

Probably
Nov 1983

Budge

The story of a
media saint, who, in real life,
was all too human.

NO ONE KILLED KAREN SILKWOOD

BY WILLIAM TUCKER

On the night of November 13, 1974, a twenty-eight-year-old lab worker named Karen Silkwood set out on a thirty-five-mile drive south from Crescent, Okla., to Oklahoma City to meet David Burnham, a reporter with the *New York Times*. It is widely speculated that she was carrying documents that would have embarrassed her employer, the Kerr-McGee Nuclear Corporation, with regard to safety conditions and quality control at its Cimarron Plutonium Recycling Facility, in Crescent. She had driven only a few miles, however, when her car veered off the road's left-hand shoulder, ran down a narrow gully, and flew out over a concrete wing wall on one side of a stream that meandered under the highway. She hit the opposite wing wall at about 45 miles per hour and died instantly.

Her death has given birth to a legend—the story of a young woman who was among the first people to recognize the dangers of a plutonium economy and who died trying to tell the world about it. Her death and the events leading up to it have inspired a thousand rumors, suspicions, and conspiracy theories. If you ask virtu-

ally any person in the country with a working knowledge of the Silkwood case "What happened to Karen Silkwood?" he or she will answer: "She's the woman who was employed by a nuclear-power company, and who was run off the road when she was about to reveal all her startling information."

The story of Karen Silkwood's death has become a small industry. Three books have been written about it. Two of them—*Who Killed Karen Silkwood?*, by Howard Kohn, and *The Killing of Karen Silkwood*, by Richard Rashke, claim to be factual. The third, *A Short Life*, by Thomas B. Allen, is pseudonymous fiction.

All these efforts will be eclipsed shortly by ABC Motion Pictures' *Silkwood*, due out in December. It promises to be a blockbuster. Meryl Streep plays Karen. Cher plays a composite of Karen's friends and co-workers. Kurt Russell plays Karen's boyfriend, Drew Stephens. Mike Nichols directed the film, and Nora Ephron co-wrote the script.

The Karen Silkwood story, as it has been written so far, is essentially the product of the tireless efforts of people who insist on seeing organized

evil where only cross-purposes, general disorder, and coincidence of events are present. In Howard Kohn's book, for example, not a telephone goes out of order, not a stranger passes by without another mystery being added to the overall conspiracy. It is little wonder that Kohn theorizes that Karen Silkwood had discovered a plutonium-smuggling ring that might have been spiriting the Bomb to Iran or some other Third World country and that her "murder" has been covered up by the FBI and the CIA.

In 1979, Karen Silkwood's estate sued Kerr-McGee for \$10.5 million for physical damages and mental anguish suffered by Karen in a series of mysterious incidents during the last two weeks of her life. Karen was exposed to plutonium several times—the final incident taking place in her apartment. The jury was convinced that there was enough doubt that Karen had deliberately contaminated herself to award her the \$10.5 million, plus \$5,000 for damages to property in her apartment. Thus Karen Silkwood was "vindicated" in the courts. Kerr-McGee appealed the decision to the U.S. Court of Appeals, which can-

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celebrated the award by ruling that her contamination was a work-related injury and was thus covered by workmen's compensation insurance. It also ruled that the Atomic Energy Act preempted any state authority in the awarding of damages relating to the use of nuclear materials. Only the \$5,000 for property damages was allowed to stand. The Silkwood estate is appealing this decision to the U.S. Supreme Court.

But no matter what the Supreme Court decides, the Karen Silkwood story has taken on greater proportions. For millions of people, Karen Silkwood has come to represent a paragon of virtue and selflessness and, at the same time, a victim of established power. Squadrons of antinuclear activists, the women's movement, and labor-student coalitions have adopted her as someone worthy of sainthood. They have portrayed her as Little Red Riding Hood—who in this case was devoured by the big, bad wolf; Kerr-McGee—a "poor, bewildered girl who didn't know what was happening to her," as one of her estate's attorneys said at the trial.

Such is the effect of the media. The real Karen Silkwood was flesh and blood, somewhat less saintly than her image, a young woman tarnished by the complexities of life. But perhaps when all the circumstances are considered and the facts disentangled from the myths, she will prove a heroine nonetheless.

Karen Silkwood was a twenty-six-year-old mother of three when she left Texas, in 1972, and moved to Oklahoma, where she took a job as a lab technician at Kerr-McGee's Cimarron Facility. Here plutonium was being processed and put into fuel rods destined for the Fast Flux Test Facility (FFTF), in Hanford, Wash., one of the country's first breeder reactors.

The eldest of three girls born to Bill Silkwood, a house painter, and Merle Silkwood, a bank officer, Karen had spent most of her life in small Texas towns. Born in Longview and raised in Nederland, halfway between Port Arthur and Beaumont, she had studied chemistry in high school and won a women's club scholarship to Lamar University, in Beaumont. In 1966, after one year studying medical technology, she quit school to elope with her summer boyfriend, Bill Meadows, whom she had met while vacationing at her grandmother's farm, in Longview. They settled in Longview, and by the time Karen was twenty-three she had three children.

Then her marriage began to sour. Bill spent money lavishly and ended up bankrupt. He had an affair with another woman, and later married her; he then wanted custody of his children. Karen resisted at first but finally realized she couldn't support them. She left late one night in August 1972—never to return. She saw her children only five or six times during the rest of her life.

Shortly after starting at Kerr-McGee, Karen took up with Drew Stephens, five

years her junior and the son of a Kerr-McGee executive. He, too, was rebounding from an unsuccessful marriage. Stephens was also riding in the wake of the hippie era as it swept through the rural outposts of Oklahoma. Karen and Drew shared an apartment, water-skied, and raced cars and dirt bikes together (Karen won trophies as an amateur driver); she also developed a reputation around the lab for experimentation in drugs and sex. "They stood out in a crowd," said Jon Harrison, a former lab worker who is still a good friend of Drew's and who served as a technical adviser for the movie *Silkwood*.

For Karen, the most distinguishing feature of her experience at Kerr-McGee was her running battle with authority. She was, as a former high-school teacher later put it, "a very nice person who always wanted to be right about everything." There was hardly a laboratory procedure—nearly all of which were set up for safety and securi-

Karen and Drew shared an apartment, water-skied, and raced cars and dirt bikes together, and she developed a reputation around the lab for experimentation—in drugs and sex.

ty purposes—to which she did not take exception. Plutonium is, after all, one of the most dangerous elements ever known to man. Its alpha radiation is actually harmless to the outside of the skin, where the thin layer of dead cells is enough to protect the body from any damage. (The radiation is so weak that it can barely penetrate a thin piece of paper.) But when it is inhaled, it becomes a time bomb of deadly particles, shooting off a constant barrage of radiation "bullets" into the soft, unprotected tissue of the lungs. An amount the size of a grain of pollen is enough to ensure your getting lung cancer.

