and many chapters needed to be finished at another time, another day, the "sacred bull" was hauled
away, and buried. It seems that some of the ranchers expected me to request parts of the animal, such as the liver, or brain, or the fat tissue, to be sent away for an analysis check, regarding the presence of these chemicals sprayed on the plants the cattle were eating. This shows how little they knew Thomas White's granddaughter. When I was questioned why I had not done this, my reply was: "Why would it be necessary to kill an animal and have it tested for the presence of something which I already know is there?" I was dissapointed in those who didn't know how much I love everything alive on this earth, whether it is a tree or a child, or a flower, or an animal, nor how much I dislike being lied to, and rifles, and pistols, and silver-tipped bullets, and killing.

So the club of "The Un-Brave Cowboys" now has some new members; some of them wearing Levi's, and some in business suits.

The rifle is back on the shelf in the hall. There's a box of shells with only one missing, sitting beside it. And Thomas White's granddaughter, whose great-grandmother was a Cherokee Indian, watched a few more illusions of the west vanish painlessly as she returned to the top of her mountain.

"THE SUNDANCE KID"

His name is Sundance. He is shrouded in silence, his face as incommunicable as his language for he is an Apache Indian.

The words of the Apache and all Indian Languages are few, yet how often I have watched them communicate much easier with their abbreviated vocabulary than do the "White-Eyes", with their excess of everything, including words and phrases. Many times I have wished, as I struggled through volumes of research on the trail of knowledge about these pesticides, that at least one of the books could have been written by an Indian, concise, quick and simply expressed but their language is unwritten, and their words are few. During World War II, they were sometimes used in sending messages. The enemy was unable to decipher what was being said, for they spoke not in code, but in their own tongue.

Patrick Sundance is a medicine man on the reservation. Many moons and much knowledge has come and gone in his 89 years. Seventy-seven years of his life have been spent in healing those who came to him with his methods known only to himself... and the Great Spirit. One of these methods included the use of a shrub found mostly in Arizona. A lot of it grows in the foothills of our mountains in Globe. It is called Chaparral, and has been used by the Indians for hundreds of years for medicinal purposes. Even the white man in 1970 has recognized it as the first cure of cancer with no ill side effects. As I write the word "chaparral", there is no anger in me, only pity for the arrogant stupidity of the white man for his lack of knowledge in his attempts to destroy this shrub in Arizona.

The story of Sundance is brief. When it was discovered in 1969 that he was curing and had cured thousands of persons with his inexpensive and unorthodox methods, he was convicted of "practicing medicine without a license". How ironic that so many members of the AMA and at least 96% of those belonging to that fraternity in Globe, have a "license" but are incapable of curing anyone of anything! I agree they are doing a lot of "practicing", but I wish just one of them would reach the stage where he could do more than just "practice" on patients. That sounds so much like "experimentation", to which we've already been over-exposed!

My story of Sundance tells of an 85 year old man who had been examined at the University of Utah Medical Center. He was found to have malignant cancer of the neck and cheek. After declining to undergo an operation for the condition, it was surmised by the doctors that he had died. Instead, he returned in a few months for another examination, and the cancer was gone! He told them of Sundance and his magical cure with the chaparral leaves. The "Law" and the doctors rewarded them both by convicting Sundance of practicing medicine without a license. The medical wizards then did exhaustive tests and found that the chaparral does indeed cure cancer. One of the doctors was Dr. Hugh Hogle of the American College of Surgeons. The results obtained by his research group's efforts have earned them a prize for their diligence in searching for and finding the truth behind the lowly and Forest Service-despised chaparral.

One UPI news release states researchers at the University of Nevada and the University of Utah have isolated the ingredient present in the leaves (which is what defoliation of chaparral so diligently destroys!), Its scientific name is "Nordihydroguaiaretic acid" or NDGA for short. But the Indian Medicine Man named Sundance doesn't call it that. He calls it teenaha which is Apache for chaparral.

Dr. Roland Pardini, University of Nevada, states, "It appears to work specifically on diseased or cancerous cells and not on others." Doctors in Chicago have stated that all tests show it to be non-toxic, and that it can also be used to cure rash and acne-type skin eruptions, stomach ailments and arthritis, in addition to cancer.

The most bitterly ironic and possibly the saddest part of this story is told in an Associated Press news release. It states that a grant in the
amount of $561,000.00 has been awarded by the Federal Government
to study chaparral and the cures it is producing in cancer, adding it has
reduced or eliminated 99% of the leukemia or tumorous cancers. Which University received the grant? It was given to a professor at the
University of Arizona in Tucson, where Dr. Roan is so busy using
$700,000.00 for his DDT eating experiment, and spending his spare
time helping the government boys cover up the fact they had destroyed
millions of acres of chaparral and a few of us . . . with these damn
herbicides!

I do not need to turn down the volume of this new knowledge to
hear the echo of the loud chant still ringing in my ears from the Forest
Service . . . “Kill the chaparral . . . and plant grass . . . kill . . . kill . . .
Kill!” So the chaparral died . . . and the grass died, too.

Thus, we have spent millions of dollars to destroy the first non-
toxic anti-cancer drug . . . just as we have destroyed the Indian who
discovered it.

Dr. Jack Cole at the University of Arizona now joins the ranks of
several other renowned medical scientists behind my “Sundance Kid”,
whose only support has been true wisdom and a love for the good
healthy earth most white men are incapable of ever understanding.
There have been no federal grants to aid him. He has been stripped of
his right even to heal, for he is now forbidden by law to treat his
patients . . . patients who must find death in distance from a doctor’s
office, for the sake of a “license”. Nor has the white man answered
the great need for doctors on the reservation. . . so few are available . . .
so few would answer, even if called. Many have allowed that very
“license”, to perpetuate man’s inhumanity to man, rather than to
alleviate his suffering.

This final arrogant insult was handed to him, but he accepted it in
silence. There was no anger or hatred visible in his face, lined with the
passing of many years. But his spirit is proud, and he shares his wisdom
with no one.

His name is Sundance, and he is an Indian. But the final victory is
his, for his chaparral and his secrets die with him.

It has been a year since I wrote these words for “Sundance”, the
Apache Indian Medicine Man whose home is hundreds of miles from
Globe. Today I write these words for another Apache described in a
news release as: “one of the last medicine men on the San Carlos
Apache Indian Reservation where he has lived all of his life.”

His reservation begins at the edge of Globe. And his lands, rivers,
lakes and forests have been heavily sprayed until two years ago with
2,4-D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex. Residue of these herbicides were found in a

550 foot well that is on the watershed draining into the river on the
Indian land, and flowing on to the cropland valleys. In addition to
these chemicals, “62,208 acres of rangeland (of the Apaches, San Carlos)
infested with grasshoppers were aerially sprayed in 1970 . . . 98.5%
mortality was achieved . . . THIS PROJECT WOULD HAVE BEEN IM-
POSSIBLE WITHOUT THE FUNDS AND PERSONNEL FROM PLANT
PROTECTION DIVISION AGRICULTURAL RESEARCH SERVICE.”

But this medicine man wasn’t lucky like “Sundance” . . . who lives
far from the “white-eyes” on a remote reservation hundreds of miles
from Globe, San Carlos and agricultural research programs, for in our
haste to bring him progress, we also brought him cancer.

THE LITTLE GREEN SNAKE

It was bright green, coiled and quiet inside the little box. Only
there was no head and no visible fangs darting out to warn of the
poison it contained.

This one came from Cameron Bay, in Vietnam. It cost just 16¢ at
the American Post Exchange located at Dong Ba-Thin — another just
like it came from the 6th Convalescent Hospital and one more from
the 22nd Replacement PX in Vietnam.

The box is no more than three inches square. The writing on the
outside is Japanese. No American translation, no words or warning,
no directions, no familiar “skull and crossbones.”

These little packages of death were sold for just 16¢ in the PX’s
in Vietnam, to the trusting and unsuspecting GI. He has been told
they will prevent mosquitoes, while he sleeps. If he lights one end of
the little snake, the smoke which emanates very slowly will drive
them away. No one told him what was in them. He believed because
they were for sale in his own PX, even if it was located in Vietnam,
that they were harmless, that the great army of biological and
chemical divisions in our Department of Defense were aware of
what they contained. But evidently they were not.

The chief entomologist with the Pacific Architects and Engineers
was working with our Armed Forces in South Vietnam. His specific
job was overseeing the applications of various chemicals in the
northern area of South Vietnam — and to make certain that nothing
was used that could be misconstrued as “biological warfare.” He
had received special training at Cal-Poly in California, in the
use and dangers of herbicides, including 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T where
he received a degree in entomology. He refused to use these
herbicides in Vietnam, or to allow their use in any of the large areas for which he was responsible. His records show that at no time did he ever use any chemicals for weed killing, other than kerosene. On one occasion, within 3 hours after a kerosene application, his head-
quarters were contacted by the Cambodian Government and accused of using "agent orange", which is 2-4D and 2,4,5-T. But on inspection of the area, and his records by the Post Engineers, it was shown to be only Kerosene.

On another occasion, during December 1968, he stated that a representative from the Dow Chemical Company approached the purchasing headquarters, where he was assigned, and requested that Dow be permitted to use the area for the testing of a systemic poison, but the request was denied. He stated the representative at-
tempted to convince those in charge that they should use 2-4D and
2,4,5-T as defoliants in the area, although it involved the high
mountain ranges, from which the water drained into the food
growing valleys. This suggestion was also turned down. Evidently to
make the suggestion more appealing, he stated the Dow representa-
tive made several attractive job offers with starting salaries as high
as $20,000 per year. But there are those who still value their own
integrity, and their own beliefs in what they know. So no one, even
with lucrative job offers, changed this particular young man's mind.
He believed then, and still does, that these herbicides are too
toxicous to use, because of their chemical makeup, and the impos-
sibility of being able to apply them under any so-called "safe"

So, the gentleman representing himself to be from Dow Chemical
left the area, with his order blanks remaining blank — and the smell
of kerosene and not 2-4D, very strong in the air, and none of the
animals or anything else, died in this area of Vietnam from a new
kind of systemic poisoning! Maybe the next stop was Saigon.

This is where the use of these chemicals 2-4D, 2,4,5-T has been
continued in spite of the ban — and in violation of orders by the
Department of Defense. Reports continue that many pregnant
women have aborted and others have given birth to monsters. The
victims blame these chemical defoliants we are spraying.

This same young man who told me of this incident observed
many things while he was in Vietnam, one of them being the great
number of deaths among our various personnel stationed there from
"non-hostile" causes.

It disturbed him very much. He remembered the "little green
snakes" in the little square boxes, and he wondered if anyone really
knew what was in them. He thought about those boys in Vietnam —
most of them just kids — watching the smoke curl from the twisted,
smoking coils, as they fell asleep.

Because of his continued concern over the possible hazards
involved, one of the little green snakes with no fangs visible, found
its way into an analysis lab in California. The testing was tedious, but
the analysis report has been received. It reads: "Dieldrin and
"operation ranch-hand", two of the most deadly chemicals known.

My answer to the question: "How could such a thing happen?" is
this: "How could we let such a thing happen?" What's wrong with
us? Why do we get hysterical over guns and bullets and bombs with
which to kill — or be killed — when there's a whole damn silent
world of death out there in all of these chemicals we manufacture!

We sell them to our enemies, we sell them to our friends, and to
our children! If we aren't shot down by the ones sprayed in the air,
we can manage without even trying to eat enough to kill ourselves
with the 2,097 varieties registered to be sprayed on and absorbed by
the food we eat!

So why blame a Vietnamese who sold us one more form of death
in Vietnam, and placed it in our own Post Exchange Stores!

My disillusionment with many of those whom I have encountered
in a long journey through this never ending maze of government
blunders, is momentarily pushed aside, as I recall this particular
young man who is now with the park service. Courage is always a
beautiful thing to see, and in a world of diminishing self values, to
learn of one individual stepping out from the crowd and joining the
few to whom "integrity" is more than a nine letter word is a very
rare and remembered experience. He could have so easily become
a member of the "killers, anonymous". His area could have been
added to the list as a target area for "operation ranch-hand", which is
what the boys who fly the defoliation missions, choose to call
them.

So it is with deep affection, and great admiration that I recall this
very special individual, trained and skilled in more than a job, who
cared enough about that world out there, even in Vietnam, that he
refused to compromise with what he believed; that the careless use
of these chemicals is unsafe — and wrong. He did not choose to
change his mind for any price. As I viewed a map of Vietnam, and
saw the large area where because of him defoliants 2-4D and
2,4,5-T were not used, nor was any part of that area allowed to
become a testing ground for systemic poisons, I wondered how many
trees, and flowers and gardens and animals and children, yet not
born, possibly owe their lives to so small and yet so great an incident
as saying "no" when so many would have said "yes" or how many
lives may ultimately be affected because one man was disturbed by a little green snake in a little square box, that wore an invisible sign which read: "Death for Sale."

"OUTER CAMBODIA"

In December 1969, three scientists (two American, one French), visited the area of East Cambodia, on the border of South Vietnam, and stated on their return to America that 173,000 acres had been damaged by these herbicides, including almost total destruction of the food crops in the area.

They attributed one third of the damage to drift and two thirds to direct spray. The damage had been assessed at eleven million dollars. They also reported the "animals became ill after the herbicide application, birds became paralyzed and some chickens and ducks died", and that area residents especially infants, became ill.

These are the same symptoms which were reported by us in June 1969, and our reports were ignored by the Government, and most of the scientists. Why could these same herbicides paralyze birds in Cambodia but not in Globe, Arizona, U.S.A.? The local ranger stated "The stories about duck’s eggs (not hatching), owls not able to fly, and other wild tales are a lot of malarkey. Insofar as some leaves falling off trees, in some cases, this happens every year at this time." (Record, 7-10-69)

The Los Angeles Times 12-29-69, carried a story by Bryce Nelson which said the AAAS appointed Dr. Matthew S. Meselson to study the effects of herbicides on crops, forest and people in Vietnam, and that he had been authorized to spend $50,000 to "design the more extensive field study that is planned later", it’s very noble and gallant and courageous of these scientists to be concerned over Vietnam and Cambodia, but why are these areas more important than areas in the United States of America? Dr. Roan, U of A Community Pesticide Study Director told me there are no funds available to "study" our area.

The scientists also reported that the rate of the herbicide applied in Cambodia which was "orange" (½ 2,4-4D and ½ 2,4,5-T — same as Globe) was "½ to 3 pounds per acre."

We were sprayed with possibly 12 pounds per acre or more! The scientists appeared to be more concerned over "Outer Cambodia" than over areas in the USA.

I interviewed the leading scientist of this group, Dr. Arthur Westing, in Washington, D.C., in April 1970 at the time of the 2,4,5-T hearings. Although his testimony before Senator Hart relative to 2,4,5-T brought out many hazards regarding its use, there were other statements he made which gave me reason to believe that even he, the brilliant man and scientist, was not aware of a lot of the research already completed on these herbicides a long time ago.

On the "plus" side for Dr. Westing and his knowledge of herbicides, are the following statements he submitted during the hearings in Washington:

1. "2,4,5-T was developed during the early '40's as a chemical warfare agent."

2. "Both the domestic and military use of 2,4,5-T has been increasing since 1964." (1964 was the year Dow Chemical discovered the dioxin content in their 2,4,5-T had reached hazardous levels, and closed down the plant for two years. I wonder who supplied the "safe" kind in 1964, 1965 or 1966?)

3. "The dangers from the use of 2,4,5-T need not be confined to the site of application... can be carried by wind... water."

4. "Some plants exposed to sublethal doses of 2,4,5-T or 2,4D start producing abnormally high levels of nitrates, and in cases, perhaps even cyanide."

5. "The known ability of 2,4,5-T to cause chromosomal damage in some plants and the fact in some animals it results in deformed off-spring when ingested during pregnancy suggest that the plant and animal populations thus affected will be less able to cope with their environment."

6. "2,4-D a compound similar to 2,4,5-T degrades much more rapidly than 2,4,5-T... under dry conditions, 2,4D can persist in the environment and have detrimental effects for as long as a year or a year and a half after application." (Pg. 83 — Hearings).

In reply to the questions of Senator Hart:

Senator Hart: "What would you think the possibility of 2,4,5-T's capacity is to persist within the organism, plant or animal which had ingested it, including the human?"

Dr. Westing: "I have no first hand knowledge on this whatsoever..."

Senator Hart: "Then adopting your reasoning, it would mean that under these conditions, 2,4,5-T might be found on food served months after spraying of the crop?"

Dr. Westing: "The likelihood is there. As far as I know, it may persist or even build up in the human body. Some other chemicals that are fat soluble as are the ester formulations of 2,4,5-T are..."
known to deposit and be stored in the fatty tissue of humans. It is highly possible that 2,4,5-T does this…” “2,4,5-T is perhaps twice as persistent (as 2,4-D)”. There are a lot of studies to show that 2,4-D degrades more readily than 2,4,5-T. I am not familiar with any definitive long term 2,4,5-T studies…” “reasonable to assume that as long as 2,4-D will, under dry conditions have harmful effects on crops a year or more after use, that 2,4,5-T would also.”

But some of Dr. Westing’s statements which disturbed me were:

“Is it possible that I have been painting too grim a picture of the domestic use of 2,4,5-T. I have no particular fears that detailed exposition of its safety and benefits can be left to the herbicide manufacturers and others.” (What others, Dr. Westing? Haven’t we already been “Leaving its safety” to the manufacturers, such as Dow Chemical Company, who are the very ones insisting its use be continued without waiting for any final results of any long range tests? Aren’t they the ones protesting anyone even questioning its safety, in spite of their own testimony showing they have known certain hazardous properties could be present in it as early as 1950?)

2. “I don’t think Dow is the culprit here at all. It is the FDA and USDA and so on.”

3. “Research efforts should be expanded on several fronts.” (Why, regarding 2,4-D or 2,4,5-T, when it’s already been shown in research as early as 1946, that they cause liver disease, kidney damage, chromosome changes, hemorrhaging, paralysis, death, central nervous destruction, brain damage, and now deformities? How can “more research” change all that?

4. “With respect to 2,4,5-T its use... must be limited to areas remote from human habitation.” (This is the statement that prompted me to ask Dr. Westing where these areas were, since these chemicals have been known to drift hundreds of miles. He told me he was not aware of the information contained in the study entitled “Drift” which I covered in another chapter, and during a recess at the hearings, the data it contained was copied by him.)

He also stated that “unsprayed zones should be left as space for wildlife”... (Again I questioned him regarding how this would be possible when wild animals so far have not been taught to read — and apparently neither have a lot of USDA members! — so they would not know which areas to avoid)

His sentence “Broadcast applications (of 2,4,5-T) where safely remote from human habitation, should not exceed three pounds per acre” prompted me to ask if he knew what the rate of application was for killing mesquite, which is only one third pound per acre, and

he did not know, nor was he aware of the rate for killing pine trees. I showed him the toxicology literature on pines, which indicated that anywhere from one to two pounds per acre application had under certain conditions killed all of the “conifers”! I also questioned Dr. Westing regarding the “found no evidence of damage to land or soil” as stated in the Cambodia news item, and whether any soil, water or plants had been checked from the area for residues that might not be “visible” as damage — and his reply was that he was not aware of any such testing having been done!

