

Connecticut College

Digital Commons @ Connecticut College

1978-1979

Student Newspapers

10-10-1978

College Voice Vol. 2 No. 4

Connecticut College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/ccnews_1978_1979

Recommended Citation

Connecticut College, "College Voice Vol. 2 No. 4" (1978). *1978-1979*. 17.
https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/ccnews_1978_1979/17

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Newspapers at Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. It has been accepted for inclusion in 1978-1979 by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. For more information, please contact bpancier@conncoll.edu.
The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.

The College Voice

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Radiation and New London's cancer rate
Anti-nuke war: Battles on the atomic front
Summer of '78: Sit-in at Seabrook

OCTOBER 10, 1978



CONN. COLLEGE LIBRARY
OCT 13 '82
NEW LONDON, CT

Power plants and radiation in nuclear New London

YOU HAVE TO BE
REALISTIC, YOUNG MAN,
NUCLEAR ENERGY IS THE
ONLY ALTERNATIVE TO
FOSSIL FUEL.



By Andrew Rodwin

Nuclear power is a big issue in New London and, as a result, there is a constant stream of headlines concerning it. In addition to a nuclear sub base in Groton, there are two operational nuclear power plants located in Waterford on Millstone Point. These are Millstone I and Millstone II, and a third plant, Millstone III, is under construction. There is a fourth reactor only twenty miles from New London, in Haddam, CT.

What price is being paid for the energy these plants generate? The files on nuclear power are suggestive and disturbing:

-Explosions at Millstone last December caused workers to be exposed to high levels of radioactivity.

-According to controversial studies, cancer rates in the New London area have skyrocketed, possibly as a result of radiation.

-Thermally polluted water is dumped into Long Island Sound. Radioactively contaminated water has also been inadvertently dumped into the Sound as a result of accidents at Millstone.

-Nuclear shipments can be stolen, as they were overseas in 1968.

-Aging nuclear plants cannot be used. They must be dismantled or "mothballed", in which case security must be stringent.

The problem is complicated by the energy bind that the world is now in. Presently, there is a growing awareness of the considerable debt to the ecosystem since the Industrial Revolution. Exploitation of the environment threatens to leave it bankrupt. Proponents of nuclear power claim that nuclear energy is the remedy to the problem, as it will conserve depleting oil reserves. They say that nuclear power is cheap and, because of radiation guidelines, it is also safe. Above all, the advocates maintain that nuclear power is necessary, that nuclear power is needed for energy and energy for survival. Vehement arguments can be made on both sides of the issue. There appears to be little room for a "middle-of-the-road" stand.

This past summer, at the anti-nuke demonstration in Seabrook, New Hampshire, it became clear that the issue is defined by imminence. The anti-nuke movement suggests that a decision must soon be made about nuclear power.

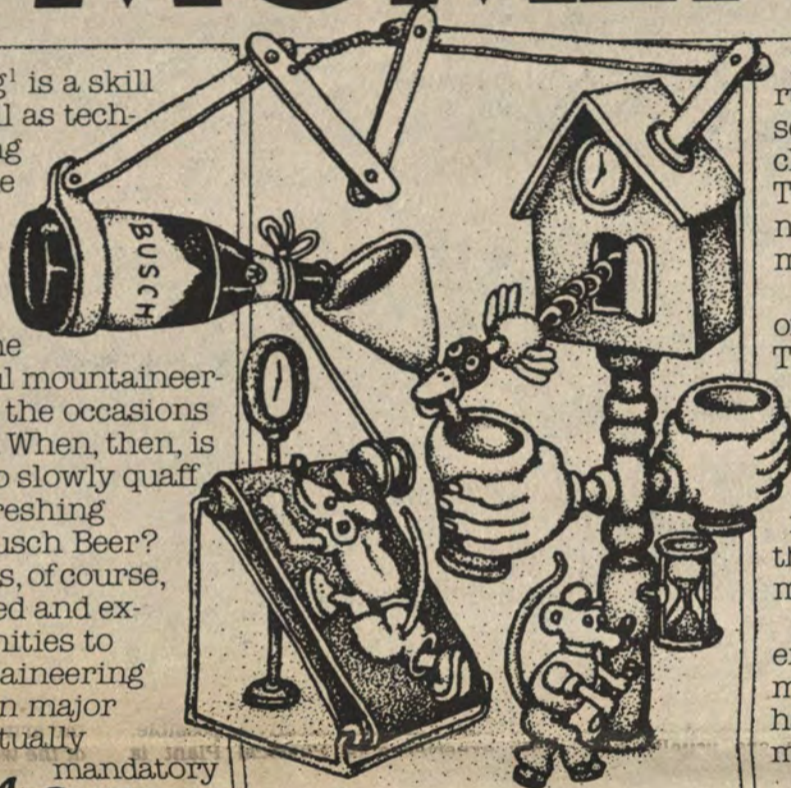
Perhaps the '80's, like the '60's, is destined to be an era of activism. If the '80's is such a decade, then the issue of nuclear power will probably be at the fore.

Mountaineering #4.

THE OPTIMUM MOMENT

Mountaineering¹ is a skill of timing as well as technique. The wrong moment, like the wrong method, marks the gap between amateur and aficionado. So the key to successful mountaineering is to choose the occasions wisely and well. When, then, is it appropriate to slowly quaff the smooth, refreshing mountains of Busch Beer?

Celebrations, of course, are both expected and excellent opportunities to test your mountaineering mettle. Indeed, on major holidays it is virtually



mandatory to do so. Imagine ushering in the fiscal new year or commemorating Calvin C. Coolidge's birthday or throw-



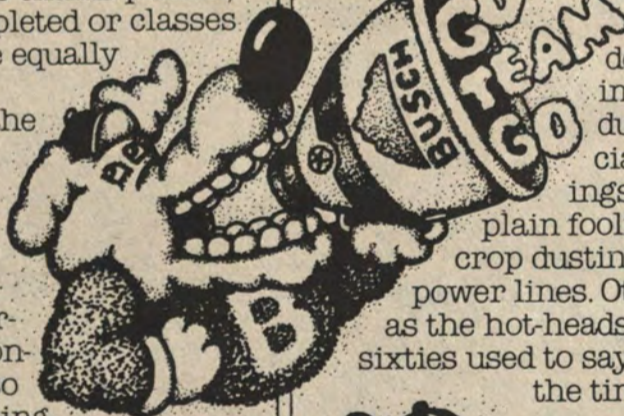
ing caution to the wind during Take-A-Sorghum-To-Lunch-Week without the benefit of Busch. A disturbing prospect at best.

On the other hand, not every event need be as significant as those outlined above.



Small victories like exams passed, papers completed or classes attended are equally acceptable. Remember the mountaineer's motto: matriculation is celebration.

Interpersonal relationships are also meaningful times. There are few things finer than taking your companion in hand and heading for the mountains, transcending the ho-hum and hum-drum in favor of a romantic R & R. Naturally, couples who share the



pleasures of mountaineering run the risk of being labeled social climbers. But such cheap shots are to be ignored. They are the work of cynics, nay-sayers and chronic malcontents.

Similarly, the ambience of an athletic afternoon (e.g. The Big Game) is another ideal moment. Downing the mountains elevates the morale of the fan and, hence, the team. Therefore, if you care at all about the outcome, it is your duty to mountaineer.

When should one not enjoy the invigoration of the mountains? Here, you'll be happy to learn, the list is much briefer.

Mountaineering is considered declassé with dessert, improper during judicial proceedings and just plain foolish while crop dusting around power lines. Otherwise, as the hot-heads of the sixties used to say, "Seize the time!"



¹Mountaineering is the science and art of drinking Busch. The term originates due to the snowy, icy peaks sported by the label outside and perpetuates due to the cold, naturally refreshing taste inside. (cf. lessons 1, 2 and 3.)



BUSCH[®]

Don't just reach for a beer. Head for the mountains.

The College Voice

Editor-in-Chief
EVAN A. STONE

Assistant to the Editor
JAMES C. POLAN

Managing Editor
ALEXANDER REID BRASH

Art Director
HOWARD ANDERSON

Photography Editors
VICKY MCKITTRICK
TATANIA LOPUCHIN

Illustration Editor
MAX MOORE

Senior Editors
MICHAEL ADAMOWICZ
ANDREW RODWIN

Senior Writer
MICHAEL SITTENFELD

Associate Editors
DAVID FIDERER
NICOLE GORDON
DAVID MCKILLOP JR.
B. ROBERT NORMAN
STEVEN SHAFFER
THOMAS USDIN

Business Manager
JOANNE BALTZ

Business Staff
PAUL COSTA
SUSAN COURTNEY
HELENE KEO
SARAH GOLDSTEIN
LETTY SELKOVITS

Production Staff
RANDI CHUDNOW
MARYBETH DUGAN
NANCY GARLOCK
ANNE ROCHE
SETH STONE
ROBIN WAXENBERG
LISA WESTERBERG

Photography Staff
TERRY GREENE
WENDY WEEKS
BERNIE WEISS
GLENN WHITE

Consultants
STEVEN GUTMAN
DAVID STEWART

Contributors: Ann Allen, Peter Engle,
Jeff Garrett, Mark Hill, Julie
Stahlgren, Marsha Williams

The College Voice is an editorially independent news magazine published weekly during the academic year. All copy is student-written unless specifically noted. Unsolicited material is welcome but the editor does not assume responsibility and will return only those accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. All copy represents the opinion of the author unless stated otherwise. The College Voice is a student-run, non-profit organization.

