

THE POLICE:

Do A Good Job?

Sometime around 10 p.m. Tuesday night Dallas Likens called the Lincoln Police station and reported his car stolen.

He had spent over an hour checking to determine if one of his fraternity brothers (Alpha Tau Omega) had borrowed it. This is a rough version of the conversation, as Likens remembered and reported it.

Likens: (name), I'd like to report my car stolen. It was gone around 9 or 9:30 p.m. from 1433 R Street.

Lincoln Policeman: Are you sure one of your fraternity brothers does not have it?

Likens: That would be the logical thing to assume, but I've already checked. I'm sure nobody here has it.

Lincoln Policeman: Okay, I'll put it out, but I'll bet you a dollar to a doughnut that one of your brothers has it. If it turns up, or you find out that one of your fraternity brothers has it, call us.

Wednesday morning, then, Likens again called the police department to find out about any developments. This time it went something like this:

Likens: (name), I reported my car stolen last night. Have there been any developments?

Lincoln Policeman: We don't even have a report on it. (according to police later the report was there.)

Likens: Well that's a bad deal. Evidently, the policeman didn't take the report as seriously as I intended it to be.

Lincoln Policeman: Well, after all, in cases like this you'll find that 99 times out of 100 one of your fraternity brothers has your car.

Likens: Maybe that is true, but it would have been bad if I had waited till this morning to report and it actually was stolen. (as it was).

Lincoln Policeman: If we find it, we'll tow it in. You can call us to check.

Wednesday afternoon Likens visited the police station. After a half hour he was able to find someone who knew something about the report. He was told that the morning policeman actually had the report, but didn't see it. But, when the police get a call like this from the University they usually don't send it out until the next day when it is actually confirmed that the car is not back, he was told. (The policeman meant that formal paperwork is not done until the next day.)

About an hour after that, Likens received a phone call telling him that his car had been found in Vinita, Kan. A couple had been arrested in Dumas, Texas.

If the couple arrested in Dumas were the ones who stole Likens' car, they did some pretty fast traveling. Likens was told that his car, a 1958 Ford, was apparently in working condition and what to do when he went to get it.

The report was made by the police at 10:15 p.m. Tuesday, according to Capt. Robert Sawdon. If so, and the Safety Patrol and Lancaster County officials received the same report at the same time, it seems that the car should have been stopped in Lincoln, or the surrounding area, at least in Nebraska.

As it was Likens had to bicker to even find out if the report had been aired, wait over night, and find out that his car is in Wichita and apparently in working condition and what to do to go get it.

According to Capt. Sawdon a "formal document" which actually states that a car has been stolen is not made until the next day in cases like this. He said that an "attempt to locate, possibly stolen," report was made Tuesday night.

Whether an "attempt to locate, possibly stolen" report has as much effect or stirs as much action as a "formal document" does is a good question. Another good question is, if the police emphasize so much the opinion that a fraternity brother has taken the car, do they assume that that is actually the case and therefore put out less effort to find it? Sawdon says "no," in this case.

Further, should University students be treated like small children in matters of personal importance that entail a police job? Are the Lincoln police really interested in protecting the University community?

Obviously, students should not be treated as if their complaint is not too reliable. More important, in making the report and seeking assurance that the police have done everything possible they should be treated as the well-mannered, mature people that they are. Likens was not, and in many past cases students have not been, by campus as well as Lincoln police.

And it seems that you have to call a police Captain to be assured that the police really do care about the University community. The consensus one gets from policemen on the street and in cars is that they do not. If they expect cooperation, a practice of discretion would help. They probably do care, though. Evidence the efficiency with which parking tickets are administered.



View From The Right

By Dick Recker

The cameras move in for a close up and an excited crowd is milling about. Someone asks "Is it a bird or a plane." No, it's a New Hampshire Voter who is able to create candidates with a single X, funnier than a Lou Harris poll. We have the New Hampshire Voter who every four years is able to play bingo with American Politics.

And the morning after your poor writer certainly wishes he had been one of them. Last night your writer and other die-hards gathered in the catacombs to watch the results. As the returns came in your writer began to mutter about those "Boston Wetbacks" and other more obscene utterances not found in this "family type" newspaper.

Your writer sat there contemplating hari kari for last week's column. Then our maxium leader appeared on the T.V. screen. After three cheers of banzai we heard Barry speak and I feel that for the first time in this campaign he showed the fine form of which he is capable.

Now that this writer has indulged himself lets try to assay the results. We will go down the list and examine the candidacies.

First is Lodge and his upset victory. A great deal of tribute must be paid to the men who moved across the border from Massachusetts and engineered this fantastic victory. The Lodge victory gives him a tremendous psychological edge but really little else. Those people ready to concede his nomination are ignoring the realities of politics. This is a fine start but it's a long long way to San Francisco and 14 delegates don't put you there. Mr. Lodge must fish or cut bait.

No more primary victories can be secured unless he becomes an active candidate. He must now begin to tell the public where he stands on the issues because his opponents will ride him on that score. Lodge's hopes and aspirations are tied to one thing, Viet Nam. The Ambassador must now answer for his part in the brutal overthrow of the Diem government and the impending collapse of South Viet Nam.

