

**SUMMARY OF TESTIMONY  
LLOYD B. GAMBLE  
HOUSE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE  
ADMINISTRATIVE LAW AND GOVERNMENTAL RELATIONS SUBCOMMITTEE  
FEBRUARY 2, 1994**

1. Enlisted in the U.S. Air Force in 1950
2. In 1957, volunteered for a special program to test new military protective clothing.
3. In three weeks was given 2 or 3 massive doses (water glass size) of LSD.
4. Thereafter, experienced erratic behavior for a number of years, and does not now know when such behavior might return.
  - a. Tried to jump off Key Bridge but was saved by a passerby.
  - b. Detained at Malcom Growe General Hospital at Andrews Air Force Base.
  - c. Lost his clearance and was relegated to "desk work".
5. Volunteered for two tours of duty in Viet Nam.
6. In the eleven years after 1957, he was promoted one time, whereas in the prior nine years he had been promoted five times.
7. Was never told by the military what happened to him at Edgewood.
8. Learned what had happened to him at Edgewood in 1975 as a result of Congressional hearings.
9. In 1975 the Department of Defense denied Lloyd was at Edgewood in December, 1957.
10. The Department of Defense has now admitted Lloyd had participated in LSD testing at Edgewood, Maryland

**TESTIMONY OF LLOYD B. GAMBLE  
BEFORE THE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE  
ADMINISTRATIVE LAW AND GOVERNMENTAL RELATIONS SUBCOMMITTEE  
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Good morning, and thank you for the opportunity to appear here today. My name is Lloyd B. Gamble, Sergeant, USAF, Retired. I am also a retired Capitol Hill police officer. Today I am 65 years old. I have given 35 of those years in service to my country--either in the military or in law enforcement. I would like to tell you what I received in turn.

I enlisted in the U.S. Army in 1944 and then transferred to the U.S. Air Force in 1950. I was a career oriented, highly motivated non-commissioned officer. I was steadily promoted. My periodic fitness reports assured continued promotions. But most importantly, serving my country in the Air Force went beyond duty. It was my--and my family's--life.

But in 1968, dismayed and disheartened, I took an early retirement. In the previous ten years, I had been humiliated by being moved from my job as a top-rated Air Police investigator and given meaningless desk jobs. For a time my security clearance was questioned and I was barred from carrying a sidearm. And despite the fact that my immediate superiors continued to give me the highest fitness ratings and recommendations, I received only one promotion. One stripe in more than 10 years.

My career, I finally realized was finished. It was not until 1975 that I learned why. And that is why I am here today.

In the summer of 1957, while I was stationed at Dover AFB, a Department of the Army memorandum was circulated throughout all branches of the military. The subject was a "Medical Research Volunteer Program" being conducted by the Army Chemical Corps at Edgewood Arsenal, MD. From as high up as the then-Secretary of the Army Brucker, the program was described as being in the "highest

national security interests" at a time when the Cold War was at one of its most tense periods.

Incentives--including liberal leave policy, family visitations and the finest in living and recreation facilities--were offered. But most important to a young, career-oriented NCO: Volunteering for the program would be given "official recognition through letters of commendation and certificate of participation." I discussed the program with my CO, decided to volunteer, was accepted and TDY'd to Edgewood Arsenal.

This is what I was told. I would be testing protective equipment such as gas masks and coverall clothing while being exposed to--quote--"certain toxic agents" which would be--quote--"inhaled in very small amounts." I was further told that I would be--quote--thoroughly informed about all test procedures and what can be expected prior to each test."

Having understood this, I was required to sign what was called a Volunteer's Participation Agreement which stated in part--quote: "The experiments will be conducted as to avoid all unnecessary physical and mental suffering and injury, and I will be at liberty to request that the experiments be terminated at any time."

That is what I was told. This is what happened.

I was never asked to inhale very small amounts of certain toxic agents. Instead, on two--perhaps three--occasions I was asked to drink a glass of a clear, odorless, tasteless liquid. And how was I "Thoroughly informed" about the test? I was told that the transitory effects would be similar to having one or two highballs. And then I was given a massive dose of LSD--one of the most virulent and potentially dangerous hallucinogens then known to medical science.

LSD--"A compound which causes psychotic symptoms similar to those

of schizophrenia."

After the end of my participation in the program, I was left to twist slowly in the wind--with no follow-up medical or psychiatric help--as my personal and professional life began to disintegrate to the point I would begin to doubt my own sanity. Consider this.

- While at Edgewood, I was ordered to Dover AFB to testify at a court martial hearing. I have no memory of that trip, and it was not until I read the official transcript that I finally believed I had been there.
  
- While stationed in Tripoli, I came to my senses being physically wrestled to the ground and restrained by fellow soldiers. I had suddenly "gone berserk, crazy," they told me. The "official" report found I was drunk, but at the time and under the circumstances there was no way I could have been.
  
- I began experiencing periods of deep depression and erratic behavior--and more and more withdrawal from my family and closest civilian and military friends. At one point, divorce from my beloved wife of 39 years was a very real possibility.
  
- And then one late, late night, only a passing motorist who pulled me back off the railing on Key Bridge stopped my suicide attempt--which of course then led to my confinement for psychiatric evaluation.

Then, as suddenly as the active symptoms of schizophrenia began, they ceased. Gradually, I was able to put my personal life back together and--yet, as the Departments of Defense and Justice have been quick to argue at every opportunity as I have sought redress--after my retirement from the Air Force, I went on to have a distinguished career in law enforcement.

But for too many years my family and I were left in anguish to wonder: What happened to us? Could it happen again? There were

people in the United States government at the time who had all the answers--but they weren't talking.

When I finally learned in 1975 what had happened to me--what had been done to me at the hands of the government I had sworn to preserve and protect, with my life if need be--there was bitterness.

That bitterness increased when the Department of the Army initially tried to deny even that I had been an LSD guinea pig. That is until they were furnished an official DOD publicity photo of me at Edgewood Arsenal--one of the valiant servicemen volunteering for a program that was in the highest national security interests.

But eventually I began to learn that I was not alone. That many of my fellow Americans had endured equal or more suffering than my family and I had. And, I suppose, that is really why I am here today.

Faced with revelations of some foreign government's heinous actions, we comfort ourselves here in America with the belief, "It can't happen here." But it did. The covert LSD experiments, the radiation experiments. All of them using human beings--many of them military personnel, or physically, or emotionally, or economically disadvantaged civilians--as unknowing guinea pigs.

I have no way of knowing what the outcome of these hearings--and any subsequent congressional action--will be. But God bless you for listening to us. today. And please, keep your determination and resolve to see that these terrible things will never again happen here.

Thank you for hearing my story.