

IN MEMORIAM

Mr. FRAC Tank

— a Eulogy by Mrs. BT —

As Remembered by Mrs. BT

My name is Mrs. BT. I am a 4,000-gallon Bulk Transfer truck — hence BT — and I was the very heart and soul of the United Rentals (“UR”) sewage pumping operation. I was a loved and cherished part of the UR porta-potty empire, valued and essential to the family’s everyday operation.



Me and Mr. FRAC tank as seen in happier days.

Mr. FRAC tank was my soulmate. I loved him. Together we raised our babies, the little 2CV trucks, typically around a 1000 gallon capacity each — and they were in and out of that yard all day long, happy as could be, bringing home all the porta-potty rental poop they had collected that day and depositing it into the large Mr. FRAC tank. The Mr. FRAC tank held all that 2CV poop in his 40,000 gallon tank until I carried it away in my 4,000 gallon tank. I would collect that waste into my tank and dispose of it at the El Cajon waste collection facility. Once done I would return to our yard empty ready to do it all over again. This was a continuous operation for over twenty-nine months, and with more than four million gallons documented

having been disposed of this way, our family worked side by side in that corner. Everything was fine in UR land. Until things changed.

Early in the morning, on Monday, September 21, 2026, Mr. FRAC tank was yanked unceremoniously from his home by a large semi truck.



Our UR employees watch Mr. FRAC tank being pulled out of our yard on the morning of September 21, 2026.

Our UR family was robbed of him, and his new location was never to be known. I am devastated and heartbroken. I have been parked beside the empty pad where he used to stand, left to ponder my future. Days and nights have gone by with nothing for me to do. Without Mr. FRAC tank, I have no purpose. Where he once sat so proudly there is now just a row of porta-potties stacked in tight. A living, breathing, sewer-gas-spewing member of our UR family is gone. Permanently. And why? After so many years of dedicated service, what had my partner done to deserve such a fate? I will never know. I have since been moved to the back of the yard, out of the way — no longer rolling in and out of that gate at all hours of the day and night, several times a day some days, to carry Mr. FRAC tank's poop off to El Cajon. This is no life for a BT truck.



September 24, 2026 — the yard at night. With Mr. FRAC tank gone, there are no more early-morning runs out that gate to carry off his accumulated poop.

Life goes on without Mr. FRAC tank, but our family is broken. The UR employees who used to congregate around us no longer do. There is no longer the constant humming of pumps moving waste. There are no hoses to connect. The air is no longer filled with the pungent aroma of human waste. And our baby 2CV trucks no longer bring their loads home to their poppa tank because there is nothing there to pump into. Our baby 2CV trucks still go out every morning, they just take it somewhere else now, and they do not stop at our corner on the way back. They have lost their poppa. I do not know how to explain it to them. And for what? Was it another yard, someplace younger and prettier than ours? Why did this have to happen? I have no answers.

With Mr. FRAC tank gone, I have been moved to the back of the yard now, out of the way. There are no more early-morning trips to El Cajon. No full belly. Nowhere to go. Nothing to do. All I have now are the memories. Memories I will share here with you.



June 18, 2026, Mr. FRAC tank and me working together to move that poop.



June 19, 2026, Mr. FRAC tank and me working together, like so many times before, to move that poop.



May 27, 2026, from Federal Blvd. looking in you can see me waiting with my driver's door open to take another load of poop from Mr. FRAC tank. I never did understand why Mr. FRAC tank was hidden behind so much junk since he was so important to our mission, but mine was never to question.



July 16, 2026, this is one of my favorite pictures where you can see me collecting Mr. FRAC tank's waste from the manifold just above the porta-potty. That manifold allowed all of our 2CV trucks to plug into it and discharge their tanks into Mr. FRAC tank. Of note, this image was taken from the pesky neighbor's rooftop, as he complained about the odors and the noise our pumps would make.



June 5, 2026, shows Mr. FRAC tank's roof hatch being open so that any of the sewer gases that accumulate from anaerobic digestion would escape into the atmosphere.



May 27, 2026, shows some of our fleet of 11 2CV trucks that would go into the field and collect poop from our porta-potty rentals. From there they would bring it back to our yard where it would be discharged into Mr. FRAC tank.