Editorial offices are located in Room 212, Crozier-Williams Student Center. Mailing address: Box 1351, Connecticut College, New London, Ct. 06320. Phone: (203) 442-5391, Ext. 236 or 397.

CruX of the matter

The Physical Plant articles which were printed in the October 3 issue of The College Voice have caused a degree of controversy on campus. The College Voice has received feedback ranging from congratulatory remarks for exposing waste to denunciations for the "vindictive attitude" of the articles.

There was much reaction as to "how" the facts were presented as opposed to comments on the facts themselves. Whatever the merits or drawbacks of our presentation the crux of the matter is that we were attempting to show that valuable funds were being squandered by certain practices taking place in the Physical Plant department. As of yet, Physical Plant has made no response to these articles.

The College Voice is a major vehicle for communication among all members of the College. The newsmagazine provides a major opportunity to deal with issues that might have otherwise been ignored. The College Voice will continue to report on issues concerning the College Community in the most responsible manner available.

Evan Stone
James Polan

LETTERS

Pull together

To the Editor:

I expect our colleagues in Physical Plant will respond in detail to the charges Andrew Ogilvie has made in his harrowing account of his summer job on campus. What I want to speak about is my dismay at an assumption I see at work in his piece and in the editorial comment accompanying it: the assumption that the college community is a group of divided interests. The members of the Physical Plant department, like the faculty, the Residency department and the rest of the administrative staff, are here for the same reason that members of the student body are here: the college is an enterprise and a group of people they want to identify themselves with. Exceptions to this are usually conspicuous, even to themselves, and tend to remove themselves from our midst.

The college is a common enterprise, and if you want to look at it negatively, everyone pays a price to belong to it. The price a student pays is only the most obvious. People who work in the administration, in Physical Plant, in custodial jobs and housekeeping services, like faculty members, receive less than they could be paid for the same work elsewhere. When housekeeping employees at Yale went on strike a year ago, their salaries were already higher than our college can afford to pay for such services today. We have always been fortunate in having people who work and teach

here, rather than elsewhere, because they want to. Most of us do not consider it a sacrifice.

So when Andrew Ogilvie asks, "exactly how much of the students' money is spent on various Physical Plant projects?" it is a question like "When did you stop beating your wife?" The assumption that there is such a thing as students' money in this community is naive. Suppose one zero morning last winter, when I walked to the post office and saw five student windows wide open (perhaps some radiators won't turn off, I thought, perhaps the custodian has set the thermostat too high, perhaps five students were simply careless) I had demanded in high dudgeon, how much faculty salary is being wasted, and by whom? Heads must roll!

We are all concerned with running the college as economically as possible. My experience of Physical Plant is different from Mr. Ogilvie's, perhaps more extensive, and I will risk the counter-generalization to which rhetoric tempts me: I think we probably get more for our dollar from that department than any other, possibly excepting the Residency department.

If there are abuses there, and your reporters Mike Adamowicz and Andrew Rodwin have verified some of Mr. Ogilvie's charges about the summer paint crew, why not assume our colleagues in that department will correct them? Perhaps your articles will be instrumental in this. But if the editors and Mr. Ogilvie assume, and lead others to assume, that the "desire

to cover oneself' and 'not rock the boat' " looms large in the affairs of any department in this college, that assumption is liable to do much more harm than any of the evils complained of.

I'd like to think that when the paint dries on this lurid expose we will have a better understanding of our common work: how to run a first-rate college on a shoestring. To suggest that any group within the college is less concerned with this than another group is not helpful and probably not true. To impugn the motives or competence of people like Eleanor Voorhees, Leroy Knight and Richard Ingersol is at best to be misinformed.

Yours faithfully,
William Meredith

Witness clarifies

To the Editor:

Without intending to retract any of my statements made to Andrew Rodwin in reference to Physical Plant, I would like to clarify my views on the operations I witnessed this summer and offer some concrete suggestions to combat the problem-I do not believe this was adequately expressed in The College Voice articles of October 3, 1978.

I maintain my contention that very little was accomplished by the Physical Plant painting crews (including the student workers) that worked at the College this past summer. The labor, time and financial resources were utilized wholly inefficiently and the work that was needed to be done was not completed. This, in my opinion, is irrefutable.

My disagreement with the Ogilvie-Rodwin articles is not the expose of problems at Physical Plant, but rather the articles' focus on the personalities of the workers and individual incidents of inefficiency, rather than the entire problem and a recognition of its source.

I believe the root of the inefficiency which is fostered by Physical Plant is that the department is granted virtually total autonomy. This is evidenced in the facts that

-Physical Plant has complete discretion over the determination of budgetary priorities (unlike any other department)

-All staff supervision is internal
-The Administration, which ultimately supervises the operations of Physical Plant, has no expertise in the actual physical maintenance of the school. The Administration is at "the

Continued on page 11

VOLUME II, ISSUE NO. IV

INSIDE OUT

Anti-nuke momentum

There's a war going on out there. Alexander Reid Brash describes the incredible momentum which the anti-nuke movement has gained in recent years, as well as projecting possibilities for the 1980's.

p. 6

Seabrook summer p. 5

Jeff Garrett, class of '79, gives an eyewitness account of last summer's historic anti-nuke demonstration at Seabrook, New Hampshire.

DEPARTMENTS

LETTERS	3,11
ON CAMPUS	4
NEWS SHORTS	4
PEOPLE	8
ENTERTAINMENT	9
SPORTS	10

COVER PHOTO BY
THE NEW LONDON DAY

Cancer in New London

Is there a link between Millstone and the local cancer rate? Peter Engle takes a detained look at the possibilities of contamination from radioactivity.

p. 7

ON CAMPUS



Dr. Juli and several students have sunk test pits in search of Pequot artifacts

A unique high down under

By Mark W. Hall

Dr. Juli, an assistant professor of anthropology at Connecticut College, and some of his students are in the process of excavating an old Pequot Indian fort. The site sits on the highest point in Groton, with a sweeping view of the surrounding countryside, the sea, and even Long Island, on a clear day. It's the view of the area that explains why the Pequot Indians chose this slope for one of their several forts. From what little is known about them, it appears that the Pequot were a war-like group, exacting tribute from tribes as far away as Massachusetts and Long Island. However, their power was broken forever in the Pequot-Mohican War of 1636 when they were defeated in Mystic by Puritans pushing for white expansion.

The fortified hilltop was again occupied in 1651 when John Winthrop, founder of the New London Colony, moved the remnant Pequots there, to create a village, which they lived in until 1721.

Articulate and enthusiastic about this subject, Dr. Juli energetically em-

phasized that the main thrust of his study concerns the Indians at point of European contact and encompasses not just anthropology, but history and art history as well.

His own experience with archaeology includes digs in such places as Alaska, New England, Peru, and Israel; and had only just discovered this nearby potential bonanza last summer, after talking with local historians.

For the moment, only test pits to determine site locations have been sunk, with full-scale excavation slated for next spring and summer. Expectations are high for ample material evidence, including the remains of fortifications, dwelling surfaces, ceremonial areas, etc.

Already, artifacts like Colonial and Indian pottery, old nails, and an ancient pipe are awaiting the cleaning, processing, and cataloguing that befalls every item uncovered.

Student turnout to the site has been termed excellent with as many as two dozen attending a couple of weeks ago. One senior, Charles Sorrentino, described the dig philosophically in terms of a singular experience full of common-group feelings. "It's a unique

type of 'high,'" he elaborated, "to realize what people were up to then and touching their lives. It's like establishing a sort of continuity... (between) a whole world of things that have been, and will be, before me." Sorrentino also agreed to a touch of masochism, pointing to his poison ivy and infected eye.

Helen Wheeler, another solicited student, is taking the project as an independent study for her anthropology major and thus views the practice of using field techniques as very educational. "You can't teach excavation in the classroom," commented Wheeler, "The only way to learn it is by doing it... (and finding out) what it's like to 'get dirty', as they say."

So what is the real point about this archaeological dig? Dr. Juli summed up the entire subject in philosophical terms when he pondered aloud about the Pequot Indians and their fate. In so many words, he drew the picture of a native, aboriginal society, possessing its own unique cultural ways, that was touched by technologically more-sophisticated civilization and who, in less than 100 years, found that their own

society had disintegrated to the point of extinction.