An article in the Los Angeles Times, 1-4-70, states that defoliation in Vietnam began in secrecy in 1961, when United States manpower was fewer than 4,000 men and that the first U.S. aircraft shot down in Vietnam was a C-123 which was a defoliation plane.

One paragraph indicated the Department of Defense was being more careful with these chemicals in enemy country than those of the USDA who were applying them in America with no attention to or knowledge of the precautions listed. It said that the resulting crop damage in Vietnam and Cambodia is one reason why the defoliation program has become such an issue over the years, and that US officials now try to “make sure all containers are destroyed so that the unremovable residue cannot be turned loose in populated areas”. Here in the USA, Globe, Arizona, the cans were used in picnic areas for trash receptacles! It also states that the reason the C-123’s fly close to the ground is to prevent “drift”, and that there are air temperatures, wind restrictions, and “buffer zones” to prevent drift. The forest service in Globe should have read the general’s manual!

The United States government paid out 8½ million dollars for herbicide damage in Cambodia. The area was reportedly sprayed with less concentrations than Globe, Arizona, and the Government stated the damage was due only to “drift”. Does a man 80 years old living in Russell Gulch, Arizona, feel the loss any less of the fruit trees which he will never be able to replace in his lifetime than an 80 year old Vietnamese farmer viewing a rice field or a rubber plantation?

Again, I study the word “research”, and think of those who keep telling us this is the only answer to solve the great problem of pesticides! And my stack of “research already done” gets higher.

As I thumb through the list of those “researching” and seeking more funds to do more “research” on what had been done to Cambodia, or Vietnam, or anyplace but America, the bitterness finds its way to the surface in spite of all I can do.
A partial listing of Dr. Westing's background qualifications are:
Graduate of the School of Forestry, Yale University
Research Forester, USFS
Assistant Professor of Forestry, Purdue University
Associate Professor of Tree Physiology, University of Massachusetts
Associate Professor of Biology, Middlebury College
Associate Professor of Botany and Chairman of Biology, Windham College
Trustee, Vermont Wild Land Foundation
Ecological Consultant to the Government of Cambodia
He is currently listed as: Director, American Association for Advancement of Science (AAAS) Herbicide Assessment Commission".

But we couldn't get Dr. Westing to visit Globe. He was unaware of how far these herbicides could drift, unaware of the rate required to kill a mesquite or a pine tree, and I wonder what good all the "research" has really done.

How can they all "learn" so much, and "know" so little?

ANOTHER STUDY TEAM

Four members of the "AAAS", Dr. Matthew S. Meselson, Harvard Biologist, Arthur Westing, Forestry Specialist, John Constable, Professor of Surgery at Harvard, and Robert Cook, Ecology graduate of Yale, returned to Vietnam during the summer of 1970 to continue their "study" of herbicide damage. As I "study" the meaning of the letters, "AAAS" and realize they stand for "American Association for the Advancement of Science", I wonder if there might be a group somewhere with the letters "AARS", meaning "American Association for the Regression of Science." — for if we regressed far enough, and looked at all the research already done on these particular herbicides twenty or thirty years ago, we could quit "studying" them in Vietnam! And we might stop spraying them on everything in sight, including you and me, and our food in the United States. I find myself becoming more convinced that many of the scientists have formed a new club whose slogan is: "Let's make this a life time hobby and 'study' herbicides in Vietnam" to the exclusion of remembering there are a great many places in America where the chemicals have and are being sprayed, including Globe, that should be of more concern to American scientists to 'study' the effects of these hormone herbicides.

Dr. Meselson was aware of what happened in Globe; he was invited here before he trekked off for a summer tour helicoptering all over Vietnam. I stood beside a very fine professor and heard him describe to Dr. Meselson by telephone the destruction he had witnessed in Globe, Arizona. This man was one of Dr. Meselson's former professors. The call was made from the home of a member of the same outfit: The AAAS. He also carries the titles of professor and doctor, with "PhD" at the end. This doctor has made countless trips into our area to lend his support and his knowledge. He is a witness to the damage which occurred here. He is the same doctor who described the condition of animals and plants. A paralyzed sparrow fell at his feet while he was on one of his field trips in the area. He also told of one of the science students who became stricken in the sprayed area. He was hospitalized with a lung hemorrhage.

I had great hopes that Dr. Meselson would show a spark of concern for a place in America, called Globe, Arizona.

But if any of the members of that great fraternity have ever taken one sample of any sprayed area in America and had it checked for residues of 2-4D, 2,4,5-T or Silvex, except Dr. Paul Martin, and those who came with him, at the University of Arizona, they have kept it very secret indeed!

If Vietnam were some glamorous resort area with skiing in summer, like JungFrau, Switzerland, or swimming in winter, like Phoenix, Arizona, it might be a little more understandable why all the scientists and news men insist on checking Vietnam, and only Vietnam, for the spraying of herbicides. Even when they checked on the violations occurring after the ban on these herbicides, where did they go to look? Vietnam! No one has checked how many violations have occurred and are occurring in America.

Does it sound more intolerable to the American's sense of justice, that we used them in Vietnam on an enemy crop of rice, and exposed a pregnant Vietnamese woman to the possibility of a deformed child, than to say we sprayed 10,000 acres of a National Forest in Arizona, or 20,000 acres of Watersheds in California, or 30,000 acres of rangeland in New Mexico and exposed an American woman to the same risk?

In the "news and comment" section of Science Magazine, November 1970, I learn that Dr. Meselson spent 5 weeks in "South Vietnam conducting a pilot study" on these herbicides.

What did he find out? It states he didn't find out much of anything, due to a "military road block." In fact, it appears he obtained less information about some of the things going on over there than I did, and I didn't go any farther than California, and a
The first paragraph says the scientists were “ hospitably received” by the Army. That’s when I would have become suspicious. (Me and my “paranoid tendencies” since I’ve been sprayed!) It adds that our four science boys “received excellent logistics support and cooperation from the Military, the Embassy, the AID mission, and the government of South Vietnam.” They even loaned them a helicopter to helicopt around the area! That’s when I would have gone into real seclusion, and distrusted everybody! First, I read “cooperation from the military” then I read that nobody would even furnish such basic information as when they sprayed what chemical where! If I had gone over there to find out about herbicides and what the hell they’d been doing with them, I wouldn’t have been cavorting around with the “Embassy”, “the Military”, “AID mission” or the “government of South Vietnam!” I would have used the same scale of weights that I’ve used with the USDA, HEW, FDA and the Science Advisor to the President: when they are real jolly, nice and friendly, it’s because they are then completely in control of the situation of knowing where I am or what I’m doing, but when they’re nasty, mean, and ugly with me, it’s because I’ve really bugged hell out of them, and I mark one on the wall for me! I listened to a loquacious woman speaker recently in California, who described how she badgered various departments of the local government, over numerous problems she felt were important. The officials finally gave her a job as a member of their water quality board. Her interpretation of this move on their part was that they recognized she was a real active opponent. My interpretation would have been that this is the slickest trick in their deck: give your opponent a job on the team, even if it’s only that of water boy, and he ceases to become an opponent. My theory is at least partially proven in this case, for this particular charming and lovely lady who was in the department of Los Angeles that should know about such things, was unaware that recent testing of the Pasadena water showed it contained dieldrin, and analysis reports relative to the presence of herbicides 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T in the water samples that were taken over a year ago have not been released.

As I continue reading this article, I become more and more puzzled. Eighty thousand dollars is a lot of “yen” for five weeks in Vietnam, especially with no dancing girls! Just smelly herbicides! This was for a “pilot study” and they “will probably not do any follow-up studies which could cost one million dollars or more.”

Maybe nobody thinks they got very much for their money, especially when they didn’t even find out what they were spraying, or where it was being sprayed, or when. If everybody hadn’t been spending time being so friendly, they might have found out a few of the things I did, and I didn’t go farther than 400 miles.

Since it was summertime when they were there, if they had checked a little deeper, they would have found the violations were going on right under their nose! They could have had a real big story to tell, of how they caught them red-handed!

No one would have had to wait for a newspaper reporter in Saigon to stumble across the story that these herbicides were still being sprayed and sneak the story out of Vietnam.

My little “orange” book shows that on May 8, 14, 17, 1970, the 196th Brigade of the 23rd Infantry Division (American) violated the ban on “Orange” (2,4-D and 2,4,5-T) by spraying 5 drums (or 275 gallons) on Fire Support Base “Hawk Hill”, Quang Tin.

The Inspector General confirmed the finding that on July 2, 1970, they sprayed 3 more drums (or 165 gallons) on Fire Support Base “Mary Ann”, Quang Tin. While it was still nice and hot, July 8, 1970, they sprayed 6 drums (or 330 gallons) on Fire Support Base “Professional”, Quang Tin.

In August, they got a little carried away, and sprayed up a storm, from August 1 through August 10, 1970, when they got rid of 90 drums (or 4,950 gallons, which is enough to wipe out 15,000 acres of touch chapparal or 90,000 acres of mesquite, or 300,000 acres of sycamore trees!) This was in the Kham Duc area of Quang Tin, and they wiped out all the crops in the area. Finally, the word must have drifted over to the 11th Brigade, that they were still having a ball with “Operation Hades” and “Agent Orange” in spite of the ban, so between the dates of July 28 and August 19, 1970, they got rid of 26 drums (or 1,430 gallons) and destroyed the crops at Quang Ngai Province.

Since these dates are during the summer of 1970, possibly it was during the visit of the AAAS scientists. Evidently the general in charge of such things in Vietnam as keeping track of chemicals since these violations have been disclosed, is busy gathering all the messy, unused chemicals that formulate agent Orange: 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T, and putting them under “do not use” orders at the ARVN depots, ‘til he decides what in the hell to do with them! He’s definitely decided they’re all going to “stop, quit and desist” violating his official orders to stop spraying them. And some of the officers in charge may learn that what they did was a “no no” by being court martialed.

Now that’s what I found in part of my little orange book!

And since the Dow Chemical Company is one of those we are suing for 41/2 million dollars, I do a lot of theorizing about them. And
I keep wondering about that chemical representative from Singapore. I wonder if he was able to add the names of any Americans located in South Vietnam at that particular time, to the list of future employees of Dow. I also wonder what arrangement Dow makes with the Vietnamese government officials who permit these chemicals to be sprayed on their land. I wonder if possibly the Vietnamese civilians of that area might not be just as unhappy and frustrated at those in their own government who are participating in these programs as we are with them in America, in the USDA. I also consider how virtually impossible it would be for a Vietnamese to do anything about it. If we, who are assertive, loud Americans, living in our "land of the free" are unable to stop the USDA from registering for use and refusing to restrict these chemicals, what chance does a Vietnamese have in complaining against the combined forces of our Department of Defense, our USDA and their own government?

The "Science" article continues by stating that before Dr. Meselson left for Vietnam, he was furnished with information for 20 herbicide missions flown early in 1970, which was before the Department of Defense ban, April 17, 1970. Why didn't somebody in the investigative group find out about those five spray jobs I just listed that occurred after the ban? Either a lot of the people in the US Embassy in Saigon, the AID Mission, the government of South Vietnam, and our top ranking military officials stationed there, lied to Dr. Meselson and his 3 companions, or nobody asked them bluntly: "Have you sprayed any of this damn orange junk anywhere over here since April 17, 1970?" And somebody might have replied, "I don't know, but I'll sure go and find out!" I know it sounds real undramatic, and not like "Mod Squad" or "Secret Agent 009" tactics, but that is the method I used everywhere I went; and I filled my files with their replies and copies of their orders. Everyone is so busy being polite and checking the process of protocol, and sending calling cards, and visiting, and making appointments, that most of the time they never try the direct approach. I never suffered through even the surprise state that this system of getting answers worked, for I was too mad the first few times I tried it, that it never entered my head to wonder if I'd get the information I wanted. My phone bill, month after month was more than we make, but I believed, and still do, that too much was at stake to dilly dally around writing letters; besides, a letter must begin with "Dear" and end "Respectfully".

I had no desire to address them as "Dear" and they had long ago lost any respect I might have had for them. My list of persons interviewed, is long and a little unbelievable. I didn't plan just how "the system" worked which I used for gaining information often withheld from others, but I did take time out one day to analyze why it did, I look at the names on my "call" list, including Kenneth Wickham, Adjutant General, Dr. Dubridge, Science Advisor to the President; Dr. Richard Bates and Dr. Ian Mitchell, who were the leading doctors connected with the much publicized Bionetics Report. I received information from them simply because I asked for it. I discovered by asking for the most important person in a department, the answering secretary assumed "The General" or "The President" knew you personally, or you wouldn't be calling without an appointment. This system is unusual as it eliminates the "middle man" by making no appointments, writing no letters, making no pleas for a "five minute interview". Interviews are supposed to be arranged by the vast army of "arrangers". When the General, or President is informed you're waiting on the phone or by his doorway, he draws the conclusions that you must be someone he met and forgot about, and since he doesn't want to risk some little mini skirted secretary whispering that he's getting senile, because he can't remember someone whom he evidently should remember, he invites you in; if he appears a little cautious by his manner or tone of voice, it helps to say, "Gosh, it's been a long time!" This of course, is a true statement, but it's fantastic to watch the results! Some of the incidents along the way to getting that far, have been memorable, varying equally between comedy and tragedy. Some of the most important bits of information I've obtained have been from those I encountered on the way to finding the particular "Big Boss" I was seeking. I never lied to any of them about who I was or what I wanted. Maybe it is the uniqueness of this method that has made it work. I like to believe it has also been the sincerity.

There was never any "parry and thrust" or "taking the long way round" type of approach to why I was calling. Time is running out for a lot of us, and I leave the "waiting game" to the politicians, the USDA, HEW and FDA. I found asking a rather unimportant but rather complicated question is something very helpful. For while the party is rasseling with it, trying to find a suitable answer, you can shoot him the vital question that you MUST have answered -- and he'll reply with the truth, because he's still trying to find some way to get out of answering the first one.

I discovered from a transcript of the 2,4,5-T hearing in Washington that no one from HEW, NIH, or the Bionetics Study Bunch, could remember who at the USDA had been made aware the tests showed these herbicides produced deformities, in addition to cancer.
It appeared even Dr. Bates, of the National Institute of Health, the ones responsible for arranging the tests in the first place in 1963, couldn’t remember who it was either. Since I had already talked to him several times and found him certainly not absent minded, I called him again and said, “Think hard, Dr. Bates; whom did you inform from the USDA about these tests several years ago?” His pause was very short before he said, “it was Dr. Harry Hayes, USDA”.

So I called another office in Washington, to at least give them Dr. Hayes’ name, just in case anyone wanted to know who it was at the USDA about the results of those tests, but forgot to tell anybody.

Dr. Harry Hayes WAS the director of the Pesticide Regulation Division of the USDA in Washington. But he got fired, after the 2,4,5-T hearing in April, 1970.

In an attempt to locate one government official, in HEW I was given such humorous information (and mis-information): The department I was seeking was in another state. The department I was seeking did not exist. The department I was seeking had 20,000 employees — all doing research! (My God! No wonder we never find out anything!)

One of the questions from the office at HEW: “Do you want a grant?” My reply: “It would be nice, but that’s not why I’m calling!”

Another question: “Are you using code?” My reply: “I don’t think so; am I supposed to?”

A researcher I accidentally picked up along the way by phone, stated the information I was seeking was being “held under wraps” but said “if it is urgent, here’s the number of the man you should call” and it was, and I did, and he gave me the answers I needed!

All this, and a lot more occurred by just dialing direct “HEW” in Washington. If I had kept a “Dear Diary” it would have run out of pages, and believability, real fast!

So I still wonder how it was possible with an outlay of $80,000, a free helicopter to ride in, “excellent logistics support” from the military, that three men brought back such a frugal supply of information. Maybe they didn’t know what to ask. One of the other members was Dr. Westing, whom I interviewed in Washington at the hearings. He made a couple of trips to Vietnam to view “herbicide damage” last year, but none to Arizona or California, or Tennessee! He is a very sincere young man, but his ability to assess herbicide damage is questionable in my mind, because he was unaware of the amounts necessary for mortality in any of the plants I mentioned, including pines (and he’s a Forester!) He was not aware that 2,4-D, and 2,4,5-T and Silvex, could kill them; nor was he aware of the extensive drift hazards. He suggested “spraying a strip and leaving a strip.” He requested permission to copy some of the information I had with me at the hearings. The team of scientists also took samples of “soil, water, fish, fish sauces, plants, mother’s milk, human hair, and human fat”, but it also states (and this is November) “most of the samples have not been analyzed”. (In view of the 20 year research already done, and Dow Chemical statements, that residues are no problem as they disappear within a few hours in water, and give as times listed, from a few hours to possibly a few days (72 hours for water samples) this sure seems like one helluva long time to let the samples sit around untested if they were taken in the summer of 1970! I’ll bet none of them test out as high in residue as that sample from our area, taken by the USDA! It shows 5,500 PPM, 2-2,4,5-T (Silvex) ten months after spraying!

I particularly don’t like the part of this article which refers to the “visual observations” of Dr. Meselson confirming some of the findings of Dr. Fred Tschirley, USDA.”

He’s the one who headed the “Root Rot” Report crew, and who also saw no permanent damage in Vietnam, or Cambodia, although it cost us about 20 million dollars in damage claims from these two friendly countries.

The final thing that changes my disappointment into anger, is this:

A military authorization bill, which just emerged from the House-Senate Committee in November, 1970, contains a provision for the government to finance “a large scale scientific study” by the “National Academy of Sciences (NAS) of the “Impact of defoliation in Vietnam”. The study would be financed by funds provided for the Chemical and Biological Warfare Program (CBW) of the Defense Department. Before inserting this provision of the bill, which was done by Senator Thomas McIntyre (D, New Hampshire) who heads the subcommittee on research and development of the Senate Armed Services Committee, Senator McIntyre was assured by the Academy President that they would be happy to conduct this nice long study! And the AAAS team also belongs to the NAS, so presumably, they would continue this “study” to determine whether or not these chemicals are hazardous!

Why don’t they all spend one afternoon in the library and read the research done 20 years ago! It showed them to be too dangerous to use, even then!

The $80,000 for this “pilot study” of Vietnamese, was furnished by the AAAS. Since it’s not my money, I can’t object; but I can object when a million dollars is proposed to be expended by the
Department of Defense to finance a group of scientists to "study" this same foreign country when we can't get any of them to spend one dime or one hour to study the areas that have been sprayed in America!

About 75c of every tax dollar snatched by the tentacles of the government is connected in one way or another with the department supposed to be defending us! They are all so busy "defending" us from would be enemies, that no one has any time to defend us from the "friendly" chemical companies — or the smiling violators of their own rules and regulations in the USDA. I do not interpret it as a noble and sincere effort on anyone's part, whether it is a Scientist or the Department of Defense, to be so concerned over the use of these herbicides in Vietnam that none of them have time or enough interest to give a damn about the areas where these chemicals are still being sprayed in the USA! (P.S. Does it really cost $80,000 for four men to make a 5 week study of Vietnam — especially since the helicopter was free? And the sample testing hasn't been done? The price quoted to me, and no special rates, was $2,000 flight cost, round trip, and $2,000 expenses while there; only my doctor won't let me go!)

