

**Docket, Hearing**

**From:** Miriam Strouse [mstrouse52@gmail.com]  
**Sent:** Friday, September 14, 2012 6:31 PM  
**To:** Siarnacki, Anne  
**Cc:** Docket, Hearing; info@pogo.org; info@riverkeeper.org  
**Subject:** Indian Point relicensing - re security

In the best world, you'd decommission IP, protecting us and the tiny fish, and we'd devote our resources to intensive conservation efforts. But here in the real world, I'd have to be satisfied if you tightened up security. My personal connection to Indian Point was decades ago, but makes me fear for my safety if you ignore Foster Zeh, your newest whistle blower, as has been reported. In January 1986, on my first day in the field as a copier technician, I spent some hours at Indian Point. By chance, ironically, there was a power outage, and the internal systems there were running on standby generators. The lights were dimmed, and extension cords as thick as a man's bicep snaked all over the floors in the lobby. The staff was jolly, relaxed, even jocular. It felt like a snowy Friday in 6th grade, when the kids are hoping for an early dismissal from class and a long weekend. When my male colleague and I entered IP, there were no female security guards available, so we waited a good quarter hour until one came to pat me down. While we waited, we watched the shift change; the happy guys on days greeting the swing shift coming on duty. Many "Har, Har, Har" jokes about terrorism were exchanged. I was fascinated, repelled, and horrified by how lightly these men - there were no women - seemed to take their responsibilities. (These happy fellas reminded me of my fellow workers in an airline's motor pool at JFK Airport in the early 80's, guys who played the ponies at Aqueduct, and, when they got lucky, spent their winnings on the hookers nearby.) After we passed through security, we went to the office with the broken copier. The office was staffed by two very unhappy, very young women. They were chatty, and wanted our sympathy regarding the power outage which had disrupted THEIR routines. Their buddy, a security guard, usually was their companion and go-fer for pizza and soda. Today, he was unavailable, and they were REALLY REALLY REALLY mad. Their behavior was bizarrely narcissistic and completely unprofessional. IP was a clown show then; the recent revelations about lax security and fraud are suggest little has changed. SHUT IT DOWN!

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 USNRC

September 17, 2012 (8:30 a.m.)

OFFICE OF SECRETARY  
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