The current excavation is seeking to discover what the Pequot culture and daily life was like before and after European contact and to assess the effects thereof. Dr. Juli posed an related question on this topic and then attempted to answer himself: "Can we learn something from the extinction of the Pequot? Can we really learn from this?... (It should be) trying to let people be masters of their own destiny instead of helpless victims in the rush of cultures to develop and expand." It may be well-worth pondering this thought as applied to our own era, given the nature of contemporary society.

NEWS SHORTS

O.D. on ulcers

..Otello Desiderato, professor of psychology at Connecticut College, will speak on "Behavior Therapy: Applied Humanism?" as part of the psychology department's colloquium series today at 4:30 p.m. in room 307 of Bill Hall. The lecture is open to the public at no charge.

A well-known psychologist in the field of physiological reactions to psychological stress, Dr. Desiderato has worked with Dr. John MacKinnon, professor of psychology at Connecticut College, in researching animal models of stress-induced gastric ulcers. Their research has been supported by a number of grants from the National Institutes of Health.

Warren and Welty in residence

Robert Penn Warren and Eudora Welty, two of the most talented and respected of contemporary American authors, will be in residence at Connecticut College during the week of October 23 - 26 as guests in a four-day Forum on Southern Writing sponsored by the English department.

The forum will open with a panel discussion involving Mr. Warren, Miss Welty, and William Meredith, the Henry B. Plant Professor of English at Connecticut College who is currently serving a year-long appointment as consultant in poetry to the Library of Congress.

The panel discussion on writing will be moderated by George Willauer, professor of English at Connecticut College.

student organization budget

STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS	1977-78 Allotment+	'77-78 Balance	1978-79 Request	1978-79 Recommendation
Administration of Fund	800.00		\$2,000.00	\$2,000.00
Class of 1981	500.00		1,160.00	1,160.00
Class of 1982	500.00		500.00	500.00
Class of 1979	600.00		2,500.00	2,500.00
Class of 1980	3,975.00	19.96	895.00	895.00
Special Events	4,000.00	706.28	6,950.00	6,950.00
Koine	5,583.00	244.88	7,500.00	7,500.00
College Voice	7,000.00	286.65	8,500.00	8,500.00
WCNI	5,000.00	593.71	8,065.52	8,065.52
Social Board	1,000.00	121.39	18,435.00	18,000.00
Student Government	2,238.00	225.78	2,457.00	1,800.00
The Spark	2,800.00	959.57	2,490.00	2,490.00
Theatre One	2,400.00	864.91	3,000.00	3,000.00
Sports Club Council	105.72	49.84	7,575.00	6,310.00
Literary Journal			700.00	700.00
Matching Dorm Grants			2,130.00	2,130.00
Club Operating Budgets			3,500.00	3,500.00
TOTAL			\$78,357.52	\$76,000.00

+Plus 1976-77 balance

Nuke for hire?

Federal authorities have arrested three men in a bizarre plot to steal a nuclear submarine from the New London naval base.

James Cosgrove of Ovid, New York, Edward Mendenhall of Rochester, New York, and Kurtis Schmidt of Kansas City were arraigned by the F.B.I. on charges of conspiring to steal the New London-based S.S.N. Trepang.

The F.B.I. says the three men planned to hijack the sub, kill the crew, and fire a nuclear warhead at an eastern city if necessary for selling the sub to a third party at a mid-ocean rendezvous.

Officials say it would have been virtually impossible to bring off the plan since it would take at least 100 highly-trained men to run the sub.

Seabrook

Approaching Woodstock

By Jeff Garrett

I feel more than a bit uneasy about starting to write about Seabrook. Not because I have nothing to say about my experiences in New Hampshire — certainly not that — but because what I do have to say may have very little meaning for others.

My thoughts and feelings about the occupation do not take the form of a polemic on nuclear power, pro or con — and if someone is reading this with the hopes of gathering information to build such an argument, I suggest they bail out now.

What I hope to accurately present is my own account of what it felt and meant to be one of the 10,000 people who travelled to New Hampshire on June 24 to make a statement, namely, "I protest the development of a nuclear power." A simple statement? Certainly. Stemming from simple, clear-cut feelings? Not quite.

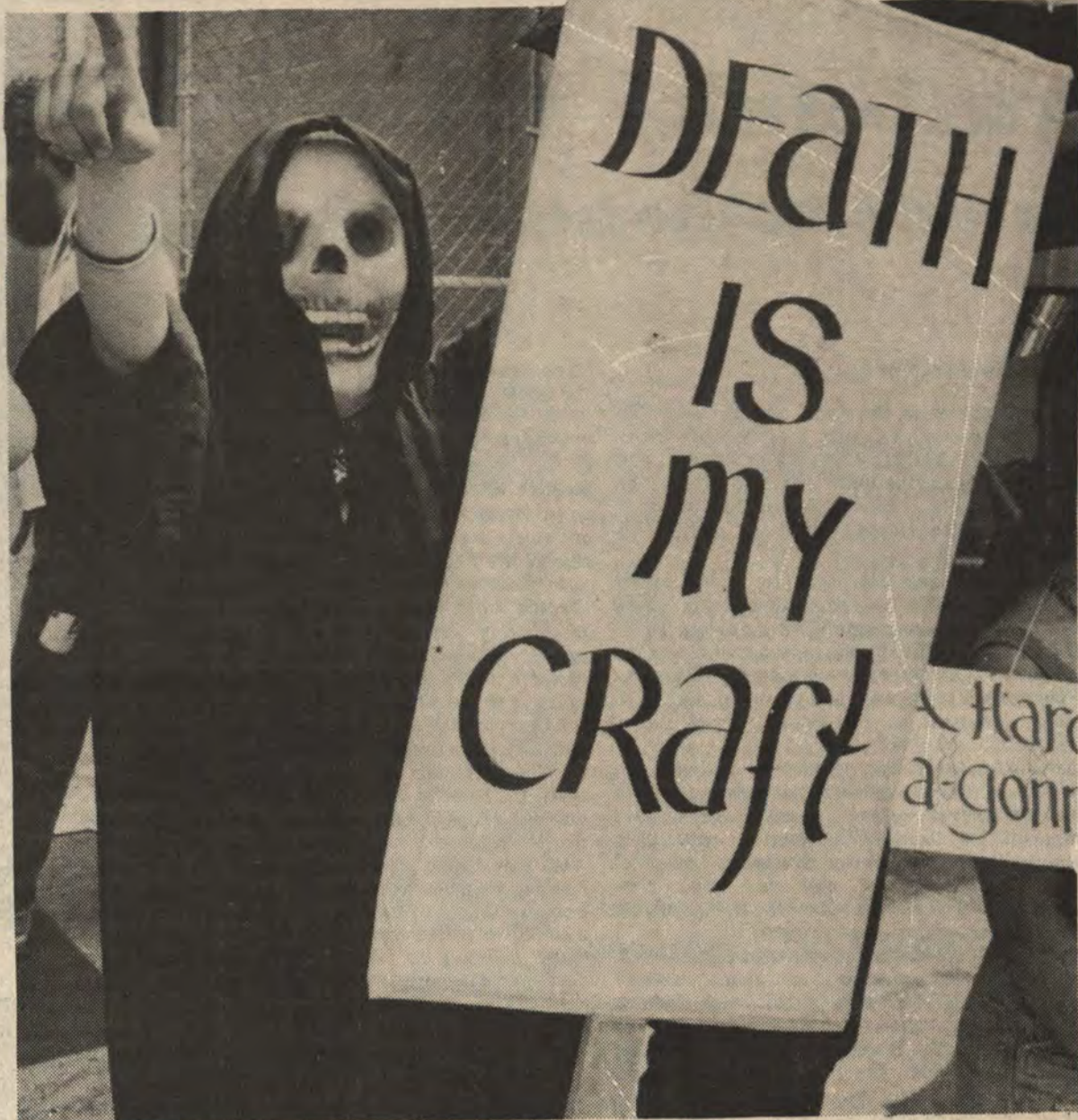
I arrived in the small town of Seabrook, New Hampshire, that Saturday with anything but simple feelings. This was not due to any wavering of position concerning the issue itself. I had read, listened, and watched a great deal. Consequently, I felt very secure in my evaluation of the nuclear energy program in its present form: I was decidedly against it.

I had become involved with an organization known as the Clamshell Alliance, whose express purpose it was to put an end to further construction of any nuclear plants, or "nukes." I had undergone non-violence training with a group of local Clamshell members, including Conn students, so that we could acquaint ourselves with the handling of specific situations that might arise in the course of the occupation. We were trained as a group so that we might make decisions, by consensus, as a group.

