

Handle with care

In their efforts to get to the bottom of the streaking craze, Lincoln police Wednesday night coordinated with the police helicopter and 20 policemen to the second campus melee in as many nights. The problem apparently lay not so much with the nocturnal nudes as the thousands of spectators.

Campus Security seems to have adopted a hands off policy, though they have hardly closed their eyes to the matter. The city police, according to one report, begin wielding nightsticks, handcuffs and authority primarily when streakers dash off campus—apparently they are concerned with a potential decline of dignity in downtown Lincoln.

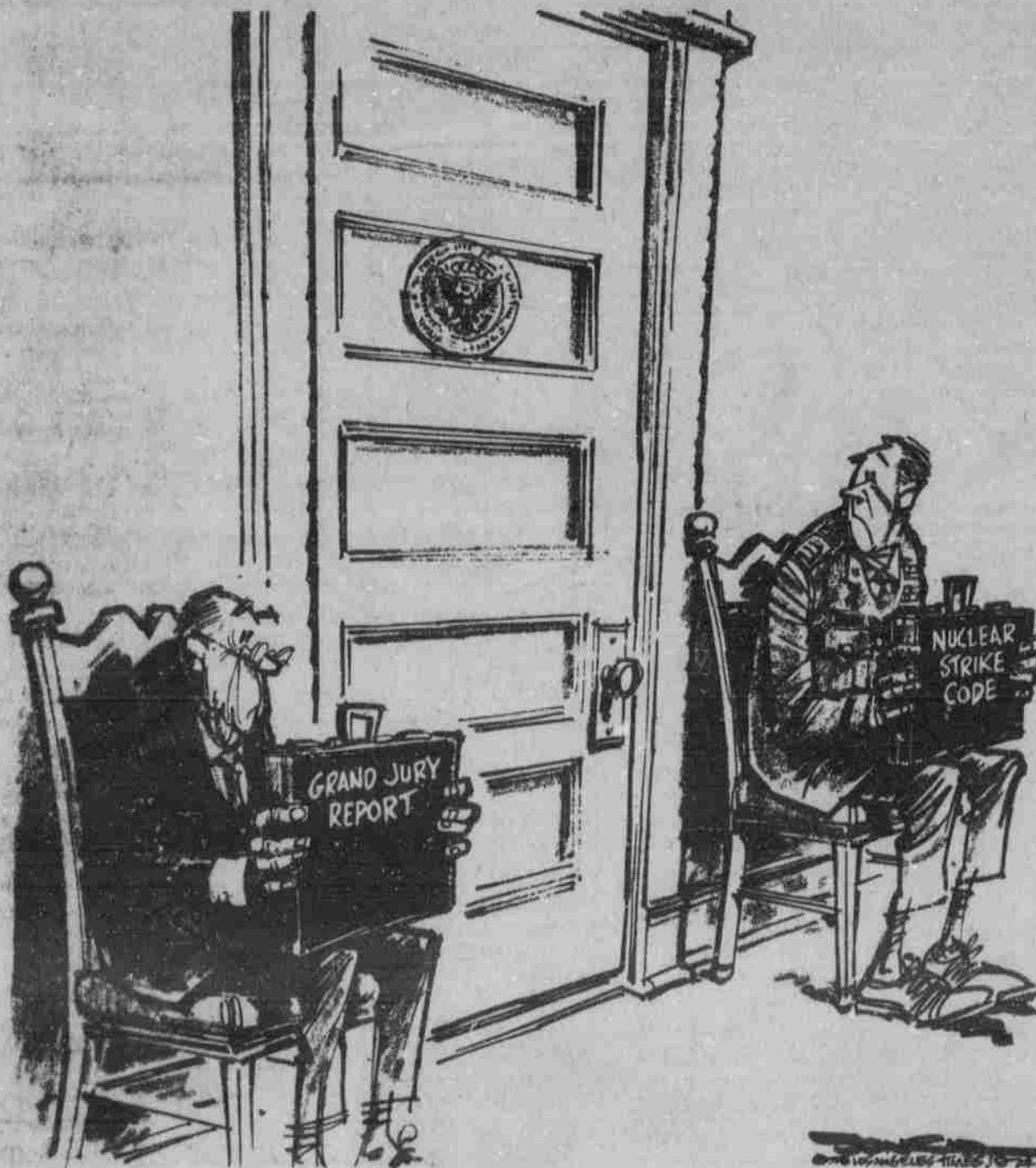
Noting that patrol cars and tear gas canisters have found their way back to campuses across the country, one Lincoln newspaper Wednesday editorialized against overreaction by police.

"One would think that the students were burning down the ROTC buildings again or occupying the president's office or begging for buckshot from the National Guard," it said. "It would be a lot healthier situation if people regarded streaking as merely a whimsical overture to spring—and a not too serious flouting of authority."

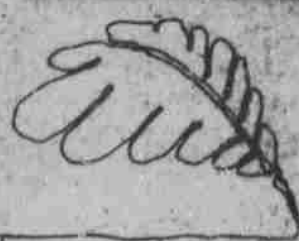
It doesn't take much for a crowd to metamorphose into a mob. That's when rocks get thrown, clubs start swinging and people get hurt. Trouble is likely to erupt if crowds attracted by streakers or the promise thereof get too boisterous—or if too many police show up and persist too strenuously in their efforts to uphold the letter of the law, which in this case generally is unwarranted and is likely to incense a fun loving crowd.

Hopefully the Lincoln police will adopt a more lenient, less arresting attitude toward the latest in campus flashes of humor. Accordingly, students—at least the clothes ones—should remain orderly. The unclothed ones should run fast.