Second, Sen. Goldwater faces the morning after. The Goldwater organization faces some painful reassessments. The need for some old pro's to balance his youthful but inexperienced staff seems necessary.

Barry quite manfully

claims his share for the "goofs" in New Hampshire. The course is now clear. Barry must win the nomination in the primaries. He faces the problem that John Kennedy faced in 1960. If the nomination is taken into the back rooms Barry won't have a chance.

Third, Rockefeller escaped extinction and this in itself is a major victory. Rocky's problems still remain. The issue of his divorce has not been settled. Neither has Rocky's liberalism been proved acceptable to the Republican rank and file. Rockefeller must achieve some political miracles to win the nomination.

Fourth Nixon's performance in this primary was pretty good. While the news virtually ignored the Nixon write in campaign. Also his campaign was cursed by the leadership of Powell, a New Hampshire version of Terry Carpenter. The vote indicates a residue of Nixon support. Nixon's defeats kill any real hope except as a caretaker candidate.

If any conclusions can be drawn it is that no decisive conclusion is possible.



Spare Parts Book Looks At 'New' Coed

"If you are a college male or female, a teacher or school administrator, a parent, social scientist, a moralist or a novelist — or if you just want to know about the new generation of American jeunes filles for the hell of it — then this is your book" writes Max Lerner in the Introduction to SEX AND THE COLLEGE GIRL by Gael Greene.

For this book Gael Greene interviewed 614 students from 102 colleges and universities throughout the country. In group discussions and dormitory gab sessions, conversations in campus coffee shops and sorority house recreation rooms, college co-eds spoke on love and sex as they saw it. Some of Miss Greene's findings as reported in SEX AND THE COLLEGE GIRL are:

(1 The most powerful in-

fluence on the campus today is the Cool co-ed, "calmly, casually, matter-of-factly erotic."

(2 Traditional moral codes are meaningless to both the "cool" co-ed and the more conservative college girl of the sixties.

(3 Sexual candor has increased to the point of exhibitionism breeding an atmosphere where sexual freedom — and sexual panic — can flourish.

(4 The gap is widening between the increasingly emancipated college girl and the steadfastly double-standard male undergraduate.

(5 The collapse of traditional morality, the breakdown of parental authority and adult control is making way for a new sex ethic—sex with affection of "it's right if you're engaged, pinned, lavaliered, going steady or — in love."

Born and raised in Detroit and a graduate of the University of Michigan, Gael Greene has been a reporter for United Press International and the New York Post. She is the author also of DON'T COME BACK WITHOUT IT and has contributed to such magazines as McCall's, Saturday Evening Post, Cosmopolitan, and Mademoiselle.

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THE SLOW RUSH

Illustrated below is the membership pin of a brand-new national fraternity called Signa Phi Nothing. To join Signa Phi Nothing and get this hideous membership pin absolutely free, simply take a pair of scissors, cut out the illustration, and paste it on your chest.

Let me hasten to state that I do not recommend your joining Signa Phi Nothing. The only thing I recommend in this column is Marlboro Cigarettes, as any honest man would like good tobacco and a good filter, whose heart is quickened by a choice of soft pack or Flip-Top Box, and who gets paid every week for writing this column.

I am frankly hard put to think of any reason why you should join Signa Phi Nothing. Some people, of course, are joiners by nature; if you are one such, I am bound to tell you there are any number of better organizations for you to join—the Cosa Nostra, for example, or the Society for the Placing of Water Troughs in Front of Equestrian Statues.



cut it out and Paste it on your chest

But if you insist on joining Signa Phi Nothing, let me give you several warnings. First off, it is the only fraternity which admits girls. Second, there is no pledge period; each new member immediately goes active. Perhaps "inactive" is a more accurate word; there are no meetings, no drives, no campaigns, no sports, no games, no dues, no grip, and no house.

The only thing Signa Phi Nothing has in common with other fraternities is a fraternity hymn. In fact, two hymns were submitted to a recent meeting of the national board of directors (none of whom attended). The first hymn goes:

Signa Phi Nothing,
Shining star,
How we wonder
If you are.

The second hymn, rather more poetic in content, is to be sung to the tune of Also Sprach Zarathustra:
A Guernsey's a cow,
A road is a lane,
When you're eating chow,
Remember the mein.

Pending the next meeting of the national board of directors (which will never be held) members are authorized to sing either hymn. Or, for that matter, French.

Perhaps you are wondering why there should be such a fraternity as Signa Phi Nothing. I can give you an answer—an answer with which you cannot possibly disagree: Signa Phi Nothing fills a well-needed gap.

Are you suffering from mental health? Is logic distorting your thinking? Is ambition encroaching on your native sloth? Is your long-cherished misinformation retreating before a sea of facts? In short, has education caught up with you?

If so, congratulations. But spring is upon us and the sap is rising, and the mind looks back with poignant longing to the days when it was a puddle of unreason.

If—just for a moment—you want to recapture those care-less vaporings, that warm, squishy confusion, then join Signa Phi Nothing and renew your acquaintance with fecklessness. We promise nothing, and, by George, we deliver it!

We, the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes, promise smoking enjoyment, and we think you'll think we deliver it—in all fifty states of this Union. Marlboro Country is where you are.