"DOW"

The name on the cans is easy to read. So is the name of the chemical which each can is supposed to contain. Whether they usually contain what the label states, I do not know. I only know that one of Dow's Kuron (Silvex) cans contained a different formulation from the one on the label.

I also know that the cans leak, swell and heat in the sun. Their warnings are inadequate. No antidotes are listed because there are none for 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T or Silvex. The wording is too complicated, the print too small to read. The numbers, referring to the "acid" strength are confusing, and their disclaimer is a violation of the USDA regulations relative to pesticide labelings.

Dow's meager supply of toxicology research on phenoxy herbicides is almost unobtainable and most is "not for outside distribution."

Their study on dogs consisted of 4 Beagle hounds (not a breed like the fragile collie) for "89 days". Adverse effects noted were "growth depression, pathological changes in liver of one female, decreased hemoglobin and hematocrit."

The most ridiculous test was on Coho Salmon. They exposed him for "15 to 30 minutes" and watched him for "24 hours" and reported "no mortalities". But the "bluegills" died! Their experiments with the redear sunfish came to a screeching halt in 4 months, because "from the fifth week on, testicular regenerative lesions were seen; atrophy of the spermatid tubules and production of immature atypical and abnormal spermatozoa."

The "bird study" was on 24 quail, for 6 days. Fifty percent died. They checked for residues in 4 ducks, 8 months after applying phenoxy herbicides to a lake, but no one knew whether these ducks had been there all the time, or had just arrived on the lake that morning!

Their whole bloody damn research stinks, just like their chemicals, but they conclude with "it is quite safe when directions are followed." The only directions that are safe would be those which read "this stuff can kill!" 

After the furor in Globe, they remade some of their labels. That won't change the chemical inside the can. A Chipman label for 2,4,5-T, states "do not burn (brush) after spraying, as fumes are poisonous". But Dow forgot that one, too.

They also forgot to tell anyone what to do with the cans. They are supposed to be "crushed and buried" but most of them wound up as trash containers in recreation areas or on the city dump where they were and are being burned.
Some of the manufacturers remember to say “do not burn containers” but no one reads them anyway. None of them say that the reason they are not to be burned is that the deadly dioxin contaminant present in the chemical manufacture of 2,4,5-T can be released at 300°C.

Another Dow study on “metabolism” of phenoxy herbicides, is enough to scare the hell out of anyone using these damn killers! Page 27 tells what happens to the “bean stems” as the “chlorine shifts from 4 position”, to “three or five”. Also described is the discovery in 1952, of the “conversion of 2-4D to “unknown one”, and “unknown three”. A direct quote following this, and dated 16 years later is: “The identity of these unknown compounds has still not been ascertained.” And 2-4D is the one being sprayed in America, on millions of acres of food crops!

I hope someday they can explain to the world, what they were trying to prove by this paragraph: “Within 4 days after administration of 2-4D to a sheep, all edible tissues contained .05 ppm, based on count of radioactivity. No attempt was made to identify the mixture of residual radioactivity.”

An English study also states when 2-4D was made radioactive, to trace it prior to spraying on plants, the radioactivity, in addition to the 2-4D, was later found in the bees, because it translocated from the plant to the flowers, to the nectar, to the moisture present on the petals!

What happened to all that radioactive for research only kind of 2-4D, and 2,4,5-T when they shut the plant down, Dr. Johnson, Vice President Dow Chemical?

And just in case “Hercules Chemical Co.” is reading your chapter too, was the material being used in an area marked on the map I obtained, “Hercules Research Area” just over the hill behind my house radioactive to trace the results? Is that why no one could find any order slips or cans?

There is also a discussion in this paper by Dow, of the “increase in residues”. It also mentions that litter tissues, containing 2-4D and 2,4,5-T, remaining on the ground “from previous years” increases their half-life.

The entire job lot of research garbage tells one thing: These chemicals were designed to kill. They do just that! And no amount of research will make them safe or usable in the hands of fools. Learning why or how these chemicals kill, will not save the life of one tree, flower, bee, dog, fish, or human being contaminated by them.

There was no antidote then, there is none now.

Their sentence “Action of these chemicals is unknown” is still true.

A “prepared-for-the-Forest Service Statement” by Dow, dated July 25, 1969, states “extensive studies have been conducted to determine effects on people, animals and wildlife”. But they lied. I was told by one of Dow’s personnel, they do not have ONE study on the effects of these chemicals on humans.

This same paper states that 2,4,5-TP (Silvex) cannot accumulate in the environment, yet their own research studies state that it can and does.

Dow published a paper describing their use on watersheds. Yet the label and the USDA registration restrictions forbid their use on watershed areas where the water is to be used for irrigation or domestic purposes.

The only toxicology paper I could obtain on their “treatment if poisoned” recommendations, is a 1-1/3 page edition that gives the formulation for “Kuron” (2,4,5TP) 65.3% of 2-245 trichlorophenoxy propionic acid; propylene glycol (C3 H6 o to C9 H 180 3) butyl ether esters. 35.3 inert.

But the registered label on the can reads “Kuron” (2,4,5-TP): 67.9% 2-2,4,5 Trichlorophenoxy propionic acid, propylene glycol C3H6o to C9H180 3, 32.1% inert. The formulations are not the same.

This paper by “Dow” also states “central nervous system depression may be a problem.” Pulmonary edema and pneumonia,” and “liver damage”.

These next few paragraphs do not deal with the chemicals and their formulations, as such, but I add them anyway. They pertain to my deposition being taken by the four chemical companies we are suing and the Salt River Project.

Our lone lawyer, who is loaded with integrity, a good brain and determination, sat by my side for about six days of gruelling questioning. One of the comments by the Dow Chemical Co. attorney was that he could make the depositions last for twenty years. His attitude was not only one of arrogance, but of badgering sarcasm, and a complete lack of any gentlemanly kindness directed toward me. There are five other families whose depositions must be taken, but so far over a period of five months, only Mr. and Mrs. McKusick and myself have been questioned.

They insisted that my husband travel to Phoenix, although it has been impossible for him to wear his artificial limbs since various ailments occurring after the spraying. This was explained to them, and a request made to allow him to meet with the attorney’s in a motel in Phoenix. The request was made to spare him the incon-
venience of getting to the office of the Dow attorney, located in one of the top floors of Phoenix' few plush skyscrapers. They refused to make this small concession to a man who had no legs, and must use his arms and hands to carry his body, when he cannot wear his artificial limbs, for he does not use a wheel chair. After he made the effort to get there, they did not question him, but directed their questions to me. So he will have to return.

The questioning and the constant badgering by the Dow attorney gave the atmosphere and the appearance of a court room more than a deposition to learn facts. His sarcasm and lack of empathy was so obvious that possibly the other attorney's were kinder than they would have been otherwise. I remember one of them interjecting, "She's already answered that!" when he insisted on verbally pounding me.

The attorney's requested that I bring all of the pictures we had, which were taken after we purchased our land. I told them I had not had time to organize them completely, and that many would not be relevant. It seemed hard for them to believe, that although they have unlimited funds to fight us, and unlimited numbers of personnel taking care of such things, we had no one but ourselves. Our small work crew gathered the research data, interviews, samples for analysis, etc., my husband kept writing letters, and using the ability of his radio station and himself to get the job done. But there was no one to take care of the details such as numbering photos chronologically.

It was more important to take the photos, before the animals died, than to screen them until the time came to show them in a courtroom. So after spending six days under gruelling questioning, they had only viewed 159 slides. The time spent on each picture, whether relevant or not, was deliberate.

When I returned to Globe, I was very ill. My temperature dropped to subnormal, and I was unable to get out of bed. My son's wife came to look after me. With her was the only "documenter" I have ever used: my son's three year old girl, "Jennie Lu". Her hair is long and golden, and her eyes big as saucers are the color of cornflowers. All summer long she had stayed with me whenever she could. She would put on her boots, hang her wicker basket on her tiny arm, and say proudly, "I am going to go document with Mom Bill!" She learned the names of many plants and that egg plants are supposed to be purple, not orange. She also learned some of the terminology. On one occasion, she extracted a long, black piece of licorice from a plastic bag. It promptly bent double from the heat. Her comment was "good grief!" This candy has been sprayed with 2,4,5-TI! It has epicormic branching!" (She also knew how to say "epinastic.")

Her pictures may be important to science someday, which show her dainty bare feet placed beside a mature ear of corn, which is tinier than her foot, and has no grains. Her little basket held the "blue ribbon" peaches grown in 1970 on the mountain top which was not sprayed, and show the rotted, shrivelled ones from a Globe garden also grown in 1970 beside her.

These were from a garden exposed to these chemicals five miles from the sprayed area, whose soil still shows the presence of these chemicals. She also helped put the slides in the holders, for she was very careful.

On this particular day when I was ill her mother left her sleeping in the office, and I was lying in my room, some distance away. When her mother returned, "Jennie Lu" had "documented" and "redocumented" the slides left in the office, which the attorney's had viewed.

When I was able, I returned to continue the "inquisition" by the attorney's. As I was to bring the slides with me, I told them what had happened, and why I had not brought them, and that I would straighten them out and bring the ones relevant to the spraying of Globe, since they were now mostly in a paper bag. I am sure it was more frustration at their own stupidity than anger at me, that caused one of them to lash out and declare it was my fault that their days of questioning relative to the slides were totally wasted, because guess what?... they forgot to number them as they viewed them! Whereupon I had a real tirade fit myself, and roared back that if eight full grown men were so stupid they failed to think of anything as basic as numbering them as viewed, and had been outwitted by a 3 year old child, I didn't think their combined intelligence would break any records! I never knew whether the court reporter kept up with that particular explosion or not. But they evidently did not believe me, and thought I was trying to hide some bit of photographic evidence. It's too simple for their minds to grasp that we are telling the truth about these chemicals, and using only their own documents to prove it. (Once when I was questioned for my "source of information" by the Dow Chemical attorney, I completely upset him by stating "Julius E. Johnson, vicepresident Dow Chemical.")

Their next request to me was to bring all the pictures, no matter how she had mixed them, and all the tapes, whether edited or not.

I wearied myself back over the mountains to Globe, 90 miles each way, and did just that. When the elevator stopped on their exclusive plush floor, on my return trip, I stepped out of it, in a different mini-dress, pushing a grocery cart, obtained with my green stamps. The cart contained 3 tape recorders, a grocery box of unedited tapes,
5 empty slide carousels, and 1,069 slides in a brown Bayless grocery bag. One of the wheels was squeaking, and the pretty receptionist found some hair oil or something, but it didn’t help much. The humor of that day was impossible to ignore. My attorney advised them I had done exactly what they had asked me to do.

The next step was obviously to number the slides. As this would require several hours, they decided to start with the tapes.

I set up the Wollensak for the 71/2 speed, the $69.95 Craig for the 3/4 speed, and the $29.95 “special” I placed on the conference table with the question, “May I tape the rest of my deposition?” They all looked at each other, appeared a little confused and unstrung, and since no one could find a law that said I couldn’t, I pushed the “record” button, checked the wind speed, spit over my left shoulder at the wall, and away we went! I guess I could call it a “poor man’s transcript” for who could afford to pay several thousand dollars for a transcript which had lasted that long and which the Dow attorney had stated could be made to last 20 years?

Maybe it was the shock, or the mass confusion of grocery carts, paper bags, and squeaky wheels, but the previous method of questioning, harranging, badgering and rudeness was over. Occasionally I’ve witnessed “mike fright” in the radio business, but it’s the first time I’ve ever seen it demonstrated by a battery of top echelon attorneys. The first tape they chose at random from the box was an interview with the president of a crop duster outfit in Phoenix who related that “a pint can of this stuff set in the middle of a 40 acre field of cotton with the lid off, will wipe out every stick of cotton in it!” adding he wouldn’t touch it with an 80 foot pole, ever since a 21/2 million dollar lawsuit in California, in 1949, where the people damaged were 15 miles from the sprayed area! So no one wanted to listen to those, either.

And since it was their show, not mine, I declined their offer of “you can help if you’d care to”... of putting the slides into place in the carousel and numbering them so they could show them the next morning.

I stayed in the motel and read a book until time to go down for the “silent stills” and would you believe when they started the show, the pictures were all in upside down? And when they removed them and put them in again, they were in sideways?

One picture of the top of a chemical can was inserted 4 ways and the writing was still backwards. They finally discovered the stencil used to apply the wording and lettering was backwards, so although the wording on part of the can was correct, if the stenciled part was corrected, the other numbers and reading were backwards. And

since Jennie Lu thought pictures of Santa Clause were more interesting than chemical cans, there were some of those, and a few of our friends who ran for governor and should have made it, waving on the beach at Guymas; one of an attorney with offices below them, on a fishing trip; several of my cowboy on a posse ride. Just about the time it appeared there were none that were “relevant”, out would pop another chemical can pictured lying in the desert heat, it’s swollen sides looking dangerous, or one with part of a paper label visible with no wording, because it was too faded or disintegrated, so no one could tell what was in the damn can!

One can was just marked “junk” and one “hormone spray!”

I lost count, but I believe we screened all those pictures in 11/2 days, and all of the boys seemed very polite and most anxious to get me, my recordings, my paper bags, my squeaky grocery cart, and my lawyer’s control of the situation, quietly out of their office, as they brought to a close, “The Deposition of Billee Shoecraft.”

“KILLERS, ANONYMOUS”

Sentences in a UPI news release November 22, 1970, read:

“Military Sources said a number of high-ranking U.S. Army officers may be court martialled for deliberately violating a ban on the use of “Orange”, a defoliant made of 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T.”

“In a memorandum yesterday, the U.S. command in Saigon said its investigation into the use of the herbicides by the units of the Americal Division showed that some of the officers who ordered their use were aware of the ban.”

“The U.S. command said the decision to use the defoliants known as 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T was made by staff officers, indicating that officers ranking as high as colonels may have been involved. One use of the defoliants has been to destroy crops being raised by the enemy.”

It concludes by stating that the violations were announced on October 23, 1970, after they learned that a news man had learned of the violations.

This is the same way we learned about these chemicals, General Abrams, after information leaked out of the Bionetics report, and a few of us dug out the rest of it which showed the USDA, HEW, DOD, NIH, FDA and Dow Chemical Company had known they could produce deformities in the test animals long before we did. Some of those studies are dated 1965, and it was after that date that the De-
partment of Defense began their extensive use in Vietnam — and the USDA increased their use in the United States by five times.

The title of a book is "Bright Orange for the Shroud". This would have been a good title for a book about Vietnam and the chemicals being sprayed there which are called "Orange". These are the hormone herbicides 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T. The Department of Defense promised they would not be used after April 15, 1970, even against the enemy. "Biological Warfare" is what they were designed for, during World War II, at Fort Dietrich, Maryland. The following is a message which I sent to General Abrams, the U.S. Military Chief, in Vietnam:

A friend, looks upon his crop of okra distorted by the effects of the spraying of 2,4,5-T.

"I wanted to believe you would keep your word after the dangers of these chemicals were exposed in Senate hearings in Washington, I wanted to believe you had used them only because you were not aware of their hazards, but now it appears you join the ranks of those in the USDA who have only ceased using them when and if they are caught, but who evidently have no more intention of discontinuing their use than the USDA.

'Who are the "Killers, Anonymous"? Is it the man who invents these things that ultimately and more painfully than a bullet made of lead can destroy even the man who formulates them? Do any of these men ever lie awake and wonder about the "Anonymous Dead"? And does he care, whether it is a tree, a flower, or a deer . . . or a child?

'The first plane shot down over Vietnam was a C-123, not equipped for bombs, but herbicides.

'I have a transcript of the Senate hearing on herbicides. One of the things it contains is a letter from my Department of Defense, It is dated April 15, 1970. Senator Hart believed there would be no more "Orange" sprayed over there. I still believe that you meant to keep that word. What happened? Is the Department of Defense like the USDA, and nobody tells anyone else what they’re doing, or what promises they’ve made? Most of the foresters I’ve interviewed aren’t even aware there were any hearings in Washington about these herbicides that make up "Agent Orange" for your "Operation Hades". Why? Is it because the USDA is suppressing the findings, just like the Bionetics report was suppressed because it showed these chemicals produce cancer and deformities in the test animals in addition to genetic changes? Napoleon destroyed the enemy’s food with salt. Now we’re sophisticated and use herbicide hormones that leave their mark on anything they touch, and destroy more than his food.

'We weren’t sprayed in Globe until after these chemicals were shown to produce cancer and deformities in the test animals, and we have asked, "Why?". I know you don’t know the answer to that question, but why were they sprayed in Vietnam? Was it your decision, General Abrams? Did Captain Morrison lie about using Orange in Vietnam, just as some of the USDA members have lied about using Orange in Globe, Arizona? Was the transfer of several army personnel to cover their guilt, just as some of the USDA members were retired, transferred, or fired?

'Whose fault is it, General Abrams? Who are the "Killers, Anonymous" that caused such a thing to happen in the first place? Is it the man in the laboratory? Is it a worker pouring it into a drum? Is it
the pilot who turns the pressure valve and shoots it out over a rice field in Vietnam, or the side of a mountain in Globe, Arizona? These chemicals after they're sprayed, aren't spent like a bullet or a bomb. They wait. And the days … the weeks … the months and the years go by, and their message is well learned. They were well programmed to kill … kill … kill. This is their mission, and although they are capable of destroying a man’s memory, their own powers of retention are excellent. They ride with the wind and cling to the raindrops. Fire cannot destroy them. It only changes their form and they emerge as dioxin, which is the most toxic chlorine-containing compound ever known. Scientists found dioxin in these herbicides before it was sprayed in Vietnam, before it was sprayed on the mountains of Globe, or the canyons of Arizona, or the range lands of Texas, or the watersheds, food crops and forests of California. It was found after millions of dollars were lost when millions of chickens died in 1957 from the dioxin found in “Agent Orange”.

“These chemicals cause the forests that are burned in Vietnam to burn quicker and faster, just as those in California or Arizona or Tennessee. Dioxin can be released into the air during those fires, whether in Vietnam or America.

“I hold this news release in my hand, and wonder who you are out there. Who is the man whose decision it was to violate the ban on “Agent Orange” in Vietnam. I reread the harsh words, “may be court-martialed for violating” … and this is in defense of our enemy. This is saying, “It had been decided these chemicals must not be used, even against the enemy, for they are Biological Weapons of War. Thus, as Americans, having given our word on April 15, 1970, to a Senate Committee, must not use them on even our enemies, and if anyone violates this order, he can and will be severely punished…””. This is our DOD saying, “If a violation occurs, let us know, and we will see that it is stopped and the violator is prosecuted…”. But whom do we turn to when it is not enemy country? Why is it a crime in Vietnam and yet the USDA is permitting the use of Orange on us? Where is the court martial for those who are violating our rights in America?