My insecurities stemmed not from the statement itself, nor the channels that had been gone through so that the statement could be made. It was rather the events of the previous week that had my mind worried. In that time, I felt the governmental authorities of New Hampshire had succeeded in effectively kicking the teeth out of the Seabrook movement; by this I mean a substantial blunting of whatever impact the occupation would have on those not directly participating in it. This had been accomplished by destroying the possibility of a large-scale civil disobedience, an act which would have attracted much attention from the media and therefore driven the "no nuke" message home to many who had not yet thought seriously about the dangers of nuclear power.

Since late spring, the population of Seabrook had been under intense political pressure to withdraw their support from the illegal occupation. On June 16, they succumbed to the pressure, and suddenly there was chaos. The Clamshell Coordination Committee in Portsmouth, N.H. decided that the occupation was unjustified without grass-roots support from the citizens of Seabrook. A deal was made with governmental authorities headed by Gov. Meldrin Thompson, noted, as of late, primarily for his fanatic support of nuclear development, and only slightly less so for the enthusiasm and affection he has exhibited for the regime in South Africa. The deal was this: there was to be a legal rally on a designated area of the Seabrook grounds beginning on Saturday, June 24. Everyone participating in this rally was to vacate the premises by 3 p.m. Monday, and within this time there was to be no harassment or physical attempt to halt construction of the plant. Clean and simple. Everybody happy? Not quite.

A large faction of the Clamshell membership (itself being run by consensus) was outraged by these proceedings. They had had no say in the decision and felt abandoned by those to whom they had pledged mutual trust and support. The result was an incredible amount of tension within the organization, many local groups threatening to commit civil disobedience anyway by occupying beyond Monday's deadline. What once was a unified movement now seemed to be a splintered and impotent force done in by its own politics.



Others had picked up on this tension as well. The papers, radio, and television all drooled over it in the days just preceding the occupation. The protest was sensationalized; it was rumored that "they" wanted confrontation; "they" wanted conflict, and as I listened dumbfounded to the local newscasters while driving to Seabrook, I was convinced they wanted blood.

My first experiences on arriving in the area relieved my fears considerably, albeit in novel ways. A short hike into the adjacent town (occupation headquarters) was called for in order for me to pick up an armband (signifying I was an occupier, not just a visitor) and to find the camping location of my local group.

Once there, I met Jim, a 28-year old native of New Hampshire, who was explaining to me how to make a good tea from an interesting plant I had found on my hike in, when we were approached from behind by a very drunk older man who was running, calling us "dirty V.C.!!" and shooting at us with an imaginary

**...we were approached from
behind by a very drunk
older man who was running,
calling us "dirty V.C.!!" and
shooting at us with an
imaginary rifle.**

rifle. We both grabbed him, and as he calmed down, Jim asked him, quite typically I thought, if he would like any fresh orange juice. Somehow I knew it was going to be a weekend to remember.

After finally getting into the occupation site itself, I found myself submerged in a flurry of activity — people everywhere, holding meetings, constructing booths, exchanging ideas, building exhibits, debating, laughing, all this couched in music which seemed to come from every direction.

The site itself was, quite literally, a dump, complete with a sky full of circling seagulls. Everyone was in the process of organizing their living arrangements and projects for the next three days. The feeling was exhilarating. No tension. The focus of the rally had now been technically shifted to one of self-education rather than active protest. Each local group had devised at least one project to emphasize

alternative energy sources, and there were hundreds of these.

Much to my surprise, I found my local group with very little difficulty, and before long was wandering the grounds, talking with people, and helping out where I could. I couldn't shake my feelings about the whole atmosphere being very "woodstockish".

What followed only served to reinforce this impression: a central stage had been built on one part of the site where certain groups could put on skits and listen to scheduled guests speak on nuclear and alternative energy plans. A meeting of all occupiers took place there that afternoon. After welcoming addresses were given, plans were discussed for the following day, when the general public would be invited onto the site to browse among the exhibits, listen to the speakers, and attend the various workshops which would be held.

Once this was concluded, everyone welcomed a theatrical troupe from California who put on an excellent skit about nuclear power and big business. They received a standing ovation, introducing themselves as they took their bows. As the last actor removed his mask, a small child jumped into his arms. The crowd immediately recognized the pair, Jackson Browne and son.

Electricity was in the air, and more than just a suggestion of the flower-child era, as Pete Seeger followed him out on stage.

Music, laughter, and cheers filled the woods for more than three hours. During this time, a movement, which up to that point had been merely an organization with common goals, became a brotherhood. The feeling of communality was so thick you could cut it with a knife — arms interlocked, swaying to the music, thousands flashed peace signs to the National Guard choppers constantly buzzing the treetops.

The rest of my time at Seabrook was pervaded by this overwhelming sense of community. It took different forms, sometimes in the active sharing of food, water, facilities, a song; other times in the eyes of a 92-year old woman walking arm-in-arm with her bearded great-grandson to watch the sun rise.

There were problems to be worked out, certainly — the tensions which had been suspected all along ultimately surfaced during a series of Sunday morning meetings. It is striking that these tensions were dealt with, the upshot being that there was not a single arrest made during the course of the occupation.

I am confident in saying that the experience of Seabrook had great meaning for the vast majority of the people who were there. But I am unable to find the words to describe the meaning it had for me. It is a meaning without a label, one difficult to word, but a remembrance I will carry with me always.

Anti-nuke war:

Battles on the atomic front

By Alexander Reid Brash

Every decade or so, the youth, and thereafter the public, have a cause to which they dedicate themselves. In the 60's and early '70's it was the 'war', and in the late '70's and the 1980's it is (and will be) the battle over nuclear power. Today this battle is starting, blood has already been drawn, and it looks to be a long fight.

Connecticut College stands in the middle of the nuclear power issue. To the south and east stand Northeast Utilities' awesome Millstone plants. To the north we are benefited by the presence of one of the U.S. Navy's main nuclear armament factories. Among our midst we have, and have had, such anti-nuclear advocates as Dr. Goodwin, and Daniel Ellsberg.

The 'anti-nuke' feeling reached a critical point sometime in 1976 when, finally, the undercurrents of doubt and distrust resulted in active anti-nuclear campaigns. The Clamshell Alliance was established that year, the Nuclear Power Evaluation Council of Connecticut was formed, and also many other organizations dedicated to either objectively judging nuclear power, or just plain stopping it.

Throughout 1976 and 1977, as organizations formed, grass roots were expanded, and demonstrations began. By August '77 these were ready for the first major offensive. August, traditionally the month of fun in the sun, is also the anniversary of the dropping of the first atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Thus, many events were arranged to coincide with these dates in commemoration of the

In 1968 Shell Oil geologists, probing the continental shelf of the Diablo Canyon, revealed a major earthquake fault not more than two miles from the nuclear plant. The information was subsequently buried for five years.

most prominent evidence of a nuclear tragedy.

In Oregon the Trojan Decommissioning Alliance (T.D.A.) set the closing of 1,130 megawatt Trojan reactor as their goal. On August 6 eighty-one specially trained demonstrators sat down on the main road into the plant in an attempt to block the supplies. Two days later they were arrested, but in that time gave great impetus to their local cause. T.D.A. intends to continue its efforts until successful.

On August 7, three men swam up to the Diablo Canyon Nuclear Plant, and were met by fifteen deputies as well as a helicopter. The deputies waited while one protestor put on his Captain Plutonium suit. Then, the protestors were taken away.

A review of the anti-nuke war shows that many important battles have already taken place.

In 1966, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company (P.G.E.), having been prohibited from building its prospective plant on a beautiful beach, was confronted by the Sierra Club over its next choice of sites. The P.G.E. picked Diablo Canyon, a strip of property along the California coast with ready access to cold water (for cooling). Operating with incomplete information, the Sierra Club gave its approval to the site. The predominant belief was that anything was better than losing valuable sand dunes. Instead, California lost a grove of rare Coastal Live Oak.

In 1968 Shell Oil geologists, probing the continental shelf of the Diablo Canyon, revealed a major earthquake fault not more than two miles from the nuclear plant. The information was subsequently buried for five years. Finally, a local physicist learned of it through a student who had been aboard the geologist's ship, but by then the plant was nearly complete.

P.G.E. maintained their plant was strong enough to withstand up to .2 G's (20 percent of gravity), and shut-down devices would last up to .4 G's. Nevertheless the opening of the plant, due in 1973, was postponed. In late 1974 the Nuclear Regulatory

Commission received a report from the U.S. Geological Survey that a quake along the fault might be as high as .75 G's. The facts were in, and the cats began to play. In February 1975 the director of the project listed, in a memorandum, some possible alternatives to help alleviate the bogged down situation. Either P.G.E. could gather some geologists to refute the previous geological findings, change the Regulatory Commission's regulations so as to allow the plant to open, or urge the Secretary of the Interior to "convince" the U.S. Geological Survey to "modify" its findings. This memorandum fortunately became public, and since its disclosure the Mothers of Peace have successfully blocked the opening of the plant.

