

## *Chapter 39*

### *The Dunsmuir Spill*

*We never do anything well till we cease to think about the manner of doing it.*

William Hazlitt

On a warm night in the mountains of Northern California, in July 1991, a Southern Pacific Railroad tank car jumped the track and fell directly into the headwaters of the Sacramento River. At 11:00 p.m. 20,000 gallons of the herbicide metam sodium flowed from the ruptured tank car into the pristine, trout-filled river. Three miles downstream is the railroad town of Dunsmuir, California. Their community is noted for three things: the Railroad Center, trout fishing and fine people.

These mountain people slept with their windows open wide that night, unaware of the silent cloud of toxic gas that hovered above them and drifted through their homes.

Early the next morning, they woke to something obviously very wrong: a chemical disaster. Hardy, active people woke with swollen, burning eyes, terrible headaches, and stinging ugly sores started to appear. The doctors were helpless to treat them, for they knew of no satisfactory antidote for this type of chemical poisoning.

The police blared warnings for the citizens to close their windows and stay indoors. Meanwhile the Highway Patrol told travelers on State Highway 5 to roll up their windows and keep driving.

They said, "Don't stop in Dunsmuir."

It turned out that everything was killed for forty-five miles downstream from the point of contamination. The nightmare was real. There had indeed been a chemical disaster.

When the Dunsmuir Spill happened, I found myself very busy and running out of time – legally. Although I wanted to prove to myself and to the medical community what the clay would do against pesticide and herbicide poisoning, I knew it would take more of my time than I could afford. So, I just kept reading about the pain and destruction of the infamous Dunsmuir Spill. Frankly, I thought surely in time it would just fade away. I imagined the terrible symptoms would diminish, and everything would go back to normal, but that didn't happen.

The *Los Angeles Times* reported children had ugly sores on their bodies, women experienced multiple periods, and steady grinding headaches were driving people to despair. Many suffered from persistent rashes and bleeding gums. Malaise and fatigue were a daily part of what before had been active lives. Some had much worse symptoms than others. Miscarriages increased, and mothers were concerned about the futures of the unborn. A behavioral syndrome involving bad attitudes among family and friends caused squabbles and fights where there had been none before. Constantly aching muscles, painful joints and sleepless nights had become commonplace for these hardy people. Worse than anything for these proud, fiercely independent people was the fear. Dunsmuir was a frightened community.

The medical establishment suffered from a reactive wait and see attitude. No one could really blame them, because they just didn't know what to do. Three months later, the people of Dunsmuir still suffered myriad symptoms.

Then, in September 1991, I read an article in the *Los Angeles Times* that described some very unattractive reactions to the Dunsmuir Spill. First, the Southern Pacific Railroad ignored their culpability in the disaster and stonewalled the media. Second, the City Fathers displayed an appalling insensitivity in downplaying the entire incident. They apparently didn't want to scare away tourists, or the dollars they bring with them. In addition, they tried to make injured residents look like low-lives for applying for

compensation. The whole scenario smelled noxious, like festering greed.

These revelations caused me to pack my truck with a large quantity of my clay and begin an odyssey which lasted, on and off, for a month. I soon learned a great deal about clay therapy and chemical poisoning.

### **Nick and Boyd (Two Brothers and the Lady)**

When I got there, it looked peaceful enough, but as soon as I checked into a motel the story started to unravel. A young man about sixteen years old sat behind the motel desk reading. I saw a TV station truck from the CBS affiliate in San Francisco parked just outside.

I had read about the sores on people and the constant headaches, but by this time I seriously wondered if these problems had lessened along with all the other symptoms that had been reported. Wrong. The first thing I noticed as I set my bag down in the lobby, were the sores on the young desk attendant's face. He looked as though he had grown used to them.

He asked, "May I help you?"

I tried hard not to stare and wondered if I'd be able to help him. "Yes please, I need a room for a couple of weeks."

"Sure. We've got lots of rooms nowadays."

I understood.

"Are you a lawyer?"

