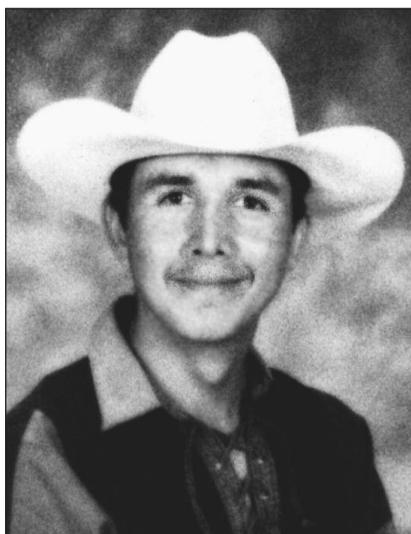

) Esequiel Hernandez

May 14, 1979 – May 20, 1997

The first US citizen killed by military troops on US soil since 1970, when students were killed by National Guard troops at a Kent State University Vietnam War protest.



Esequiel's Story



Far left: Esequiel Hernandez.

Above: Riding the range.

Left: A heavily armed soldier hides in the bushes, camouflaged in a 'ghillie suit.' Photo by James Evans.

Esequiel 'Zeke' Hernandez, born and raised in Texas, was considered one of Redford's "best and the brightest" with aspirations of becoming a game warden or park ranger. He was only eighteen years old at the time of his death, in the isolated border town of Redford, Texas (with a population of almost 100).

Esequiel was born the year before Ronald Reagan was elected President. Prior to Reagan's administration, the Posse Comitatus Act had prevented active duty military troops from engaging in domestic law enforcement. During his term it was amended to allow troops to be on patrol in the Drug War at home.

Zeke was tending his family goat herd when he was shot by 22-year-old Marine Corporal Banuelos, who was part of the Joint Task Force Six, a military unit assigned to anti-drug operations. The Marines, dressed in camouflage battle fatigues, were hiding in the bushes looking for drug smugglers.

While tending the goats, Zeke carried a rifle that his grandfather had given him to use to protect the goats from snakes and wild animals. The marines claim that he fired two shots in their direction, and upon seeing him raise his rifle again, Banuelos fired the fatal shot from an M-16. Townspeople claim they

only heard one shot. The autopsy showed that Esequiel was not facing Banuelos when he was killed. He lay bleeding on the ground unattended for twenty minutes before he died.

The townspeople had no idea that Marines were patrolling the area in camouflaged outfits known as 'ghillie suits,' which make them virtually invisible to the unknowing eye. They have been traumatized by the event. Children are afraid to go out and play. Adults are afraid to take an evening stroll. People do not believe that the area is a major drug smuggling route, and they're uncomfortable with having Marines, who are trained to kill, on ground patrol in their backyards or flying low in helicopters that scare goats and people.

Normally when dealing with such traumatic events, the government sends in counselors to help people cope with the situation. But the town of Redford received no help. In fact, the government has not even apologized to Zeke's family. It has not admitted any mistakes, and has not cleared Esequiel of any wrongdoing. However, in January, 1998, it was announced that no charges would be filed against the Marine who killed him. Esequiel's family is filing a wrongful death suit against the government.

Shirley's Story



) **Shirley Dorsey**
Driven to commit suicide
April 1, 1991

Byron Stamate, age 73 at the time of his arrest, faced the loss of everything he had earned in his entire lifetime as a civil servant when he was caught growing medical marijuana on his land for his long-term companion, Shirley Dorsey. She used cannabis to control her crippling back pain.

The prosecutor hounded them relentlessly with threats and planned to force Shirley to testify against her caregiver. Finally, it became too much for her to bear. Despondent over the prospect of not only losing Byron, but of ending up homeless and penniless in her retirement years, Shirley committed suicide on the first anniversary of the raid that ruined their lives.

The text of her suicide note read as follows:

"They want to take our property, security and herbal medicine from us, even though we have not caused harm to anyone. It is not fair or in the best interest of the people of society. I will never testify against you or our right to our home. I will not live in the streets without security and a place to sleep.

"I am old, tired and ill, and I see no end to the harassment and pressures until they destroy us. "

The prosecutor later said that if he had it to do over, he would still do exactly the same thing.