The Cimarron facility was a kind of space-age compression chamber, complete with air locks and radiation monitors at every turn. The plutonium was generally handled in airtight glove boxes. The production and lab workers wore surgical smocks, caps, and gloves and were supposed to monitor themselves for stray bits of plutonium every time they left a room. Air-sampling monitors covered with filter paper constantly screened the air at breathing level. Whenever a "loss of containment" occurred, technicians and production workers had to don uncomfort-

able respirators, sometimes for weeks at a time, to continue working.

In this gloomy, regimented environment, Karen rebelled against almost everything. In fact, she carried on a constant campaign against the strict procedures of the lab. At a point near the entrance to the plant, for example, a guard was assigned to pat people down for weapons or stolen plutonium, in accordance with federal regulations. Karen was among those who objected the loudest to this procedure. She claimed that the female guard who searched her was too rough.

Karen didn't like the surgical caps and constantly left strands of her hair exposed, increasing the chances of picking up stray bits of plutonium. She also objected to taking off her street clothes in order to put on a protective smock. At one point, she retaliated by taking off her underwear as well and walking around essentially naked in the light, loose-fitting garment. "It caused a big sensation in the lunchroom," said health and safety manager Wayne Norwood, who became a key figure in the case. "She was the kind of person who always wanted to be the center of attention."

After a year or so at Kerr-McGee, things began to fall apart in Karen's personal life. Drew wanted out—he said he felt stifled and definitely wasn't interested in marriage. Karen moved. She and Drew remained friends, however, and saw each other frequently. Several months later, in November 1973, Karen called Connie Edwards, a friend at the lab, and told her she had just swallowed a bunch of pills in an attempt to commit suicide. Connie rushed over and found Karen in a stupor on the couch. She wanted to take Karen to a hospital, but Karen refused. So Connie applied some fundamental first aid. She made Karen vomit, walked her around for a long while, then took her home and put her to bed. On Jon Harrison's advice, Karen began seeing a psychological counselor. She also started getting prescriptions for Quaaludes and various other drugs, saying that she couldn't sleep. She claimed to have lost several prescriptions, and she also got cross-prescriptions from other doctors.

During the summer of 1974, Karen's appearance gave her co-workers cause for concern, and after work on October 16, 1974, another lab worker, Evelyn Emerich, confronted Karen at the Hub Cafe, which is in the center of Crescent, about three miles north of the plant. "She looked like death," Emerich later told the FBI. "She was pale, she was moving slowly, and her speech was very slurred. I had seen her looking this way for several weeks." Emerich, appalled that Karen was intending to drive home, put her up for the night at her house, in Crescent.

But for a few months prior to the night she spent at Evelyn Emerich's house, Karen had been trying to pull herself together by becoming politically active. She had been one of a few dozen members of the

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chapter of the Oil, Chemical, and Atomic Workers (OCAW) who went out on a fruitless strike for three months in 1972-73. The strike was eventually broken, and OCAW membership dropped from 150 workers to 20. Operating in Oklahoma's intensely anti-union environment—which included a strong right-to-work law—the little bargaining unit was teetering on the verge of extinction. In mid-1974, Jack Tice, a seven-year veteran of the bargaining committee, suggested to OCAW headquarters that plant safety and health conditions be made an issue in the next contract. The 1973 agreement was due to expire in December 1974, and negotiations were about to begin.

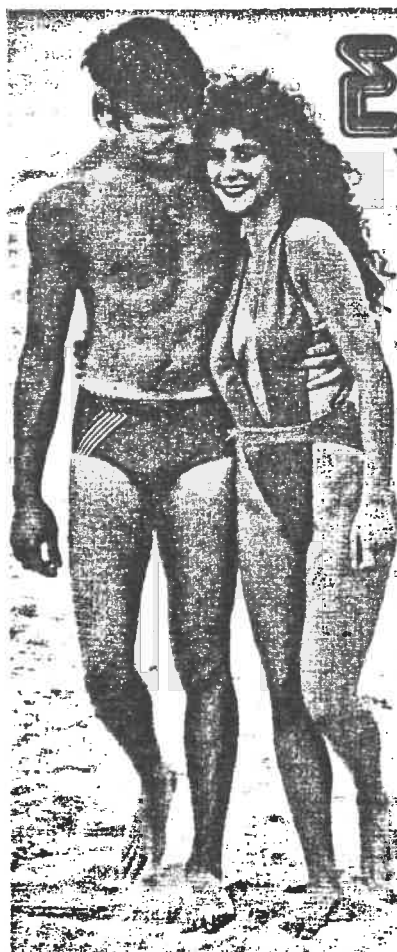
Karen began taking more interest in union activities and in August was elected to the bargaining committee. Along with Tice and another union veteran, Jerry Brewer, she would soon be facing Kerr-McGee management officials across the bargaining table.

It is easy to see why resentments about working conditions at the Cimarron facility were beginning to rise in 1974. Kerr-McGee was having its troubles—and then some. An energy giant with interests in oil, gas, coal, and uranium, Kerr-McGee had thought it was moving to the forefront of the new plutonium-breeding technology when it undertook the Hanford contract in 1970.

The project, however, had turned out to be not so easy as it looked. By the summer of 1974, production had sped up despite mounting problems, but safety mishaps and "losses of containment" dogged every effort. At one point, there was leakage in a barrel of waste plutonium waiting to be transported away. Whole portions of the truck had to be buried.

Safety procedures began to suffer. Kenneth Plowman, a young health physics technician trained in the navy, testified that he "couldn't sleep at night" because of the mess he had to confront every day. "Nothing was right," he said. "There were hardly any controls. . . . The contamination was everywhere. The equipment leaked. There was no real—effort to control it, I don't believe. The supervisors didn't control it. It was just a battle that was lost." Appalled by the situation, Plowman eventually quit and went back to farming.

As things went from bad to worse, more people quit. At one point, the turnover hit 30 percent a month. To make up for the losses, Kerr-McGee hired young farm boys, some of whom were thrown into the breach with barely a hint of what they were confronting. At the Silkwood trial, several employees testified that they had had no idea that plutonium could cause cancer. The young farm boys, having no sense of what they were dealing with, began horsing around with the plutonium and having



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contests over who could get "hot" the fastest.

Despite the deteriorating situation, however, few employees at Cimarron were ready for another bitter labor confrontation. The country was heading into a recession. In early September, someone at the plant filed with the National Labor Relations Board to have OCAW decertified as an official bargaining unit. This meant the workers would have to vote again on whether they wanted OCAW representing them. The Cimarron chapter was already so weak that many people thought the union was about to go under.