I coughed slightly. "No, I'm no lawyer. I agree with Mr. Shakespeare."

He didn't get it. "What? Are you a newspaper man?"

"No, I'm not a writer, either."

"Huh? What are you then? I mean. excuse me sir, but why are you here? We're standing 200 feet from the river right now, and that spooks a lot of people, so I'm just sort of curious about why you're here. I mean, very few people come this way lately."

"To be candid with you, I'm here because I think I can help

those sores.”

“You’re a doctor?”

“I’m no doctor, either.”

He acted like our conversation had become a guessing game. He raised his hand as though in a classroom, “I got it. You’re a-studying us, like those folks from the University?”

“Nope, I’m none of those things, but I do believe I can get rid of those sores on your face.”

“Really?”

“How long have you had ‘em?”

“From the start of the whole thing.”

“What’ve the local doctors done for ‘em?”

“Nothing they can do. You don’t know nothing about what’s going on, do you? Where’d you come from? Are you sure you’re not a lawyer?”

“Nope! I’m damn sure no lawyer! Why do you keep asking me if I’m a lawyer? On second thought, I’m tired and sleepy. I want to crash. We’ve got a long way to go, and everything can’t be done in a night.”

“Yes it can! Everything can be done, or at least undone in one night! It’s like we went to bed in one world and woke up in another!”

His remark startled me. I paused a second, thought about it and decided to sleep. “See you in the morning, son.”

He asked in a rather hopeful tone, “Do you really think you can take the sores, rashes and stuff away? Now, just how are you gonna do it?”

Maybe because I heard the hope in his voice, I don’t know, but whatever it was I couldn’t let it go. For almost four years I’d seen my clay heal gross infections, exotic rashes and strange sores, that nothing known to conventional medicine could touch, so, it was time to get busy. I couldn’t sleep anyway, not with his skeptical refrain, “How are you gonna do that?” ringing in my head.

I started for the door. “I’ll be right back.”

"Where you goin', Mister?"

"Just going to my truck for some stuff." When I returned I had a big cookie jar of gelled clay and a big bag of dry, powdered clay. "Does it itch?"

"Itch? Mister, this stuff drives us all nuts! For some, it's worse than for others, but yes!"

"When are you off duty?"

"I'm off right now. The night man is coming on. My parents own the place, and we live here. Anyway, it's 7:45, and he comes on at 8:00, so I'm free."

"Have you got any plans?"

"Is that the stuff that helps? Ah, no. Excuse me, Mister, I mean my plan is to do whatever you ask me to."

I swear he had a kind of Huck Finn look about him and I liked him.

"Great, okay now, some of this stuff is a dry powder and some is gelled. See?"

"Yes, sir. What do I do?"

He was anxious, and I was tired. "Put about a cup of this powder in a hot bath, and just soak in it. By the way, do you have a headache right now?"

"I've always got a headache. A lot of people do. My mom is real bad!"

"Are your parents here right now? If they are, go get 'em for me."

"No, sorry, they went to Redding and won't be back 'til tomorrow afternoon."

"Well, in any case, here's what I want you to do. First, get a glass of water and a wooden spoon."

"Okay, I'll be right back!"

I had him put about a tablespoonful of the powder in a glass of water. "Mix it up." He did, then I said, "Drink it all down."

He looked at it and sort of hesitated. "What's in this stuff?"

"Trace minerals. Good stuff."

In a cavalier fashion, he tossed his head back, and there it went.

I looked at that glass. "There's some left in the bottom. Get some more tap water and swish it around. Get it all in your system."

He did, and smacked his lips, "Nothing to it. Doesn't taste like anything. It's nothing."

"Okay, now here's what I want you to do. Run a nice hot bath with a cup full of the clay."

Then he questioned, "Clay? Clay? Clay? C-L-A-Y?"

"Yep. Also, when you take your clay bath, I want you to put some of the clay on a hot, wet washcloth, get it all wet and put it on your face. Press it on your forehead and over your eyes. Just leave enough space to breathe! Stay in the bath for forty minutes to an hour. Got it?"