Later, in August 1977, an ocean away, 60,000 demonstrators launched a full scale attack against the Super Phenix plutonium breeder reactor in Malville, France. A general who had once commanded troops in Algeria was brought in to gear up the police force to handle the protestors.

He was highly successful. The police used concussion grenades and tear gas to combat the environmentalists, who never came closer than one and a half miles from the plant. In this fight the anti-nuke cause suffered its first mortality when a young chemistry teacher has his lungs ruptured as a result

of one of the grenades.

Since 1974 France has engaged in an ambitious atomic-energy program which is designed to provide 75 percent of the country's energy needs by 1985. President d'Estaing, in defense of the pro-nuclear drive, stated that "nuclear energy is at the crossroads of the two independences of France: the independence of her defense and the independence of her energy supply."

Anna Gyorgy, a writer for *Nation*, wrote of the Malville demonstration; "The massing of thousands of demonstrators, probably more than 95 percent of whom were self-consciously non-violent; revealed the thin skin of nuclear power. Beneath its shining ultra-modern technological surface, lies the power of a police state."

This past April over 6000 people joined the effort in Denver to try and close the Rocky Flats plutonium factory. The crowd was twenty times bigger than that of the year before.

Built in 1951, the Rocky Flats plant is the second oldest in the U.S., but more importantly, it puts together the plutonium triggers for all U.S. atomic weapons. Already radioactive waste from the plant has destroyed 11,000 acres nearby, and at least one radioactive cloud from the plant has descended on Denver.

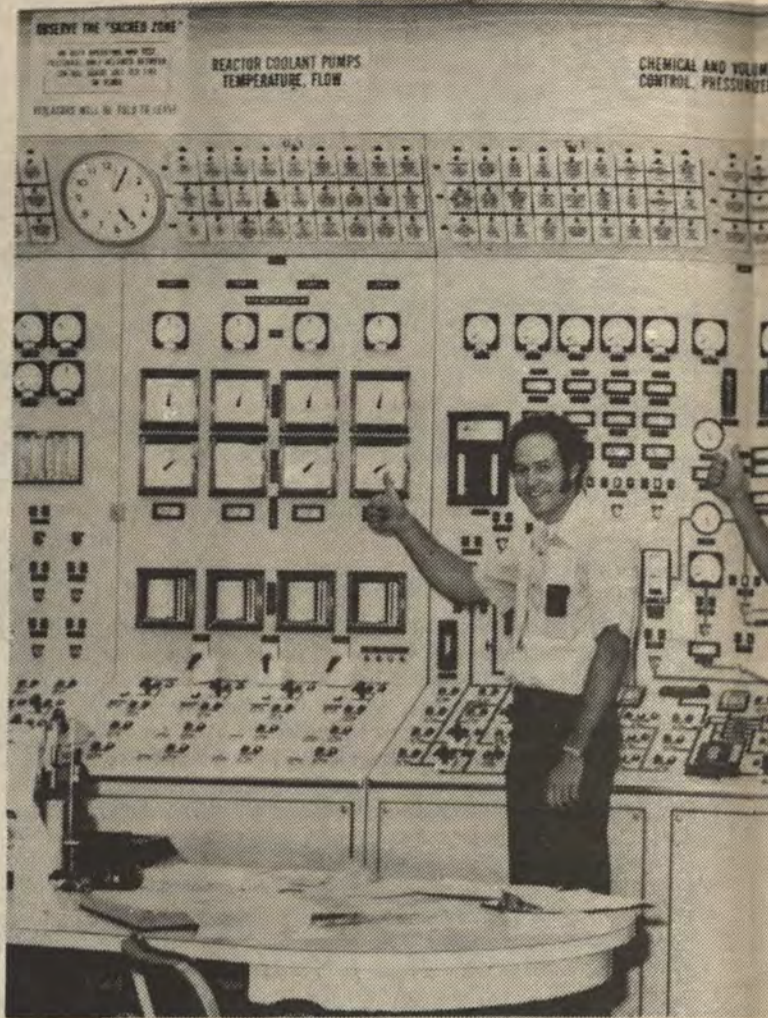
Stokely Carmichael came to the rally, the first political rally he had been to since his anti-war days. Daniel Ellsberg also came, wearing a cowboy hat and carrying a knapsack. Braving wind, rain and snow, Ellsberg stayed ten days and endured two arrests. Sixty-five others were also arrested.

At the same time more than 2000 demonstrators marched against an atomic-waste plant in Barnwell, South Carolina. Brett Bursey, leader of the Palmetto Alliance, says that their avowed goal is to prohibit Barnwell from becoming the nuclear waste depository of the U.S. So far, they have been successful. However, Governor Edwards is now heavily lobbying Congress for permission to open.

The movement has previously stumbled over one large block of opposition - labor. Many unions favor nuclear power for the job opportunities it offers, through actual construction and material needs. As of late, this block is being chipped away.

In Connecticut, the Clamshell Alliance chapters have helped picket on behalf of labor, and included in their protests the provision that all workers in nuclear plants be guaranteed jobs elsewhere. In New York, the welders at the Indian Point plant became the first workers to quit the job due to radioactive dangers. In Rocky Flats the demonstrators demanded alternative jobs for employees, and also invited a British air-space industrial leader to explain how, in England, ex-nuclear workers were quickly rehired for their valuable skills.

The anti-nuke movement is here. It is growing at an incredible rate as more and more people realize the hazards inherent in having an atomic bomb in one's backyard. As separate organizations coalesce the tempo begins to quicken. When labor and anti-nuke forces join, the real fight will begin. Now, the movement is feeling its first growing pains, but it seems unlikely that the anti-nuke forces will be daunted.



"All systems go" at the massive Millstone complex despite the





the continuing cancer controversy.

Millstone

The radiation disease

By Peter Engle

Since New London is actively involved in building nuclear submarines and producing nuclear-powered electricity, the issue of public radiation exposure from the Millstone Point complex and its possible side-effects will become the stage for an important debate this coming year.

On September 18, the city council of New London approved Stephen L. Massad's proposed Ad Hoc committee that will analyze numerous reports on the amounts of radiation we receive and their impact on the rate of cancer deaths in the Waterford and New London areas. The Committee will be divided into two

councils that will publicly present the pro (yes, we are being adversely affected) and the con (no, levels are safe) viewpoints. A third, unbiased council will weigh the validity of the evidence and public opinion.

Evidence will be presented through a series of public hearings in an attempt to inform the general public. This process will give the community some power in the decision-making process. Mr. Massad emphasizes that the issue is "not a scientific question..." but more of a question of public issue.

The scientists' only role will be to present the information. The need for public participation is therefore stressed.

The decision-making council will consist of informed scientists, doctors, and professors from around the country. There probably will be representatives from the A.M.A. and the American Cancer Society as well. Contrary to a recent New London Day article, Mr. Massad believes that the committee will have sufficient expertise to avoid confusion and to formulate a local policy.

The committee will most likely have adequate funds to finance bringing the experts here to speak. Mr. Massad has requested ten thousand dollars from the state which he will probably receive because of Ella Grasso's nomination victory.

The New London Clamshell Alliance has offered their services and knowledge to help in all aspects of the projects. In the words of their organizer, Donald Murphy, "we urge ... support of an unbiased study of the possibility of an increase in the mortality rate

the issue is 'not a scientific question...' but more of a question of public issue . The scientists' only role will be to present the information. The need for public participation is therefore stressed.

because of Millstone point power plants. It is an answer that is necessary ..." Although Mr. Massad acknowledges Clamshell support he prefers not to work with them because of their national radical activity.

Public concern about these issues was first prompted by Dr. Ernst Sternglass, who studied radiation and cancer rates in this area between 1970 and 1975. He concluded that cancer rates increased in Waterford by 58 percent and in New London by 44 percent as a result of strontium-90, a dangerous nuclear waste, contaminating local cow's milk. Numerous investigations have since refuted this study. Yet reports from Lacrosse, Wisconsin emphasized the dangers of strontium-90, which attacks the bones, and has been estimated to increase the rate of leukemia by 12 infant deaths per 100,000 births for only one picocurie increase in radiation.