) **Manuel Ramirez**

Age 26 at time of death in Albuquerque, NM in an early morning, no-knock drug raid in 1990, Manuel Ramirez was asleep on the living room couch in his home when Albuquerque Police Department (APD) Special Weapons and Tactics (SWAT) team officers and Navy SEALs approached his front door and rear windows to serve a search warrant looking for cocaine.

The APD officers, with the assistance of one or more SEALs approached the house and rigged a cable between the apartment door and a tow truck. Police broke out windows in the apartment's two bedrooms, including one directly above a crib where

a five month old baby was sleeping.

The crash of glass woke up a niece who ran from the bedroom and called to her uncle, because she was afraid the family was being robbed, the complaint says. Manuel reached for an unloaded gun just as the tow truck ripped the door off the apartment.

Police and SEALs burst into the apartment and shot Ramirez twice in the chest without announcing who they were, nor giving any order to drop the weapon before firing. Officers allegedly threw his wife and her niece to the floor, handcuffed them and then, for the first time, announced they were police.

Police found two marijuana cigarettes, a bottle with methamphetamine pills, and a spoon with drug residue in the search.

Donald's Story

) Donald Scott Killed in his home October 2, 1992

Donald Scott was age 62 at the time of his death at his Malibu, CA home on October 2, 1992. He and his wife, Frances Plante, were awakened by a loud pounding at the front door of their house. As Plante attempted to open the door, a narcotics task force from the LA County Sheriff's Department burst into their ranch home, weapons loaded and in hand.

Plante was pushed forcefully from the door at gun point. She cried out, "Don't shoot me, don't kill me!" With a gun aimed at her head, she looked to her right and saw her husband charge into the room.

He was waving a revolver above his head. She heard a deputy shout, "Put the gun down! Put the gun down!" As Donald lowered his gun, she heard three shots ring out, apparently from two sources. Her husband was killed instantly.

Scott was a millionaire who owned 250 acres of breathtakingly beautiful ranch land adjacent to federal park lands. Attempts had been made by the feds to buy the property, but Scott was not interested in selling. Claims that there might be pot growing on the land, made by agents who did aerial surveillance, were used to get a search warrant.

An official inquiry by Ventura County DA Michael Bradbury suggested that agents were hoping this raid would lead to asset forfeiture of the property Scott would not sell. His report indicated that taking the property was a major motivating factor in the raid.

No marijuana was found in their home or grounds. Scott did not even smoke it.



Above: Frances Plante mourned the death of her husband, Donald Scott, at a community memorial service in Westwood, California. Photo by Bill Bridges.

Below, inset: The coroner's office rendered a one word verdict on what the police did to Donald Scott: Homicide.

CERTIFICATE OF VITAL RECORD			
County of Ventura 800 SOUTH VICTORIA AVENUE VENTURA, CALIFORNIA 93009			
STATE FILE NUMBER		39256003193	
12. NAME OF DECEASED—FIRST, MIDDLE, LAST		13. SEX	
DONALD SCOTT		M	
14. RACE		15. DATE OF BIRTH—MO, DA, YR	
P		October 2, 1932 0905 H	
16. STATE OF BIRTH		17. PLACE OF BIRTH	
UNKN		UNKN	
18. STATE OF DEATH		19. PLACE OF DEATH	
UNKN		Residence	
20. DEATH CERTIFICATE NUMBER		21. MEDICAL EXAMINER	
117-36-2121		MEDICAL EXAMINER CORNER	
22. OCCUPATION		23. EDUCATION	
UNKN		UNKN	
24. RESIDENCE		25. CITY	
35247 HOLBOLLAND HWY.		MALIBU	
26. COUNTY		27. ZIP CODE	
VENTURA		90265	
28. PLACE OF DEATH		29. COUNTY	
Residence		Ventura	
30. STREET ADDRESS		31. CITY	
35247 Holbolland Highway		Malibu	
32. CAUSE OF DEATH		33. MANNER OF DEATH	
Gunshot wound of chest and aorta.		HOMICIDE	
34. MANNER OF DEATH		35. MANNER OF DEATH	
NONE		HOMICIDE	
36. SIGNATURE AND TITLE OF CORONER		37. DATE	
F. J. Marshall		10-3-92	
38. PLACE OF INJURY		39. MANNER OF DEATH	
Residence		HOMICIDE	
40. STREET ADDRESS		41. CITY	
35247 Holbolland Highway, Malibu		Malibu	
42. COUNTY		43. ZIP CODE	
VENTURA		90265	
44. SIGNATURE OF LOCAL REGISTRAR		45. DATE	
Craig L. Stevens		DEC 02 1992	

