

DIVERSIONS



Sunset at the end of our first day, outside of Bridgeport

NEBRASKA VIA I-80

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Is Nebraska dull?
A question that often follied Bill Allen, last fall's arts & entertainment editor. Although I'm not the first to admit that I'm joining the Nebraska Brain Drain as soon as I graduate, I decided I had to find out for myself if it was as dull as everyone claims. I found out.

**August 22, 1988
5:22 a.m. CST
In the Beginning . . .**

We started on our westward journey, following a stream of red tail lights. Our first stop came about 40 minutes outside Lincoln - the Seward rest stop. There were cars and trucks wearily parked. We read

all of the helpful information boards:

Most of Nebraska was once virgin grassland. The first settlers often lived in crude sod huts known as "soddies" and many worked for years transforming the prairie into producing cropland....

We waited for the sunrise, the black sky drained into a dark blue as the light started taking over. The stars soon went out and the sun peeked over the horizon. We were on our way again.

**6:40 a.m. CST
New Asphalt,
Slippery When Wet**

We stopped for breakfast in

Waco at Burns Brothers Bingo U.S.A. Farmers and truckers—clad in Co-Op baseball hats, overalls, and cigars — took up most of the restaurant.

Norma was our waitress. She set the table at the edge facing herself, poured us coffee and handed out menus. Catchy little phrases littered the laminated lists: "Iced Tea (All you kin drink)," "Good Food, open ate days a week."

The food was another story. Truck stop servings throughout. The plates were made for giants. They must have been at least a one foot by 9 inches in oval. The pan-

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