"Sure, no problem." He stuck out his arm and rolled up his sleeve, "Do you really think it will do something for my headaches and this rash?"

"We'll see."

"Did you know that a lot of us who live near the river have got this darn rash all over our bodies?"

"I've read about that."

He went on, "I mean all over, and it's miserable."

"I'm sure it is. There's also something else I want you to do."

"What's that?"

"Are you going to be up for a while tonight? Say, 'til ten or eleven?"

"Sure, my little brother and I will be watching TV tonight. There's no school tomorrow. By the way, my little brother doesn't have headaches, but he's got the rash all over him, real bad. How about I give..."

"No problem. Give him the works. How old is he?"

"Nine years old, and the itching really bothers him, and it stings too."

"For sure, but I've changed my plan a little bit. Here's what I

want you to do first. I want you to put this gelled clay all over the rash and sore spots. Is it on your back?"

He whipped off his shirt. His back was covered with a painful-looking rash.

"My little brother is the same, or worse, because he scratches them at night. Will it stop the itching?"

"It should, but let's get this straight first. Put it on every place that needs it and on your brother's back. He can put it on yours for you. Just spread it on like a salve. You don't have to rub it in. Just cover the bad spots, okay?"

"Got it."

"Fine. Now then, let it all dry. You also might want to lie on sheets so it doesn't get on your mom's chairs, or the sofa. It'll wash right out and won't stain anything, but there's no reason to be messy. Do you itch all over?"

"Mister, my brother and I have got this rash in places we've never seen before!"

I laughed. The youngster had a way. By now, I was really getting tired.

Then his youth came to the front again, "This is going to be fun. How many times do we have to put it on before the itching stops and the headaches go away?"

The faith of children is inspiring. Adults always have all sorts of questions.

"It may take some time, but right now you've got plenty of the powdered and gelled clay, and if I don't get to bed soon..."

He was pumped up. "You really believe this clay stuff will help?" He smiled ear to ear in response.

"Yes, son, I do believe it will help."

He wanted to hear it again. I liked him and wished his folks could be there. I was sure they'd be very proud of the way he was handling himself.

"Do you want my brother to drink some, too?"

"I sure do. The works." I stood on the verge of exhaustion.

“First cover yourselves with the gelled clay and let it dry. Then take a long bath with clay in the water and use a clay-soaked washcloth on your face.”

“Can I put the clay cloth on while I’m drying the stuff? You know, rather than waiting to do it when we soak?”

“Sure, go for it. Put it on the problem areas first, and then let it dry. You might want to turn the heater up a bit so you’ll stay warm. When you soak in the bath it will take most of the clay off, but it will leave a slight film on your body. Let it stay, it will feel real good and smooth. If some of the clay sort of sticks to the sores, it’s okay, just let it stay on. The lady just doesn’t like to turn loose of a problem.”

He smiled at the term ‘lady.’ “Yeah, right.”

“You just might see a difference by tomorrow morning.”

“Really?”

“Could be, but son, by the way, what’s your name?”

“Nick, and my little brother’s name is Boyd.”

We shook hands. I sure liked him. “Anyway, Nick, I’ve got to get some sleep, okay?”

“You didn’t tell me your name, Mister.”

“Oh, sorry. Cano. Cano Graham. You and your little brother have fun, and I’ll see you tomorrow, Nick.”

“Goodnight, Mister Graham.”

We were friends.

I took a quick shower and fell into bed knowing it had been a long but fruitful day. Fourteen hours of steady driving, but what a great way to end my first night in Dunsmuir. I already had my lady working, and as always it felt good!

Nick and Boyd were probably laughing and smearing the clay all over each other by now. I always have the sensation of introducing a close friend to someone when I turn them on to clay.

I slipped into a deep sleep and awoke to the phone ringing. Where am I? The phone just kept on ringing. With closed eyes, I fumbled for the receiver.