“I am far more concerned over “Operation Hades” in America than I am about it in Vietnam. Here it is used on our food crops which we eat, not on the food which we destroy.

“The cottonwoods by the pond are orange when they should be green. So is the live oak tree, and the sycamore leaves which blew away with the wind. The maples on my mountain are not golden and red as they used to be. They are orange, like the dragonflies, the wasps, the centipedes and the scorpions. I used to love this color, but my eyes and my heart are very tired of orange where there should be green, orange where there should be blue, orange that wraps around each thing and tells me that it is dying.

“1 look again at the title of the paperback book, and I wonder if this would not be fitting for the epitaph of the “Killers, Anonymous” when, someday, even they must die: “Orange, Bright Orange, is the Color of my Shroud”. — How do you write an epitaph for a tree?

“Rachel Carson was not a poet, she was a scientist. She told you of these things that could happen. I am a poet, and these are the things that happen when you use “Agent Orange”.

Orange, Bright Orange is the shroud that I wear,
My leaves once were green that I wore for my hair…
And the nest of the Robin would sway in the breeze
To the song of the willow and the live oak trees…
The deer come no more to stand in my shade…
Barren the earth where their shadows were made…
There’s death in the wind and the stream that flows by…
No bright green for Springtime no blue for the sky…
They called it an acid that was sprayed over me…
To cheat me of life and the song of the sea…
And it burns out my heart and tears me inside
There is death in the wind where others have died…
I don’t wait for Autumn or the rain in the cloud…
Orange, Bright Orange I wear for my shroud…
"ONLY WE CAN PREVENT FORESTS"

One month later, December 1970, the Reuter’s wire service carried the following news releases:

"Washington, Dec. 27, Reuter — Herbicides used by U.S. forces in South Vietnam since 1964 to defoliate jungle areas are being phased out of operations on orders from the President.

"Use of the chemicals in recent years ran into stiff criticism from scientists who charge that the herbicides were causing lasting and still unknown damage to South Vietnam’s ecology.

"Nixon issued his directive yesterday following a study he ordered earlier this year. The phase out was expected to be completed by spring.

"A ban on the use of the more potent herbicide known as "Orange", which was found to cause birth defects in unborn children, was issued last April.

This appeared simultaneously, Associated Press:

(Tokyo) — North Vietnam says defoliants dumped by US aircraft in South Vietnam have caused millions of people to suffer the same fate as victims of the Hiroshima and the Nagasaki atomic blasts in World War II.

"Hanoi’s Vietnam news agency said in a broadcast dispatch that medical studies revealed that the defoliants “provide important chromosomal alterations in the local population.”

It said: “ Clinically, there have been many miscarriages, congenital anomalies and frequent monstrosities.”

The broadcast added:

"The victims of toxic chemicals sprayed by the americans, numbering by the millions, are condemned to the same fate as the survivors of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki atomic tragedy.”

"The US chemical war has hit millions of acres of cropland and woodland and rendered whole areas barren, "where not a single blade of grass can grow.”

It added that the defoliants have human genetic effects to constitute what was called “an aggression not only against the present day life of the Vietnamese people, but also against their future.”

It claimed US authorities are aware of these effects from experiments conducted by American scientists.

"The White House said last week the use of the herbicides is being phased out in Vietnam.”

So "Operation Ranch Hand" is going out of business. The General said so. The title of this chapter which was their slogan, is a
slight revision of the one used by the USFS. Reading: “Only You Can Prevent Forest Fires”!

And since the General has requested an immediate halt to ALL CHEMICAL defoliants in South Vietnam, their slogan will be up for bids.

I believe the department most deserving to inherit it is the USDA. They are more guilty than anyone of destroying our forests by registering for use these chemicals, and allowing them to be used in every National Forest in the United States.

Even the fires which have destroyed some of these forests could have been caused by these chemicals creating a more flammable condition; they definitely make them burn faster. Anyone who cares to venture into a forest area treated with these spray hormones will see their effects on not only the “young conifers” but the great, giant oaks with their swollen, bursting trunks that break under the weight of the lightest snows; the proud pines with their twisted branches, broken limbs, overgrowth of enlarged cones, and orange needles falling to the ground; the elongated aspen that blow down in the wind, because their roots are gone, and their branches are overgrown and heavy. I cannot believe that foresters could be so blind that they couldn’t see what is happening. They’ve pretended it was everything in the world killing these irreplaceable trees except these damnable herbicides! The Forest Service has refused to take samples of the pines in their forests. But I did, and they showed the presence of these chemicals.

Since the latest news release, Christmas 1970, stated that General W. Abrams and US Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, the military and civilian chiefs of the American mission in Vietnam have ordered an immediate halt of the use of the defoliants 2-4D, 2,4,5-T, arsenic, and picloram, in South Vietnam, I again addressed this letter to the Department of Defense Military Chief, South Vietnam.

“Dear General Abrams: My letter to you one month ago was entitled the “Anonymous Killers” and I talked to you about the first hand knowledge we have of “Agent Orange” in Globe, Arizona. I told you of my bitter disappointment in the branch of my government called the USDA in permitting these chemicals to be registered and used. I also told you of my disappointment in you, when I learned your Department violated the ban. I believed you meant to keep your word when you gave it; and now I know you did. For this latest news release states clearly whose fault it was, and is, that these chemicals are still in use in Vietnam, and America. And I lay the burden of guilt again on the doorstep of Mr. Hardin’s office, the USDA in Washington.

“This news release states that you and US Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, in a cable to Washington, have ordered “an immediate halt” and “urgently requested the Nixon Administration” to “cease purchasing, incorporating, or importing these chemical warfare agents” and that you included agent “white” which is an arsenical compound; and agent “blue” which is 2-4D and Picloram, in addition to “the Orange”, a mixture of 2-4D and 2,4,5-T which was banned by your Department, after HEW and the Agriculture Department reported that “it may cause birth defects in humans.”

But the news release also states that there has been no reply from Washington, to your cable. They wouldn’t reply to us, either, General. That is why I refuse to blame any agency for the continued use of these chemicals, except the USDA. All that is necessary is a statement from Secretary Hardin to stop this biological genocide.

“And if he is too cowardly to act, or to face the chemical companies, or the truth, the President of the United States could decide it is time for the government to abide by its own rules, and when it is illegal to use “biological warfare” he could order an immediate ban on their use in Vietnam, and the United States. But all these men refuse to act.

“I would like to meet you someday, to thank you for the stand you have taken openly, in banning these chemicals in enemy country. But since the war in Vietnam may last too long, which it already has, and time may run out for both of us, my statements, recollections and account of various occurrences will appear on these pages, which hopefully you may someday read.

“In Vietnam, it was called a “violation” when 2,4,5-T was used, after April 17, 1970. And, in June, 1970, Secretary of the Interior, Walter Hickel, banned its use on all Department of Interior lands. He ignored or defied the fact that Secretary Hardin of the USDA failed to act. There were those who foolishly believed the action of the Department of Defense and the Department of Interior, would force the USDA to ban the use of these chemicals. But they underestimated the arrogance of this powerful government agency, controlled by vast industrial interests, including chemical companies, oil industries, lumbering, cattle, cotton, and agricultural complexes.

“Instead of commending Mr. Hickel for his courage, they fired him. He dared to stand up and be counted, and they shot him down. They have attempted to set aside some of his orders, and rules, established while he was in office.

“I had an appointment with Mr. Hickel’s office, to see him, but they fired him before I could get there, and I have no desire to meet the “slick politician” with whom Mr. Nixon replaced him.
Although 2,4,5-T had been used extensively in Great Britain, after the hearings in Washington, which included the story of Globe, the British Forestry Commission, which is the Forest Service of Britain, banned its use. But still, Secretary Hardin, of the USDA, Chief Cliff of the USFS, remained immovable, and the spray programs continue, on our forests, watersheds, rangelands, and food.

"In addition to these herbicides, the USDA has approved thousands of other deadly chemical compounds. 800,000 pounds of mercury, which the Bionetics study discloses lasts for hundreds of years are used in the manufacture of 6 million pounds of pesticides yearly.

"It is not the farmer as such, who has inflicted these irreparable losses on us; the sincere, hard working farmer has been the greatest loser of all, economically. When someone speaks of "farm subsidies" this does not include the once vast number of individuals who broke their backs and died young, to put food on our tables, and grain in our barns. He has been annihilated, and trampled under, just like the soil he loved. It costs us about 3½ billion dollars yearly for "farm subsidies". Over 400,000 farm families average about $600.00 a year, and this is 1/7th of the farmers in America.

In 1947, 26 million Americans lived on farms. It is estimated that eventually, there will be only 2½ million. Why? Because the USDA is pressuring the small operation out of existence. A favored few are flourishing in the hot house of these USDA subsidies. 527 of them received yearly checks in amounts ranging from $5,000 to $103,581, each directly from the USDA.

A Texas politician, by the name of Bob Poage, is the chairman of the House Agricultural Committee. He has been operating in Washington for 33 years, in typical USDA fashion, and handing out starvation or plenty, to whomever he wishes. In his home district, 194 farmers received the benefit of $3,419,000.00, of our tax dollars in subsidies, in a single year; yet poverty in the same area, mostly among white farm workers, runs almost three times the national level.

I have a copy of a letter from Fred Ward, committee on Agriculture, Washington, D.C. Part of it reads: "Chairman Poage will appreciate this information ... on the complaint raised on the use of herbicides in the Tonto National Forest. As you may know, the Federal Brush Control program wherein farmers and ranchers cooperate with the Government programs under the ACP program, has been almost completely dependent on the use of 2,4,5-T."

A news article, February 12, 1970, entitled "War Herbicide used on Farms" states that in 1968 alone, the USDA paid farmers almost 9 million dollars for the use of 2,4,5-T and 2-4D, on more than 2½ million acres of land, adding that under this government program, farmers can get at least half their costs paid by the Government, for "conservation programs," which include using 2,4,5-T and 2-4D, as "brush control" agents. This also applies to ranchers.

So it becomes quite clear why those infected by such a disease as "pay me and I'll spray poison anywhere you say", do not object to these or any other chemicals, and have fought us, and anyone else, who dares to question their use. Their own ignorance will eventually destroy them, and the land, but so much must die with them. Several news items and articles of correspondence, highlight the complete lack of knowledge of these chemicals by the US Forest Service. Since these are dated after the Bionetics Study, and disclose the dangers of these chemicals, it appears their ignorance on the subject has increased with time.

Officials of the Rogue River National Forest in Oregon, stated in March, 1970, that they were applying by air, 2,4,5-T to 100 acres to a stand of Douglas Fir Trees, that had been planted 5 years previously, in order to "kill the brush around the trees." It states that this is the method used in the forests of Oregon, as a "management tool" to "release the conifers." Yet, the Forest Service Literature, which they evidently do not read, says it will kill the trees. And March, 1970, was six months after 2,4,5-T was banned for most uses. This article contains a direct quote: "All scientific evidence to
date indicates it can be done safely." So nobody read the Bionetics report ... or any of their own stacks of research material. It even states that the work is approved by the "Pesticide Committee of the Environmental Quality Council, chaired by the Secretary of Agriculture, and including the Secretaries of HEW and Interior." But they will have to delete Department of Interior", for Secretary Hickel did not approve.

Another article tells of the use of 2,4,5-T, in the mountains of Tennessee, entitled "A Poison in Tennessee".

The Siskiyou National Forest of Oregon, June, 1970, despite a storm of protest from the Humane Society and two organized and extremely angry citizen's groups, continued spraying these defoliants. The protests included picketing of the Forest Service headquarters in Grants Pass. My anger boils quickly again at the sheer idiocy of some of the statements attributed to the Forest Service personnel, such as "the first day's spraying covered 81 acres of the 7,000 to 8,000 acres to be treated." How could anyone be stupid enough to make such a statement when at least 50 to 70% of the sprayed material drifts off target? (According to USDA research.)

I also have a contract form and description of 30,000 acres in New Mexico where Silvex and 2,4,5-T were to be applied in 1970. The area was to include the Pecos River, in spite of the ban on water application. But instead of 30,000 acres of USFS land, under the USDA, it was 30,000 acres under the Department of the Interior. So I contacted that office with the information, and the project was cancelled.

A confidential report, from Washington, May 25, 1970, also stated that Canada's Department of Agriculture had cancelled all uses of 2,4,5-T in recreational areas, and on lawns, and that sale of the product would be a violation of the Canadian Pest Control Products Act. The Canadian Government assisted in recalling all stocks, and stated no applications were to be made to water, ditch or stream banks, or "lands feeding into potable water sources." The official notice suggested the warning "Exposure of pregnant women by any route of contact to 2,4,5-T, may be harmful to the offspring. Do not use this product in any way to contaminate water, food, or recreational areas."

But the USDA remained unalarmed, and these chemicals in America continue to contaminate our food, water, soil, air, and us, and not one member of this "privileged liar's" club seems to give a damn.

The news release from Washington, February 2, 1970, describes the defoliation of the Canadian — US Boundary, by helicopter, with the herbicide picloram, which has been used in Vietnam, with 2-4D to form Agent "White". It is made by the Dow Chemical Company and it is also used by the US Forest Service.

Evidence of residues have already been detected in the waters of Waterton National Park, which is the Canadian counterpart to our Glacier National Park. No one has the faintest idea how damaging any of these chemicals are to plants, humans, or animals, but that makes no difference. Tons of them are being dumped along a strip 1,305 miles long to "defoliate a border" between two friendly countries. Why?

Many of the news writers themselves did not check the facts as deeply as I; a staff writer for a Montana paper, March 8, 1970 refers to the use of "cacodylic acid, a herbicide, in Vietnam" adding, since it is arsenic, "its use is not permitted in this country in any situation which might expose children or contaminate drinking water." Yet, in an interview with officials of the US Forest Service in California, I learned they have been using cacodylic acid, picloram, 2,4-D, and 2,4,5-T on the watershed areas.

Dr. Pfeiffer, AAAS scientist, states that on his inspection of the damage done in Cambodia, by these herbicides, evidence of drift was visible for 12 miles. The US Air Force denied using these chemicals. (The forestry places drift at "100 ft.")

Dr. Pfeiffer is quoted as saying: "I am convinced that an agency of the US Government did this, (herbicide damage in Cambodia) but I am certain the Department of Defense, did not. The CIA has a privately owned airlines, "Air America", with pilots trained in defoliation."

Was it the CIA who made it appear that the Department of Defense broke the ban by using these defoliants to cause us to "lose face" more than we already have before the other nations of the world?

So our request, General Abrams, is This:

"Please come home; if you have succeeded in convincing Washington they should stop spraying these defoliants in Vietnam, maybe you can stop them from continuing their use in America on the food we eat.

"You are a part of our Department of Defense; we need defending more from those who profess to be our friends than our enemies. There is no law to protect us from being sprayed by the most deadly chemicals in existence, for any government agency is immune to the rules and laws applying to private citizens. If we were to outlaw all smoke stacks and replace every auto with a horse and buggy, the US Forest Service could still fly over our homes and spray us with
endrin, dieldrin, mercury, arsenic, or hormone herbicides. Our only recourse is to fight back with what life we have left, and use our own funds to do so. Our tax dollars support these arrogant men who defy us, forcing us to expend our own money to stop these injustices, while our taxes are increased to furnish more money for them to use to defeat us.

America needs you, General much more than Vietnam!

With only a slight modification the “Operation Hades” slogan could become quite suitable as a toast for the Forest Service:

I lift my glass of chaparral tea, which I obtained from a very young Indian, and say: “Only you can prevent forests!”

“I HAVE MET THE ENEMY”

He wasn’t carrying a rifle or a hand grenade. He had no swastika emblazoned on his sleeve. He was not shrilling obscenities or threats of violence against my country of America. The flag he carried was not of some communist nation. It was my flag — with the stars showing proudly and the stripes softly waving against a dark sky.

But he was — and is — my enemy.

Why? Because as long as he remains insulated in his complacent world obtaining a little knowledge, but not enough to disturb himself, he is my enemy, and his own, also.

I have met some who are proud to refer to themselves as “scientist”, but many of them close their minds and ears to any knowledge that might upset the pattern of their thinking. They jealously guard their findings, and share it with no one.

I classify as “my enemy” any man or woman who remains part of the “great silent majority” who are unaware of what is happening to them and their country because of the flagrant, undisciplined and damnable use of dangerous chemicals.

I blame them more for remaining silent and undisturbed when facts are poured out before them that prove more deadly chemicals are being sprayed “USDA” approved, on the forests, rangelands, watersheds and food crops of America than are used by the Department of Defense.

I blame the housewife who saunters into the grocery store, haphazardly selects a can of spray to kill flies, and kills her dog instead.

I blame the manufacturer who created the product, knowing there would be many persons purchasing it who show less mentality than an idiot.

I blame the storekeeper who hasn’t the vaguest knowledge of what he stocks on his shelves — and could care less!

I blame the farmer who insists he must use these chemicals to grow crops to feed the “starving millions” who eventually die anyway from the mess sprayed on the food — or worse yet, cripple through life not knowing what in the hell is wrong when they’re suffering from pesticide poisoning!

I blame mostly those in government positions who have no true understanding of these chemicals on which they stamp their seal of approval or when they learn of dangers relative to any certain chemical they mumble more “inspired ignorance” to soothe the untroubled masses. I cannot use the phrase “troubled masses” for they are not. They are merely masses of humanity who are doing themselves in, quietly and efficiently, by refusing to become concerned over anything that might mar the illusion they hold eternally before themselves: that the Department of Agriculture, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, and the Food and Drug Administration, are in the heavens, so all’s right with the world! They remain blissfully ignorant while the world and every living thing on it goes to hell around them!

I agree that the USDA, HEW and the FDA work overtime to create a “This is God Speaking!” image, but those of us who have torn away the mask have found much less than even a reasonable facsimile! The ignorance is greater than the arrogance and the lack of any method to their means of madness becomes overwhelming!

But anyone who does not learn is an enemy to himself. In a land that is still free, he may learn as much as he desires about what is happening to his country. All that is necessary is to demand answers, not alibis, and facts, not fiction.

But most people behave like scattered, addle-brained sheep with no direction and no leader. Why? Because most of them like it that way. It gives them an excuse for their own inefficiencies and failures. These are their crutches. If removed, they would collapse in a mass of confusion made of their fears.

Each time a man shies away from cold, hard factual knowledge because it might disturb his world, he sells a little bit more of my world — my good earth — my America, for a price that is less than a penny a pound.

Stop accepting what is handed to you as “truth” until you check the giver. Don’t believe a man necessarily because he is a scientist,
or a bricklayer or an architect, or a manure salesman — unless that man is truly qualified in the specific field of your inquiries: knowing the difference between "squash-joints" or "raked" may not make a competent bricklayer. Do not expect the letters A.I.A. behind the architect's name to mean he is qualified to design an organic Frank Lloyd Wright type of home, and the manure salesman may be peddling bat-dung when you wanted horse manure for your potato patch! If everyone would stay awake, really awake, and alive, for just 10 minutes every day and start caring about what's happening to all of us, the results would be astounding.

