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DOCKET NUMBER
PG & E UTIL. SAC. 50-275/323

May 23, 1978



Mr. Philip A. Crane, Jr.
Pacific Gas and Electric Company
77 Beale Street
San Francisco, CA 94106

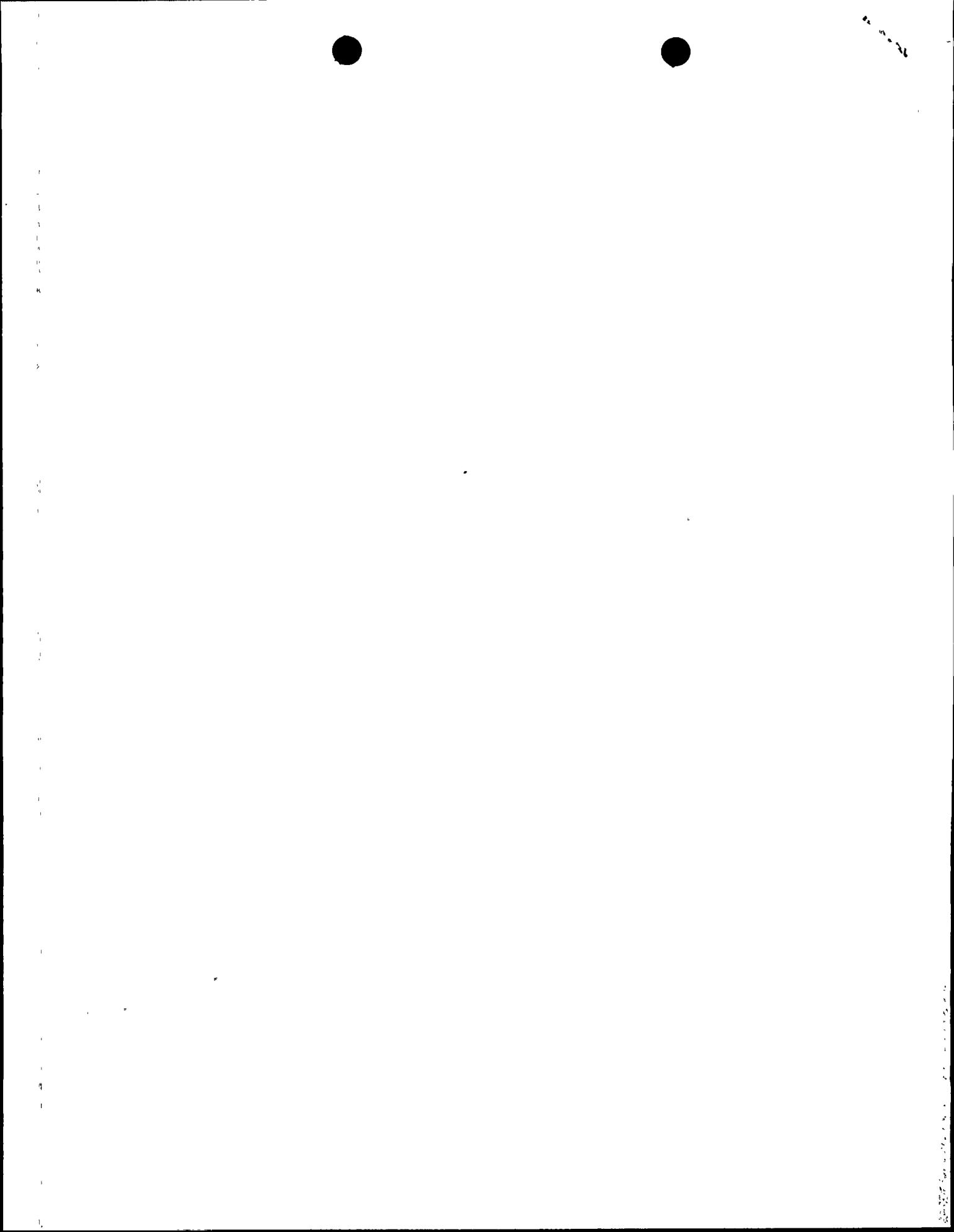
Dear Mr. Crane,

This letter is to protest the refusal on the part of PG & E to give the Mothers for Peace in San Luis Obispo a tour of the Diablo Canyon Nuclear Power Plant.