Like a zombie I mumbled, "Hello?"

The excited voice on the other end assaulted my senses. I didn't want to deal with an excited voice. I wished it would go away. Why were they calling me? Who was it?

"What's gone?"

Now the voice yelled at me. "*It's gone!*"

I thought my truck had been stolen. "What's gone? Dammit anyway. What time is it? Who is this?"

"Mister Graham, sir, this is Nick. Downstairs. It's gone, sir! It's only been an hour. We didn't start putting the stuff on until 9:30, and it's 10:45 now, and *it's gone! My headache's really gone!* I've already called a couple of my friends. They've got the same symptoms and they can't believe it. They want to know what's in this lady. Ha! Can they get some?"

By now I sat up on the edge of the bed, fully awake. I rubbed my eyes and laughed at the scene that played out in my head. He had called her the lady again.

"Hey Nick, does this lady go to work on this stuff, or what? Three hours in Dunsmuir, and she already has a big win."

"Sir, you talk like she's really alive!"

"Could be, son. Could be."

"I know I'm gonna stay with the lady 'til her wheels fall off," and then he started laughing at his own joke.

I asked, "What are you doing now? Have you soaked?"

Still laughing, he said, "We're both soaking. We're both soaking in the tub, with the phone. Mom wouldn't allow this if she were here, but what the heck! Anyway, the big deal is that Boyd says that his itching stopped real quick when he put it on. It was the same way with me! Can you believe it? I'll tell ya this much, my mom won't believe it! But man, my headache is gone! Thank you, sir! Thank you, I'm sure glad you're not a lawyer. Hey Mr. Graham, my little brother wants to say hi."

"Hello, Mr. Graham, thank you for puttin' an end to our scratchin'. It sure feels a lot better now."

What a way to go back to sleep. Two boys soaking in a bath of clay, and it working so well! What a payoff for detoxing with Clay Therapy. Too much!

The next day I got the whole story. It didn't take long, and it wasn't a very nice story. When the accident happened, the railroad stonewalled the whole issue. They tried to create the impression that the whole incident was no big deal. The city fathers, afraid the whole thing would cost them tourist dollars, put little effort into alerting the community regarding the seriousness of the situation. The local doctors, who owed their allegiance to the railroad, and who couldn't effectively treat chemical poisoning anyway, maintained that no real problem existed. Other doctors who admitted to the problem said that nothing could be done to alleviate symptoms of the bleeding gums, headaches, rashes, fatigue, skin coming off children's feet, miscarriages, multiple periods for women, aching joints, etc.

All the while, Melvin Belli, the famous attorney from San Francisco (since deceased), sent a staff of attorneys to Dunsmuir to set up shop and start the process of acquiring clients for lawsuits against the railroad.

The legal profession is well aware that for all practical purposes nothing in medicine will satisfactorily alleviate the symptoms of chemical poisoning. By the time I got there, the Belli organization had hired a chemical sensitivity specialist, a toxicologist from the San Fernando Valley in California, Gunnar Heuser, M.D. Dr. Heuser worked as an assistant clinical professor of medicine at the UCLA School of Medicine. He came to conduct weekly examinations, to document symptoms on many of those who were injured.

As though being led, I started to explain to people in the community, one by one, what I was doing, and offered the clay free to anyone with symptoms. It was inspiring. My clay worked quickly and consistently on men, women and children. I could predict results, and word quickly spread.

Everyone who used clay for headaches got relief quickly, usually in an hour or two. The rashes disappeared within a day or so, and in all cases, I suggested they continue the treatment daily for several weeks.

As I digested all of this, I was called back to the L.A. area to take care of some serious problems with my side business. Joyce and I stayed with Mom, and when it was time to leave, we decided Joyce would remain there. We knew our situation was hot and things could break open at any time. Joyce stayed behind to make sure Mom didn't have to deal with it.

When I returned to Dunsmuir, I found out where Dr. Heuser was taking the case histories for those injured. He didn't stay in Dunsmuir. Many people wisely wouldn't enter the community at all. Many believed that the toxic particles remained on the trees and grass, and still contaminated the houses of those who lived there.