The anger in me is riding close on the heels of frustration, but frustration accomplishes nothing. Neither does anger unless it's justified and directed constructively.

I look at the title of this chapter, and I finish it with the words of Pogo:

"I have met the enemy — and he is us!"

"LETTERS TO SMOKEY"

In June, 1971, at the request of members of several civic organizations in California, I attended the hearing in San Diego which was granted to the public by the Forest Service after a protest march by the residents to prevent the spraying of the Cleveland National Forest with these outlawed-in-Vietnam chemicals. It was my first opportunity since the catastrophe in Globe to hear publicly the lack of herbicide knowledge of several members of the various government "white-wash" crews.

The Forest Service panel of "experts" included Barry Freeman, and Boise Day, mentioned earlier in the "Herbicide Specialist" incident. It was a memorable meeting . . . so much so that I wrote the following letter to Smokey, the Bear, and left it for him in the hollow log on top of my mountain. (He prefers to live on the Tonto, for he's very sure THIS mountain will never be sprayed again)

Since I also wrote "smokey" a letter about the chaparral to grass" meeting held in March by the Forest Service, Region 3, in Phoenix, I'll include a copy of that letter, too.

Location: 2nd largest forest in U.S.A. (The Tonto)
Memorandum to: Smokey the Bear
From Bill of Bear Thicket

Dear Smokey:

On Saturday, Mar. 20, 1971, I attended one of those "chaparral managing" meetings in Phoenix held by the U.S. Forest Service where another attempt was made to explain or condone why they are mis-managing said chaparral . . . and a lot of other things. As I listened, I shuddered, rode a tight rein on my temper and realized nothing has changed in their propaganda department since the last meeting except the date on the calendar.

I drove 90 miles over the mountain just to learn that the forest service still has no idea what to do about some of the messes they've created in their efforts to "convert chaparral to grass". Since one of the rules of the USDA is why say anything in a few words if it can be said in many to confuse everyone, including themselves, they used 15 pages of paper, double spaced writing, 2 inch margins, just to tell us NOTHING. Plain nothing, except behind the "however" and "therefores", it sounds like they're getting ready to spray those damn chemicals again! And since these are the ones that almost wiped you and me out, I thought I'd better let you know.

This 15 page mess of garbage was entitled a "position statement of the forest service — Southwestern Region Chaparral management Program". The meeting made their position quite clear — they haven't any . . . or at least none that anyone is going to find out about if they can help it. It seemed to be more of a pulse-taking session to see how much more "treatment" the patient could stand — or would sit still for.

Smokey, you know we have battled the forest service for two years on one issue — their misuse of herbicides about which they know less than my son's three year old child who can pronounce "epinastic" and "2,4,5-Trichlorophenoxy acetic acid" and knows the first is caused by the second. We agree something needs to be done about all the thousands of acres of brush piles they've helped create by the use of these chemicals. But when the results of their "experimentation" with their chemical kits prove the whole idea was a big bust, subjecting any area or us to any further "treatment" of this nature is sheer idiocy.

These are a few of the things I expected to learn at the meeting:

1. How the forest service proposes to "manage the chaparral in the Southwest" since that was the title of the meeting . . . and since that's where it was held . . . and since that's where I live.

2. What the forest service proposes to do about cleaning up the messes composed of several thousand acres of dead chaparral still standing where they mis-managed it with chemicals.

3. What the forest service proposes to do about all the pine trees and a lot of other "conifers" they have contaminated with these chemicals because they evidently didn't read their own research papers.

4. How they're going to get the "silvex out of the Superstitions".

5. Whether they intend to do any rehabilitation to our devastated
mountainside or picnic area which they wiped out with these chemicals.

6. And most important, whether they had learned anything by the sad and expensive lessons already learned, since the residue studies have now shown these herbicides don’t disappear “in a few hours” but remain for many years, and have been found in our drinking water, stock ponds, soil, plant life, stream beds, garden crops, fruit trees, pine trees, the Wilderness area, cow manure, human tissue and 75% of the meat samples taken from our area.

But did I learn any of these things? Of course not! My version of the meeting is expressed in the following:

First of all, the Regional Forester from Albuquerque who was supposed to conduct the meeting, didn’t even get there. Altho this brainwash job had been scheduled for at least two months, at the last moment prior to boarding the plane, he remembered he had “another date” . . . and stayed home. After the Hearings in the Senate in 1970 which disclosed the alarming facts about these chemicals, I travelled 400 miles to take the evidence to him, and to discuss why the Departments of Defense and Interior had banned their use, but I couldn’t find him then, either. Altho the forest under his supervision is 2nd largest in the United States, it seems he has no interest or no intention of ever viewing the mess some of his boys have created in the mis-use of a toy they call “herbicides” which really turned out to be a deadly weapon . . . all loaded, ready and waiting for the U.S. Forest Service and their “range management” plans.

Page 2 of this “position statement” mentions that Salt River Project of Phoenix contributes financially (to get more water) in creating the mess known as “chaparral management”.

It also states “the general Public is not familiar with work on the 3-Bar Experimental watershed . . .” I’ll bet they’re not, or they’d probably have a fit over some of the chemicals which have been used there! Especially since the water in Roosevelt Lake which flows down to Phoenix shows contamination with herbicides! And if you find before I do the “persons with special interests in increasing water yield” who have also “supported the work”, let me know.

We skipped page 3 since Arizona Game and Fish Dept. had already informed them that the entire page was a lot of vague nonsense which nobody could understand. One of those “vague sentences” is:

“The chaparral ecosystem in its present state is inefficient when efforts are exerted to convert the available energy to use by higher trophic levels.” They lost me after the first three words!

On page five, they sneak in a plug for herbicides again, swearing scout’s honor to use only “when no alternatives are available”. (Suggestion: have you ever tried the alternative of just leaving it alone?)

When I questioned what these conditions, regulations or rules regarding same might be, they were unable to tell me, nor have any regulations been established in their use of chemicals.

Maybe they thought I wouldn’t read the rest of the “plan” or I wouldn’t know by now how sneaky they are and would think the subject of herbicides was covered by their discussion of same by “no. 6-Page 6” . . . but Pollyanna’s learned a lot about the forest service under the USDA since they sprayed her with chemicals in her pink nightgown, so over on Page 7, no. 13 states:

“Chemical sprays will be applied only to areas where the public has been adequately advised and necessary restrictions have been provided.”

This makes no sense at all since they’re not supposed to apply them where they will in any way contact the public. And their advising me beforehand that they are going to spray chemicals designed for biological warfare and which may wipe out my livestock, house cat, collie dog and me won’t make it any more acceptable . . . or any less painful. When I asked what the “necessary restrictions” would be, the forester in charge hadn’t the faintest idea . . . nor did any of the other forest service personnel present volunteer any suggestions.

The meeting lasted 4 hours. After skipping and skimming thru this “position statement”, we were then introduced to the forest service architect and his charts, drawings and slides. The slides turned out to be viewing maples in Autumn, Pine forests in the High Sierras (or somewhere other than the Tonto!) a photograph of an out-house and a close-up of a spider web. (My sister leaned over and said “When did they sneak in your house to photograph that?”) as I have the largest collection of spider webs in Arizona since I no longer have time to do any housework . . . all my time is spent chasing the forest service to see what new bit of mayhem they have dreamed up for the land they are supposed to look after!?) But in all of those photographs, there was not one picture of chaparral . . . nor any to show how to “landscape” it. There was also a picture of a beautiful sunset . . . time exposure . . . black silhouettes against the sky . . . but no chaparral. I even wondered if the architect brought the wrong reel of slides, or if someone mixed them up like my son’s little girl did with mine when Dow Chemical was taking my deposition, and some of the pictures were of a posse ride, our first Christmas and a picnic at the beach in addition to swollen chemical cans lying exposed in the desert heat by the forest service altho the labels read “store in UN-HEATED buildings.”

During the “question and answer” period, the Game and Fish Dept. read them quite an oration, which said more or less “You’ll have to come up with something better than this or you can count us out”. And they left no doubt in anyone’s mind that as for using herbicides anywhere, forget it!
During recess (no coffee and donuts . . . just a chance for the forest service to try and regroup) the back-up teams arrived. These were the USFS boys from the Rocky Mountain Experiment Station and the head man from the State USDA. One of them invited "those interested" to again visit "Brushy Basin" which seems to be the only area of "chaparral management" in the Tonto where they "managed" to get grass where they planted it. But it probably isn't the kind they planted! Aesthetically, the area looks like hell! Maybe that's why the architect didn't photograph it, he doesn't like the way it looks either!

And none of the foresters told anyone that for all the cost, time and energy expended converting "chaparral to grass" and more forage for the rancher, there are now 18,000 less cattle in 1969 than in 1960 according to F.S. records on the Tonto!

I invited the architect to visit our area and tell us what to do to create a "balanced and Aesthetic" look on our dead mountain . . . and to give us some suggestions of how we might acquire a "new Look" for the dead chaparral some of which is right outside my front entrance and back door, since the forest service managed to kill it with "hormone herbicides". But I don't imagine he'll ever get here.

And since the regional forester stayed home because of an anniversary he forgot, I'm sure you'd like to join me in wishing him a lovely day . . . and in suggesting that he might check around for a new "script-writer" to replace the one who turned out this last 15 page mess of government double-talk. And while he's at it, he might also check on a new architect. One who knows the difference in chaparral and pine trees and the country where they grow ... or maybe they sent the wrong reel!

If they'd like some suggestions, call me. And if they plan to spray herbicides ANYWHERE in Region Three, call me collect.

Lots of luv
Bill of Bear Thicket

P.S. Just got the official word -- they've cancelled their plans to spray this summer in Region Three -- so go back to sleep.

Memorandum to: Smokey the Bear
From: Bear Thicket Bill, Tonto National Forest, Globe, Arizona.

Dear Smokey:

I jetted over to San Diego, June 11, 1971, at the request of some of the residents, to attend another of those Forest Service "chaparral to grass" meetings, after a protest march by some of the civic organizations, including the Sierra Club, demanding a hearing when they learned those Cleveland Forest boys were going to spray them under with herbicides.

And Smokey, their main reason for spraying them sounded more stupid than the reason they gave us . . . seems they had $30,000.00 left over from their "limited" budget, and they'd have to give it back if they didn't spend it by June 30, 1971 . . . so they decided to spend it spraying herbicides . . . (they said they sprayed us to "convert chaparral to grass" but they forgot to plant grass in all the five years of spraying!)

One of the symptoms of "herbicide poisoning" is loss of memory; those boys in San Diego on that Forest Service panel sure sounded like they'd already been sprayed! Some of the things they "forgot to tell the public" were:

1. Sprayed vegetation (or brush) becomes flammable and more easily combustible. (The Cleveland National Forest is just recovering from one of its worst fires which occurred in 1970. Forest Service records indicate these herbicides were used in the Cleveland in 1970, BEFORE THE BIG FIRE.)

The Apache National Forest in Arizona, Region 3, was the only forest in our area to my knowledge, where they were used in 1970, although Forest Service records show formulations used and areas sprayed were in violation of USDA regulations. Some of the quotes of our local ranger, (May 13, 1971) in his column, "Tonto Topics", as he recounted a tragic fire which occurred in that same Apache Forest, May 1971, were: "What do we mourn first? . . . the wildlife that died in the blazing inferno . . . the dead or dying trees . . . the scorched earth . . . or the families who went there to enjoy camping facilities?"

These words could apply to what herbicides have done to his own forest, the Tonto, where he directed the spraying. Other quotes include: "One life, (human) has been lost . . . acres destroyed . . . last year's fire statistics, rose sharply with 1,043 more fires in Region Three in 1970 than in 1969 . . . acres burned totalled 17,000 . . . "thousands of acres of valuable timber and forest land on the west coast destroyed by fire, were unbelievable." (Those "forest and timberlands" in California have been treated with 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T.)

2. The deadly "dioxin" present in these chemicals and declared to be the "most toxic chlorine compound ever known" can be released at 300 degrees C during these fires which burn between 750 and 1,000 degrees. Heat as great as 2,500 degrees C does not destroy it.

3. These compounds are teratogens (deforming abilities 100,000 to 1,000,000 times greater than thalidomide in animals tested) carcinogens (cancer) and mutagens (could produce abnormalities in future generations.)

4. They have been banned by the Department of Interior and Defense. (I have documents, admissions and photographs from the USDA and the Forest Service, to prove these are identical chemicals used with
such tragic results in Viet Nam. A statement was recently carried on
the wire services that the damage caused is far greater than the com-
bined Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombs. Department of Defense records
indicate these chemicals were used extensively in 1967 in Viet Nam
prior to the infamous “My Lai” incident . . . and that it was also the
“Americal Division” in Viet Nam who violated the ban. Recorded
symptoms of humans exposed to 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T include “violent
fits of temper” and a lack of conscience between right and wrong.
5. They were designed as “Chemical Biological” weapons under
CBW during World War II.
6. 58 countries declared their use against enemies illegal.
7. Canada’s Department of Agriculture recalled unused 2,4,5-T and
suggested warnings be posted to read: “EXPOSURE BY ANY ROUTE
OR CONTACT OF PREGNANT WOMEN TO 2,4,5-T MAY BE HARM-
FUL TO THE OFFSPRING. DO NOT USE THIS PRODUCT IN ANY
WAY TO CONTAMINATE WATER, FOOD, OR RECREATIONAL
AREAS.”
8. The Forest Service is violating labeling instructions and USDA
registration regulations in their use of these chemicals.
9. They can KILL all living plants and animals, including grass
and pines, and you and me.
10. They are known as “spray hormones” and contaminated plants
swollen branches, rapid growth, mottled leaves, “autumn” colors, a
“too-healthy” appearance of heavy foliage as they are “stimulated”
and grow themselves to death, causing them to be brittle and susceptible
to wind and snow damage. Can cause a disease known as “root-rot”.
11. No official Public Health Service tolerance levels for the presence
of these chemicals in water or food have ever been established.
12. There is no known antidote.
These are just a few of the things they forgot.
Barry Freeman, University of Arizona, “Range Management Special-
ist” jetted over on the same plane. Seems the USDA has been flying
him all around at our expense, in an attempt to “cover up” the herbicide
damage caused in Globe. He was promoted to “Chairman, Arizona
Section of American Society of Range Management”, cattlemen’s
choice, after we were sprayed. Seems he had a lapse of memory too,
and forgot to include in his reports a trip he made to my place right
after the spray in ’69 when his observances were made “on foot”
standing in the middle of my destroyed-by-herbicides garden, and not
“from an to” as the only report I have seen with his name on it states.
He’s been making this patent USDA speech about the spraying of
our mountain . . . and getting away with it . . . but I was there this
time, and when he read his lines, I told him to fill in the blank spaces
with the REAL report which I had in my right hand . . . his had some
of the facts deleted or watered down like “no residues found in liver
samples from Globe” but he forgot to add, they found residues in every-
thing else except the “shoulder roast”!
From the introduction given him by the Forest Service in San Diego,
some of these listeners thought he was a member of that last government
bunch of “root-rot inspectors” headed out of Washington by the
USDA nine months after we were sprayed. But he wasn’t. He was
only along as an “observer”. And for an “observer’s” report to be
authentic, it’s necessary to “observe” the subject matter. And the only
“observing” Mr. Freeman did on my property was just after the spray
when he “observed” herbicide damage on my peas, kumquats, and
“lprechaun tree”. I invited him back several times to see the deformed,
eye-less guinea pigs, sick horse, dogs, berries and apples and me . . . but
the only time he returned was to tell me that since damage appeared to
have resulted in the area, we probably had valid claims against those
who caused it, and he preferred not to be a witness. His prepared
USDA speech refers to a “goat and a duck” but fails to mention the
hundreds of birds that died, or the numerous other deformed and dead
goats, pigeons and guinea pigs, or the dead fawns, or the deer found
wandering around blind, and diagnosed as having cancer, or the dead
fish and dead quail, or the dwarfed deformed calves, or the goats with
two mouths, or animals with three ears on one side of their head, or
paralyzed birds and other animals, or the great increase in infant deaths,
and malformed fetus” occurring in our county. Nor does he mention
in his report seeing a bird fly into the water by my living room window,
while he was seated in my living room, and we observed its attempt to
swim like a duck in circular patterns, although there were two cats and
two dogs present. Nor did he write any account of “observing” my fe-
male dog partially paralyzed, and seeing open sores where patches of
hair were missing.
Dr. Boise Day was there too, and he couldn’t even remember the
LD/50 of 2,4,5-T!
I belted a couple of questions at him and corrected his figures with
proof in my left hand, holding a document with USDA written all over
it. I even managed to sneak a couple of directives under the wire which
prove the spraying of these chemicals in the Cleveland, the Tonto or any
other forest, is a violation of their own directives: . . . like the one from
USDA headquarters in Washington, where “Big-Chief-Sitting-Still” Clif-
ford M. Hardin resides, and “Little Chief of Forestry” Cliff, sits right
across the street . . . this reads that if tolerance levels were not established
by January 1, 1971, for 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T and 2,4,5-TP (Silvex) ALL
USES OF THESE CHEMICALS IN NATIONAL FORESTS WOULD BE CANCELLED.

But they lied,

One of the "water quality" boys spoke and made a real smart speech . . . how this stuff only lasts a day or two . . . I shot him out of the saddle with the report I was holding in my teeth . . . it's called the "Montebello Incident" and attached to it is a card from his own department "Water Quality Control, California, Etc. . . ."

This informative paper tells that some of this 2,4-D mess worked its way through the soil on into the San Gabriel River, travelled several miles and wound up in the Montebello drinking water, and was still there five years later!

They appeared a little surprised and startled that underneath some of those beards and headbands in the audience, were a lot of brains a yard wide, with some PhD's to prove it, and the shirts with no ties covered a lot of loud beating hearts hell-bent on saving what's left of the soil, trees and mountains that make up America . . . and maybe manage to save that species known as "man" along with it.

As usual, the Forest Service came to no conclusions to "spray or not to spray". I've heard too many of their speeches which seem to infer "this is God speaking" . . . maybe they finally believe it.

A new dramatic note was added at the close of the meeting as the Forester in charge of that big forest in San Diego, placed his hand over his heart and announced that HE was going to be the one person to make the decision . . . not the persons living in San Diego, or those in the audience, or Washington, or scientists whom he chose to ignore, or the doomed animals who could not speak, or the silent leafless trees and shrubs . . . or a dying forest. He finished by saying he also drinks the water from the watershed where these chemicals are to be applied. This statement should be good evidence for the attorneys working on a lawsuit in California, as it is a violation of the USDA and labeling regulations. But I'm glad I didn't wake you from your nap, Smokey, to go with me. You might have lost your temper like I did, listening to some of the members of that Washington outfit known as the USDA, but which I have re-named the "Privileged Liar's Club".