Mary Veboril



The Doomsday boxes



to the editor

Letters appear in the Daily Nebraskan at the discretion of the editor. A letter's appearance is based on its originality, coherence and interest. All letters are accompanied by the writer's name and address. Letters submitted for publication under a pen name or without one of such letters will be determined by the editor. Letters are encouraged. All letters are subject to editing.

Alcohol deaths

Dear editor,

Today is a day in my life and, I'm sure, in the lives of every person in Chi Phi fraternity house that will remain with us a long time. We will bury a friend and brother, Rich Gratton, who died of injuries received in a car accident. He was on his way home after an off campus kegger.

One other person is dead, and another remains in serious condition.

I don't want any sorrow or pity, but would like to express a few ideas to the regents and legislators about alcohol on campus. Many of us, for sure, can remember numerous times that he or she has had to go many miles off campus to drink alcohol at a party or gettogether and then have had to drive back to campus in a drunken stupor. If drinking alcohol could be legalized on campus, most people wouldn't have to drive back from the parties and endanger their own lives and those of their passengers and other people on the road.

If alcohol could be legalized, maybe another accident like the one early Saturday morning wouldn't happen.

Alan D. Cohoon

Streaking suggestions

Dear editor,

So you think you want to be a streaker. Well, that's a common desire for a college student to have, seeing how streaking is the latest college fad.

Streaking, of course, isn't a recent fad. As a matter of fact, Archimedes was the world's first streaker. After he discovered the weight of the sun's crown (I'm sure you remember that old story), he went running through the streets, yelling and screaming, but most of all—streaking!

Now you are probably wondering what it takes to be a streaker. Nothing—absolutely nothing. Yes, the

grob of a true streaker is the basic, God given birthday suit. Of course there are some of us who believe in the traditional hat, sun glasses and an occasional scarf. The basic rule of thumb, though, is not to overdress for the occasion.

Streaking is, after all, illegal—but only if you are caught. You probably possess the same instincts that most collegians do. That is, to get away with something really illegal. Running naked in the streets is really illegal.

One part of streaking I worry about is the people who are exhibitionists—phony streakers. A real streaker is one who runs by people and the people turn to one another and say, "Did you see what I saw?" Yes, the element of shock or surprise plays the most important part in streaking.

In some parts of the country there are streakers who are running nude in the daytime. This is not really true streaking. I mean, what if someone recognizes you? It could be tough trying to talk your way out of that one.

Weather permitting, the best time for streaking is about 10 p.m., under a full moon, with the mercury at 38 to 45 degrees. If you can get a reporter or two, a camera and a large crowd, the streaking seems to function a little better. If you really want to know the ingredients of a fantastic streak, do all of the preceding things, give or take a few degrees, and round up about 20 of your liberated friends. Then, in an orderly manner, preferably single file, jog along with knees high and disrupt some sporting event, garden party, or for a real thrill—buzz through your friendly local police station—fast!

All kidding aside, I recently heard on television where this streaking business is healthy. Of course a psychologist was the author of that statement. Those psychology dudes seem to condone anything that goes against society's norms. What could be healthy about running around on a cold night in the nude, and the next day coming down with viral pneumonia?

Streaking is a shocking, exhilarating and funny experience. Will streaking die a naked death, only to be remembered as something "we did in college?" Or will streaking expand to naked heights, flashing across high school cafeterias, shopping centers and churches across the country?

S.M.

Bike bumps

Dear editor,

I am a true bicycle enthusiast and am glad to see so many students riding bicycles to UNL. I would like to help solve a bicycle oriented problem before it gets any worse, since cyclists are likely to come out in full force this spring.

I am getting pretty tired of dodging speed demons on bicycles who race their way from class to class via

the campus sidewalks with little regard for pedestrians.

Recently I read an article in *Bicycling* magazine about campus bike routes at the University of California at Santa Barbara. Due to the year round warm weather there, they have been able to build a terrific system of roads for bicycle use only. They are wide enough for two bikes and are divided by a white stripe for added safety. Although it sounds like a cyclist's heaven, this beautiful setup has been abused until it is no more safe than the average city street. During the 1972-73 school year, 180 spoke benders resulted in 21 broken bones, 98 major abrasions of the head and limbs and a fractured skull. Most of the accidents were attributed to excessive speeds and lack of rider responsibility. The article disturbed me, since part of the reason I ride my bike is to revolt against the death and destruction that cars cause.

I hope by using better sense than the average motorist we can avoid such a bad scene here at UNL. If you ride a bicycle, remember it is a partial solution to the problems of transportation, energy conservation, pollution and health. Take pride in your bicycle and have as much consideration for pedestrians as you expect automobiles to have for you. For your safety and mine, please walk your bike on campus.

Steve Wittstruck

Grounds gripes

Dear editor,

I am writing in regard to the apparent lackadaisical attitude of the UNL grounds crewmen.

Why does it seem that whenever a person is hard up for work, not too ambitious and wants an easy job, all he has to do is apply at UNL for a job on the grounds crew? This seems to me a waste of government and University money since we seldom see these men working faster than a slow walk. Periodic 15 to 20 minute bull sessions are not uncommon, and running around in their little tractors seems to be one of the newest national sports.

One day in particular, a crew of three men came out in the morning and spent an hour and a half trimming a small hedge. That same afternoon another 3-man crew came out and trimmed it all over again. Then they stood around and admired their work until 4:30 p.m., when it apparently was quitting time.

Why can't the University be more selective in hiring job applicants and choose more diligent employees that are worth their salt. Then they can get rid of those that stand around and waste time and money.

It seems to me that one good man could do the work of three of the present crew, and that should be quite a savings in wages paid.

J.G.