

# Leaving home

*Memories are a good price to pay for mother's happiness*

**JESSICA FARGEN is a senior news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan staff writer.**

Over fall break I said goodbye. I said goodbye to the bedroom where my friends and I used to sit and listen to New Kids on the Block songs and gossip all night long. My mom replaced the brown carpet that could hide a spill from a bowl of Lucky Charms like nothing else. And she sold the green couch with the puke stain, which my brother insists is not a puke stain, in the corner. I said goodbye to my house as my mom sold it along with most of the couches, beds and tables that have sat in it for the past 12 years. She even tried to sell our 12-year-old dog that isn't housebroken, but no one would have him. Imagine that. My house, my back yard, even that brown carpet where my brother and I used to watch Saturday morning cartoons, were part of my childhood. That house was the last place where I was really a kid. But the sadness of moving is can-

celed out by the freedom it is giving my mom. My mom, a widow for four years, waited patiently in McCook for my brother and me to finish high school. She watched us move more than 200 miles away from her, but she stayed in McCook so we would have the same house to come home to. Now it is her turn to take care of herself. My mom is moving on and moving up (north) to Sioux Falls, S.D. She is moving back to the state where she and my father lived for 15 years. She is moving to a big city (well, kind of a big city) where she can stake out a new identity, a new home and a new life. But as I started to get nostalgic when I was in McCook for the last time, I told myself: It's just a town — just a bunch of people and houses and cornfields. At the same time, I couldn't understand why I got teary-eyed as I looked out into my back yard. It was just a back yard. Then I realized something. Although I am at a point in my life when the place I call home

depends on when a school break is, losing my home seems like a really big deal. It is one of the few places that can make me remember what it was like to be 11 years old. When I looked out into my back yard, I could remember a time when I actually played in the summer and didn't take classes. I remembered walking to the city pool and buying candy from "Mr. Bill, the candy guy." And playing Super Mario Bros. all afternoon in my basement. When I go to my new home in Sioux Falls over Thanksgiving, my friend Angel won't show up on my doorstep with a Gas 'N Shop pop ready to go cruise B Street like she has done for the past seven years. Fall break was more for me than saying goodbye to a house. It was saying goodbye to memories and a huge chunk of my childhood. Sure, when I go to Sioux Falls, I will feel at home a little bit. My mom didn't sell my bedroom furniture, and Battleship and Sorry will still be in the hall closet, but I won't be able to drive past the place in front of my friend's house where I

had my first kiss; or visit the high school football field, where I received my diploma; or drive by that one really weird high school teacher's house and make up stories about him. I realized that, at a point where I didn't have a reason to come back to McCook, it seemed so much better than it ever had. Even the tedious 3½-hour drive home, which I have loathed for the last three years, was actually pretty this time. Maybe it was because it was the start of autumn, or it wasn't blizzarding, or I wasn't following a combine. I don't know. I don't know why I actually obeyed the 50-mph speed limit when I drove through the half-dozen small towns on the way home. I don't know why, as I drove past the hill with "Jesus Saves" carved into the side, I actually wondered why someone would do that. But the thing about McCook I will miss the most is not the drive home or the football field. It's the memories of my father, who died four years ago. The house is one of the last places I saw him.

I remembered how, when I could not find my dad, I always knew to look out on the deck. He would be there, smoking a cigarette. I would walk out there on a really dark night and see just the cherry of the cigarette and go over and talk to him. He hasn't been out there for five years, and he never will be again. I know that, but like a lot of the emotions I feel about moving, I don't really know how to accept it. But losing all those memories seems insignificant, when I consider what my mom is getting in return. She is getting a new life. Who knows where she'll work, who she'll meet or if she'll even like it. But she deserves the chance to find out. She stuck it out in a town where she wasn't as happy as she could have been somewhere else. She did it for my brother and me. She stayed in a town my dad brought her to and then left her in. Now it's her turn to go do something for herself — to make her own home.