September 21, 2026 — what is now a big empty space, where all that remains is the stain on the concrete and the big hole in my heart from having lost my partner of over 29 months of working together.

A Final Word

People keep asking me whether I am angry. I am not angry. I am a truck. I do what I am pointed at. But there is something I did not know until this week.

On June 23, 2026, an inspector man from the City of San Diego came to our yard — the morning after a pesky neighbor made a complaint to the City about us. The inspector walked our entire yard. He photographed the wash bay, and the drums by the fence, the dumpsters with their lids up, and the ground at the base of Mr. FRAC tank.



June 23, 2026 City of San Diego image taken by Inspector Daniel DeCurtins and produced in response to CPRA request no. 26-6563, showing rusted-out discharge piping and an open discharge hose with no secondary spill containment.

And then Mr. DeCurtins came down the narrow strip between Mr. FRAC tank and the fence, stood close, and took a picture of the placard bolted to Mr. FRAC tank which read:

“DANGER — DO NOT ENTER! THIS TANK MAY CONTAIN LETHAL FUMES... TANK MAY CONTAIN FLAMMABLE LIQUIDS AND FUMES... NOXIOUS, HAZARDOUS OR LETHAL FUMES MAY BE EMITTED FROM THIS VALVE.”



June 23, 2026 — City of San Diego photograph of the warning placard bolted to Mr. FRAC tank's end, taken at close range by Stormwater Inspector II Daniel DeCurtins and produced in response to CPRA request no. 26-6563. This was a stormwater inspection (INS-794138); its recorded subjects were housekeeping and discharge practices — trash on the ground, rusted drums by the fence, open dumpster lids, containment. A warning placard on a pressure vessel is not among them. The inspector photographed it anyway, close enough to read, and the image has been in the City's file since that morning.

Is that what it was all about? Did Mr. FRAC tank actually pose a danger? Was he a danger to the men who worked around him every day? To the building four feet the other side of that fence? To the people who signed their names on a petition about the smell? Was he a danger to me, all those nights I backed up close and let him fill me — or to our 2CV babies who came home to him every day of their working lives? I do not know. That is the part I cannot get past. Nobody ever told us.

On June 23, 2026 Mr. DeCurtins took his pictures and he went away. He wrote us up for housekeeping — trash on the ground, some rusted drums by the fence, a dumpster left open, a puddle of something near the black tank — and he gave us a date to tidy it all by. But about Mr. FRAC tank himself? Not one word. Nobody said the tank was wrong. Nobody said it was fine. The experts saw exactly what we did and how we did it, and they let us go right on doing it. We went back to work, the same as always. So, whatever it was that changed, it was not something the experts found when they finally came to look as a result of some citizen complaint. I assumed — and the record they created proved — that this was just another inspection by the government authorities who regulate our activities. Nothing in our activities needed to change. And it was not the City alone that made these inspections.

On July 8, 2026 — a fortnight after he first came — Mr. DeCurtins returned for his SECOND City of San Diego inspection of our yard. And on that very same day the County came too: Mr. Conner Jordan, of the County Department of Environmental Health and Quality (“DEHQ”), Land Use division. Two agencies — the City and the County — at our gate on the one morning.

Mr. Jordan looked our site over. He read through six months of our monthly receipts for everything we had disposed of at the El Cajon dump station. He walked and examined all the ground-level drains along our North and South fence lines. He found no evidence of “illegal dumping.” He noted no odors, and that “...all spaces and equipment appeared in clean, working condition.” He closed his report with “No DEHQ violations observed. No further action at this time.”

Nobody mentioned Mr. FRAC tank. Not in the receipts, not at the drains, not anywhere in Mr. Jordan’s report. I took that to mean he was fine.

The two visits that day did not even come from the same place. Mr. Jordan’s was a complaint — his report says DEHQ “received a follow up complaint regarding improper waste water disposal at the facility.” But the City’s own record says Mr. DeCurtins’ second visit was “prompted by a FOIA request.”

Now, I have had a great deal of time to sit and think about that, and something does not add up.

A Public Records Act request is a request for papers. It asks an agency to go and look in its own filing cabinet and hand over copies of what it already has. It does not require anybody to put on a vest, get in a vehicle and drive out to somebody’s yard. Nothing in it obliged the City to come and look at us at all. The City chose to come.