In mid-March of this year I telephoned you personally in order to request that the Mothers for Peace be given a tour of the interior of the Diablo Canyon facility. The request for a tour was prompted by the awareness on the part of the Mothers for Peace of an ongoing series of such tours being provided by PG & E to various segments of the public. Those groups of persons encouraged by the utility to tour the interior of the facility include farm bureau members, students and journalists.

After some days you confirmed our understanding that tours of the interior of the facility were being provided to interested members of the public, and informed me that such a tour could be arranged for the Mothers for Peace. We discussed the possibility that certain portions of the interior of the plant might be inaccessible due to construction, and I assured you that the Mothers for Peace were prepared to accept whatever limitations were being imposed upon the tours of the interior of the facility currently being given students, journalists etc.

A tour was then arranged for eleven interested members of the Mothers for Peace to take place on Sunday, April 16, 1978. However, as I explained in my letter of April 19, 1978, when the eleven members of the Mothers for Peace met at the site at the appointed hour they were told by the PG & E tour guide that they were not to be allowed admittance to the facility such as is provided groups of "invited guests" like students and members of the press. Rather, the Mothers for Peace were to be driven



to an overlook wherefrom they could view the facility, and then escorted off the premises.

The members of the Mothers for Peace responded by attempting to reach you or myself by telephone, in order to straighten out what they then viewed as a misunderstanding between your office and PG & E officials in San Luis Obispo. When they were unable to reach any appropriate person within an hour, the tour guide requested that they leave the site, which they did.

In my letter of April 19, I explained what had transpired on Sunday the 16th, and asked for your cooperation in arranging for the promised tour of the interior of the facility. I informed you that groups of students had toured the interior of the facility on the Friday before and the Monday after the weekend of the scheduled tour for the Mothers for Peace. I urged that the apparent misunderstanding within your organization concerning the nature of the tour which we had arranged for the Mothers for Peace be corrected.

Rather than receiving cooperation however, and an obviously appropriate apology from the utility for the inconvenience suffered by the members of the Mothers for Peace, I received your letter of May 2, 1978. In that letter you assert that the Mothers for Peace received all that was due them, namely, the "standard" tour afforded members of the public. The Mothers for Peace would like an explanation as to why the "standard" tour given students, farmers and press consists of an extensive, guided, interior view of the Diablo Canyon nuclear facility, while the "standard" tour given lawful intervenors in your licensing proceeding consists of a bus ride to a convenient promontory.

As I stated in my letter of April 19, we can think of no legitimate reason why concerned citizen groups such as the Mothers for Peace should not be allowed to view the interior of the facility in its present state to the extent that other invited members of the public are encouraged to do so. Thus we are forced to conclude that PG & E is unfairly affording access to the nuclear facility on the basis of what should be an irrelevant consideration, namely, the degree to which PG & E has judged the particular group to be susceptible to a barrage of pro-nuclear information. (For an account of one such presentation, see the attached newspaper writeup of one journalist's impressions of a recent press tour of Diablo.)

Accordingly, persons such as the Mothers for Peace, who question the wisdom of nuclear power and who have familiarized themselves with the issues involved, are now to be denied access



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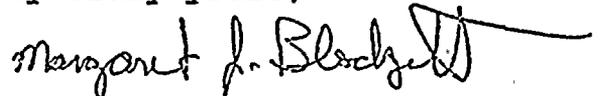
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to the plant. In light of the major role that the Mothers for Peace have played in the Diablo Canyon licensing proceeding, the extent of commitment and concern that they have displayed in working for resolution of the substantive problems associated with the licensing of this plant, and the sheer fact of their residence and position within the neighboring community, PG & E's refusal to provide Intervenors with a tour of the interior of the facility at this stage is shocking, and nothing less than an abuse of the utility's position as a federal licensee.

I must add at this point that while we are most concerned by the utility's unjustified and substantive denial of access to Intervenors on this occasion, we are equally as shocked by the manner in which the access was denied in this particular case. Intervenors requested and were told by you that they were to receive a tour of the interior of the facility comparable to what is afforded students, farmers and press. Encouraged, they proceeded to arrange and assemble for the promised tour, which you knew to be nothing more than a postcard view, and were thus forced to submit to an elaborate and insulting charade. The entire incident is simply the most blatant example of a consistent course of conduct on the part of PG & E whereby Intervenors in the licensing proceeding are unfairly denied access and vital information concerning the facility. And if there are those who doubt these words, I invite them to confer with the eleven persons who were turned away on April the 16th.