CORONER'S USE ONLY	1. I CERTIFY THAT IN MY OPINION DEATH OCCURRED AT THE HOUR, DATE AND PLACE STATED FROM THE CAUSES STATED.	28A. SIGNATURE AND TITLE OF
	29. MANNER OF DEATH—specify one: natural, accident, homicide, suicide, pending investigation or could not be determined	F. J. Marshall
	30A. PLACE OF INJURY	
	HOMICIDE	Residence

) *Jonathan West*

Jonathan West was an AIDS patient and medical marijuana advocate whose death inspired his lover, Dennis Peron, and friends to sponsor San Francisco's Medical Marijuana Initiative of 1991.

Proposition P won with eighty percent of the vote, which led the way for the passage of Proposition 215, the California medical marijuana initiative of 1996, which passed by 56 percent.

) *Barb and Kenny Jenks*

Kenny Jenks was a hemophiliac who contracted AIDS through contaminated blood in 1980. He unknowingly infected his wife, Barbara. Both became too sick to work, and they lived on disability. They discovered and used marijuana to help them eat and gain strength following chemotherapy.

Following their arrest, their lawyer argued in court that this was a case of medical necessity. The prosecution agreed and noted that they would die if they did not use it. After a lengthy legal struggle that sapped their strength, the DEA allowed them into the federal 'Compassionate IND' program, which provides some patients with six pounds of marijuana per year for medical use. The Jenks went public with their story, and soon more than 300 other AIDS patients had applied to the program.

More than 30 of these had successfully proven their medical necessity and were approved through the proper channels when the Bush Administration abruptly shut down the intake program in 1992. Even those who had already been approved were denied access to the medicine, and only the few patients who were previously receiving government marijuana at that time have been allowed to continue to do so.

Once again, people who had attempted to obey the law found themselves with no legal recourse to get their necessary medicine.

There was a huge outpouring of patient requests to the Jenks to try to help, but they were powerless to do anything about it. Their crusade for justice and compassion had been wiped out at the moment of its triumph. The stress of their personal ordeal from arrest, prosecution and legal battle, to this final, abrupt, arbitrary and irrevocable change in the federal 'rules' regarding medical marijuana all took their toll on the infirm couple's health.

Frustrated and depressed, the Jenks took a turn

for the worse, and both Barb and Kenny died soon after the IND program was terminated.

) *Scott W. Bryant*

Age 29 at his time of death when he was shot by police in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin on April 28, 1995. Scott Bryant was unarmed and did not resist arrest in any way. Police with a no-knock warrant charged through the door of his home and shot him down. His seven-year-old son watched his father die, while an ambulance took 35 minutes to arrive.

Police later reported finding less than three grams of marijuana (enough for a few cigarettes). Police claim it may have been an accidental shooting.

) *Chad MacDonald*

When told he was facing a lengthy jail sentence after being arrested with about a half ounce of methamphetamine, seventeen year-old high school student, Chad MacDonald, agreed to act as an informant for the Brea Police Department in California.

The pressure he was under to make a buy large enough to satisfy the police and avoid prosecution on his charges led directly to his torture and death at a suspected drug house on March 3, 1998 and the rape and shooting of his sixteen year-old girlfriend, who had accompanied him. Revenge was alleged as the motive in court documents filed on two suspects who were arrested for the attacks.

Following assurances that her son would not be in danger if she agreed to allow him to act as an informant as they proposed, his mother, Cindy, signed the department's release form. This allowed Chad to go home. At that time, she was unaware that the arrangement involved Chad wearing a wire while making a buy until after one had taken place. Chad had confided in his mother that he felt pressured to make increasingly larger buys and that detectives had said his three previous undercover buys were not enough to make his legal problems go away. Mrs. MacDonald repeatedly told police that she had wanted him to end the arrangement.

Had she been advised that he could have qualified for a high intensity drug treatment program rather than faced hard time in custody, she would have jumped at it. Mrs. MacDonald believes her son would be alive today if the police had handled his case differently. Brea police deny he was working for

Gary's Story

Age 45 at the time of his death on August 8, 1993, Gary Shepherd was waiting at his home in Broadhead, KY, after a day-long, casual standoff that began that morning when a police helicopter flew over and landed outside the Shepherd home.

