

Novel College Craze

Frederick area residents will readily agree with Hood College President Ross Pritchard that "a college must always be concerned about its exposure."

College crazes have always caught the nation's fancy — at least some of them. And the current revival of "streaking" — which started in the Sixties and was even then predated by the decades before adequate indoor facilities — is little different.

It at least adds a little more imagination that the so-called "panty raids" of the Fifties or the races of the late 50s when aged shut-ins allowed themselves to be pushed in their wheeled sickbeds down "the main gut" of college towns as fast as the collegiates could propel them.

"Streaking" — a nude cross-campers dash — also seems a bit more healthful than swallowing goldfish, playing yoyo with raw oysters, or jamming 20 or so boys and girls into a phone booth or Volkswagen.

Fads, whatever form they take, do manage to add some verve to college life, and certainly bemuse — and sometimes frustrate — both parents and public at large.

But it must be remembered, and cannot be too frequently pointed out and emphasized, that campus faddists constitute only a very small percentage of the student body. Most are hard at work studying.

Their antics may distract the great majority for a few moments, but it may also stimulate a number

of students to a finer appreciation of college and the need to give more regard to the real purpose of college — to obtain an education.

It may add a little space — this "streaking" bit — but the "streakers" might consider a novel fad that might prove even more sensational — a marathon study-in. If it wouldn't disrupt concentration and mental absorption, some may even choose to do it — hopefully in the privacy of their own dorm rooms — in their streaking costumes. . . like learning the facts bare.

But seriously, such nude cavorting is nothing less than baseless exhibitionism, whether it is in the name of social revolution, opposition to existing rules and regulations, display of displeasure against the "establishment" or a crass way of "emerging" from our worn mores, our old systems of thought and our tired philosophies of life.

Study is an unusual alternative to "streaking" or any other campus fad, but enough of it in a well regulated diet of collegiate scholarship may catch on.

And then we shake our heads as one of our local "streakers" is no stranger to study — as her straight-A or 4.0 average would attest. Hopefully some of this "streaking" is just on impulse, just a lark, something that will be forgotten by the impulsive one. . . and hopefully by the hundreds who became her lifelong witnesses.