



I. Fighting the Law and the Law Won.
At 3:30 p.m. Friday, the suspect was apprehended by Lt. Bob Edmunds of campus security while trying to rip off a car from a University parking lot.

What happens next is just like it is in *The FBI* reruns: the arresting officer yells some variation of, "Hold it right there. This is the police." The suspect is ordered to stand spread-eagle and place his hands on the roof of the car while he is searched for hidden weapons.

The suspect then is handcuffed, hands behind back. Shackling the person in the back instead of in front reduces greatly a person's ability to hurt himself or anyone else, Edmunds said.

Since the suspect was apprehended singlehandedly, he rides back to the police station in the front seat of the cruiser. In a two-man cruiser Edmunds said, the suspect and arresting officer both ride in the back.

II. The Fifth Degree or Pleading the Fifth.
There is no place at Campus Security to be interrogated in peace. What with a two-way radio blaring behind you, secretaries typing a few feet away on one hand and policemen coming in and out on the other.

Edmunds admitted his cubicle officer is not the best atmosphere for talking to a suspect, but it's the best campus security has to offer. A relaxed atmosphere is necessary to help communication and help the suspect feel at ease, he said.

Here the officer advises the suspect of his rights, verifies identification of the suspect and talks to him about the alleged crime.

Some physical evidence of the crime could be placed in the suspect's sight, Edmunds said. That way, "He knows I know something about the crime, but he doesn't know how much I know," he said.

"This could work to our advantage because he might think I know a lot and might confess to the incident."

During 1972, out of every eight people arrested, only one was a student. But that changed last year, Edmunds said. Last year more students than non-students were arrested on campus largely because of the increased number of drug arrests, Edmunds said.

The campus police have wider jurisdiction than the Lincoln Police Department or the county sheriffs, Edmunds said. Their powers, he said, are comparabl to the deputy state sheriffs.

Not only do they have jurisdiction within the city limits, but they also have the power to arrest people anywhere in the state whom they suspect of committing crimes on campus.

Edmunds said they take a suspect to the police station under two conditions: If he admits to doing the crime or if the police department has enough evidence to suspect he might have committed the crime.

III. A Mighty Foreress.
It's not the Bastille or the Tower of London, but when you pass through the electronic scanning systems and into the jail complex, there's this feeling that you've entered something impregnable. That there's no way of escaping from the basement of the County-City building.

Here the campus security officer hands over items apprehended from the suspect during his arrest. The campus policeman leaves, and the Lincoln Police Department takes over.

First, the suspect is frisked again. He is booked on the charges. Then he is taken to the hosing room

where he is stripped and searched again. Next, he is fingerprinted and photographed.

According to one officer, individual security measures depend on the seriousness of his crime and the suspect's willingness to cooperate.

"Police are so used to being spit on and called names that when we find one that is cooperative, hell, we fall in love."

The suspect is now ready for jail. Usually he is placed in a cell block, which holds up to four men, instead of a private cell. The private cells, police said, are reserved for murderers, homosexuals, or drunks—people who might get hurt if left in a cell with other men.

Lincoln's jail has three cell blocks. The A block is reserved for prisoners under the work release program, while B and C blocks hold "everything from theft right up to homicide," an officer said.

IV. Behind Closed Doors.
There's this creepy yellowishness down in the jail that starts working on you.

The yellow lights off yellow walls of the yellow bars create the gauzy, unrealistic atmosphere of *Rosemary's Baby*. But all around there are sharp realities.

The realities of a young man waiting to be let out long enough to make a phone call, of men lounging close to the bars, catcalling a passer-by.

"When they put you in the cell, the next thing is waiting three weeks before the public defender takes the time to come see you," one prisoner said.

Most of the men in the jail are there because they are poor. They couldn't afford the jail or attorneys to let them out. So while others pay for their crimes with money, they wait inside and pay with their time.