In mid-September, the three-member bargaining team—Karen, Jerry Brewer, and Jack Tice—was flown to Washington to discuss strategy with OCAW's national staff. There they met union legislative director Tony Mazzocchi, a tough veteran who had worked his way up from a shop floor in Brooklyn, and Steven Wodka, a twenty-five-year-old former Antioch student who had quit college to become a legislative aide at OCAW. Wodka specialized in worker health and safety, which the union was beginning to emphasize more in its bargaining efforts. Mazzocchi and Wodka were shocked by the descriptions of conditions at Cimarron and by the team's general ignorance regarding the hazards they were facing. Karen, for one, had never heard that plutonium could cause cancer and was upset when she

learned about it. Mazzocchi and Wodka said they would arrange for two nuclear scientists from the University of Minnesota, Drs. Dean Abrahamson and Donald Geesaman, to travel to Oklahoma City to address union members about the dangers of plutonium.

The bargaining team also presented a list of thirty-nine safety grievances, many of them drawn up by Karen. OCAW agreed to help present them to the Atomic Energy Commission, which had just instituted a policy of allowing individuals to file complaints about conditions in nuclear-energy-related plants. Then, as the meeting was breaking up, both Karen and Brewer said that there was something else that bothered them about the plant. They said there was a constant practice of touching up quality-control records. Brewer had most of the details. He alleged that negatives of photographic records of the welds taken through a microscope—called photomicrographs—were being opaqued to cover defects on the film.

Mazzocchi and Wodka quickly realized they might have a much bigger story on their hands. "We saw a situation of national concern and importance," said Mazzocchi. "We felt that by exposing it to the public, we could put pressure on the company that would lead to our getting a much better contract."

Mazzocchi and Wodka told the three union leaders to try to pull together infor-

mation on the quality-control records in order to present them to the AEC. Then the pulled Karen into a private session and told her that they wanted to give the story to *New York Times* labor reporter David Burnham, with whom they had worked before. Karen was to be the main source for the story.

It is important to emphasize what was going on here. When Mazzocchi and Wodka sent Karen on her "underground" mission, they weren't just instructing her to hide her activities from Kerr-McGee. That much was assumed. The important thing was that she had to hide her purposes from the other union members as well. Wodka and Mazzocchi seem never to have caught on to the conflicts in the position. They should have realized that a national scandal about quality-control records at Cimarron almost certainly would have shut things down for a while and endangered the union members' jobs. Few if any of the workers at Cimarron would have gone along with the idea of giving the story to the newspapers—which is exactly why Wodka and Mazzocchi didn't want to consult them about it.

"This fear of losing jobs always makes the local people more conservative in these situations," said Wodka in a later interview. "Sometimes the union leadership has to take the initiative." When he was asked why he and Mazzocchi had not wanted to include Tice and Brewer in the plan, Wodka asserted that "they had families, while Karen only had herself to support."

Brewer said he did his own investigating and exchanged notes with Karen several times over the next month. But he says he was never informed that the material was going into the newspapers. He said he probably would have preferred going through the AEC to taking matters to the press.

Jack Tice and other union members were far more vociferous about the matter. When Tice found out that Karen had been working underground for Steven Wodka, he was furious and accused Wodka of "unprofessional" conduct. Just to complicate matters, Wodka began sleeping with Karen the first night he met her in Washington. The story eventually got around.

When the negotiating team got back to Crescent, they discovered rumor had preceded them. The story around Cimarron was that they had gone to the AEC to try to close down the plant. The story may have been encouraged by management, but was widely believed in both the laboratory, where Karen worked, and the production section, where most of the union strength was located.

Nonetheless, on October 10 and 11, Drs. Geesaman and Abrahamson made very effective presentations to two assemblies of Kerr-McGee workers at the American Legion Hall in Crescent. They set forth a chilling picture of the hazards the work-

ers were facing. Most of the workers said it had never been made clear that they were risking lung cancer by excessive exposure to plutonium.

Geesaman and Abrahamson also spent time discussing how plutonium enters the body and how contamination will show up in tests. Most of this was new to Kerr-McGee employees, and Karen copied it all down (her notebooks are still in the hands of her attorneys). The two professors said that negative results of urine analysis didn't necessarily mean that a person *hadn't* been internally contaminated and that sometimes the contamination didn't show up for a long time. They also talked about the way the microscopic hairs—called cilia—that line the nose and throat will try to beat back particles of plutonium that have been breathed in and are headed for the lungs. This plutonium, they said, could eventually be coughed up and swallowed, and that this wasn't such a bad thing, because plutonium is not too dangerous if consumed. In one vivid illustration, Dr. Geesaman said that the plutonium would just "get mixed up with the peanut butter" and would be excreted without much risk of harm.

The union won the decertification election on October 16 by a vote of eighty to sixty-one. OCAW was still the official bargaining unit, and negotiations over the next contract began immediately, with health and safety one of the key issues.

Among other things, the union wanted a special safety committee set up within the plant, with Karen as the likely union representative.

Something else began happening at the same time that didn't become evident until November, when things started to explode. Karen Silkwood began handing in urine samples that later proved to be spiked with small amounts of plutonium.

Karen was being monitored after an incident on July 31 that was in itself a little suspicious. She was being moved from the emissions-spectroscopy lab to the metallography lab as part of the general shuffling of personnel that went on almost continually. She was angry about the switch and filed a union grievance over it. On the last night that she worked in the emissions lab, she was almost completely alone on the four-to-midnight shift and then stayed another four hours overtime, working entirely by herself until 4:00 A.M. When the filters on the air monitors were changed the next morning, two filters in the emission-spectroscopy lab were tainted with small smudges of plutonium. The smudges weren't evenly distributed, as they would have been if the air were contaminated. They were clear, fingerprintlike impressions.

This was not the first time such a thing had happened. (Small samples of plutonium were everywhere in the lab. Putting a

little bit of plutonium on a glove and then wiping it on an air filter would be as easy as wiping dust off one's finger.) There had been similar incidents, none of which directly implicated Karen. The most notable was the year before, when the lab personnel were required to work on July 3. Someone had slipped some plutonium onto the monitor, setting off the alarms, and everyone got an early holiday. Karen was one of twelve people in the room at the time it happened.

This time, on the day after her night alone in the emissions lab, Karen was given a lung count with a sophisticated machine that happened to be "visiting" the plant. She showed no plutonium contamination anywhere, which made safety technicians even more suspicious that there hadn't been any airborne contamination in the lab the night before. Nothing was said, however, and she was put on a weekly urine-and-feces-sampling program, which was routine after such incidents. If she had indeed breathed plutonium into her lungs, it could show up as plutonium nitrate in her urine. If she coughed some back up, traces could eventually show up as plutonium oxide in her feces.