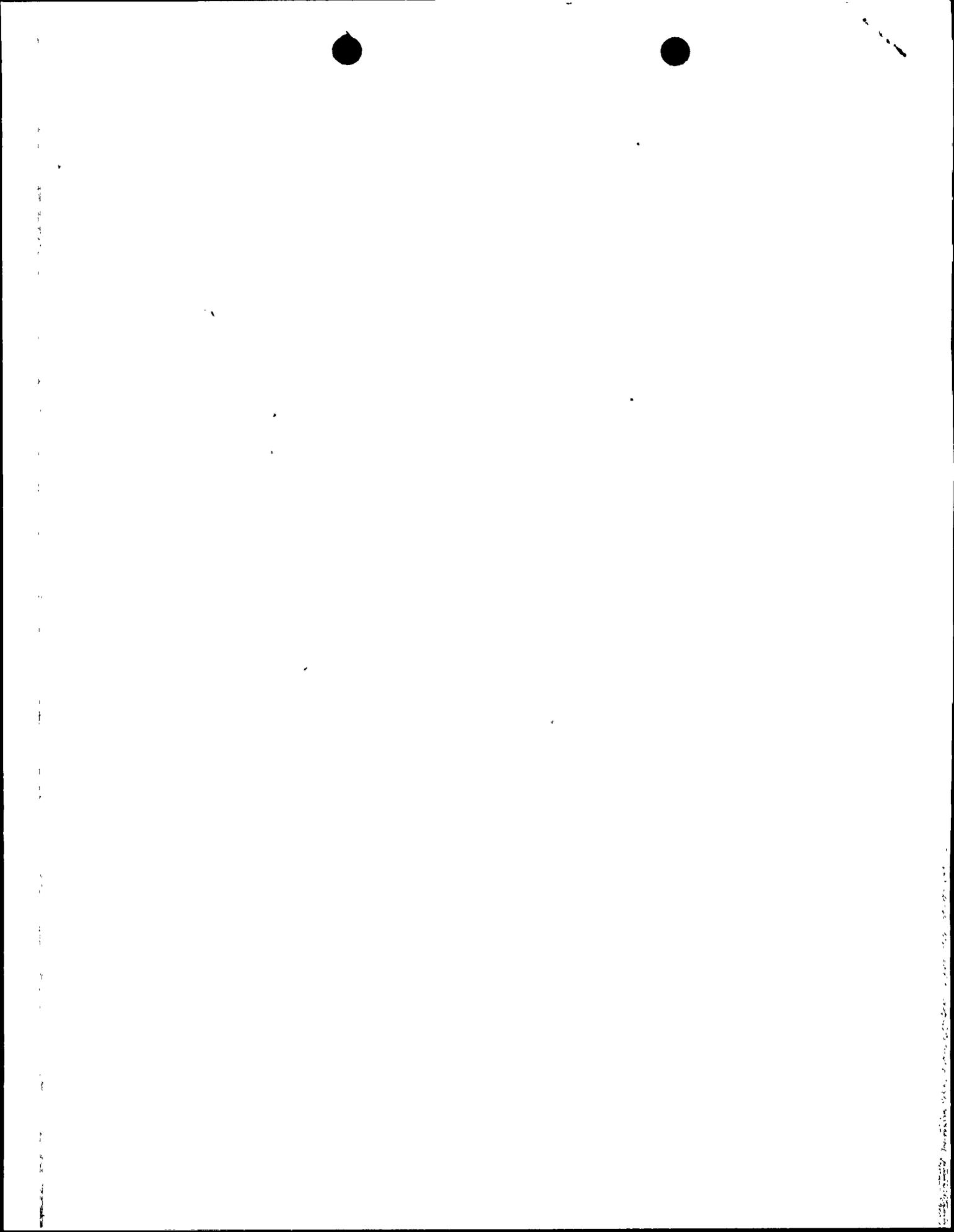
Very truly yours,



Margaret J. Blodgett

MJB:cr
Encl.

cc: Service List



Esther Walker

Going to Diablo the atomic way

DIABLO CANYON — One's got to hand it to PG&E. They've managed to keep a jump ahead of the environmentalists. Demonstrators, on occasion, still march outside the PG&E Nuclear Tourist Information Center on 101 South of San Luis Obispo but they've been peaceful, according to James McCollum, vice president of public relations.

