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

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 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 throwing caution to the wind during Take A Songbush-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. There are few things finer than taking your companion in hand and heading for the mountains transcending the 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 declasse 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!”

Mountaineering 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).

DON'T JUST REACH FOR A BEER. HEAD FOR THE MOUNTAINS.
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 congregational response 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 articles, 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

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 controversy. I expressed this and offer some concrete suggestions to combat the problems. I do not believe that 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 protecting crews (including the student workers) that worked at the College this past summer. The labor, time, and financial resources were utilized inefficiently and the work that was needed to be done was not completed. This, in my opinion, is indefensible.

My disagreement with the Ogilvie-Rodwin articles is not the extent 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 the students and faculty members were given complete discretion over the determination of budgetary priorities (unlike any other department).

All student 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

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Contributors: Ann Allen, Peter Engle, Jeff Garrett, Mark Hill, Julie Staehli, Marion Williams

The newsmagazine provides a major opportunity to deal with issues that might have otherwise been ignored.

Evan Stone
James Polan
ON CAMPUS

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 warlike group, exacting tribute from tribes as far away as Massachusetts and Long Island. However, their power was broken forever in the 1630s when they were defeated in Mystic by Puritans pushing for white expansion.

The fortified hilltop was again occupied in 1631 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 emphasized 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, dwellings, ceremonial areas, etc.

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

Student turnout to the site has been tremendous, with as many as two dozen attending a couple of weeks ago. One sensor, 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 "beauuteous" fantasy, polishing off 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 open 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?... (I 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 Humane" as part of the psychology department's colloquium series tomorrow 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 psychological reaction to psychological stress, Dr. Desiderato has worked with Dr. John Mackay, 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 Welly in residence

Robert Yenn Warren and Eudora Welly, two of the most talented and respected of contemporary American authors, will be in residence at Connecticut College during the week of July 25-28 as guests in a four-day program sponsored by the English department.

The forum will open with a panel discussion on "Finding a Place in Literature," moderated by Mr. Warren, Miss Meredith, the Henry B. Plant Professor of English at Connecticut College who is currently serving a year-long appointment as poet in residence at the Library of Congress.

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

student organization budget

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*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 Congrove of Ovid, New York, Edward Mendenhall of Rochester, New York, and Kirtis Schmid 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, drive 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 a virtual impossibility to bring off the plan since it would have taken at least 100 highly-trained men to run the sub.

PHOTO BY GMW
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 I do have to say what I 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, economic or political — and someone is reading this with the hope 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 I felt and how I went about 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?

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 decided against it.

I had become involved with an organization known as the Clamshell Alliance, whose expressed purpose it was to prevent the construction of any nuclear plants, or “makes.” I had undergone non-violent civil disobedience, with a group of local, Clamshell members, including Corn 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 the decisions, by consensus, as a group.

My insecurities stemmed not from the statement itself, nor from the facts that had been gone through to show that the statement could be made. It was rather the events of the previous week that had my mind worried. The governor of New Hampshire had succeeded in effectively kicking the issue out of the Seabrook matters, and by this I mean a substantial blunting of whatever impact the occupation would have on those who had not yet made a decision. 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 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 and led by Gov. Meldrim 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 2 p.m., Monday, and within this time there was to be no harrassment or physical attempt to halt construction of the plant. Clean and simple. Everybody happy? Not quite.

A large fraction 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 groups began to commit any disobedience anyway by occupying beyond Monday’s deadline. A protest that was a unified movement seemed to be 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 so 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 armful of 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 36-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.s!” and shooting at us with an imaginary rifle.

...we were approached from behind by a very drunk older man who was running, calling us “dirty V.C.s!” and shooting at us with an imaginary 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 coaxed 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 activity and, before long was wondering how the grounds, talking with people, and helping out, where I could. I couldn’t make my feelings about this 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 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 Joni.

Electricity was in the air, and more than just a suggestion of the flower-child era, as Pete Seeger allowed 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 community 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 trees.

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 Bra.Sh

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

Concerned 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 death and destruction came to the surface 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 objectively judging nuclear power. One of the most prominent of these was founded in Colorado.

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 the P.G.E.'s commemoration of the first day of the Hiroshima bomb.

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 shows that many important battles have already taken place. In 1968, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company (P.G.E.), having been prohibited from building its proposed nuclear power station at Diablo Canyon, was confronted by the Sierra Club over its next choice of sites. The P.G.E. picked Diablo Canyon, a strip of property on a remote beach 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. Indeed, California lost a grove of rare Coastal Live Oak.

In 1976 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 geologists' ship, but by then the plant was nearly complete.