The testing procedure was ridiculously slow—in fact, this was one of the union's major complaints. The urine and fecal samples had to be shipped to Hanford, Wash., and results often were not known for two months. By that time, employees

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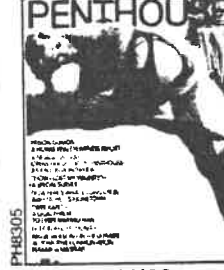
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often would have forgotten about them, and they weren't always told the results. It wasn't until October 10—the day before Geesaman and Abrahamson's first lecture—that Karen was told that the urine samples she had submitted during August had shown only the slightest traces of plutonium.

The sample she handed in after the lecture on October 22 later proved to be "spiked" with a significant amount of plutonium. The samples she handed in during the next ten days proved to be doctored in the same way. The amounts might have passed for actual evidence of contamination except that subsequent testing, after suspicions had been aroused, proved that the plutonium was in the form of plutonium oxide—the kind found in the laboratory—rather than that of plutonium nitrate, the kind that would show up in urine.

None of this was known, however, until after Karen had suffered "mysterious" contaminations on November 5, 6, and 7. By that time, she had been telling people for more than a week that she had been "badly contaminated with plutonium" on July 31 and that the evidence was already "coming out in [her] urine samples."

Throughout October, Karen continued to gather information for the story that was to be turned over to the *New York Times*. Her major efforts focused on the practices of a fellow technician, Scott Dotter, who

worked next to Jerry Brewer. In the metallography lab, the technicians checked the welds at the ends of the fuel rods, which were made after the plutonium and uranium pellets had been inserted. Each welding batch included a few "dummies"—identical thin pipes only two feet long—that were pulled and checked for quality control. The "met lab" technicians cut up these sample welds in the glove boxes, checking them for cracks and voids (little pockets of air). The decision about the quality of the welds was then made by a supervisor, based on the information provided by the technicians. When the inspection was completed, the technicians took a series of photomicrographs through the microscope to make a record of the work. (Throughout the 1979 trial and the nine-year controversy about Karen Silkwood's death, there has been continual confusion between the photomicrographs of quality-control samples and the X rays—also made for safety-inspection purposes—of the actual fuel rods. These X rays were made in another part of the plant, and the only two copies were sent with each fuel rod to Hanford. There, 20 percent of the rods were x-rayed again to check for defects and damages.)

Scott Dotter, a young man studying medicine at the University of Oklahoma, had gotten into the habit of touching up dust spots on the negatives of his photomicrographs with a black felt-tipped pen.

The negatives were supposed to be perfect, but often dust on the camera lens left little white marks on them, which showed up as little black spots in the photographs. Touching up the negatives meant not having to go through the process of making a whole series of photographs again.

The practice did *not* involve tampering with the picture of the weld itself, as a long subsequent investigation by the AEC showed. But it was not an approved laboratory practice and would have gotten Dotter in trouble if it had become known.

It was unquestionably this corner-cutting practice that Karen spent much of her time investigating. At one point, Karen brought a doctored negative to Jerry Schreiber, her former lab supervisor, and asked him what he thought of it. He said he didn't know. The notebook Karen later gave Steven Wodka contained a list of serial numbers of about forty negatives, all of which proved to have felt-tipped-per markings.

In late October, Karen several times called Wodka in Washington and told him how her work was going. Wodka taped the conversations, with her knowledge and they were introduced as evidence at the trial. Karen and Wodka talked about the fuel rods. Reading from her notebook Karen said: "And I've got on here the we're still passing all welds, no matter what the pictures look like, no matter what the welds look like. We either grind down

too far or—and I have got a weld I'd love for you to see, man, just how far they ground it down until we lost the weld trying to get rid of the voids, the inclusions, and the cracks. And I kept it."

They talked about an incident in which glove boxes leaked and supervisors put everyone in oxygen masks again and said production had to go on regardless. Then they returned to discussing the education program, and Karen almost pleads, in a soft, haunting, Texas drawl: "We've got eighteen- and nineteen-year-old boys. . . . And they didn't have the schooling, so they don't understand what radiation is. They don't understand, Steve. They don't understand."

On October 31, Karen had an auto accident. She was driving home from work early Halloween morning when—she later claimed—a cow suddenly appeared in the middle of the road. She spun around completely and found herself backed up against a fence post in one of the drainage ditches that border almost every road on the flat Oklahoma countryside. She called Don Gummow, the lab worker with whom she had been having an on-and-off affair, and stayed the night with him. Her car was towed out of the ditch the next morning.

The next day, Friday, Karen visited her personal physician, Dr. Clarence Shields, in Oklahoma City, to try to get some pain-relief pills. In the waiting room she stumbled and slurred her words so much that the nurse told Shields that she "appeared drunk." In the office, Shields was alarmed by what he called her "listlessness" and asked if she had been abusing the Quaaludes he had been prescribing for her. She said she was not but was suffering from whiplash pain. He found Quaaludes in several doses in her purse, however, and took them away from her.

That night, Gary Longaker, a fellow lab worker, stopped by the lab at about ten o'clock to see if anyone wanted to go for coffee. He later testified that Karen and Gummow "appeared to be drunk" while trying to "bag out" some plutonium (remove it from the glove boxes and place it in plastic bags for disposal). Longaker was alarmed, but he had had too many run-ins with Karen to want to go through another confrontation. Instead, he called his wife and asked her to make an anonymous call to his supervisor and to say that someone in the lab was high. When the supervisor arrived a half-hour later, Karen was already gone, but Gummow admitted that he and Karen had taken some Tylenol/3. Gummow was sent home for taking a prescription drug on the job, and it was decided that Karen would be issued a written reprimand. She didn't go to work the following Monday but went back to see Dr. Shields. She said she wanted her Quaaludes back. He reluctantly returned them but warned her to take them only at bedtime and never to combine them with alcohol.

On Tuesday, November 5, Karen show-

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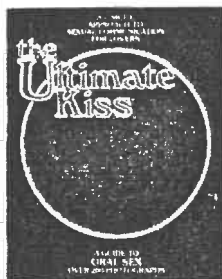
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ed up for work for the first time since the incident with Gummow. She received her written reprimand, but she argued that she would deal with the matter only through the union. She went to work in the lab. Then, at about 6:30 P.M., after working in a room by herself with the glove boxes for about an hour, she announced that she was "hot." Members of the health physics staff arrived at the scene and confirmed that Karen had small amounts of plutonium on her smock and inside the rubber gloves in which she had been working. It was assumed that the rubber gloves had leaked. A check of the gloves, however, turned up some odd things. There was no sign of any leak. Moreover, the contamination on Karen's smock was four times greater than the contamination inside the gloves, suggesting that the plutonium had moved from her smock to the gloves rather than vice versa. "There was something awfully funny about that incident right from the beginning," Jerry Schreiber, one of the lab supervisors, recalled.