But after I got this latest "toxicology" flash, I figured I'd better wake you up. Seems some of the members of that big scientific outfit known as "The Academy of Science" with members all over the world, decided they'd check into the "hormone" part of these herbicides. They picked out 2,4-D, the one that's sprayed on our food, although tests already showed it produced deformities and tumors in the cancer studies. But, Smokey, this time, they came up with some results that sure made me wonder what we're going to do with the residues still hanging around out there. (Also made me wonder if this was the reason for some of the "peculiar" reactions in plants, animals and some USDA members.) For this report indicates the ability of 2,4-D to completely reverse the sexes! Maybe that's why the guinea pigs quit breeding, and the hens quit laying eggs and grew spurs, and started crowing! And remember those ducks that grew four wings and the wings stuck out of their backs and wouldn't fold down? Well, the scientists produced some of those, too, with 2,4-D.

But maybe when some of the cowboys riding up these herbicide-sprayed-canyons notice that their voices are changing to high tenor, or they can't get their skirts over their saddle-horn, they'll stop spraying their rangeland with "hormone herbicide chemicals!"

Luv, from Bear Thicket Bill.

Location: The backside of the Mountain, Tonto National Forest Globe, Arizona
Memorandum to: Bear Thicket Bill
From: Smokey the Bear
Dear Bill:

Found yer letter in the hollow stump. Sure glad I didn't interrupt my nap to attend that forest service meeting. Figured after I got your letter I'd better go check on that "improved habitat" those boys talked about since I was already awake anyhow. Looked all around the mountain but couldn't find it. Most of the oak trees are dead. No acorns. Mountain mahogany sure looks puny. Lots of twisted up pine cones layin' on the ground, knee deep in orange pine needles. Too bad they're no good to eat. Used to take four years before a crop of pine needles fell off. Now they fall off every year and the pine trees turn orange. Leaves don't come on the trees like they used to and when they do they keep falling off every few weeks. Tore off a big wad of hair when I got hung up in that big dead brush pile. Branches won't bend no more like they used to when they were green. No water runnin' in the crick. Found a puddle over the hill. Tasted pretty bad. Thought since I was going to eat it, I'd say hi to the robins in pioneer pass — they always used to hang out there about this time of year. But none of them made it back this year. Thought I'd cheer myself up and pick some flowers to put on my table and get me some manzanita honey to eat for supper. Couldn't find any of the first and when I looked for the second, there wasn't any of it either. The bees were flat out dead. Just like everything else that used to grow on the sides of this mountain except the manzanita. It's doing just fine. Didn't you tell me in one of your letters that was the only thing those fire and water boys (forest service and salt river project) were aiming to kill?
I don’t care much for this “new habitat”. The one i had is sure messed up. Aren’t goin’ to be enough trees left for a dog park or enough leaves on them for me to even hide behind. If these chemicals they sprayed out here were supposed to “improve” my surrounding and make more deer feed and “better forage”, somebody sure lied to those boys.

I rote a pome after they got that chemical mess all over me during the last spray job. Thought maybe you could poke it in one of them empty chemical cans if you can find one they haven’t lost or mislaid yet and hang it up over that ‘fee area’ sign. One of them might wander over and stick his head inside and read it.

I’m Smokey, the bear . . and I’m sure tired today!
Been running all nite just to get me away!
It wasn’t a fire that chased me clean out,
But chemical spray from a great big long spout!
I thought it was rain . . but when I could see,
There it was in the stock-tank . . and all over me!
I said “What in tarnation!” . . and I must confess
I’ve never seen anything quite like this mess!
I wiped out my eyes . . and I cleaned off my hat . .
I climbed up a hillside . . and for a minute just sat . .
I watched that fly-boy turn his “chopper ‘round . .
Don’t think he even looked down at the ground!
I thought “My gosh! Sure don’t know what he’s doin’!”

Kept spraying that stuff bringing chaos and ruin!
I hid by a pine tree and watched him go by . .
Some got on my fur . . and some more in my eye!
The pine tree just shivered . . and its needles fell down!
But by then that “fly-boy” was half-way to town!
A sycamore yelled . . and a walnut tree cried,
And the peaches and apple trees laid down and died!
The peas in the garden said “No use in tryin’” . .
The tomatoes joined in . . and now they’re all dyin’!

The prickly-pear prickles . . but there are no pears . .
Where the fruit ought to be there’s nothing but hairs!
The century-plant heard the word “Decompose!”
And broke from its base . . and turned up its toes!

I headed back up to the mountain again . .
Then I spied me a group of some wee little men . .
They were running around in a circle they’d made . .
Some in the sun . . and a few in the shade . .
The ones in the sun were real easy to see
Since they had a tattoo like the one that’s on me!
I heard one of them singing some kind of a song:
“MALARKEY! MALARKEY!” the words went along . .
“Just give them more water! There’s a drought they all cried,
But the things that were watered just laid down and died!
Don’t know what they meant . . don’t make sense to me!
But the coat on the one guy was marked “S.R.P.” . .
He carried a bucket . . and sometimes he would stop
And leap in the air . . and say “There’s one more drop!”
A few stamped like me came out with an ax
And said “Don’t forget to cover our tracks!”
They carried some seeds in their little fat hands . .
And they said “We’ll sprinkle these over the lands!
No one will know they can’t possibly grow . .
“And the SALT RIVER watershed surely will flow!”
They joined hands in a circle . . and somebody said
They sprayed all this mess on their own watershed!!!!
I’m tired . . and I’m dizzy . . half sick and disgusted!
Can’t help but think SOMEBODY ought to get busted!!!

CALIFORNIA

In the file marked “California” are many news items, letters and documents which indicate the use of these chemicals in that state are unchecked, and flourishing in a “growth stimulated” well-tended garden of outstanding stupidity.

The state of California uses 20% of all pesticides in the United States, including the defoliants 2-4D and 2,4,5-T. Yet the mass ignorance of the state, county and federal officials of these or any other chemicals, is appalling.

2-4D and 2,4,5-T have and are being sprayed on the watersheds of California in addition to Picloram; yet no sampling of water on these sprayed areas surrounding Los Angeles has been done for the chemicals used, since 1963 when tests showed their presence before their “water weir” washed away.
Brush areas surrounding Los Angeles have been sprayed with these chemicals in some cases prior to forest fires, which made the brush more flammable. The sentence appears in one of the Forest Service papers “residues well below safe limit of 1 part per million”, yet no limits have ever been established for presence of these chemicals in water, or food. The results of the tests for 2-4D and 2,4,5-T from Los Angeles area have not been released, although the samples were taken 12 months ago. Dieldrin has been found in the Pasadena water, but this information has been withheld by the Health Department. Although the labels and USDA registration of all esters formulations of 2-4D and 2,4,5-T forbid their use where they might contaminate water supplies, they are used on watersheds and over open reservoirs in violation of this order. This is also a violation of the restrictions by order of the President’s office.

The National Park Service was not aware these chemicals were being used by the Forest Service in the Los Angeles area, until they were alerted in 1970 to watch for symptoms of herbicide damage to plants and animals. Fuel breaks are used occasionally as bridals paths by persons unaware they have been sprayed. Many horses have aborted, lost weight and hair — or died in the Los Angeles area. Many paralyzed birds have also been observed in these areas by park service employees. Analysis of damaged vegetation including pines show the presence of 2-4D although the park service has not used it in the area. (Eaton Canyon Nature Study, Pasadena.) Areas where the foresters are using them are a direct violation of the ban for they are not “remote uninhabited areas.” The are Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Santa Monica, San Diego, Santa Barbara, Pasadena, Sacramento and all of California, including Recreation areas.

Although there are very strict regulations under the California Administrative Code to govern the use of “injurious herbicides” which includes 2-4D, 2,4,5-T and Picloram, the US Forest Service does not abide by these laws. These regulations recommend spraying under 10 feet above the ground, no more than 5 mph winds, no spraying of these chemicals from March 15, to October 15, in “hazardous areas”. All of the spraying done by the forest service is during the prohibited months, and aerial application often requires distances of hundreds of feet above ground. Nor do they rigidly adhere to any of the cautions on the labels or in their bulletins. I have not found any USDA members who are aware of the hazards outlined in their own literature. Most of them are not aware of what they are using. In December, 1969, the State Agriculture Department of California, banned the use of 91 pesticides, including 64 chlorinated hydrocarbons, on food crops, and placed restrictions on the use of 120 others. But no one whom I interviewed in the Forest Service, was aware of this.

These included aldrin, dieldrin, endrin, lindane and toxaphene. Quoting the state director of Agriculture, Jerry Fielder: “We are making sure they are not registered for sale or use in the future ... there are suitable alternatives available”. But no one checked for alternatives and they are still being used. “Agent Orange” (2-4D — 2,4,5-T), “agent Blue” (cyclic acid-arsenic compound) and “agent White” (picloram-2-4D) as they are called in Vietnam are also being used in great quantities by the US Forest Service, although not one resident of California whom I interviewed, including most of the Department of Agriculture personnel, were aware of this. Every National forest in California has been sprayed extensively and in increasing amounts, for the past eighteen to twenty years which strangely enough coincides with the dates when California noticed an increase in smog and the beginning of what they designate as “smog damage” to their vegetation, including pine trees. Also, there has been an increasing number of forest and brush fires since the inception of this program. In addition to creating a greater fire hazard with the presence of dead sprayed brush and trees, these chemicals cause the sprayed dead or live vegetation to become more flammable and combustible, and release the deadly “dioxin” when burned. Since they are oxygen inhibitors, the plant though still green, would be under “stress” in its ability to release the oxygen so vital to our atmosphere and life ... with the “cleaning system” eliminated, the pollution increased ... in plants and man.

Almost a year later, November 1970, the statewide pesticide coordinator, John E. Swift, wrote a three page letter, grumbling all the way, of what a great blow to the entire world it would be if these chemicals are restricted, or eliminated. The assiminity of his arguments for continuing the use of DDT and the other chlorinated hydrocarbons, of which 2-4D and 2,4,5-T are members, was to say that eliminating them would cause “a great increase in the cases of malaria, and other tropical disease.” He finished by saying: “If all hydrocarbon production is stopped ... for us in California, an almost immediate effect will be a severe termite problem” I wonder if he owns stock in one of the chemical companies, or if he’s just upset because he’s in the Agricultural Extension Research Service at the University of California at Berkeley, and doesn’t want the research funds cut back. He sounds like it would be a sudden catastrophe like the poem:
"Once a termite saw some wood
He quickly ate all that he could.
And that is why my sister May
Fell through the kitchen floor today!"

His letter ended with the sentence "Proper regulation of the present materials as is being done in California is much more effective than outright banning of a chemical." He is evidently unaware that many of these chemicals were already banned in California. He states that "Persistence of chloridane or other compounds in the soil under a house, is desirable."

On August 20, 1970, after the hearings in Washington, on 2,4,5-T and restrictions by the President to areas "remote from habitation" . . . after the ban by the US Dept. of Interior, and Defense, a letter bearing the signature of "Roy Blomstrom, (USFS), Division of Timber Management, Chief, Region 5, Sacramento, Calif." to "Forest Service Supervisors, Region 5" which covers California, approved for use the following chemicals in the 17 National Forests in California:

2-4D "1080" Simazine
2,4,5-T Methyl Bromide Ziram
Cacodylic Acid Chlorodane Chloropicrin
Endrin Dimethoate Thiram
Carbaryl (sevin) Lindane Diazinon
Captan Methyl Bromide Dacthal
Strychnine Atrazine
Morsodren MSMA

"Agent Orange" (50-50 mix 2-4D-2,4,5-T)

When I checked the inventory sheets and also chemicals already used, they included the highly volatile and forbidden Butyl Ether Esters 90.9% Dow Esteron 2,4,5-T and Dow Esteron 2-4D which were singled out by the scientists as the ones used so extensively in Vietnam. The inventory in San Bernardino National Forest which includes Arrowhead, Big Bear and Cajon, also included 2-4D and 2,4,5-T formulations by Amchem and Thompson-Hayward.

Forest Service records show 2-4D was approved for use in the Cleveland National Forest (San Diego) in 1970 prior to the last catastrophic fire in that area. No one knows how much "Dioxin" could have been released in the burning.

Following are some of the "quotes" contained in the files of the various offices of the USFS in California:

1. "The department of Agriculture is working closely with HEW in determining safe tolerance levels for the phenoxy herbicides 2-4D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex (2,4,5-TP) . . . if tolerances are not established (by Jan. 1, 1971) ALL USES OF THESE MATERIALS WILL BE CANCELLED" (letter from E. M. Bacon, chairman Pesticide Use Coordinating Committee USFS, under USDA, Washington Office, dated April 2, 1970 addressed to ALL REGIONAL FORESTERS, DIRECTORS, AREA DIRECTORS, AND WASHINGTON OFFICE STAFF of the USFS.) (No levels were established, but they sprayed anyway, so they lied.)

2. "Chemical use MUST consider personnel safety, public safety, environmental safety and USERS MUST ADHERE TO SPECIFICATIONS AND INSTRUCTIONS ON THE LABEL." (NONE of them did.) (Minutes of "Forestry Safety Meeting" June 6, 1970.)

3. "The FCPC must review ALL chemical material to be used by Federal agencies or by others on Federal land which may have potential of creating residues which could adversely affect the welfare of resource users be they HUMAN OR OTHER." (This could be a tree, deer or me!) (Letter signed: Forest Supervisor Don Bauer, San Bernardino, Calif. April 21, 1970.) This order was violated.

4. Referring to the President's order "remote from human use": "You may proceed with 2,4,5-T projects within guidelines, . . . "We do not consider "human use" as including such use as an OCCASIONAL PERSON(S) WALKING THROUGH A SPRAYED BRUSH FIELD. CONFINE ROADSIDE SPRAYING TO AREAS OF THROUGH TRAFFIC . . . THE HUNTER CAMP THAT MAY BE USED SOME WEEKS AFTER SPRAYING IS NOT CONSIDERED A RECREATION AREA" (although analysis show it persists for YEARS). (Signed R. Max Peterson, Acting Regional Forester, USFS Region 5, to FOREST SUPERVISORS AND Division Chiefs, May 8, 1970) (Too many "chiefs" and no Indians atall!)

5. Referring to the use of 2-4D: "As we have no experience with invert emulsions . . . under our conditions we need to make many trials this year . . . some require addition of oil . . . we need to proceed carefully PARTICULARLY WHERE PINE IS INVOLVED": (I thought the FS said it wouldn't affect pine.)

"Silvex (2,4,5-TP) is not recommended . . . effective against oak, TESTS IN THE WEST HAVE INDICATED IT RESULTS IN MORE DAMAGE TO CONIFERS (PINES) AND IS NOT AS EFFECTIVE ON MANZANITA . . . AS 2,4,5-T" (Signed: H. F. Wise, Acting Chief, USFS Timber Management Region 5 to Forest Supervisors, R5.)

(In June 1971, the California Dept. of Agriculture is considering granting permission to farmers to spray 5,000 to 10,000 acres of walnut and pecan trees with Silvex (2,4,5-TP, experimentally although it is not registered for use on food crops and "no antidote is known."
6. "The Washington Office approved the use of following pesticides for brush and weed control . . . on Southern California Edison Power Lines and NATIONAL FOREST LANDS. "BROMICIL . . ATRAZINE . . SIMAZINE . . 2-4D . . Paraquat" (Signed: H. F. Wise for Paul E. Neff, Chief, Division Timber Management, USFS, to Forest Supervisors, San Bernardino National Forest July 17, 1970.) Attached to this by the forest service is the following information re "paraquat": " . . considerably more toxic than most herbicides . . . number of human fatalities . . . suggests . . . degree of hazard . . . greater than one would conclude from LD/50 alone . . . Accidental wetting of the oral cavity (altho followed by rinsing) resulted in death. Respiratory exposure to mists has resulted in chest pains and frontal headaches . . . lung is organ showing major effects whether oral or respiratory . . . registered for use (by USDA) on POTATOES, SUGAR BEETS, SUGAR BEET TOPS, APPLES, APRICOTS, CHERRIES, CORN, FILBERTS, GRAPES, LETTUCE, MELONS, PEACHES, PEPPERS, PEARs, PLUMS, TOMATOES AND WALNUTS" (Make your own comments to this one.)

7. Referring to an order from the Department of Interior which stated "Endrin is no longer recommended . . . placed on prohibited list by Secretary of the Interior . . . last paragraph in publication "Forest Animal Damage in California" discussing endrin treated seed should be deleted." (7/20/1970)

A letter signed by Roy Blomstrom, acting Chief, USFS Timber Management, who also signed the "approval letter" for the pesticide list, contains this sentence:

"THIS DOES NOT MEAN WE MUST STOP USING ENDRIN . . ." (Aug. 20, 1970 . . . to FOREST SUPERVISORS REGION 5.)

8. "Guidelines for use of 2,4,5-T . . . NO PROJECTS WILL BE UNDERTAKEN WHERE THERE IS ANY POSSIBILITY OF DRIFT TO WATER SURFACES OR TO PLACES WHERE HUMAN OCCUPANCY OR USE OCCURS." (Signed: A. W. Greeley, USFS, Associate Chief to all Regional Foresters, Directors and Area Director, 4/27/1970.)

9. The ignorance of the California Department of Agriculture relative to "2-4D and related herbicides" is well expressed in this sentence signed, D.W. Dean, Chief Agricultural Chemicals and Feeds, addressed to all Agricultural Commissioners in California: "Areas which may at some time be used as recreation areas should not be treated if there is a likelihood that persons will contact residues or be exposed to drift of 2,4,5-T. Areas WHERE PEOPLE WILL NOT BE PRESENT FOR OVER A MONTH NEED NOT BE CONSIDERED AS RECREATION AREAS (WHERE IT WAS CAN-

CELLED NOVEMBER 1, 1970, yet it has persisted for as long as six years!)

The district ranger for the San Bernardino forest, in a letter dated December 9, 1970, states:

"2-4D and 2,4,5-T is used to kill brush sprouts in fuel breaks, and type conversions." He also states it is applied aerially, but that the "rigid use guidelines" insure it does not get to water or people. How he proposes to prevent it when it is sprayed on the watershed, I do not know.

But the sentence that exposed his ignorance of the subject matter after having stated they are using 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T in his forest is: "We use no defoliants."

Maybe his outfit calls them "hormones". But the general in Vietnam knows better. He calls them "defoliants" and so does the USDA. So do I. This forester mentions the "reddish parasite" appearing on the trees, and states there are no chemicals yet to control it. He never sent any of it in for an analysis. We did. It was growing on the pine trees and it contained 2-4D and Silvex.

Another Forester in this same office seems to know even less about these chemicals. It is now 18 months after the incident of Globe, the Forest Service supposedly has been alerted by the USDA to the hazards of these chemicals, and yet this forester in charge, is not even aware that 2-4D and 2,4,5-T are of the chlorinated hydro-carbon family!

He was not aware of any persistence beyond "2 or 3 weeks" of these herbicides, yet studies in California showed a persistence of 2-4D in water for 5 years.

As I read the copies of four recent letters from members of the USFS, in California, including a three page contribution signed by the forest supervisor of the San Bernardino National Forest, the display of ignorance of these chemicals is appalling.

A few sentences are: "Lindane is only persistent for 3 years."

"The Beetle population cannot be allowed to multiply unchecked."

