

opinion / editorials

Alas, there may be no demand for extra seats

After this weekend's events, the NU Board of Regents probably should vote for stadium expansion—for the University of Nebraska at Omaha.

There are grim faces in Huskerland. Alas, Big Red has struck out. But there are a few smiles in the state, notably in Omaha and among the ASUN senators who worked to block Memorial Stadium expansion.

UNO partisans almost are dancing in the streets. After a season-opening win against the University of South Dakota, the Mavericks tied perennially powerful North Dakota State University Saturday 17-17.

For both games Al Caniglia Field at UNO was packed. It only holds about 10,000 people.

Of course, the story is different in Lincoln. Satirical students in the stands were offering season tickets for all of \$2 as the game drew to a fateful close Saturday.

At least the regents did not vote for stadium expansion Friday. Now it looks like there may be less demand for additional seats.

UNL Athletic Director Bob Devaney reported a "marginal" turnout at the Sports Complex to watch the game on big-screen television. Beautiful weather and State Fair activities may have held that crowd down, however.

But after so many years of sellouts, it may be that Nebraskans who really want to see the games are seeing them. Those curious souls just wanted to see a winner will be dismayed by the loss to Washington State University and the prospect of a losing season.

That leads us to the opposition to the expansion. The ASUN Senate believes students will have to pay an unfair portion of the burden if the expansion does not fill.

A battle was shaping up. Lincoln businessmen, eager at the prospect of 8,000 more fans in town for the games were ready to fight for stadium expansion.

The senators can smile now. So can Regent Kermit Wagner who was justifiably worried that only "fat-cats" would get tickets in the expansion, and the average Nebraskan who still wants to see the game would be left out.

At least for a week, the prospect of a constantly high ticket demand in the immediate future is dimmer. A win against powerful Alabama will change that, but we'll leave betting to the bookies.

Considering student wishes, the regents should think again before accepting stadium expansion when the matter comes off the table.

In a side note, we assume that most, if not all regents attended the Big Red game Saturday afternoon. We wonder how many attended UNO's game that night.

FOR SALE

STADIUM EXPANSION PLANS!

HUSKERS	8:30	COUGARS
0	QUARTER	70
TIME OUTS LEFT 3	2	3 TIME OUTS LEFT
1 DOWN	TO GO 10	BALL ON 40

FIRST FEDERAL LINCOLN

letter to the editor

I was very disappointed in your (Sept. 7) review of Omaha's Septemberfest. The rain and mud apparently dampened Mr. (Jim) William's attitude toward the entire festival.

The rain and mud were indeed unfortunate but a good reviewer would have been able to make do with a mife mention without overstating the cause as was done.

Also, he claims there was nowhere to park, but then admits that he did find a parking space. I also parked in the "warehouse and wino" district but didn't see a single wino which leads me to believe he dubbed the area inappropriately. And I have never considered a six-block walk to be a problem.

But my major complaint against the review is that he complained about the quality of entertainment without mentioning that he was there on Sunday which was officially titled and planned as Children's Day! Dr. Sanguinary doesn't do much for me either, but my children love him.

The entertainment on Monday included hourly changes of various musical groups from 11:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m. on two stages two blocks apart. The performances I saw were excellent.

Neither did your reviewer mention the purpose of Septemberfest, a three-day salute to labor with emphasis on the cooperation between labor and business. Nor did he mention the supergraphics art covering the side of a building with blue collars intermingled with white collars symbolizing this cooperation.

Nor did he mention a good example of this cooperation: two skilled craftsmen unions donated their labor and with materials donated by businesses built two children's playhouses, one to be auctioned to the highest bidder and the other to be raffled with proceeds going to the Muscular Dystrophy telethon.

There were a few problems: trash containers were rare so littering was rampant. For some reason hot dogs, hamburgers, Italian Sausage, Enchiladas and Tacos did not seem to be a large enough selection although I don't have any other suggestions and they were generally reasonably priced.

It was a great event and does not, as Mr. Williams suggests, require hustlers to attract people.

Barbara R. Keating

Those crazy Panamanians debating 'Panamanian Canal in United States'

The signing of the new America Canal treaty last week stirred up a hornet's nest in the Republic of Panama. Initially, it appeared doubtful President Torrijos could convince two-thirds of the Panamanian Senate to ratify what conservatives there thunderously denounced as "a lily-livered sellout of our precious national heritage."

The America Canal has long been a thorn in the side of Panamanian-U.S. relations. The original treaty, granting Panama control of a 10-mile-wide swath across mid-America "in perpetuity" was signed in 1900.

At the time, America was sorely weakened by a guerrilla war in the Philippines, the Boxer Rebellion and the Galveston Flood. President McKinley had no choice

But primarily it was the fact that the canal bisected America. A citizen of Columbus, Ohio, could not visit a cousin in Columbus, Ga., without obtaining Panamanian permission to cross Panamanian territory.

Militant Americans began rioting, throwing rocks and shouting the familiar, "Panamanians go home!" Sabotage of the relatively-defenseless canal appeared imminent.

It was in this atmosphere that the new treaty was signed, giving Panama control of the canal until the year 2000 and the right to insure its neutrality thereafter.

Panamanian jingoists, however, have no qualms about fanning the flames of war over the issue—particularly the older jingoists who won't have to go fight it.

Full-page ads

"There is no America Canal," proclaim the full-page ads of the Panamanian Conservative Union. "There is only a Panamanian Canal in America. Don't give it away!"

Elderly senators refer to it as "the Panamanian Canal adjacent to U.S. territory." And the aging matinee idol and expert on international affairs Juan (Duke) Juayne has been hired for television spots in which he declares, "We stole it far'n' squar'n' we otta keep 'er."

To Americans, regaining control of a slice of territory that splits their nation asunder may seem like simple justice. But they are reckoning without the explosive tempestuousness of the Panamanians—their blind death-before-dishonor xenophobia, their reckless and irrational compulsion to defend their sacred machismo.

It is these uniquely Latin qualities that the logical and orderly American mind finds so difficult to understand.

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arthur hoppe innocent bystander

but to yield to the bully tactics of the Panamanian hero, Colonel Teddy Rosavilla, who enforced his doctrines of "manifest destiny" and "the brown man's burden" with old-fashioned gunboat diplomacy.

"Astounding feat"

The building of the 3,000-mile-long canal was an astounding engineering feat.

Launching their attack from the mosquito-infested marshes of New Jersey, the Panamanian technicians cut their way across the continent, fighting off Arkies, Oakies and assorted Honkies as they went.

The cost was staggering, more than 50 million pesos and the lives of 4,500 laborers, most of them Americans. But after ten long years, Panamanian ships could at last steam from the Atlantic to the Pacific without the dangerous trip around Cape Horn.

Over the years, however, American bitterness grew. Partly, it was the sight of the Panamanian flag flying over places like Culpepper, Va., and North Las Vegas.

Greasers

Partly, it was the paltry 2.3 million pesos the Panamanians paid annually in "rent." Partly, it was the contemptuous attitude of the Panamanian soldiers who referred to Americans employed in menial jobs like greasing the locks as "greasers."