P.G.E. maintained their plant was strong enough to withstand a magnitude 8.5 earthquake (30 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 Nuclear Regulatory Commission received a report from the U.S. Geological Survey that a quake along the fault might be as high as 7.50's. The facts were in, and the cats began to play. In February 1975 the project list, in a memorandum, some possible alternatives to help alleviate the bogged down situation. Either P.G.E. could gather more geologists to refute the previous geological findings, change the Regulatory Commission's regulations so the plant could begin, or urge the Secretary of the Interior to "convince" the U.S. Geological Survey to "modify" its findings. This memorandum someday 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 and conventured grenades and tear gas to combat the environmentalists, who never came closer than one and a half miles from the plant; the demonstrators stepped up their efforts.

Throughout 1977 and 1978, 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 the P.G.E.'s commemoration of the first day of the Hiroshima bomb.

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 Plata 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 hired 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 strong pains, but it seems unlikely that the anti-nuke forces will be daunted.
Millstone

The radiation disease

By Peter Eagle

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 1973. He concluded that cancer rates increased in Waterford by 38 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 350 lung cancers in its first one hundred years if 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 millirems per year in 1964. Although this level is subject to change, it has remained unaltered. Yet since 1970, 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.
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 into People, Box 1351.

In the wake of today's humor a telephoned threat to someone's life may be considered funny. But the humor sickness, 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.

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. Talacata. Despite the icy looks, Mr. Talacata says that the job is palatable.

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Theater without words

By Julie Stahlgr
The house lights went down, the curtain went up, and the audience was gripped in expectation.

The National Theatre of the Deaf kicked off its twenty-second nationwide tour with its presentation of "Theater without words," a nationwide tour with its presentation of "Theater without words.

Scott, a Jamaican poet and playwright, brought us a great deal of interest. Another responded that "Even after walking through the show several times on the way to art class, I still find it interesting." There is no one reason. There is no single emotion that involves the entire body in expression, something that seemed to invite the audience to get more involved.

The theater is the only one that can combine the grace and beauty 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 embedded in the exaggerated hand motions of all the actors.

The sets and costumes were fabulous.

Alumni Art

By Julie Stahlgr
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 college throughout the years 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 media were represented and it was all interesting." Another remarked that "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 entranced 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 1946 as part of the celebration of the 26th Anniversary of Conn. College. Now, 30 years later, the Art Department has brought us another successful Alumni exhibit. 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 David Smalley, Associate Professor of Art, and will remain on exhibit through October 27.

Alumni Art

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 to speak for different characters throughout the two hours. Their concentration was unbroken, yet they seemed completely relaxed. The spoken words were magnificently embedded in the exaggerated hand motions of all the actors.

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Birdseye: New London's finest

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The sets and costumes were fabulous.
By Marsha Williams

The Connecticut College Field Hockey Team is undergoing several changes this year. The team is experimenting with International Hockey Rules rather than the conventional rules of the past.

Such differences include the allowance of only two substitutions per game, as well as a more strict method of hitting free hits. The purpose of these rules is to keep a certain continuity among the players and to build up their endurance. Although the team appears to be having great difficulty, as they are still looking for their first win, their attitude is for the most part optimistic.

"It's too bad that there are not enough people to make a full J.V. team," says Helen Moore, a sophomore hockey team member. "Now the varsity has no full team to practice against." Unfortunately, the team has seen several players quit the team due to previous commitments or lack of sufficient time. Now, instead of the minimum of 22 players necessary to have full varsity and junior varsity teams, there remain only seventeen. Because of this deficit, the practices do not include full team scrimmages.

The hockey team, under coach Marilyn Cockerlin and assisted by Cindy Bachelor, instead spends most of their practices doing exercises, distance running, sprints, and drills, with occasional scrimmages with partial teams.

One positive change is the addition of assistant coach Cindy Bachelor who, according to several players, is doing a great job helping the team adapt to the differences. Upcoming home games include Conn vs Barrington on October 13, and Conn vs Holy Cross on October 25.

**Harkness defeats Larrabee**

**CCFL**

By David Fiderer

In the first major showdown of the CCFL season Harkness defeated Larrabee 14-7. Quarterbacks Fieldo and last year. J.A. runningback Peter farshBu-La.lllbdin ••hal .~.folded. -,.in time.lor games.against. Quad-K.B'

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Morrison from the North.

Larrabee quarterback Mark Fieldo
does not seem to have the confidence he had before he sustained a broken jaw last year. J.A. runningback Peter


Runningback Brad RoBtb81 returned from the South shackled the Morrlsson puslng attack. On October

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Harkness receiver Boh Rugglerro from the runnlngback position.

The winning score came when Mendelsohn gives J.A. needed lpeed

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Newspaper Article About Physical Plant

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 man 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 bad-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 student body, why does he not write to the administration and express his disapproval of the way the Physical Plant department is run? Perhaps an article on this subject might be published in The College Voice.

Sincerely,

David Chew

David Chew was a student at the college and expressed his concern about the treatment of the Physical Plant department in an article in The College Voice.
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