Officer: "Are these your plants?"

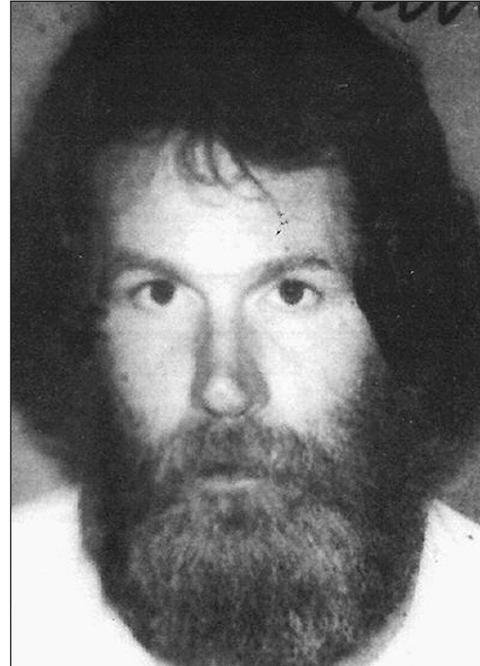
Gary: "Yes."

Officer: "We are going to cut them down."

Gary: "You will have to kill me first."

Gary was a Viet Nam veteran who had a crippled left arm from the war. Shepherd had deep convictions about medical marijuana, which he used to relieve his pain. He sat in a lawn chair guarding his plants for about six or seven hours, during which time no serious attempt was made to negotiate. Finally, Shepherd and his long-term companion, Mary Jane Jones, were ordered to put their hands in the air. As he raised his rifle to comply, police snipers hidden in a corn field shot Gary several times in the head and chest.

Gary Shepherd's four year old son, Jake, was sprayed with his father's blood and watched him die in the afternoon sun. Mary Jane Jones, the mother of his child, was grazed by a bullet of a Kentucky drug enforcement officer.



) **Gary Earl Shepherd**
Shot down on his front porch by police snipers
August 8, 1993

) **Gerardo Anthony Mosquera Jr.**

Age seventeen at his time of death from a self-inflicted bullet to his head in 1998. Gerardo Mosquera, Jr., a teen who took his studies seriously and worked after school to help support his family, became despondent when his father, a legal resident in the US for 29 years, was deported by the INS in December, 1997.

Mosquera Sr., 38, was sent back to Colombia, his native country that he hardly knew, despite the fact his wife and children were born in the US and he was gainfully employed as a forklift operator. His father's deportation came as a result of a crackdown on so-called "criminal aliens." His sole felony conviction

stemmed from the sale of one \$10 bag of marijuana to a police informant in 1989. As this law bans people from ever returning to the US, he was even denied permission to return for his son's funeral.

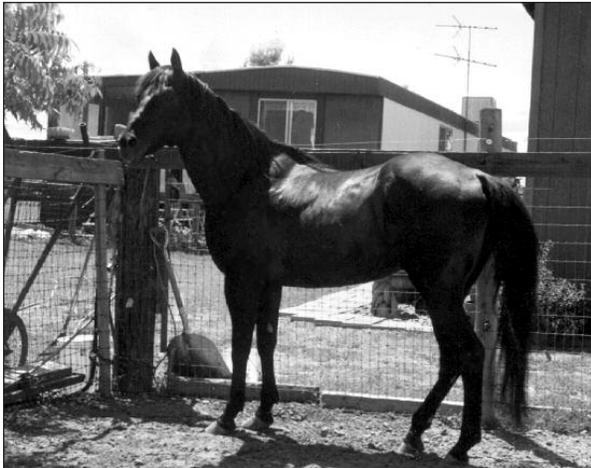
) **Unknown victims**

How many other patients die due to a lack of marijuana or other necessary medicines?

How many people are killed in drive-by shootings caused by the inflated prices of illegal drugs? How many die due to contaminated drugs due to the criminal underground market? The answers to these questions are not known, but the lives lost are no less precious to us.

The Drug War is not healthy for children and other living things

A horse's tale



) Easy the horse



Easy was the healthy animal seen on the left, until low-flying marijuana-seeking helicopters spooked him, as seen on the right, causing injuries that forced his owners to put him down.