Nothing was made of it, though, and Karen was put through decontamination. This meant a thorough washing. Traces of plutonium were found in her hair, and a slight amount around her nose. She was issued another urine-sample kit (a cardboard box containing four pint-size plastic jars), and put on a "total voiding" program, requiring samples from all fecal and urinary excretions for the next five days. Again, this was normal procedure for a serious contamination incident. Karen was sent home "clean."

The next day, she came to work and was given a routine desk assignment away from the plutonium areas, as was required for several days after an exposure. She sat alone in a room for about an hour. When she got up to go to a union bargaining session, she monitored herself at the door and once again plutonium turned up on her arm, hair, and face. By this time, she was getting hysterical—"literally scared to death," as Jon Harrison later recalled. Once again, the health physics staff rushed in to decontaminate her. She told them—as she was to tell everyone for the next week—that she believed "the hairs in my nose and throat are pushing this stuff up out of my lungs, and it's coming out of my body." The health physics personnel told her there couldn't possibly be enough plutonium in her body to produce the readings they were getting. She insisted there was and said she was afraid she was going to die.

Once again, the health physics staff washed her down. They found some of the plutonium "fixed" on her arm, meaning that it had been rubbed so deep into the pores that it wouldn't come off. Eventually, they would remove it by using a caustic soap, which would peel the skin away. Karen insisted on going to the union meeting. The fixed plutonium was not likely to become airborne, so they let her go, even though her arm was still hot.

When the bargaining session opened

on the morning of November 6, Kerr-McGee officials introduced a petition signed by nineteen of the twenty-one lab technicians asking that they be taken out of the bargaining unit and that they be paid on a salaried basis. Everyone in the lab except Karen and Jerry Brewer had signed it. Even Sherri Ellis, the twenty-one-year-old technician with whom Karen had been sharing an apartment for two months, had gone against the union.

Kerr-McGee's negotiators said it was a matter for the National Labor Relations Board to handle and tabled the issue. The discussion then turned to matters of health and safety. The conversation hadn't gone on for long when Karen started shouting, "I'm contaminated and you know it! This contamination is coming out of my body and my urine, and nothing is being done about it!"

Morgan Moore, the manager of the Cimarron plant, was furious. He said he thought that the company was being "set up" and went down to the health physics office to check out Karen's charges. Wayne Norwood told him about Karen's exposures over the last two days but said that nothing had yet shown up in her urine. He did note, however, that Karen had come into his office several times over the past few weeks and asked to see the results of her "high samples." He had told her that of all her samples handed in up to that point, none had indicated any significant contamination as yet. (It is important to remember here that results of the October samples were not known at this point.) He said he really hadn't understood what she was talking about but was now beginning to think there was something strange about her request.

Karen was scrubbed down after the meeting and went home uncontaminated.

That night Drew came over to Karen and Sherri's apartment, and all three of them went out for a pizza. Back at the apartment, they sat around eating and then stuck some leftover food in the refrigerator. During a conversation, Karen told Drew that she was certain that her urine samples were showing traces of plutonium and that Kerr-McGee was not telling her about it.

Sherri was working the night shift at the lab and left for work at 11:30 P.M. She made herself a meal out of food in the refrigerator before she left. Drew stayed the night and arose at seven the next morning. He used the bathroom, nibbled some food in the refrigerator, and left for his new job at an auto-body shop. Karen was just getting up as he departed; it was about 7:30.

When Karen arrived at work about an hour later, her body was riddled with traces of plutonium. She had it on her hair, her face, her arms, and in both nostrils. (One of her nostrils had been blocked since childhood.) Her hands were clean of plutonium, except for one place on her left forefinger, where it was so completely ground into her skin that it could not be washed off. The health physics staff was

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badly frightened, and Karen was hysterical. She kept crying and saying she was sure that the plutonium was backing up out of her lungs and covering her body.

Wayne Norwood knew this couldn't be true, because the readings in both nostrils were 45,000 disintegrations per minute (d/m)—an almost lethal dose had it been inside her lungs. He was sure the plutonium had to have come from outside the plant. He checked her car, which showed only slight contamination, then asked Karen if he could visit her apartment. Karen agreed and immediately called Sherri Ellis, who would just be getting back from work, to tell her that people would be coming to look for contamination. According to Norwood, Karen warned Sherri, "Don't go in the kitchen, the bathroom, or my bedroom."

When Karen and Norwood arrived at the apartment an hour or so later, they found plutonium everywhere—but mainly in the kitchen, the bathroom, and Karen's bedroom.

"How did all this stuff get in here?" Norwood asked in dismay.

"I spilled my urine sample this morning," Karen replied.

"But Karen, all this couldn't have come out of one urine sample," he said. "She clammed right up and never said another word to me for the rest of her life," he said later.

William Rogers, one of Norwood's staff

who was manning the radiation counter, said he thought the contamination must be coming from something else.

"There were a lot of vials and glasses around that I recognized from the laboratory," he said. (Karen apparently had pilfered a few small pieces of equipment.) "I assumed that she had probably accidentally brought some plutonium home in one of them. But she kept insisting that we look in the bathroom. Finally I went in there, and, sure enough, it was all over. There was a urine sample right under the sink that gave a very high count."

The highest count in the bathroom—100,000 d/m—was on the shag cover on the back of the toilet seat. The matching floor mat had a count of 40,000 d/m, and the floor, 20,000. Sherri Ellis had already sat on the toilet, and there was a ring of plutonium measuring 2,000 d/m on her buttocks. Readings in the kitchen were 25,000 on the stove and 20,000 on the refrigerator door. Smaller readings, between 500 and 2,000 d/m, were found on Karen's sheets and pillowcases. Strangely enough, the highest reading in the apartment was found in the refrigerator on the outside of a plastic package containing smaller wrappings of baloney and cheese. It measured 400,000 d/m.

When the four urine and fecal samples that Karen submitted that morning were finally measured the next day, they showed readings between 27,000 and more than

20,000,000 d/m. The highest reading anyone at the plant had ever encountered in a contaminated urine sample was around 5 or 10 d/m.

The contamination was a national incident. The AEC was immediately summoned from Chicago. Someone called the newspapers, and within hours the incident was making headlines.