I might add that Dr. Heuser's name surfaced in a major article written for a national publication, "The Mystery of Multiple Chemical Sensitivity and Gulf War Syndrome: Something in the Air," by Linda Bonvie and Bill Bonvie.

Dr. Heuser, and those working with him, chose to stay and do their work in McCloud, a little community twenty miles from Dunsmuir and higher up in the mountains.

I soon realized the disaster had attracted other large environmental organizations there, too. The Chemically Injured Hotline people were there, and the Environmentally Sensitive Group, both national organizations.

I introduced myself and told them that I had reason to believe that using clay to detox would bring a degree of relief to those suffering chemical poisoning. They were, to a person, taken aback and curious. They had no idea that anything could help the detoxification process, or bring relief to those enduring the symptoms.

They told me that people all over the country were being chemically injured, and that nothing seemed to help. Those

uninformed about what I'd already done thought I was deluding myself about the capabilities of clay, and that it was laughable for me to believe my clay could affect the suffering of these people.

These well-meaning and caring people couldn't get outside their paradigm to imagine that anything would bring any relief. Of course, I had to remember that they didn't come to research remedies, but to document the problem. Some of these activists had been hurt badly by Chemical Poisoning and treated by the most sophisticated methods known to medicine.

I met Dr. Heuser and his lovely wife, a very quiet lady, and I had the impression that she may have known about clay therapy from someplace else, but I never found out for sure. The doctor couldn't imagine that anything could help this problem. He hadn't come to treat people anyway. He had come as a toxicologist hired by the Belli Group to document case histories.

I talked with Dr. Heuser and presented my plan, which he approved. That plan included meeting his clients as they left the hotel to give them the dry and gelled packages of clay along with instructions for its use. I also gave them other information about clay therapy, along with written instructions. I told them to call me if they needed to. I'd see them next week when they returned to see Dr. Heuser for his follow-up.

It seemed the entire population of Dunsmuir was angry and scared, because no one had any idea of the long-term effects. People had heard many stories of other chemical poisonings, and the townspeople were well aware that the doctors didn't have any answers, which frightened them. Soon enough, my continued presence forced-fed the issue of clay therapy and caused the environmental activists to seriously examine the phenomenon of clay therapy for detox.

## **Big Dollars**

At the same time, the rumors about my clay helping people circulated. Then sadly the lawyers introduced a new ingredient to

the toxic soup: big money. Dunsmuir has a lot of hard-working people, and the chance to collect on a big lawsuit was very attractive, albeit a very dangerous form of Russian roulette. Many good people refused my treatment because they thought it might affect their chances to collect from a lawsuit.

One of the first families I saw in McCloud lived close to the river, and they had pronounced and obvious symptoms. When they came by the table I had set up outside, the man said, "Now I know who you are! I've heard about what you're doing. We'll give that stuff to the kids, but it's not for me or the wife."

His wife looked frightened. "Mister, the lawyer said we have a good lawsuit, and we don't want nothin' to ruin it. We've heard about what you did. We'll do it after this legal thing is over, but not now."

I replied, "We don't yet know about the long-term benefits of this treatment, but so far it looks awfully good. Are you sure you want to take such a big chance? It looks to me as if we can stop what might be a big problem developing later in your life."

"I got to, Mister, I just got to. It's big dollars."

I've never felt so sorry for anyone as I did for that couple.

### **A Dollar is Only Worth a Dollar**

A young lawyer and a physician from California examined a client named Robert Bryant for the symptoms of chemical poisoning. Satisfied by the nature of his symptoms, they qualified him for a generous settlement.

The Bryant family, at least Mrs. Bryant and her three children, had been in Portland, Oregon for a funeral two days before, and three days after the fateful night of the chemical spill. However, her husband had two very unlucky events happen to him. He had been chemically injured six years before in Sacramento, and he slept only a hundred feet from the thick cloud of toxic gas.