"Benefits obtained (by applications of 2-4D and 2,4,5-T) include: "increased numbers and varieties of birds, animals and reptiles." Yet other sources indicate these have diminished greatly. And on a field trip into the foresters forest, we saw only one bird and no animals.

Also mentioned is:

"Scenic improvement" — which is an assinine statement. I'm sure General Abrams, Vietnam, will agree that these chemicals do not improve the scenery as it turns orange, and brown, and dies.

One forester mentions "decreased water pollution in many areas." But no analysis of water for the presence of these chemicals
have been taken in the sprayed areas.

This supervisor finished his letter by saying: "Please be assured we are not asleep on the job." They may not be asleep, but they are certainly unconscious of what they are doing. And I have not found one forester in California, or anywhere else, who is aware of the danger of these herbicides to the forests themselves.

How ironic that the Government will now "subsidize" anyone desiring to start his own forest! Most of the forest service personnel are unaware of the hazards of these chemicals and are far less cautious in their use than is the Department of Defense in Vietnam.

Many times since June 1969 and the spraying of Globe, my mind could have accepted much easier the discovery and exposure of a subversive plot designed by enemy agents against my country than the realization that most of this frightening damage caused by these chemicals has been due to a conspiracy of ignorance.

In forest after forest in California I discovered the same basic facts:

Those in charge were unaware of the hazards of these chemicals.

They were unaware of the hearings in Washington.

The personnel applying them had no rigid guidelines, nor did they follow the very lax policies outlined, nor were they aware of the state laws.

Records were often inaccurate. Not one forester interviewed was aware of the chemical makeup of 2-4D and related herbicides or that they are chlorinated hydrocarbons. Amounts and methods used varied in different areas for no apparent reasons. The mathematical results obtained to determine the amounts used were mostly inaccurate.

None of the restrictions placed on these chemicals had been adhered to. No one really knew what or where or why they were using chemicals. They were unaware these are economic poisons. No one apparently ever read the labels, or if they did, they proceeded to violate instructions.

In the San Bernardino National Forest, I was told by the Forest Resource Officer that even under adverse conditions such as spraying in excessive winds "25 mph" and at extreme height "1000 ft" above the ground, these chemicals would not "drift more than one-half mile", yet their own publications indicate under conditions such as these, they could drift for hundreds of miles. I was shown an area where 2-4D and 2,4,5-T were supposed to have been used only to discover it was the wrong area and no one knew what was sprayed there! Nor did we find the area where the "agent orange" had been sprayed...nor the empty cans which were supposed to be in a storage yard. Herbicides and insecticides were stored together although this is a violation of the USDA regulations. Other full cans of identical material to those used in Vietnam (Esteron 99 — Dow) were lying on their sides in the California sun although labels read "store in unheated buildings."

Not one of the foresters I interviewed was aware of the amount of chemicals necessary to kill pine trees or anything else. Most of them were unaware they could damage pines or grass. The amounts being used in every forest I checked is many times stronger than necessary to kill both.

When asked how long these chemicals persist in water, their replies were from "only a few hours" to "a matter of a few days". Studies show their presence in water after five years in Montebello, California and Globe, Arizona. The watersheds surrounding Los Angeles have been repeatedly treated with these chemicals. Also the fuel breaks and trails. Samples of water taken seven years ago showed contamination with these chemicals. None have been taken since.

In Santa Barbara, California, I obtained photographs from the Forest Service showing the aerial applications of esters formulations of 2-4D and 2,4,5-T directly above the open reservoir. This is a violation of the USDA registration regulations, which forbids their use where they may contact any supply of water intended for domestic use, irrigation purposes or stock watering. Their recorded wind speeds included "12 mph" although regulations state "under six".

A cry of protest against the use of 2-4D and 2,4,5-T by the Department of Defense in Vietnam was voiced by American scientists, American citizens, and nations around the world. Yet these identical chemicals in identical formulations and at the identical time were being sprayed on the watersheds of California, and other National Forests of the United States. Forest Service records of the Los Padres National Forest disclose that 139,000 gallons of a mixture of 2-4D and 2,4,5-T were aerially dumped on the watersheds of Santa Barbara in a 22 day period during one of the restricted summer months. The strength used was 18 times greater than necessary to kill mesquite, three times greater than recorded instances of causing mortality to pines, and twice the recommended rate for destroying food crops of the enemy in Vietnam.

NONE of the foresters I interviewed were aware these are the identical chemicals being used against the enemy in Vietnam carrying the identical labels and registration numbers. Nor were they aware they were designed during World War II as chemical biological weapons of war.
Most of them were not aware restrictions had been placed on the use of 2,4,5-T nor were any of them aware that 2-4D was equally questionable. They evidently did not comprehend what was meant by the order “remote from human habitation” for their program included a five year projected plan to use them on 40,000 acres surrounding Los Angeles, including the watersheds, and recreation areas.

None of them were aware that “Dioxin” is a contaminant present in the manufacture of these chemicals and that it can be released at 300°C as during a brush or forest fire burning at 750 to 1000°C.

None were aware that Silvex, 2-2,4,5-T and 2,4,5-TP are the same.

None of them had been furnished with the official USDA report and analysis finding of the Globe area. This report showed the presence of “dioxin”, the most deadly chlorine compound known, in addition to residues of the herbicides used. The USDA headquarters had apparently lied to these men with the same arrogance with which they lied to us and the foresters chose to aid their lying. Why is the Forest Service part of the USDA anyway! Webster’s Fifth Ed., page 22: Agriculture — “The production of crops and livestock on a farm”.

Same book page 393: Forestry — “The science of caring for forests”. So that makes it pretty plain the forester isn’t supposed to be interested in planting beans, peas, corn and cumquats! He’s supposed to be taking care of the Redwoods in the forest. And if he doesn’t stop spraying them with chemicals, he won’t have any of those to take care of either!

These chemicals were applied after the hearings in Washington.

I haven’t found one forester yet who can describe the USDA seal, or tell me what crop is pictured or what the dates are or what they mean. There’s a plow and a corn shock and 1862-1889. And the words are “Agriculture is the foundation of manufacture and commerce”. Evidently the “manufacture and commerce” have now swallowed up the agriculture and the interest in taking care of the forests. The research work was done and the research papers published for the foresters and those working in agriculture, but they evidently do not read their own publications. I have two research papers obtained from the USDA library list. They total just twenty-eight pages. But if every forester who has used and mis-used these chemicals 2-4D and 2,4,5-T had read just those two papers, they would have put these herbicides back on the shelf, and things wouldn’t be in such a mess out there!

They are entitled “Toxicity of Herbicides on Three Northwestern Conifers”. (U.S. Forest Service — Research paper #42 — 1961, Portland, Oregon.) And “Herbicide Effects on Douglas Fir and Ponderosa Pine Seedlings”. (Technical paper #1521, School of Forestry, Oregon State University — 1961.)

Following are some of the statements from these two USFS papers that describe their findings in experimental work conducted on pines and other “conifers” with 2-4D and related herbicides including 2,4,5-T:

“2-4D more toxic to pines than 2,4,5-T” (not one forester I interviewed was aware of this).

“Unlike sugar pine which is susceptible in autumn, Ponderosa pine is not”.

“Results are inconsistent”.

“One tree killed immediately, the others so damaged and killed back, they will not recover”.

“In summer treatments, 2-4D in a water carrier killed ALL PINES sprayed with the solution”.

When I interviewed Dr. Tschirley during the Senate hearings, I asked if the failure of the Forest Service in Globe to mix the herbicide with oil as directed and their substitution of water in violation of the label instructions might cause it to be more concentrated as the water would quickly evaporate and also whether the oil was added as a weight factor to help prevent drift. Although I had already verified these deductions with several applicators, his reply had been that the oil would have caused it to drift, and that the only reason oil was recommended was to make the herbicide “more effective”. But he lied.

In case one of the foresters might decide to read this book since they don’t read their own, the amounts being used in the experiments on these pines and conifers were “½ to 1 and ½ lb. per acre — 100 gallon of water or water and oil mix” low volatile 2-4D and 2,4,5-T.

The mixture in Globe was 2 to 12 lb. in 7½ gallons water. Some was low volatile, some hi volatile, but their USDA bulletin states that when the temperature reaches 89 degrees, both of them are highly volatile. Arizona in the summer time is well above 89 degrees.

“If it’s summertime, and the herbicides are mixed with water, and the conifer is a fir, there is more damage with 2,4,5-T than 2-4D;”

“If it’s summertime, and the herbicides are mixed with oil, and the conifer is a fir, there is more damage with 2-4D than 2,4,5-T.”

Another quote, same paper: “Neither chemical suitable in the summer”.

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Yet the summertime is when the Forest Service has done their spraying in the National Forests. The conclusion in this experiment was:

“All spray treatments produced unacceptable amounts of damage and mortality”. The second paper is an accounting of results from using “one, two, and four lb. per acre”.

More quotes:

“Inadequate information available re susceptibility of conifers.”

“Ponderosa pine more severely damaged than Douglas fir in spring and early summer”.

(Most of the “damaged pines” in Arizona and California are Ponderosa’). This next conclusion would have required only logic, not an experiment:

“At higher rates, damage begins to appear more consistently”. Their concluding sentence: “We must continue cautiously . . .”

The photographs of herbicide damaged trees in these studies resemble those in our area. The symptoms which they list are those which have been appearing all over the National Forests in California since the inception of their herbicide spray programs, but which they have tried to blame on ‘smog.” Rather than their not being able to see the forests for the trees, it’s a case of not seeing the dying trees for the chemicals.

Analysis of damaged trees in National forests have shown the presence of 2-4D, 2,4,5-T and Silvex in areas where they have not been used for years. It was found in the swollen branches, the bark, the orange colored needles and the enlarged pine cones, from our forest in Globe and in the pines and Eucatylus in a park in Pasadena.

When the forest service was not practicing the chorus of “kill the chapparal and plant grass”, they were learning all the stanzas of “Only smog can kill trees”. Not one of them could or would describe the symptoms of herbicide damage on a pine tree, but the symptoms they attribute to smog are: “orange colored needles . . . needles drop off . . . sometimes the trees get new needles . . . sometimes it dies”. These symptoms to my “very well trained in herbicide damage” eyes describe the effect 2-4D and 2,4,5-T have on pine trees. Add to that the “over supply of pine cones . . . twisted branches . . . seeds fail to germinate” . . . and the picture is complete. One of their own papers tells of the head forester suspecting 2-4D as the killer in one of his forests. Five years later, the researchers decided to find out . . . and sure enough! “It was concluded to be 2-4D . . .” No “surmises” or “perhaps” or “maybes”. 2-4D killed them.

Either the foresters do not know or will not admit to knowing that plants sprayed with these hormone chemicals often undergo chemical changes which make them attractive to animals and insects. This can often prove fatal to the animal eating the treated vegetation. Many forms of insects are also attracted to the treated foliage or trees which they eat.

These are hormones and stimulate the female. The lady gall-wasp, being the sexy thing she is, then goes on a real “sex-binge” and lays eggs everywhere, and this helps to wipe out whatever might have survived.

Thedamn stuff has been sprayed in every National Forest in California and the rest of America. No signs are posted to tell anyone where, when or what. Now the USDA has chosen to caution only a certain segment of humanity, females of “child bearing years”, about one chemical known as 2,4,5-T. They do not even give a reason why it might be dangerous. One reason is if this “female of child bearing years” happens to be pregnant and should go on a picnic in the Redwood Forest and sits down on a herbicide treated log to eat her tuna sandwich, she might lose her baby. But the USDA would probably say it’s the mercury in the tuna! Nor do they post signs or restrict areas where any of these chemicals are used in National Forests.

Nor do they hang up any signs in sprayed areas telling young males these might just change their outlook on any future sex-life as they are hormones. Or advise the older males wandering through the bushes that these chemicals might be a contributing factor as to why fishing at the lake or hunting in the woods isn’t much fun anymore, and a weekend trip to Las Vegas sounds more than dull . . . it sounds impossible!

At one time I believed the misuse by the Forest Service of these chemicals was due to ignorance of their hazards. This was one more illusion they brutally dispelled. The Forest Service with the approval of the USDA is continuing their use on rangeland and National Forest land. Farmers are continuing their use on crops. Their former lack of knowledge I could understand although it was inexcusable. But their present attitude and refusal to recognize the dangers involved is unforgivable and unacceptable. The symbol which the forester wears on his sleeve becomes a mockery as he helps to destroy the very trees for which it stands.

We have become increasingly aware that the Forest Service and other Department of Agriculture members continue to expose a stubborn arrogance in their attempts to alibi their misuse of these chemicals. But their ignorance has outshone even their arrogance.
More "items of interest" especially for herbicide-saturated and forest-fire damaged California: "Experiments ... carried on ... with plant desicant chemicals 2-4D and 2,4,5-T to AID BURNING. To get proper consumption of chapparal fuels, A CROWN FIRE IS REQUIRED. BURNING CONDITIONS MUST THUS BE ON THE "HIGH" OR 'DANGEROUS" SIDE TO GET DESIRED RESULTS."

"MAIN TOOLS NOW INCLUDE NAPALM GRENADES, GRENADE LAUNCHERS, VERY PISTOLS, FUSEES, HAND HELD BUTANE TORCHES AND ELECTRICALLY DETONATED GRENADES". (Source: quotes from paper presented at Tall Timbers fire ECOLOGY conference, Tallahassee, Florida, March 1968, as written by J. J. Baldwin, Forester, USFS, Tonto National Forest. And for all this damn destruction of more than 5000 acres, he states they increased the range herd from "20 wild cattle" to 200, although the official report shows there are 18,000 less cattle on the Tonto than there were 10 years ago!)

"All shrubs except shrub live oak were killed with basal application of mixture of 2-4D, and 2,4,5-T ... " (USFS Research note RM-98 1968)

"It was decided to SPRAY six weeks ahead of burning with mixture 2-4D and 2,4,5-T by helicopter ... although this might not be an ideal treatment in Arizona.

"By the end of August treated leaves HAD DRIED TO ABOUT 10% MOISTURE whereas UNTREATED LEAVES CONTAINED MORE THAN 90% ... THE TREATED STRIPS WERE BURNED AS PLANNED.

THE ADJACENT UNTREATED AREAS APPEARED RESISTANT TO FIRE ... Considerable variation in flammability was noted on the sprayed strips ... SHRUB LIVE OAK ... BURNED WELL ... MOUNTAIN MAHOGANY AND THE MANZANITAS WERE LESS FLAMMABLE ... combination of spraying (first) and (then) burning PRODUCED A 93% REDUCTION IN LIVE BRUSH COVER ... EMORY OAK AND SHRUB LIVE OAK AND WRIGHT'S SILK TASSLE APPEARED TO BE FLAMMABLE ... (Source: by Lindenmuth Jr., and G. E. Glendening, Research Foresters, 6th annual Watershed Symposium, Sept. 19, 1962.)

So they were quite aware these chemicals could make the sprayed vegetation burn faster in the Mountains of California before they continued to apply them in 1970 before the big fires and in 1971. (USDA REG. #359-158 "DO NOT BURN AFTER SPRAYING AS FUMES ARE POISONOUS")

Nor is any mention made of the release of the deadly dioxin when sprayed vegetation is burned.

The hour is late ... but the urgent need remains to add these final evidences of the wholesale ignorance of herbicides existing in great abundance in the beautiful but dying state of California.

Following are random notes taken from a conversation with the forester, Mr. Reveal, of the Cleveland National Forest in a telephoned interview June 29, 1971, as the USFS forges ahead in their plans to spray herbicides in spite of the hundreds who protested their plan in San Diego.

In answer to my questions concerning rules or importance of air temperature, height above ground for aircraft while spraying:

"State code says five feet above the ground ... we'll fly close to the ground but he's got to maintain about 50 or 60 feet above ground in order to get coverage."

"State code for hazardous chemicals (includes 2-4D, etc.) in the hazardous Central Valley is 80 degrees or six hours after sunrise NO MATTER WHAT THE TEMPERATURE IS."

Me: Would the chemical be more volitile at higher temperatures?

He: I imagine they would volitilize faster ... oil more volitile at 80 than at 60. I don't know whether 5 degrees is critical or not. (Me: it is for at 89 degrees, low volitile can become high volitile (USDA Bulletin No. 2183))

He: "Get yourself so that the helicopter's between you and the sun and you can see that spray form little rainbows around the edge of the prop ... you can watch the stuff and see what happens to it."

When I asked if any residue studies had or were being made:

He: "We don't have the personnel, directions or scientific capability to do this kind of stuff."

Relative to my inquiry of poisonous plants becoming edible once sprayed:

He: "All I know about 2-4D is if you put it on sagebrush, YOU HAVE AN AWFUL TIME KEEPING THE COWS FROM EATING IT BECAUSE THEY JUST LOVE THE STUFF. (One more violation or a couple of them.)

Me: Whose ranch land is involved in this spray area?

He: "Corte Madera Ranch ... it's a big corporation owned by a bunch of rich guys. They've used herbicides already this summer."

Me: "Have any of the rancher's, or county board of supervisors or private water user's cooperated on any of your projects?

He: "that's right ... we've done that sort of thing down here ... we have a co-op with the county, and Dept. of Agriculture, and one of the local ranchers ... never been able to interest flood control people ... we have one project in Orange county that one of the water districts is in on ... it's for watershed protection ... they're supplying
part of the funds... 50-50 split of local and federal money...

Regarding the special insurance required for 2-4D:

He: "The forest service doesn’t have any way to buy insurance for its operations, but it’s responsible."

He: "Contract for spray job is signed with Western Helicopters, Rialto... they have two rigs... both have been working all spring long... they come on down from Santa Barbara, Los Padres National forest and are spraying the San Bernardino... and now they’re coming on down here to use the same chemicals... lost one of their helicopters in Santa Barbara... wrecked it... hopefully they’ll get another copter down so we can get this thing over with...

To my question for the list of "experts":

He: "I guess there’s no such thing as an expert..."

He could only list two, our ex-ranger, Don Bolander who may know a lot about ranching but very little about herbicides... and "Dr. Harvey in the EXPERIMENTAL STATION AT BERKLEY AND DAVIS..." He’s the one on the panel who wasn’t aware that it was necessary to apply these chemicals more than once!

He: "Agriculture Department has a guy that handles the chaparral (with herbicides) along ALL THE ROADS AND HIGHWAYS IN SAN DIEGO COUNTY... STATE HIGHWAY DEPT. USES 2-4D and 2,4,5-T in brush areas... State parks don’t use any herbicides..."

Samples of soil and water of areas to be sprayed have been taken... but not run yet.

Samples of the chemicals in the cans to be used have been taken... but no tests have been run on those, either, for dioxin or anything else.

He: "We put the soil samples in cold storage and we’re not going to run them unless we have to..."

Me: "But your supervisor said he was going to have the results of all these things before you spray..."

He: "Well our main guide on this thing would be the Water Quality Control Board and the boys at Corvallis..." (Me: then forget it, kids... for they’re both old hands at manipulating the truth!!)

Me: "You realize there ARE NO PUBLIC HEALTH STANDARDS FOR THESE CHEMICALS?"