Inside the Information Center are two salt water tanks, one labeled 54 degrees Fahrenheit, the other 72 degrees. Inside each tank are denizens of the deep, including star fish. They looked just as happy submerged in 72-degree water as they did in the 54-degree tank. I didn't see any dead bodies.

Later, while touring the Diablo Canyon project, I managed to put on an amazing burst of speed and caught up with tour leader Pam Zweifel, who is in public information at Diablo. I asked her to explain the 54, 72-degree salt water.

"We'll be pumping sea water to use in generating electricity and people are afraid that when steam generated water is returned to the ocean there'll be a fish kill. Diablo Cove is 41 acres and will pick up water that's only 18 degrees warmer. In four and a half minutes it will mix with the ocean water and there will be only a four-degree difference when it's mixed. California Fish and Game is monitoring, too. We're sure the fish won't be harmed."

On the seven-mile ride from Avila Harbor to the Diablo nuclear site I counted 16 red and white "Littering Prohibited" signs and I was sure I'd missed a few on the opposite side of the access road.

"You ought to tell the environmentalists about all those signs," said I to Pam.

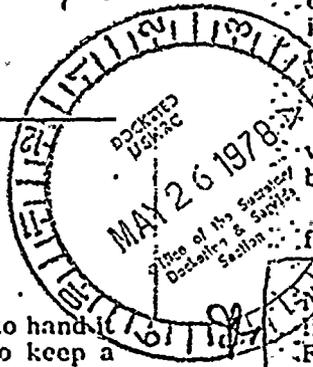
I spent quite a few years in the San Luis Obispo and Avila areas and not once were there any winds as hefty as the ones here this winter that blew down a hunk of fence at 3973.

Just outside the Diablo Nuclear Plant there's a tornado barrier built to withstand winds of 300 miles an hour.

At the peak of the Diablo Canyon construction there were 2200 contractors on the site, according to McCollum.

"There'll be only 150 people working here when we're open," said Pam on the return bus trip. "When we remove the temporary buildings and the excess parking lots, the land will be graded and restored to its original state. Our biologists are even collecting native seeds to plant the area."

PG&E hasn't coped so well with either the Brown or the Carter administrations. "The



It's still not producing nuclear energy and there's a big hurdle ahead. An earthquake fault has been discovered three miles out in the ocean and there's to be a U. S. Government Nuclear Regulatory Commission hearing. I'd lucked out on the PG&E tour.

I'd flown down to San Luis Obispo to spend a week with some long time hunting and fishing buddies, Lucille and Bud Newton.

Before I left, I'd called McCollum to see if my friends and I could visit the Diablo Canyon site.

McCollum invited us to join the busload of Northern California newspaper editors and publishers PG&E was bringing down from San Francisco that very same week.

The McCollum pre-tour instructions were formidable.

- "Long pants — no dresses, skirts or shorts.
- "Long sleeve shirts or jackets.
- "Hard sole shoes — no tennis shoes, sandals or high heel shoes.
- "Persons not properly dressed will not be permitted in the plant."

I've been through a couple of security checks in my life but never one like they put you through at Diablo.

The security guards had a list of everyone's name along with a Social Security number. They made us sign in, handed each of us a bright yellow hard hat and confiscated everyone's purse, camera and tape recorder. After walking through one of those metal detectors like they have in airports, everyone had to stand still while a security agent went over one's body with a Transfrisker.

My pink and white visitor's card was No. 147. I kept it tightly clenched in one hand, not having any pockets in the pantsuit I was wearing. During the tour I kept worrying that I might drop it down one of the grids and spend the rest of my days at Diablo Canyon.

"Don't touch anything. I can't guarantee it won't be energized," Pam warned as we left the Security Building.

Pam said she'd only been at Diablo two months and was an English major but the information she imparted was most scientific indeed. I didn't understand any of it.

Instead, I concentrated on signs like a yellow and black card near the main entrance — "This automatic equipment may start at any time" — and kept a safe distance.

Pam took us up in a freight elevator to what I thought was going to be the 140th floor and was reassured to hear her say it was just 140 feet above sea level.

"At one point she told everyone to "look up to see the sprinkler systems."

I couldn't look up. My hard hat would have fallen off.

That night at dinner at the Madonna Inn, McCollum got in a fine PG&E crack:

"Jerry Brown says we're going to generate energy by burning olive pits just when Jimmy Carter says we're going to do away with the three martini lunch," he said.