And that is what I cannot work out. The City sent an inspector to our yard because a neighbor asked it for photocopies. But on the complaint that same neighbor made about Mr. FRAC tank — the one the City took seriously enough to open its own case file on, and to assign to its own investigator — no inspector has ever come out. Not once. Not in the three months since, and not to this day.

They came when they did not have to. They have not come when it is their job.



COUNTY OF SAN DIEGO
DEPARTMENT OF ENVIRONMENTAL HEALTH AND QUALITY
LAND AND WATER QUALITY DIVISION

OFFICIAL INSPECTION REPORT

Facility Name/Type: UNITED RENTALS/DBA RELIABLE ONSITE SERVICES		APN: 543-020-31,36, & 37	Inspection Date: 7/8/2026
Inspection Address or Location: 6144 FEDERAL BLVD		City: SAN DIEGO	Zip Code: 92114
Owner/Operator Name and Address: WESTPORT LEMON GROVE INVESTMENT LLC/660 NEWPORT CENTER DR #1450, NEWPORT BEACH,			Phone #:
Type of Inspection: ☒ Complaint ☐ Consultation ☐ Reinspection ☐ Other			
Program: Land Use		Record ID#: DEH2026-ACOM-103865	
Nature of Complaint/Consultation: The Department of Environmental Health and Quality (DEHQ) received a follow up complaint regarding improper waste water disposal at the facility.			
Observations/Comments: During the site inspection, monthly receipts for the past 6 months were reviewed for the disposal of all pumped wastewater at the City of El Cajon dump station located at 1050 Vernon Way, El Cajon, CA, 92020. Also, during the inspection all possible ground level drains along the North and South fence lines were examined in the facility and no evidence of illegal dumping of wastewater was observed. During the inspection no odors were present around the facility, and all spaces and equipment appeared in clean, working condition.			
Corrective Actions/Recommendations: No DEHQ violations observed. No further action at this time.			
Correct By:		Be advised DEHQ bills for time spent on justified complaints at our hourly rate. This includes time spent on investigation, travel time, correspondence, follow up, and enforcement	
Inspected By: CONNER JORDAN	Phone: 619-366-1590	Email: CONNER.JORDAN@SDCOUNTY.CA.GOV	
Received By: Branch Manager (D. Perez)	Phone: 619-929-4594	Email: DPEREZ3@UR.COM	

P.O. Box 129261, San Diego, CA 92112-9261 | Phone: (858) 505-6688 | Fax: (858) 505-6786
LWQDuty.DEHQ@sdcounty.ca.gov | www.sdcdeh.org

July 8, 2026, County of San Diego DEHQ Official Inspection Report (Record ID# DEH2026-ACOM-103865), Inspector Conner Jordan visited the UR site and found, "no evidence of illegal dumping," "all spaces and equipment appeared in clean, working condition," and "No DEHQ violations observed. No further action at this time."

And here is the part that confuses me most. If Mr. FRAC tank was a danger on the twenty-third of June — if he was a danger on the morning that Mr. DeCurtins stood in the gap and photographed the Danger sign — then he was a danger on the first day too. He was a danger for twenty-nine months. Nothing about him ever changed. The Danger sign never changed. He sat in the same place, doing the same work, with the same Danger sign bolted to his end, and for twenty-nine months nobody came. UR was given a clean pass by those government agencies. From where I sit, Mr. FRAC tank did NOT have to be removed! So WHY WAS IT?!



Today, there is no smile left in me. I'm relegated to the back of the yard, with nothing to do but watch the yard go by and wondering will I be next?

So, what changed? Not Mr. FRAC tank. The City's own inspector had looked, and the County's own inspector had looked, and both of them found nothing wrong. The danger, if there ever truly was one, had been standing there the whole time. Nothing about our operation ever changed — and yet, quite suddenly, Mr. FRAC tank was gone.

I may only be a truck, but even I can work out that if my Mr. FRAC tank was truly a danger, that danger had been standing right there the whole time — and the very people sent to look at him with more than four million gallons of waste having been transferred through him kept saying he was fine, wasn't that enough?

So, the questions remain: Will we ever get Mr. FRAC tank back — and if not, WHERE has he gone? Without Mr. FRAC tank, what will my role become? Will I be the next one to be let go? We deserve to know!