On June 23, 1994, Cheryl Humphrey went to look at a black stallion, named Easy, that she was interested in trading for her filly. Easy had just gotten new shoes, and she rode him for about 30 to 40 minutes. He was calm and gentle, healthy and not nervous or skittish. Easy was a beautiful horse.

Cheryl decided that if the horse passed the vet check she would make the trade. The vet did all kinds of tests (including blood tests) that showed no lameness, and advised her that he saw no reason not to buy Easy.

That July, she took Easy to her ranch in Humboldt County, California. Easy was getting adjusted to his new home and the other horses, when the Drug War paid a visit. Two Humboldt County Marijuana Eradication Team helicopters came to her ranch and started circling her horse pasture.

The other horses were somewhat accustomed to this activity, but Easy wasn't. He began to run frantically and call loudly. He ran and slid into the corners of the fence, touched the electric tape, spun around, and hit his head on the fence posts.

Meanwhile, the helicopters circled repeatedly over the pasture and the clearing, at times so low that Cheryl couldn't see it behind the tops of the trees. When she was finally able to catch Easy and calm him down, she cleaned his bleeding head wound and noticed that he was limping.

Cheryl kept a close eye on Easy over the next week. The next day he had developed a lump on the side of his forehead, and he continued to limp. A few days later, his right hind leg became so swollen that he began to hop around on three legs. X-rays revealed that his pastern (the area just above the hoof) had been shattered into five pieces and became infected. On August 6, 1994, the vet believed that there was little hope for Easy's recovery and they put Easy to sleep as a result of the flyover.

"Although we only had Easy in our family a short two weeks, we felt as though it was his whole life and we feel we were robbed senselessly of his last years. A person should never have to know what it is like to have to take your own friends life," said Cheryl.

) Requiem for a Jail-House Kitty

A lonely stray kitty began coming into an inmate's room at night to keep warm. We wondered at the kitty's intuition of those he could trust. He hid from guards, yet befriended selected inmates. Our quiet, nurturing companion created a unique bond between informed prisoners.

The guards got wind of the infraction and launched a two week investigation into the incident, i.e.: ongoing surveillance, tactical meetings, capture strategy and raiding schedules. At 1 AM in the morning the SORT Team raided the inmate's room taking him by surprise – and into custody. True to form, when they attempted to nab the cat, our jail-house kitty thwarted their best efforts to capture him. Eluding the team, he darted between legs, climbed over and under beds, and finally leaped through an open window only to come face to face with the surrounding squad of men determined to make their 'collar'. Yet even this obstacle did not deter our kitty's dash to freedom. After another unsuccessful Marx Brothers chase, the slippery feline was seen as a blur streaking off into the night, evading the highly trained and expertly honed skills of the SORT Team.

Cuffing up the guilty inmate, they gathered the only evidence left; a saucer of milk and a little bit of food left over from the kitten's evening meal. This being what we refer to as circumstantial evidence, and not admissible for testimony, the guards were enraged over their failure to capture the evasive and now fugitive feline.

This morning when we got outside we found our kitty laying on the grass, poisoned. We grieve the loss of our small friend who was found guilty of sharing love, warmth and affection in this harsh, cold environment.

God bless that kitty.

-- Anonymous POW, May 1995
Sheridan Federal Correctional Institution





"What is happening in my country I did not want; I did not ask for it. The Great Father in Washington spoke to his children, and they set their dog-soldiers against us. They acted as though they had neither heads nor hearts.

"I lived peacefully and took care of my children. I committed ill acts toward no man. But they say we are bad. They took our homes and our lands that belonged to our fathers and their fathers before them. We did not wish to give even a part of it to the Great Father.

"The soldiers frightened our women and children. They took us from our children and put us in their prisons. Our old women wept and I thought I should cry, but then I remembered that I was a man. Our dreams died, and my heart was heavy; there was no hope and it seemed the Great Spirit had forgotten us. I am tired; my heart is sick and sad.

"Hear me, my friends, these are my words. When history looks back upon these bitter times it will say: 'This Drug War is wrong.' We are not dogs, we are men, and from where the sun stands, we will fight forever."

— Steve Tucker, Drug War POW, 1995

"Icarus Falling." by J. Clark, Deadhead POW. Color pencil and crayon. 1993.