Kerr-McGee officials, along with some representatives from the Oklahoma State Health Department, donned "moonsuits" and cleared out the apartment—almost to the wallboards. Steve Wodka flew in from Washington, and the next day both he and Karen had a four-hour interview with AEC representatives Gerald Phillip and William Fisher. Karen told essentially the same story, that she thought that the contamination had come from her urine sample. She said that she had carried the package of baloney and cheese into the bathroom with her and put it on the back of the toilet. She thought that it probably became contaminated after she spilled her urine. She signed a sworn statement saying she believed that the contamination was coming out of her lungs and onto her body. She also told both Phillip and Wodka that she had in July inhaled enough plutonium to kill her.

Karen also told Phillip that "no one in the lab is speaking to me," and that there was extreme tension between her and the

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other technicians over the union issue. Then, as the meeting wore on, Karen insisted that the contamination was coming out of her body so rapidly that she was probably contaminated that minute. A check was made, and, sure enough, more plutonium turned up on her arms. "It was like she couldn't escape this contamination," said Wodka at the trial. "I mean, it was still with her."

The AEC insisted that Karen go to its nuclear-physics laboratory in Los Alamos for a whole-body count. Kerr-McGee agreed to pay the bill. Karen was unwilling to make the trip, however, saying she was suspicious of Kerr-McGee, its doctors, and everything to do with the company. She finally agreed to go if Kerr-McGee paid for Sherri and Drew to go along. (Except for the ring on Sherri's buttocks, neither had shown any signs of contamination.)

The three flew to Los Alamos on Sunday, November 10. Both Drew and Sherri turned up completely clean. Karen showed a total body burden of fifteen nanocuries of plutonium—less than one-half of the lifetime "body burden" said to be "permissible" by the AEC. Doctors at Los Alamos told her there would probably be no long-term medical effects. Karen's urine samples were clean, which puzzled the scientists in light of her claims. Fecal samples taken at Los Alamos showed some high concentrations of plutonium,

however, indicating that she had swallowed a small amount of it one or two days before. By this time, Drew was becoming suspicious enough that he asked Karen at dinner if she had eaten a plutonium pellet. Karen burst out crying, and Drew apologized.

The trio flew back to Oklahoma City on Tuesday, November 12. They bought some 190-proof liquor in New Mexico, and when they got home—according to Sherri Ellis—they sat up talking and drinking Bloody Marys. Drew went to bed at 2:30 a.m., while Karen and Sherri stayed up drinking and talking. Karen then got up at 7:30 in order to attend a meeting of the bargaining committee at 8:00 a.m. She missed the session at the Hub Cafe but passed the other two negotiators, Tice and Frank Murch (who had replaced Brewer on the committee), on the highway. Together they went for coffee and got to the bargaining session at Cimarron at 9:30 a.m.

Karen was in negotiations until 3:00 p.m. Then she went for another hour-long interview with Phillip, of the AEC. She broke that off at five o'clock, saying that she had to go to a union meeting at the Hub Cafe in order to tell union members about the results of the bargaining. She got there around six o'clock, sat in the back of the room, and said little. Jean Jung, a woman whom Karen had helped during a contamination incident at the lab,

said Karen was holding a spiral notebook and a large manila folder filled with papers. When asked in her deposition how Karen looked, Jung replied, "Tired. They had had a long, hard trip [to Los Alamos]."

After the meeting, Karen told Jung that she had "proof of falsification of records." She was clutching the manila folder at the time. Then, at about 7:00 p.m., she started to leave. David Burnham had just arrived in Oklahoma City, and Karen's long-awaited meeting with him and Wodka was scheduled for eight o'clock at the Holiday Inn.

Brewer and Murch thought she shouldn't try to drive home by herself. But Karen turned down their offers to drive her home. They both later told the state police and the FBI that Karen appeared tired, nervous, and in no condition to operate a motor vehicle.

At a little after 7:00, she took off by herself into the November darkness. She must have popped a couple of Quaaludes almost immediately after leaving the cafe. An autopsy revealed that she had .35 milligrams of methaqualone in her bloodstream—10 milligrams above the "therapeutic" dose—and another .50 milligrams, considered a toxic dose, in her stomach waiting to be absorbed.

Down the road about five miles, she passed the plant on her left. And after two stop signs she was on a straight stretch of

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highway that runs almost uninterrupted to the outskirts of Oklahoma City, thirty-five miles away. She had driven only about a mile when, at the bottom of a long, gently sloping hill, her car went off the left side of the highway. It ran in a straight line along a grassy shoulder for almost 100 yards, then down a little gully that slopes away from the road. At the very bottom of the gully, the car flew out over an almost invisible concrete culvert that opens up to a surprising depth of about ten feet. The car sailed over the north wing wall, was airborne for about twenty-five feet, and then hit the south wing wall at a speed of about forty-five miles per hour. The front of the small Honda was totally destroyed. Karen probably died instantly.

The state-police officer who investigated the accident theorized that she had fallen asleep at the wheel. He listed it as a one-car accident. This was concluded before the autopsy disclosed that she had a therapeutic dosage of methaqualone in her bloodstream.

Steve Wodka, however, wasn't satisfied. To him it looked and smelled of foul play. He got in touch with a Dallas accident investigator, A. O. Pipkin, and asked him to look into the matter. Pipkin, who specialized in heavy-truck accidents, took the job.

Three days after the accident, Pipkin was at the scene looking at the tire tracks along the shoulder, which were still relatively fresh. He also inspected the damaged car, which had been towed to Ted Sebring's Ford garage, in Crescent, and then by Drew Stephens to a secret hide-out. To Pipkin, it appeared that Karen's car had gone off the highway at a 30-degree angle and continued on that course until it went off the wing wall. He also noted that the steering wheel was bent from the sides rather than at the top and bottom. To him this meant that Karen had been holding her arms rigid when she hit the wall rather than being slumped over—and, presumably, asleep at—the wheel. Pipkin also found "two suspicious dents," one on the bottom of the left rear bumper, and the other on the metal frame just under it, which he said did not result from hitting the wall. He noted that because of the pitch of the road her car should have pulled off the right shoulder instead of the left.

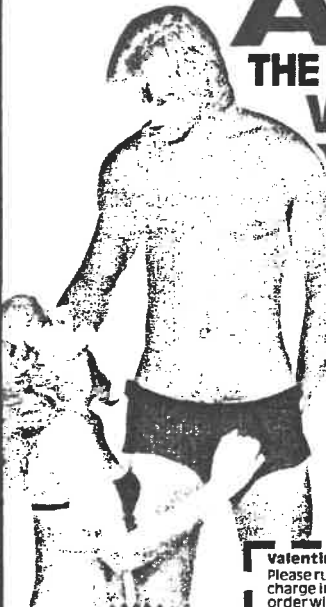
"Based on all the evidence," he wrote, "it is my opinion that there is enough circumstantial evidence present to indicate that [Karen's car] was struck from the rear by an unknown vehicle, causing it to go out of control, due to either the initial impact or the combined impact and driver over-reaction."

