

About 300 arrested at anti-sub demo

By PHILLIP EMERSON
For the Emerald

At 10 a.m. (EST) today in New York City the first U.S. special conference on disarmament will be called to order. At the same time, across the continent, in jails around Kitsap County, Wa. breakfast will be served to 300 new inmates.

These prisoners, arrested on the Trident Submarine Base in Bangor, hope to have made a

Only five of the estimated 290 protesters arrested Monday were charged with trespassing at the Trident nuclear submarine base, the others were released by authorities. A spokesperson for Live Without Trident said the protesters would return this morning for a repeat performance.

statement to their countrymen about their commitment to a peaceful world — one without the Trident submarine.

"We feel it is important that people realize that the government, which says it is for disarmament, is going ahead with this project which will escalate the arms race," said Janice Marshall of Eugene at the occupation.

The Trident is simply the most destructive weapons system ever

conceived, according to the protestors. Its capabilities far outdistance those of the presently deployed Polaris-Poseidon fleet.

The sheer destructive power of Trident, its enormous cost and the strategic implications of its deployment have catalyzed a determined resistance movement intent on bringing these issues to public attention. For this purpose, several hundred people will risk up to 6 months in jail and \$500 in fines in the "occupation" at Trident.

The protests in Bangor, at the shipyards at New London, Conn., and the Lockheed plant in California were simultaneous, with demonstrations on Sunday and occupations, a la Trojan, on Monday.

The demonstrators know they'll wind up in jail, so when the parliamentarian calls the disarmament conference to order this morning, he will be toasted with warm Tang in the jails of Kitsap County.

The Kitsap County Sheriff smiled and snorted a little, wondering just who I was. The main gate was 100 yards up the road, the parade directly behind us. "Just another routine traffic control," he said.

His partner estimated the crowd at 4,500. The throng, one lane wide, was 3/4 of a mile long. There were young and old marching. Students, babies, brokers, teachers and many photographers. There were families



marching.

Some were familiar with the abstract mathematics of strategic theory, others not. It was a colorful procession, bearing the flags of every nation in the U.N.

The locals were generally wary, cynical. One group of six adults, observing the parade, produced the comment "They might as well be marching down main street in Moscow."

Lorraine Anderson is mad because the new main gate freeway will wipe out 19 and one half of her grandfather's 20-acre homestead, where she lives. "We tried to fight them in zoning meetings, but

we were outnumbered."

She shrugs, looks down the road to her place. There are blooming rhododendrons around the roof. She leans on her mailbox, looks tired, and smiles at the passing people.

"You're about twenty years too late," a local resident says.

Another local, talking with a young marcher, explains at length the travail and procedure of his long zoning fight with the Navy. The boy tells the man that things will be better now, with all the publicity. The man says "I'm afraid you're too late."

The boy replies: "No, we're not, but you've got to get busy too." The old man shakes his head and disappears with his lawn chair into the trees. The rally breaks up, and those who don't go home spend the night at the Peterson farm near the base.

A few hundred people, arm in arm, form a circle and sing to the night. Their voices have a haunting quality through the trees, hard to describe. Softer than amplified music, the depth and resonance of this collective voice is acoustically more compelling. The full moon swings across the sky; the

brightly colored tents are silent in sleep.

Some people are up well before dawn.

Two girls load the bicycles they have ridden from Olympia. They are distributing pamphlets to early-arriving workers, and they take care not to be late.

At 6:50 a.m. the protestors arrive at the gate. For a moment, there is a dramatic silence. The faces are peaceful and resolute, betraying a certain joy. Eyes moisten. There are embraces, kisses, smiles.

Rugs are thrown over the barbed wire fence, six feet high, and with a whoop the "Live Without Trident" people do their thing, running onto the field beyond the fence, sitting on a grassy knoll one quarter mile from the fence.

About 300 demonstrators go over, 18 from Eugene. Within minutes a friendly Frisbee is flying over a small corner of the Trident base.

The arrests begin within a half hour. Some are dragged out, but most stroll arm in arm with their affinity groups, waving. As the Canadians are hauled out, their support contingent sings, "God Save The Queen," as today is Elizabeth's birthday.

The protestors are admonished not to chant. A feminine voice on the loudspeaker tells us chanting sounds too hostile. "Let's be as

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