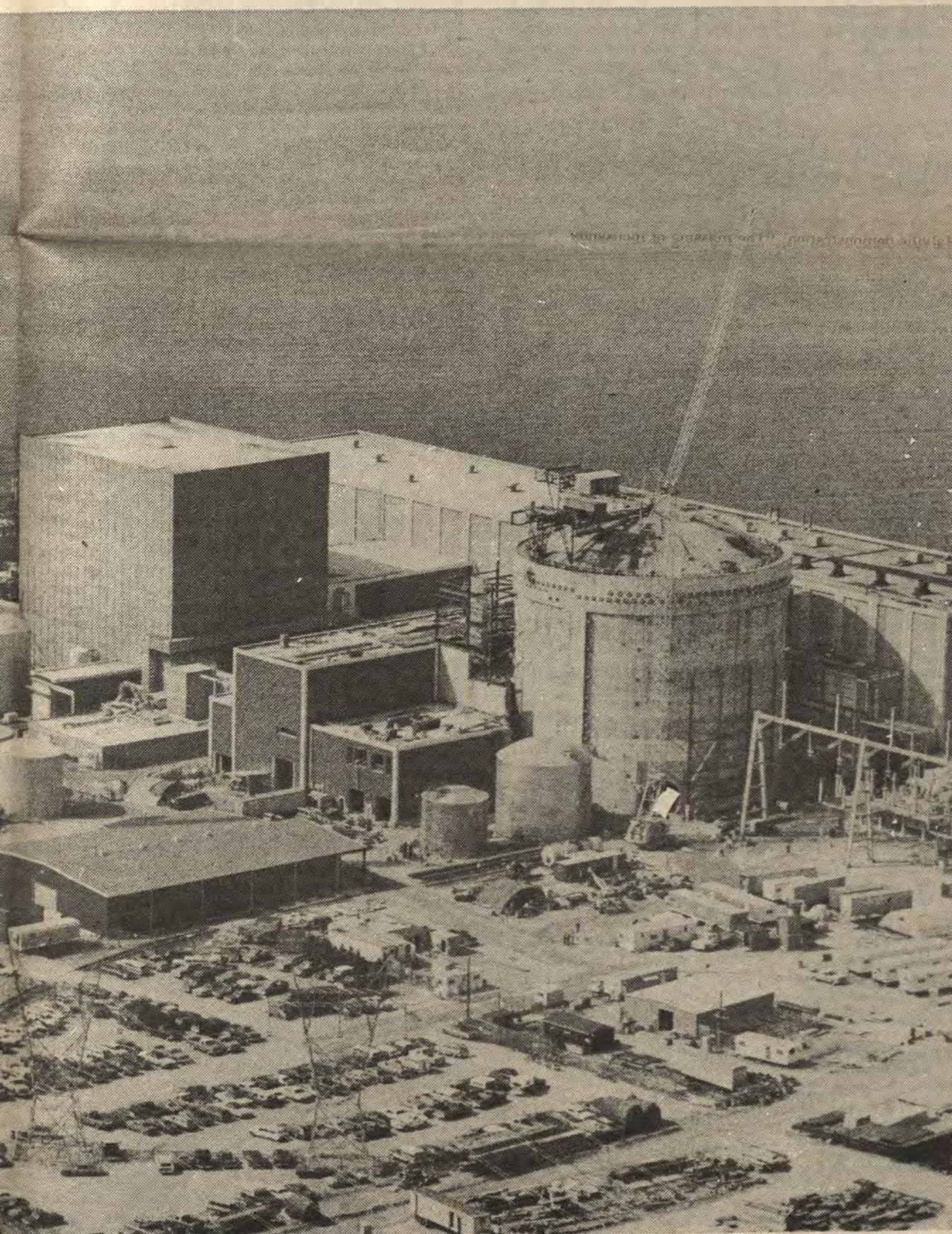
Also, carelessness in monitoring of Iodine-131 levels by Wisconsin Electric at Beach Point was sufficient to warrant further investigation.

Further, in a study of Thorium-230, a radioactive waste from uranium mine slag piles, conservative conclusions estimate 394 deaths per gig-watt per year of electricity, assuming no population growth. In other words, it is figured that a 250 acre slag pile will cause 200 lung cancers in its first one hundred years if it insufficiently protected. Although this has no direct application to the Millstone power facility, it suggests the need for investigation of all conceivable side-effects of radioactive emissions, and the need for serious public debate.

As far as radiation levels are concerned, the Environmental Protection Agency sets a maximum limit of 70 millirem per year in 1954. Although this level is subject to change, it has remained the same. Yet since 1975, the year of Sternglass's study, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission has adopted a policy of attempting to achieve "as low as practical" levels. The power plants are presently conforming to a five millirem per year standard that the NRC established as practical.

Care has been taken in investigating the hazards of nuclear power, and accordingly conservative radiation levels have been set for public exposure. But the fact remains that the studies of the effects of radiation are controversial and therefore inconclusive, or are treated as inconclusive. Definition of exact breakdowns of each emission is inhibited by the limited amount of research that has been done.

The Ad Hoc Committee of New London that will sponsor the public forum is in effect trying to pursue a detailed look into this vaguely understood problem.



PEOPLE



Voice shutterbug Vicky McKittrick has long felt that she has been deprived during her childhood. More than once she has found herself among some friends talking about chicken pox, which left poor Vicky speechless. But at last lady luck smiled upon her and she contracted the foul disease. "I am the envy of all my friends," exclaimed the skin ravaged lass. Vicky's next goal is to come down with malaria for finals.

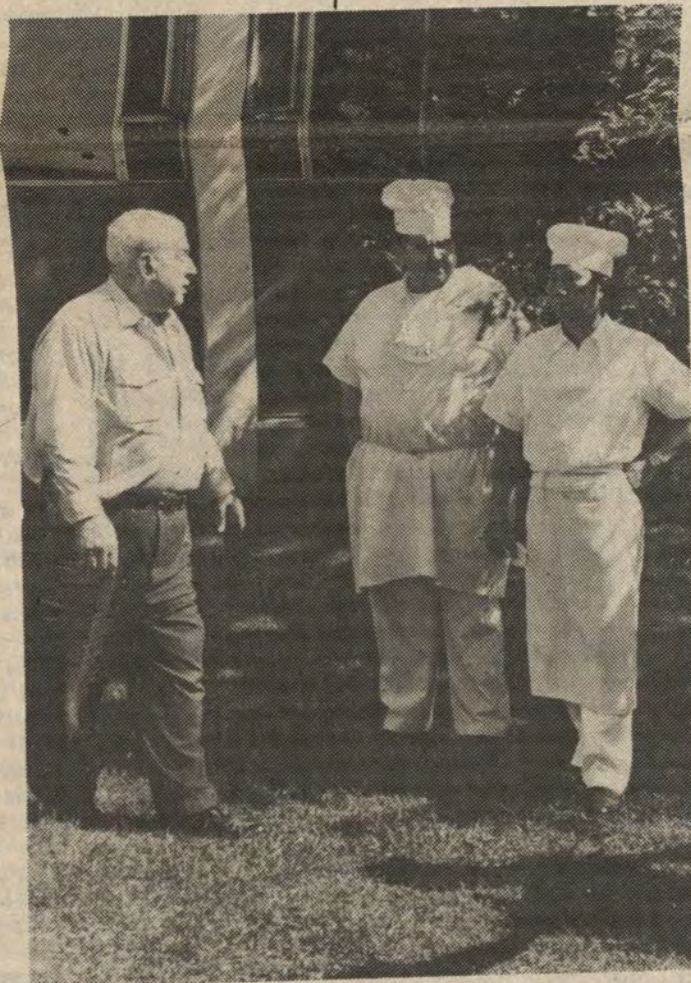
Many returning Alumni were surprised to find that this old Bank Street abode no longer existed. Lamperelli's was a haven for those who wished to Jitterbug than gyrate at a disco. But 1976 bid goodbye to Lamperelli's and thus most students now at Conn never had the opportunity to see "America's Only 7 Brothers." Therefore, if you can shed some light on this historical site why not share it. Write it in to People, Box 1351.



Marshall Housefellow Noah Sorkin demonstrates how the freshmen beanie is worn. Although Sorkin is a senior, he still wears the beanie every day. He says that it promotes his sex appeal and also covers the bald spot on his head. Noah also asserts that there are a few disadvantages such as the pain caused by having the beanie nailed to his head

In the wake of today's humor a telephoned threat to someone's life may be considered funny. But the humor sickens, especially when you are not sure if it is a joke or deadly serious. Therefore, it should come as no surprise that Joe (name withheld by request), was unnerved by a phoned in threat. Joke or not it is illegal to use the phone in this manner and Joe wisely called the New London Police. The Police, according to Joe, reacted with little interest and left Joe with "if anything happens call us." Hopefully the phone won't be used in either case.

It would come as no surprise if varsity basketball members Mike Amaral and Bill Malinowski announced their intention to play hoop. But it is a different story since the hoop they were referring to were in their ears. Devising a scheme that would infuriate their coach, the two (plus Tom Burke), came up with dangling ear ornaments as the answer. Using alcohol internally and an anesthetic allowed them to have master lobe specialist Jane Voorhees to puncture their flesh, and ins.all the foreign objects.