He was in bad shape, struggling with a blinding headache and a fearsome rash. Fortunately, he had friends who advised him

about what I was doing. Lawsuit or not, he'd had enough, and at 7:00 p.m. on September 14, 1991, he called and asked if I would see him, so he could get started on the "stuff." I went to his house. and he started the process. By 9.00 p.m., when I called him, he was much better from the "bitch of a headache."

He had gone through the treatment routine several times, and when his doctor and lawyer paid him a visit twenty-six hours after their original inspection, they were amazed by his progress. After a thorough examination of this big tough mill worker, who had been suffering when last interviewed, they declared him "amazingly clear" relative to his condition the day before.

He had passed up thousands of needed dollars, for his health and the sake of his family.

I called and told him I was on my way over. When I arrived, he pulled his big frame out of the chair, ambled over, tucked his shirt in, stuck out his huge hand and smiled at me.

He said, "Hell, Cano, a dollar is only worth a dollar."

The evening of the first day at the hotel was interesting. It was a rustic old place. Dr. Heuser and his wife, the Chemically Injured Hotline people, the Environmentally Sensitive Group and their helpers made a very unique group. They had all come to document the physical and emotional effect of the Dunsmuir Spill. I came to prove what clay could do for detoxification and to assist the healing process from chemical poisoning.

What a group. I have always admired activists, and those who work to solve such problems have got my vote. Many of them had been injured by chemical exposure, so they vigorously worked to expose the problem.

That evening, the conversation drifted to different aspects of the problem, from the transportation of these deadly chemicals, to accidents, to those responsible, to the reaction of the Dunsmuir officials and local doctors. Then the conversation turned to the symptoms and the case histories for the upcoming lawsuits.

However, as the evening stretched on, the more obvious it

became that my presence created an awkward situation and everyone tried to avoid the concept that anything could be done to treat those who were injured. Their head in the sand approach fascinated me, although two of the women doing the testing had first-hand experience with what I was doing. They were all in the business of gathering data and not interested in solving the health problem.

Finally, Dr. Heuser led the conversation around to me and my interest in detoxing and treating chemical poisoning.

The doctor's curiosity led others to ask questions. They could no longer ignore the reality of clay therapy. Everyone treated me with politeness, but they were just patronizing me.

The questions they didn't ask began to unravel their shroud. The questions they did ask were well intentioned but shallow. The next morning, a call came in for me. A lady on the other end said, "Mr. Graham? This is Betty Reed. I met you with my two daughters yesterday?"

"Oh, yes."

She said, "Well, I am surprised! You said not to be surprised if there were observable results by the following day, and sure enough it happened. You didn't meet my husband, but he said, 'To hell with the lawsuit. It might be years before they come through, and this headache is killing me. Let me try that stuff.' It worked for all of us. It's a miracle! We want you to come by and have dinner with us. Will you?"

Tears came to my eyes.

An hour later, another family called to tell Dr. Heuser a similar story. He was astonished. I was elated!

The people in the hotel lobby all stood around having various conversations. The doctor waved to me and pulled me aside. "This is all very interesting, but I came here to document symptoms not to treat patients."

"Doc, it might be interesting to you folks, but it's a miracle to those who had no option yesterday. Our system is unbelievable.

You've never even been afforded the opportunity to read about the subject of clay therapy, have you, Doctor?"

He immediately retreated to his tower. "There are many remedies for various problems that I don't pay much attention to."

"Be that as it may, we both seem to have learned a lot in the past twenty-four hours." He sounded puzzled. "Is it used for anything else?"

I loved it! "Oh, yes. Many things, both external and internal."

"Really?" Then he made a statement that I'll never forget. He said, in his very proper and sophisticated German accent, "You know, Mr. Graham, I never trust any medication that works for more than one purpose."

"Oh, really? Doc, we've already stopped headaches and rashes. That's two and still working. You're a toxicologist, right? Do you have other medical interests?"

