

Not much longer

A hibernating giant



Memorial Stadium crouches low in the July sun, the late afternoon heat sending shimmering waves across the artificial turf.

Although the gates are open, not a soul is to be seen. What becomes a madhouse of humanity (inhumanity?) on football Saturdays is now nothing more than a desolate crater, a forgotten shell on the scorched Nebraska plain.

Come fall, though, the heartbeat of the hibernating beast will quicken. The pulse of 75,000 red-clad football fans will pump new life into this sleeping giant.

By Gary Goranson

Clockwise from left: The gate is open but there is no anxious crowd pushing to get in. Even the maintenance crew has called it quits. There isn't much demand for bleacher seats today, anyway.