Too many broads spoil the cook? At left Mr. Ice Cream himself, Michael Dairy stares coldly at Knowlton Cook "Gabe" who in turn looks menacingly at new Harris chef Eligio A. Talactac. Despite the icy looks, Mr. Talactac says that the job is palatable.

Ken Hochberg discusses life in a Marshall end room: "I lived in New London all summer. It's good to get away." Ken is referring to the fact that the far end of Marshall is actually within Quaker Hill limits. "It's like going to school abroad. But there is always the problem of a fire. Do I call the New London fire Department or Quaker Hill's?"



Left. The Coast Guard refused to believe that they had been scored upon and searched frenetically for the ball. Right. Anda Shasha, without his Frank Zappa mask, about to rifle the winning goal.



ENTERTAINMENT

Birdseye: New London's finest

By Ann Allen

The Birdseye Cafe is a small but nonetheless notorious bar below Bank Street in New London. It's superficial appeal to the Conn. student may lie in the fact that drafts are only 25 cents and the bar closes at 2:00 AM, which means that when you find yourself trudging back from the Cro-bar at midnight, practically broke, you have an alternative to staring at piles of unread books. To put it more succinctly, the Birdseye caters to the hard-core, late-night bum.

But to patronize the Birdseye only for convenience sake is to overlook its very real charm. The atmosphere is very different from a typical Conn. social gathering. The set-up is almost Spartan in its simplicity - a long bar with a TV, a few small tables and virtually bare walls except for a large color picture of a submarine (most of the regulars work at EB). Whereas most bars have soft, not to say dim, lighting, the Birdseye is illuminated by harsh fluorescent bulbs that reflect off of the walls. In the back is a pool table and a perpetual poker game.

The bartender is warm and friendly, and the customers are remarkably interested in the half-baked opinions of college students. The best nights to go are those when the Red Sox are on TV, especially if you're a Yankee fan. Baseball addicts have plenty of company at the Birdseye.

Most of the customers are middle-aged, working men and they form a tight-knit group. One popular ritual involves downing a shot of Annisette, chugging it with a draft and following that with a hard-boiled egg. "Boiler-makers" are ever present and peppermint schnapps is also a favorite. But by far the best bet at the bar is the 25 cent draft, which is a pretty good price for beer.

One word of caution - if you feel like slumming to see how the other half lives outside of Connecticut College Country Club forget the Birdseye - they won't appreciate it. If you're uncomfortable in dives, forget it also. But if some night you find yourself bored and want a change of pace give it a shot. Just watch out for Yukon Jack.

Alumni Art

By Julie Stahlgren

The Alumni Art Show, an impressive collection of over 160 works, is now on display in the Cummings Art Center. The show includes pieces by sixty-three artists who represent graduating classes from the classes of 1923 through 1974 and will remain on exhibit through October 27.

The show is an interesting one, featuring sculpture, paintings, drawings, prints, stained glass, ceramics, photographs, and commercial art. Its diversity is, in fact, one of the first things one notices about the exhibit. When asked what his general impression of the show was, one student quickly said, "very, very diverse. All medias were represented and it was all interesting." Another responded that "Even after walking through the show several times on the way to art class, I still find it interesting."

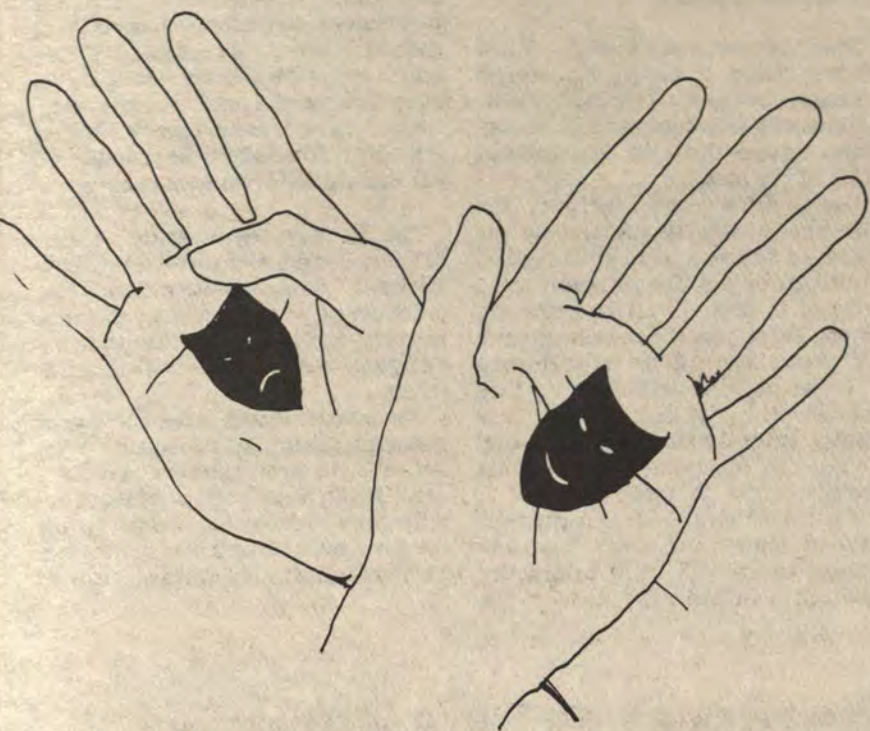
There is a great deal of talent to be viewed at the show, something that reflects most favorably on our Art Department here at Conn. College. The show was nothing less than "terrific and fabulous" to one student. Of course,

not everyone was thoroughly enthralled by the collection of Art work. One girl remarked, "There was some really stuff there. Some things were nice, but nothing really stuck in my mind as a super nice piece."

The last Alumni Art Show was in 1940 as part of the celebration of the 25th Anniversary of Conn. College. Now, 38 years later, the Art Department has brought us another successful Alumni exhibition. One may wonder, why now? There is no one reason. There is no special occasion it is celebrating. "It just seems about time" according to William Ashby McCloy, professor emeritus of Art.

David Smalley, Associate Professor of Art, looks at this show rather nostalgically, as a "long, fond look back," upon the retirement of a senior member of the department. The show is also viewed as an indication of the kind of contribution the College has made in the past to the development and maturing of its Art Students.

The exhibit can be viewed from 8:30 A.M. to 5:00 P.M., Monday through Friday. You've nothing to lose and perhaps "a delightful interlude" to be gained!

**Theater without words**

By Julie Stahlgren

The house lights went down, the curtain went up, and thirteen vibrant and extremely talented actors and actresses grabbed the audience's attention. Two hours later when the curtain fell the audience brought the company out for three bows with enthusiastic applause and an appreciative standing ovation.

On Thursday and Friday, September 28th and 29th, the National Theatre of the Deaf kicked off its twenty-second nationwide tour with its presentation of Ben Johnson's "Volpone," adapted by Stephen Sweig, and "Quite Early One Morning" and other works by Dylan Thomas, in Palmer Auditorium.

"Volpone," directed by the noted American dancer and choreographer Don Redlich, was witty, high spirited, and absolutely hilarious. "Quite Early One Morning," directed by Dennis Scott, a Jamaican poet and playwright, was touching, passionate and also quite funny.

The Theater of the Deaf is absolutely unique, combining the graceful expressiveness of sign language, with the strength and excitement of mime, dance, and accompanying narration. It was really beautiful to watch and contained a great deal more expression and energy than most theatrical productions I've ever seen. Every single emotion and thought involved the entire body in expression, something that seemed to invite the audience to get more involved.

The spoken words were provided by three talented and quick, hearing actors who not only delivered their own lines but those of their deaf colleagues also. It was fascinating to watch these three as they changed voices and accents to speak for different characters throughout the two hours. Their concentration was unbroken, yet they seemed completely relaxed. The spoken words were magnificently embellished in the exaggerated hand motions of all the actors.

The sets and costumes were fabulous.

The colors involved were beautiful, and there was obviously a great deal of clever planning behind the basically simple sets.

The National Theatre of the Deaf was founded eleven years ago and since then has acquired world-wide acclaim. Their history includes two Broadway engagements, ten European and two Asian and Australian tours, two films, over two thousand performances in forty-seven states, fourteen countries abroad, over one hundred million television viewers, and a Tony award.

To see this company perform was to experience a new, higher level of theater. Exciting, vivacious, and overflowing with energy, the show was nothing short of exquisite.



Letters continued

Cont. from page 3

mercy" of the decisions and recommendations of Physical Plant—they readily defer to Physical Plant's 'knowledge' of the nature of the work required.

It must be emphasized that the Administration, which is Physical Plant's only supervisory body, is virtually ignorant of the actual practices of manual labor. The Administration cannot be expected to knowledgeably assess the performance of Physical Plant. The Administration, as the sole supervisory body, should be aware of this lack of knowledge and refrain from readily giving a carte blanche to Physical Plant's recommendations, without an appraisal of the validity of these recommendations.