He: "YES, THAT’S RIGHT."

In answer to my question as to why they stated (erroneously) that "1 ppm dioxin" had been established as permissible in these chemicals.

He: "IT’S JUST A SORT OF A THING THAT DOW CHEMICAL AND THESE OTHER PEOPLE SAY THEY CAN MANUFACTURE THIS WITH ONLY THIS MUCH IN IT..."

To my inquiry as to whether this spray job had been cleared with the Washington offices of the Environmental Protective Agency:

He: "We have one letter from the director of Forest Pest Control, and one letter from the local Water Quality Control Board, signed by Mr. O’Leary, and the State Health Department by Kirkham W. Campbell."

I asked about the "remote areas", remembering the Washington directive that sprayed areas were to be "remote from areas of human habitation": To my question of the distance to the closest inhabited area or home:

He: "There’s one farm, about a quarter of a mile, and its about ⅓ mile to "Pine Valley". It’s a typical MOUNTAIN RECREATION AREA, THERE’S A PICNIC AREA, AND A MOTEL, COUPLE OF RESTAURANTS, BUNCH OF HOUSES, AND A CAMPGROUND OR TVO, AND PINE TREES, YOU GO DOWN from 5000 to about 3500... They’re in the valley..."

Me: "Closest crop area?

He: "About a mile"

To my question whether herbicides had ever been used on the area that burned in 1970.

He: "THAT HAD BEEN PARTIALLY CONVERTED IN 1962 and the Extension Experiment station had some herbicide treatment plots there... the amount of herbicides on the Cottonwood Watershed last 15 years pretty minimal!”

Me: "Have you ever checked your pine trees FOR THE PRESENCE OF HERBICIDES?"

He: "NO, WE WATCH THEM FOR SMOG, WE DON’T KNOW WHY WE SHOULD CHECK THEM FOR HERBICIDES" (One more "forester" who didn’t know the right answer...)

Me: "Do you know the rate necessary to kill a pine tree? Or to damage it?"

He: "NO I DON’T... BUT I KNOW WE USE LOTS OF 2-4D..."

But he didn’t know that less than half the amount he is planning to use "⅓ mile from the pine covered recreation area" can kill the conifers! And he didn’t know the symptoms of herbicide damaged pine trees are the IDENTICAL SYMPTOMS HE’S BEEN ATTRIBUTING TO SMOG!

And now I’m reading the label of the numbers he gave me: USDA #464-201 Dow Esteron 99... "DO NOT APPLY AERIAILY TO OR OTHERWISE PERMIT TO COME IN CONTACT WITH VEGETABLES, FLOWERS, GRAPES, FRUIT TREES, ORNAMENTALS, COTTON, OR OTHER DESIRABLE PLANTS... MAY INHIBIT SEED GERMINATION... DO NOT CONTAMINATE IRRIGATION WATER, DITCHES OR
WATER USED FOR DOMESTIC PURPOSES.'"
These are only a few of the restrictions they are violating. But they
didn't read the label on the can, and they didn't have one in
their office. Maybe they should try getting theirs where I got mine,
from the General's out-fit in Vietnam . . . he has a lot left over since
he outlawed it over there.

This forester assured me (and others) that approval for this pro-
ject by the National Pesticide Committee had been obtained. When I
insisted on proof, the only documents he was able to furnish were
copies of three letters, one from the San Diego Health Department
containing the sentence: 'THE AREAS (TO BE SPRAYED) ARE ON
THE WATERSHEDS OF EL CAPITAN AND MORENO RESERVOIRS,
WHICH SERVE AS SOURCES OF DOMESTIC WATER SUPPLY' A
SECOND LETTER FROM THE SAN DIEGO WATER QUALITY CON-
TROL BOARD contained the sentences: 'The use of herbicides as
discussed (2-4D, 2,4,5-T and 2,4-D-T) appears reasonable. This
SPRAYING PROCEDURE IS TO BE REPEATED EACH YEAR OR
EVERY OTHER YEAR AS NECESSARY.' The third letter dated May 4,
1971, was NOT from the 'National Pesticide Committee' either, but
by the director of Pest Control, and sent to the ex-ranger
from Globe, Arizona. The opening sentence read 'The program
review panel working group on pesticides DID NOT QUESTION YOUR
EMERGENCY REQUEST FOR EXTENSION OF 2-4D, 2-4DP,
and 2,4,5-T USES ON THE CLEVELAND AND SAN BERNARDINO NA-
TIONAL FORESTS.'

The only enclosure besides these three letters was a "Bill for
Collection" for $1.25 for "sale of photocopies" marked "paid".
Whatever respect I may have retained for an agency known as
the "United States Forest Service" was wiped out when several of
my files disappeared at the forest service meeting in San Diego,
June, 1971, when thousands of California residents were
represented at a protest hearing against the proposed spraying of
the Cleveland Forest. These files were taken without my know-
ledge by the forest service member whose rude behavior to me
during the meeting was inexcusable. He returned only part of them
to me a month later. The letter accompanying them was an attempt
by this man to convince me my records were "accidentally" taken by
him to San Francisco, where they remained for three weeks prior to
notifying me. The tactics employed by this man, Grant A. Morse,
CHIEF, Division of Information and Education, USFS, San
Francisco, strikes a new blow and a new low, not only for the forest
service in California, but for the rest of America.

In spite of the protests lodged, including those by the Sierra Club,
Aubodon Society, and 380,000 signatures of California residents to
have these chemicals banned in the entire state, Mr. Kenton Clark,
Supervisor, USFS, Cleveland National Forest, San Diego, removed
his hand from his heart, closed his eyes . . . and his ears . . . and his
mind . . . and sprayed anyway.

"F.O.I.A."

"I have always believed that freedom of information is so vital
that only the national security, not the desire of public officials or
private citizens, should determine when it must be restricted."

These were the words of President Johnson when he signed into

But the USDA (and many other government agencies) not only
violates this law, but uses the law itself to withhold information, if
they so desire, from private citizens of the United States, although
other government agencies and certain special interest groups are
given preferential access to any information they desire. Instead of
this being a great weapon for justice, the USDA has reshaped it into
a club in an effort to intimidate those brave enough to challenge
them.

One of the provisions included in this law is:
"no disclosure is required of investigative files compiled for law
enforcement purposes except to the extent available by law to a
private party."

The USDA has learned by heart the first four words, and deleted
all else, including the original design and present meaning of this
Act. When a government agency wishes to withhold information, all
that becomes necessary is to shove it in a brown envelope, bearing
the stamp of that poor eagle with his eyes shut and flying backwards,
place a rubber stamp somewhere under his tail feathers that leaves
the word "classified" . . and close his ears and conscience to the
request. It ruffles their feathers less than the eagle's to tell them
they are in violation of the "F.O.I.A." for they don't give a damn! To
my knowledge, less use is made of this law than the one which
states I can no longer tie my horse to the lamp post by the court
house. Most people don't even know it exists, and those who do,
won't make use of it. Where are all those brave news men? Thank
God they keep dragging out the truth (in spite of Spiro) but why don't
they grab that “FOIA” law in their right hand, their typewriter in their left, and sue somebody?

The parrot phrases of the USDA are ringing in my ears … “sorry, our general counsel has instructed us not to give out any information about herbicides to anyone anywhere.” Yet they share their secrets with SALT RIVER PROJECT, State Land Department, Game and Fish, Health Department, Range Management, and Dow Chemical. Even the General in Vietnam and the one in Washington supplied answers to my questions. But not that USDA bunch! Herbicide information, USA, is NOW “classified”!

P.S. We knew these were biological war weapons, but maybe the USDA has now added a few new ingredients even the Adjutant General didn’t know about and that’s why they’re “classified”!

SUE THE BASTARDS!

This particular chapter was written by circumstance, not by choice. I review the incidents which have made this action necessary:

On October 27, 1969, a letter was sent by the President of a national organization, to Mr. Hardin, Secretary of Agriculture, requesting his comments or knowledge of the spraying in Globe. When no reply or acknowledgement of this letter was received by November 21, 1969, a second letter was sent to Mr. Hardin.

On December 15, 1969, a delayed response was written from Secretary Hardin’s office, containing such phrases as “program based on many years of experience”; “Pinal Mountain project was not unique”; “manipulation to improve wildlife habitat”; “reduce fire hazard”, “enjoyment and safety of hikers, campers and hunters”, “treatment (in Globe) accomplished by experienced and qualified applicator under direction and supervision of the Forest Service”, “no wind in excess of 16 mph recorded during the period of application” (regulation recommends under 6 mph); “no private property included”; “actual application confined to project area.” “Silvex only herbicide used”; “water tests all indicate Silvex content well below Federal State approved tolerance level.” (There are no tolerance levels established for Silvex, 2,4-D or 2,4,5-T in water.)

These statements indicated the complete ignorance of the subject matter, by the writer — or he lied!

On January 6, 1970, a brief reply was addressed to the National organization, by someone in Mr. Cliff’s office. It read:

“Secretary Clifford M. Hardin has asked us to acknowledge receipt of your December 26, 1969 letter to him, relating to the Pinal Mountain Project, Tonto National Forest. Also please consider this an acknowledgement of your December 19, 1969 letter to us on the same matter.

“A fully responsive reply will be forthcoming when the detailed information requested has been assembled.” Sincerely, etc.

The signature is unreadable, but it appears above the name of Edward P. Cliff, Chief of Forestry, USFS — USDA.

In February 1970, I was informed by the Regional Headquarters of the Forest Service in Albuquerque that a “fully responsive reply” had been prepared by them and sent to Cliff’s office February 5, 1970, for clearance by his department.

Two months later it still had not been received.

On April 7, 1970, the regional office of the Forest Service in Albuquerque, verified the fact in writing that the “fully responsive” reply had been written and was “delayed” in the Chief’s office in Washington.

On April 18, 1970, the national organization again wrote to the Regional office, since no reply had as yet been received from Hardin, or Cliff’s office.

This date was after the Senator Hart hearings in Washington which disclosed the extreme hazards of these poisons. It was after the Department of Defense banned the use of “Orange” which is 2,4D and 2,4,5-T, in Vietnam; it was after the Department of Interior indicated they would be banned on all lands under their jurisdiction.

On April 27, 1970, I personally worded a letter to Chief Cliff. The first paragraph read: “Since you are evidently reluctant or unable to give any direct answers to the national organization letters, I have composed a new list of questions which I am directing to you. They are condensed where possible, to “yes” or “no” or multiple choice answers. I am sure by now these answers should be available. I shall expect your reply as quickly as possible.

On May 26, 1970 there was still no reply to any questions asked by anybody. So I called the “Chief’s” office. I then received a letter condensed to half a page, from the “acting Chief” which said: “The information is not assembled in this office or at our regional headquarters”. (Only Hardin and God knew where it was, I guess!)

He stated although “any citizen has access” to the information, they were unable to furnish it to me because it would cost too much to do so! He also suggested I contact the “Regional Forester in
Albuquerque” who would be glad to “furnish the information” which I wanted. Whereupon, I picked up the phone, called the “Chief’s” office in Washington and by cleaning up my language a little, but not my temper, I suggested that one of them trot into Hardin’s, or Cliff’s, or the President’s office, look up file #2240” in Washington, and he would discover that the “regional forester” in Albuquerque had already written a reply to all the damn questions four months ago, and that it was sitting there waiting for somebody to put it back in one of those envelopes that has the Eagle with his eyes shut stamped in the right top hand side of the envelope, and mail it to me! While I had the “Chief’s” office, I ad-libbed a lot of other grievances against their entire inefficient, bungling, arrogant, domineering, pro-crustating outfit.

And we sued. There will probably be a lot more entries in File #2240 before it becomes a memory.

It is now December, 1970. Eighteen months since the “last spray” in Globe. Those questions, asked more than a year ago, have never been answered.

In direct violation of the Freedom of Information Act, and in spite of a letter stating “any citizen has access to it”, our request for answers to these and any other questions has been denied.

I received a letter in June, 1970, from the Regional Forester stating they had been advised by “counsel” in Washington not to release any information “regarding application work or chemicals on any pesticide project.”

But Pollyanna didn’t give up. I knew 50 samples had been taken by the foresters of soil, water, plants, and contents of chemical cans. I asked for these results. Again I was denied: “Our legal counsel has advised that Forest Service employees should not give any information regarding any spray project to anyone”. Signed, Deputy Forest Supervisor.

If ever had any twinge of regret that the hurt, and anger and loss which we have suffered forced us to take legal action for protection against a branch of our government, it has long since been forgotten.

I wrote no letter to the Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Hardin, to accompany the copy of our claim for 4½ million dollars in damages. Instead, I sent with it a tape recording, which has since been referred to as “the largest claim ever submitted to the Government to the tune of poetry and music!”. The opening remarks were “you could reach over and turn off this tape, but you won’t, for you’ll probably want to hear what I’m going to say”.

My remarks were addressed to Secretary Hardin, USDA, Chief Cliff, USFS, Lee DuBridge, Science Advisor to the President, and to President Nixon, if he cared to listen.

A partial transcript of this tape follows:

“I am not speaking to you about Vietnam… but about the United States of America… and your continuing to allow the use of 2,4-D or 2,4,5-T or Silvex on rangelands, forests, and food crops.

“All three have been proven hazardous and deformimg. I cannot help but wonder how helpless a mother in Vietnam must feel when she can’t even complain to you about these chemicals as I am able to do.

“You know as well as I, Mr. Hardin, that the order to restrict the use of 2,4,5-T in America to ‘rights of way and rangeland,’ is totally meaningless, while still permitting the use of 2-4-D and Silvex.

“And since these chemicals can drift for hundreds of miles, where are your ‘unpopulated areas’ for application, Mr. Hardin, or Mr. DuBridge, or Mr. Finch, or Mr. Hickel or President Nixon?

“The disappointment which I feel in finding such feet of clay in high places has added to a general disillusionment with your entire department.

“The shock of this was great at first, but after living with this knowledge for several months, and having it driven home deeper and deeper, I have become accustomed to it, although I do not accept it.

“Who kept the Bionetics report so secret? Was it you, Mr. Hardin? Was it you, Mr. Finch? Or was the laboratory itself afraid to disclose their findings? It was known as early as 1965 that these chemicals could deform, why weren’t these findings released? Where is your ‘uncontaminated’ 2,4,5-T, or 2-4-D or Silvex, since it has been shown to be impossible to manufacture these chemicals without the presence of “contaminants”?

“Where are you going to spray the highly contaminated kind already stored in your warehouse, since a Department of Defense order states it may no longer be used in Vietnam? Did any of you who are responsible for disseminating information for which we pay, ever tell the Forest Service, or the BIA or the BLM or even the Army Corps of Engineers what you knew about these chemicals in 1945, or 1965, or even in 1970? That they were designed as biological weapons of war, that they could paralyze, cripple and destroy? Or didn’t you know about these things either?

“Didn’t any of you bother to check on the progress of the tests begun in 1963 and which cost us three and one half million dollars?

“I am not a scientist, nor a doctor dealing in teratogenicity, nor a chemist analyzing synergistic effects, but I didn’t need to be to realize it is abnormal for animals to suddenly die, or for birds to be
paralyzed, or for guinea pigs to be born with only one eye.

"It didn’t take a chemical or ecological genius to conclude that if these chemicals were still present in water, plants, soil, food crops, and in me, then they must be residual, for it is almost a year since they were sprayed, but they are still here. And if they are residual and poisonous, why did you register them, Mr. Hardin when no tolerance levels had been established. And how can you cancel 2,4,5-T on food crops for which it was never registered? Or restrict the use of these chemicals on water when they were never registered for use on domestic water in the first place? How can you say it is all right to use on rangeland where cattle or sheep or goats are feeding, and not worry about the residues which accumulate in the animals tissues and fat and milk? Or don’t you plan to eat any meat, or drink any milk, or eat any vegetables, or go for a ride in the country, or sit in the forests where they are sprayed, or visit a wilderness area where it has drifted, or use any of the water that runs into the streams and wells and lakes and rivers from the contaminated watersheds?

"Maybe all of you are just going to sit in Washington, with your doors and your windows and your minds closed, and hope these chemicals don’t drift your way.

"If there were no other way to accomplish what you pretend you are accomplishing with these chemicals, then possibly even I would try more carefully to weigh the "DoNotes", but fire was nature’s original means of "control", not chemicals. Possibly one of our first mistakes was eliminating the Indian with his instinctive knowledge of working with Nature.

"Fire is clean and honest, it is not something to be feared, but to be respected. Only when man fails to respect it, or use it wisely does it become his enemy.

"I have studied the principles and teachings of Frank Lloyd Wright, and learned to express them in the designs which I have created, his basic principles were often referred to as "Natural Building" or integral building, which means "wholeness" and honesty and a "oneness" with everything there is. He believed the highest quality a building or a man could possess, was integrity. It is a rarer quality even than Truth, for truth just of itself is often useless. Many men possess the knowledge of truth, but unless they are willing to pay the price for putting this truth into action, it benefits no one, not even themselves.

"Fire as nature intended it, possesses integrity… these chemicals do not…

"I gave my word that I would do all within my power in whatever time is left to me, to see that these things which are wrong are stopped. I gave my word to an old man of 84 whose orchards and crops are gone, and to a Mexican who turned in a pitiful claim of $450.00 for the loss of his trees and gardens, and it was denied. I gave my word to the trees that are left, and to the Arizona desert which I love, and I will keep that word.

"Because I am a realist, I have reduced the hurt to the only terms I believe can be understood by those who would continue with these plans of desecration anywhere in the world. And since as Dr. Bailey, USDA has so eloquently stated, it must be for "economic reasons", I now present the extent of my damage economically in terms of a monetary figure. This figure is far short of the actual loss I could express and while it will never cause me to forget what has happened, it may help you to remember…"

The tape was brought to a close with the following poem, complete with organ music in the background, played by my husband.

This be my prayer, I ask tonight, Oh God!
Bring back the flowers… and start my world anew…
Help move the rocks! I’ll use what strength I have…
Don’t let me fail in what I have to do!
Touch my heart with faith again I pray…
And let there be new vision for my eyes…
Oh! Let the rivers find the ocean wide!
And put a rainbow in my tear-swept skies!
The little blue-bird missed my house this Spring…
So cold the leaves, so still the flowers now dying…
The song my heart sang was so very loud
That I forgot that eyes are made for crying…
The song the pine sings is a loud lament…
The naked earth will reach her arms in vain…
I will avenge each needless useless death…
And share within my heart their silent pain.
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Bring back the flowers . . . and start my world anew . . .
Help move the rocks! I’ll use what strength I have . . .
Don’t let me fail in what I have to do!
Touch my heart with faith again I pray . . .
And let there be new vision for my eyes . . .
Oh! Let the rivers find the ocean wide!
And put a rainbow in my tear-swep skies!
The little blue-bird missed my house this Spring . . .
So cold the leaves, so still the flowers now dying . . .
The song my heart sang was so very loud
That I forgot that eyes are made for crying . . .
The song the pine sings is a loud lament . . .
The naked earth will reach her arms in vain . . .
I will avenge each needless useless death . . .
And share within my heart their silent pain.