Pipkin's report immediately hit the papers, in Oklahoma and across the country. David Burnham wrote a story for the *New York Times*, and it was widely reprinted. The state police, Kerr-McGee, the AEC, and, eventually, the FBI responded by broadening their own investigations.

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state police insisted that Karen's car might have been a little out of alignment when it left the road but that it "tracked perfectly" along the shoulder, showing no signs of skidding or any attempt to get back on the road. When the shoulder sloped down into the gully, her car followed the path of least resistance. Evidence from the car showed she did not try to apply her brakes. They said she probably was not fast asleep and slumped over the wheel but only dozing, and could have stiffened her arms at the last second.

Less than two months after the accident, ABC-TV brought in an identical Honda, hired a professional race-car driver, and filmed test runs of Karen's accident from an overhead helicopter. In fourteen out of fifteen attempts, the Honda drifted to the left side of the road when the driver let go of the wheel. It was later noted that *Consumer Reports* had once observed that the Honda's front-wheel drive gave the car a slight tendency to pull to the left.

Finally, extensive interviews with the tow-truck operators who pulled Karen's car out of the culvert provided a very plausible explanation of how the rear bumper of the Honda might have gotten scratched. Sebring, who was assigned to the job, said that he decided to pull the car out over the south wing wall even though the car was facing in the wrong direction. To do this, he hooked his towline into the rear-bumper ring of the Honda and yanked it around to face the opposite way. When the door on the driver's side swung open, it "acted as a pivot," and the Honda's undamaged rear end was pushed up against the three-foot wall. From there he tried to drag the car over the wall by simply driving his truck forward.

After about a half-hour of this, however, the effort was abandoned. (Photographs of the wing wall taken at a later date showed the marks from Sebring's attempt to drag the car up its side.) He called up one of his employees, Harold Smith, who brought out another wrecker and a ten-foot A-frame. Smith positioned the wrecker differently, ran the winch line over the top of the A-frame, and, finally, with much "rasping and grinding of metal against concrete," pulled the car out of the culvert. The "dents" on the back bumper and underframe—which are really "scrapes"—are in the exact direction, back to front, that one would expect if they were damaged in the towing process. In addition, the police found scrapings of white paint on the wall that resulted from the effort to drag the car out of the ditch.

Furthermore, the dents and scratches on the rear bumper, where the other car is supposed to have hit hers, were only thirteen inches above the ground. A Honda is one of the smallest vehicles on the road. No other car, except for a few European sports cars, has a lower bumper. In order to get under the bumper, the "attacking" car would have had to be *smaller* than a Honda. Howard Kohn ponders the prob-

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lem in *Who Killed Karen Silkwood?* and comes up with a novel solution. He says Karen was probably driven off the road by a car "equipped with a homemade cow-catcher."

David Burnham, of the *New York Times*, told me in an interview, "I've definitely concluded she wasn't murdered. I find it impossible to believe that the board of directors sat down and said, 'We're going to kill this girl.' In any case, it would have been impossible to arrange to have her car hit the abutment just the way it did, which is the only reason she died. It is possible that someone was out to scare her—another union person, a fellow worker, or possibly someone in the management at Kerr-McGee. But I think that is very remote."

Those supporters of Silkwood who admit that it's unlikely that she was murdered nevertheless allege that Kerr-McGee or others (perhaps a fellow lab technician) doused her with plutonium in order to scare or discredit her, because she had gathered information that the fuel rods being produced at Cimarron were allegedly defective and that they could cause a nuclear disaster at the Hanford FFTF.

Perhaps the easiest question to deal with is how Karen Silkwood got contaminated on November 5, 6, and 7—and how her urine samples were spiked. Every one of her contaminations at the plant is highly

suspect, and when it comes to the contamination of her apartment on November 7, there is no explanation other than that Karen was spiking her urine sample, got sloppy, and scattered plutonium all around the apartment.

The arguments Silkwood's "supporters" put up against this are truly bizarre. They argue that someone at the plant was spiking Karen's urine samples in order to make it seem that *she* was spiking them. But this is farfetched at best, and it still doesn't explain all the contaminations in her apartment.

The problem is the 400,000 d/m on the package of baloney and cheese in her refrigerator. This couldn't possibly have come from a urine spill, even if someone already had sneaked plutonium into her sample kits before she took them home. The shag cover on the back of the toilet showed only 100,000 d/m even though it had received a direct "hit." Therefore, the contamination on the baloney and cheese must have come from somewhere else.

Sarah Nelson, of NOW, who helped raise over \$200,000 for the 1979 trial, has a set speech in which she fairly shouts at her audiences: "Somebody sneaked into Karen Silkwood's apartment and put plutonium in her baloney-and-cheese sandwich." The argument here is that someone was trying to kill her by making her eat plutonium. The Silkwood attorneys support this scenario, noting that Karen and

Sherri "usually left their doors open" and that "anyone could have gotten in there and done it." They often attribute it to a "disgruntled lover" of Karen's.

Thus, if you are keeping score, we now have two possible conspirators. Someone at the plant was sneaking plutonium into Karen's urine-sample jars before she took them home with her in order to make it seem *she* was spiking them. Someone *else* (perhaps the same person) sneaked into her apartment and put plutonium on the package of baloney and cheese in her refrigerator.

We now have another problem, however. Karen submitted a total of ten contaminated urine samples, all of them taken at home. But she also had two more samples in her locker at work, these taken between October 31 and November 7, both of them uncontaminated. How did the person who allegedly spiked her sample kits know which jars she would bring home and which she would leave at work?

Faced with this problem, the Silkwood supporters take another tack. They argue that the mysterious person was probably putting the plutonium into her urine jars *after* she brought them to work. "Lots of people had access to them," they say. But this undoes the earlier explanation. The plutonium on the toilet seat and the bathroom floor obviously *did* come from a urine spill. How did these contaminations get there unless the plutonium was already in the sample jar while Karen was using it?

The simplest explanation is that Karen smuggled some plutonium home in her urine jars, that she took some on her finger to "dust" her hair and face before going to work on November 7, and that she did spill her urine sample in the bathroom shortly after. How did the plutonium get on the package of baloney and cheese? She probably carried it back to the refrigerator before she washed her hands. There were also plutonium traces in the sink trap in the bathroom, showing that she eventually washed her hands before going to work.