"Yes, I do. I have a practice that deals with migraine headaches."

"You do?" I followed up with, "Aren't they treated several ways? Doc, Doc, Doc. We have a lot to talk about. First, I heard you mention shingles last night and how it's a very tough condition to treat? Doc, you just ain't gonna believe just how fast this lady will go to work on shingles, and that's just for openers!"

"What lady?"

"Excuse me, it's simply how I refer to her ... the clay. We have a lot of things to discuss." I was in heaven.

One of the most highly visible attorneys in the country had a respected toxicologist documenting the symptoms of those injured by an internationally exposed (news-wise), chemical poisoning of major proportions, and many were now using clay therapy and getting very positive results. Yes! Literally, my prayers were being answered. My lady was going to have her day! All I needed was a little more time.

That evening, however, the second shoe finally fell. That night I called mom to tell her how things were going in Dunsmuir, and to

ask how she was feeling. She had a slight numbness in her right arm, but all in all she was doing great.

"Joyce and I are doing fine," she said.

Music to my ears. She's happy and well. "Great, Mom. Listen, let me talk to Joyce. I'm so glad things are going well."

"Sure, just a minute. Joyce! Cano wants to talk to you. She'll be right here. It's so good to hear the news up there. Here she is." Mom sounded wonderful.

"Hi, Cano."

"Hi, gal. How's mom doing, really?"

She's doing terrific. I just taught her how to make cornbread West Texas style. She's hard to keep up with. Eva's amazing."

"That's a natural fact."

"But Cano, listen. Eva just went to the bathroom. and there's something I've got to tell you. I'm so glad you called."

"What's up?"

"Cano, the U.S. Marshals came by. They want to talk to you, that's what they said. They left a card and want you to call 'em."

"Does mother know about this?"

"No, she was asleep. She has no idea."

"Joyce, It's all coming down. I'll keep you posted. Do they know I'm here?"

"I don't think so, but some of the neighbors know, so I'm not sure."

"Thanks for being so cool about all this. I'll call you tomorrow." It was October 15, 1991. I had to leave Dunsmuir that evening. I couldn't risk staying the night.

I never had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Reed and their two lovely daughters. I never got to see Nick and Boyd again. I had to return to Southern California via San Francisco and face a very different life. I had finally run out of time.

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The Dunsmuir Spill was more of a disaster than originally

thought, and more fish and animals were affected than estimated at the time. Some species became extinct. Experts have told us the ecosystem will take fifty years to recover.

And what about the people? Only time will tell. Many remain bitter over the final results, and many lives have been scarred forever by the disaster at Dunsmuir. Some call it a tough break. Many gambled. Some lost big, and some won but got no money.

It's happened before, and it will happen again.

The use of pesticides and herbicides, along with the by-products of American Industry, sets the stage for a horrible payback for our progress and our avarice. Rachel Carson gave us fair warning in *The Silent Spring* fifty years ago. We Clay Disciples give you a promise: These are the old times. Learn how clay therapy can help you and your grandchildren's grandchildren survive. The Power created clay for the benefit of all living things.

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During the time in Dunsmuir, I also took periodic trips to San Francisco in an attempt to introduce clay to people who were HIV positive and to those with AIDS. This surreal attempt was my last-ditch effort to authenticate, in a highly visible manner, the validity of my clay in the therapeutic treatment of AIDS victims, and it grew into an obsession. I figured if I could just get Clay Therapy recognized as an adjunct to AIDS therapy, my clay's integrity would carry it the rest of the way.

A man in Dunsmuir told me of a friend who had AIDS in San Francisco, and someone else in Sonora, California told me of someone they knew. Both lived in the San Francisco area. I headed for San Francisco with my clay when I left Dunsmuir.

At the time, although I knew a great deal about Clay Therapy I hadn't slowed up enough to write down any of my experiences with its usage. I had no record of clay therapy's ability to help a lot of the problems that plagued many AIDS victims. I knew what Clay Therapy could do, I just needed time to prove that it could