It is unfortunate that some involved persons have placed their loyalty to Physical Plant and its personnel above honest accounts of their work experience this past summer. This loyalty should not become a justification for ignoring maintenance malpractices which affect the entire College Community.

Perhaps any specialized organization where specific training and skills are needed exhibits the tendencies shown by Physical Plant. But the crucial factor here, and that which differentiates Physical Plant from other such organizations, is that Physical Plant is not an isolated entity. The wasteful actions of a department such as Physical Plant must be absorbed by the entire College Community.

Approximately \$45,000 was spent on salaries alone for employees who painted at Conn. this summer. This enormous expenditure was made at a time when tuition costs are rapidly rising; when faculty positions are jeopardized due to lack of funds; when our library is not adequately stocked; when so many of the College's problems arise because of insufficient funding and when vital decisions are dictated by financial considerations. This enormous expenditure by Physical Plant cannot remain unexamined and unchallenged.

The only available figure for Physical Plant's last budget is \$1,223,000. Assuming that the practices of Physical Plant, which I observed and in which I participated, are indicative of its policy, then that department perpetrates an inordinate amount of waste

which can no longer be tolerated. A scrutiny of the actions of Physical Plant must be made and it is the responsibility of the College's Administration to do so.

Sincerely,
David Chew

Last winter

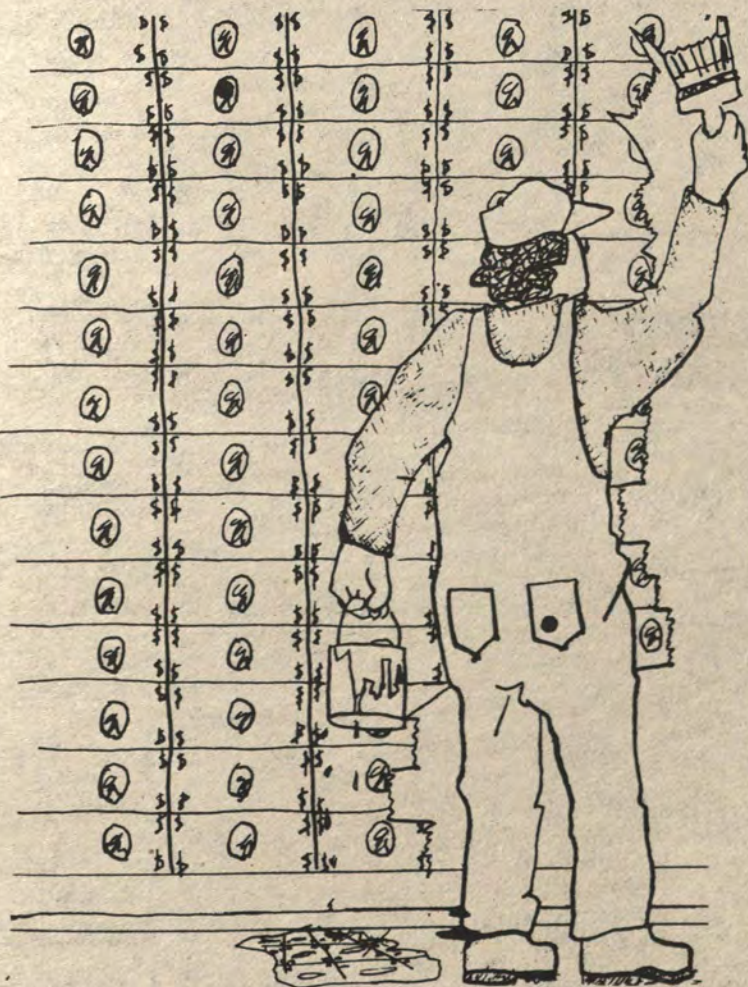
To the Editor:

I was quite upset by Mr. Ogilvie's article on Physical Plant in the October 3 issue of The College Voice. I feel that the Physical Plant department has been seriously misrepresented. The men who work on the grounds crew are a dedicated and hardworking crew. During the heavy snowstorms of last winter they worked feverishly to keep the campus roads and walkways clear. The roads in Connecticut and Rhode Island were legally closed, but the roads on campus were clear and dry. During two different snow storms these men worked all through one day, stopped long enough to eat supper, then continued on until late at night, only to return early the next morning in order to keep our campus clear of snow and ice.

The men deserve our thanks and congratulations, but they did not receive any. The closest that either The Spark or The College Voice came to gratitude was a slight mention of them in an article complaining about how much the snow storm had cost the school.

Can the student body rightfully complain about the way in which the painters filled a hole in a wall, when we are guilty of putting that hole there? When I worked with the grounds crew we used to fill up large garbage bags with the litter which we picked up on campus. If Mr. Ogilvie is truly concerned about lowering the cost to the school and to the students of running Physical Plant, might I suggest that we begin by reforming ourselves by taking some pride in the campus and the dormitories? If the slovenliness and destruction to campus property were eliminated, the school could use its money in constructive methods. However, if we cannot change our selfish attitudes, then perhaps Charlie Burrows' statement quoted in the article is not so far from the truth.

Sincerely yours,
Gregory C. Benoit '79



Bellin's Pharmacy



FREE DELIVERY AND PHONE

Fast prescription service
Vitamins-Cough & cold remedies
Hudson vitamins reduced
Vitamin C 250 mg. 250 count
Regular price \$3.49
Sale price \$2.39
Vitamin C 500 mg. 250 count regular
price \$5.89
Sale price \$4.09
Vitamin E 400 I.V. 100 caps. regular
price \$5.99
Sale price \$4.99
Vitamin E 200 I.V. 100 caps regular
price \$3.79
Sale price \$2.99

442-3303

HODGES SQUARE

Gordon's Yellow Front

WINES & LIQUORS



Let us help plan your next party
Save on your favorite wines
Liquors, Beer, Keg Beer

This week's special
Ron Castillo Rum
Light and Dark
Full Quart \$5.19

443-9780

Cusati's dry cleaning and laundry

Open 7 days a week 7:A.M. — 9:00 P.M.

Laundry drop off service Coin operated machines
\$2.50 minimum charge up to 8lbs. Dry cleaning
25¢ each additional pound 447-1287

Mr. G.'s Restaurant

Grinders • Complete Menu • Pizzas

Kitchen Open Daily Take Out 452 Williams St.
'til 1:00 a.m. Orders Phone-447-0400

Gates and Beckwith
Do it Yourself Center

GARDEN SUPPLIES HARDWARE
POTTING SOIL PAINT, VARNISH.
KEYS, HANDTOOLS STAINS, LOCKS
"Odds & Ends at the foot of the hill"

UNIVERSAL FOOD STORE

Cold Cuts Fresh Bakery Fresh Produce
Fresh Meats Cut to Order

391 Williams St. Hodges Square

All your party needs:
ice cold beer-mixers-chips + dips.

.....just at the bottom of the hill.....



ROMEO'S

RESTAURANT

Complete New
Menu and Salad Bar



Join us
for our
Game

Coming up
YUKON JACK NIGHT
Oct. 18th

HAPPY HOUR

Daily
Luncheon
Specials
from \$2.50

Luncheon
Cocktails
95c

RESERVATIONS
442-0439

All Yukon Jack drinks 75c
Raffles and games

Banquet Facilities
for all occasions

327 Huntington Street, New London, Conn.
I-95 North, Exit 83, South Exit 84E, left at light after Hodges Square

COLOR CHOICE

WATERFORD CENTER
106 BOSTON POST RD., WATERFORD

We're "5 Stores in 1"

Wallpaper & Paint • Custom Framing
• Graphics • Arts • Crafts

442-0626

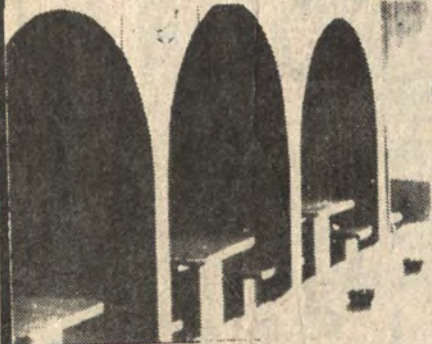
We give 10% student discounts
with \$5.00 minimum purchase.

PIZZA BARN

GRINDERS SPAGHETTI
PIZZA AND BEER ON TAP

Buy 4 Pizzas, get one free or one large soda.

Beer in frosted mugs



Open: Mon. - Thurs. - 'Til 2:00
Fri. - Sat. - 'Til 3:30
Sundays - 'Til 1:30

Phone: 442-6969

206 Montauk Ave.
New London, Ct. 06320

\$10 Purchase can be delivered!

For your Drinking and Dining!

BANK STREET CAFE



639 BANK ST. N.L.

Good Music Fine Drink
GREAT ATMOSPHERE

Reasonable
Priced

55c Draft
Beer

Downtown, it's the "BANK STREET"