There is one more crucial point that defeats the argument that someone else was responsible for the contamination. *How did Karen know her urine samples were contaminated* when she told Norwood and Rogers—correctly—that they were the source of contamination in her apartment? No one at Kerr-McGee even knew yet that her *previous* samples had been spiked. At some point on November 7 Wayne Norwood became suspicious about the whole situation and applied wound counter—a primitive radiation measuring instrument—to the one fecal sample that Karen had brought in the morning. It showed so much plutonium that Karen would have been glowing like lightbulb if the stuff had actually come out of her body. Norwood said he knew right then that something was fishy and that Karen herself probably knew more than she was telling. But he never revealed his suspicions to Karen.

Will Rogers, who rode in the car with Norwood and Karen to her apartment, said that nothing was ever mentioned about the sample. He said it was Karen herself who brought up the subject at the apartment: she kept insisting that things were covered with plutonium because she had spilled her urine sample. "I always thought she knew much more about what was going on than she was telling us," he said.

Connie Edwards, who helped Karen after her suicide attempt, probably made the most intelligent evaluation. "I thought that possibly she smuggled out a small quantity of [plutonium] in an attempt to create some sort of contamination incident, [and] somehow it got out of control and got to be a great big mess, which... she hadn't intended," she said.

Did Karen have information that would have proved embarrassing or damaging to Kerr-McGee? Most likely she did. The Silkwood supporters have always insisted that some documents mysteriously disappeared from her car. And the manila folder that Jean Jung saw her carrying at the Hub Cafe is supposed to have vanished. Yet, Drew Stephens, in his deposition, said that the first thing he, Steve Wodka, and David Burnham found among her possessions was "a brown or yellow folder" filled with papers.

Wodka insists that nonetheless something must have been stolen, because there was nothing terribly incriminating in the folder. But she had given him a notebook the week before that contained the serial numbers of photomicrographic negatives. All of these negatives later proved to have been doctored with a felt-tipped pen. In addition, she claimed to have information about a technician who apparently had access to secret quality-control data. Certainly, her allegations about the negatives were verified in a lengthy investigation by the AEC over the next few months. Although none of this revealed the *welds* to be defective, the AEC's findings did indicate sloppy quality-control practices that would have embarrassed Kerr-McGee.

"If I had received the information she had about the quality-control records on the fuel rods, the *Times* definitely would have had an important story," said David Burnham. "The problem was that all these details were lost in the wake of her death. Karen was obviously a pretty good observer and an accurate reporter. Her testimony would have been critical, but everything she said seems to have been partially or completely confirmed by the later investigations."

What would have happened if the *Times* had printed the story? The national reverberations might have stopped production at Cimarron, perhaps permanently. In fact, pressure from the Silkwood episode and the subsequent AEC investigation eventually influenced Kerr-McGee to drop its contract with Hanford in 1975 and withdraw from the fuel-rod business altogether.

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A New Year's weekend in the Big Apple turns a humdrum marriage into a blazing second honeymoon as a conservative couple rediscover old lusts amid New York's newest pleasures.

er. This is why there are many people in Crescent, Okla., who hate Karen Silkwood to this day.

So in a very real sense, Karen Silkwood is a heroine—not because of the media myth created around her, not because of some trumped-up conspiracy-and-murder story, but because she saw firsthand how the dangers of plutonium were being brushed over by the industry and because she acted to expose this negligence. Admittedly, her methods may not have been perfect or her motives pure. People like Gary Longaker and Connie Edwards called her "vindictive," and they are probably right. But that is less than half of the story.

Finding herself caught between the better-educated workers who knew all about the dangers of plutonium and the farm boys who didn't, Karen saw clearly that the latter's interests were being ignored. There is nothing more moving in the Silkwood story than hearing Karen's soft Texas voice almost pleading over the telephone to Steve Wodka: "We've got eighteen- and nineteen-year-old boys. . . . And they didn't have the schooling, so they don't understand what radiation is. They don't understand, Steve. They don't understand."

As I was leaving the Cimarron plant to write this story, I noticed an old newspaper clipping taped to a wall. Entitled "Creativity," it was one of those inspirational messages, printed in a display advertisement that was probably sponsored by an insurance company or a funeral home. As I started to read it, I realized it was posted over the desk where Karen Silkwood worked on November 6, when she announced that she was again "hot" with plutonium. The paper was old and yellow, so worn that I was sure it must have been there when Karen sat at that desk in 1974. Karen might even have put it there herself. It read:

"The man who walks alone is likely to find himself in places no one has ever been before. . . .

"You have two choices in life: you can disappear into the mainstream, or you can be distinct. To be distinct, you must be different. To be different, you must strive to be what no one else but you can be. . . .

"And the unfortunate thing about being ahead of your time is when people finally realize you were right, they'll say it was obvious all along."

I was standing there copying it down when Wayne Norwood, who had guided me through the plant, came back to see what was going on. A solid company man who had been there long before Karen Silkwood arrived and was still there long after her death, he had probably walked past the clipping 10,000 times in the last ten years.

Still, he was surprised to see what I was doing. "Humph," he said after standing there awhile. "I don't think I ever noticed that before." 

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Statement of ownership, management, and circulation (Act of August 12, 1970; Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code). 1. Title of publication: PENTHOUSE. 2. Date of filing: September 19, 1983. 3. Frequency of issue: Published monthly. 4. Location of known office of publication: 1965 Broadway, New York, New York 10023. 5. Location of headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: 1965 Broadway, New York, New York 10023. 6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher and Editor, R. C. Guccione, 1965 Broadway, New York, New York, 10023; Managing Editor, Heidi Handman, 1965 Broadway, New York, New York 10023. 7. Owner: The names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock: Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, New York 10023; R. C. Guccione, 1965 Broadway, New York, New York, 10023; A Trust for the benefit of the R. C. Guccione Family, Georgetown, Grand Cayman. 8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: NONE. Average number of copies of each issue during preceding 12 months: A. Total number of copies printed: 5,417,579. B. Paid circulation: (1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales, 3,404,696. (2) Mail subscriptions, 209,669. C. Total paid circulation: 3,614,365. D. Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means: (1) Samples, complimentary and other free copies, 12,755. (2) Copies distributed to news agents but not sold: 1,777,459. E. Total distribution: 3,627,120. F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 13,000. G. Total: 5,417,579. Actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date: A. Total number of copies printed: 5,349,632. B. Paid circulation: (1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales: 3,294,752. (2) Mail subscriptions: 186,000. C. Total paid circulation: 3,480,752. D. Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means: (1) Samples, complimentary, and other free copies: 11,682. (2) Copies distributed to news agents but not sold: 1,845,198. E. Total distribution: 3,492,434. F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 12,000. G. Total: 5,349,632. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete:
David J. Myerson, Executive Vice-President