# Go East, young man

*Trip across tracks proves grass is sometimes greener on the other side*



**TODD MUNSON is a senior broadcasting major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.**

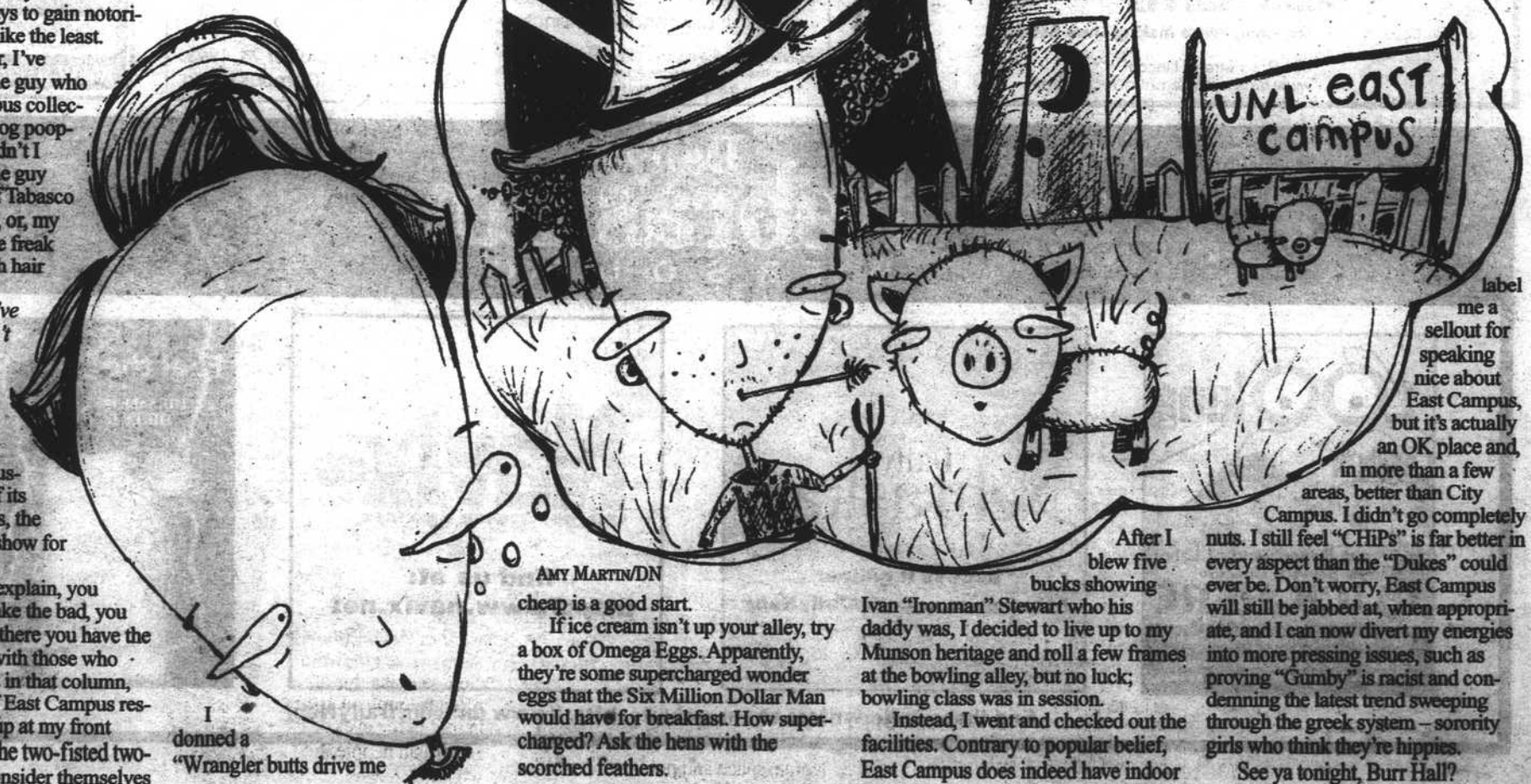
When the cosmos aligns itself like it has today, it's either the messianic second coming, or "CHiPs" must be back on the air. Well, I just checked my calendar. At 7 p.m., on TNT, 15 years of waiting come to an end; Ponch and Jón are reunited tonight in "CHiPs 99." My calendar also tells me that one year and seven days ago, some dipstick caused quite a stir on campus when he wrote a column detailing why the "Dukes of Hazzard" was an inferior product when compared to "CHiPs." I should probably mention the dipstick in question was myself. Out of all the ways to gain notoriety, this is the one I like the least. During this past year, I've become known as the guy who made the East Campus collective madder than a dog pooping tacks. Why couldn't I become known as the guy who drank a glass of Tabasco sauce as a freshman, or, my personal favorite, the freak who pulled a 14-inch hair out of his ass? (Editor's note: I've seen the hair. He isn't lying.) When I wrote that little diatribe, I had no intention of angering anyone. I simply wanted to illustrate that, because of its underlying messages, the "Dukes" was a bad show for younger audiences. Like Tootie can explain, you take the good, you take the bad, you take them both, and there you have the facts of life. Along with those who found entertainment in that column, there was a group of East Campus residents who showed up at my front door wanting to do the two-fisted two-step. They should consider themselves

lucky I wasn't home. The Diamond Cutter, DDT, Camel Clutch ... I know them all. Along with the good ol' boys, folks had the audacity to question my knowledge of the "Dukes" and "CHiPs." I'm sorry, but y'all's arguments made me laugh. Not just giggle, mind you, but an all-out spaz fit complete with milk flying out my nose. Nobody dared question Moses' knowledge of the Ten Commandments, so please, don't question my knowledge of television. For all the young'uns who may be a bit confused, East Campus starts at 33rd and Holdrege streets and is home to many courses of study, most notably those involving agriculture. To say East Campus gets bad press is an understatement. Even the bastard child of the Nebraska University system, University of Nebraska at Kearney, has a better reputation. Here we are one year and seven days later, and it seems the rift between myself and East Campus is as large as a double-wide trailer. And you know what? I'd never even been over there. Until last Thursday.

nuts" T-shirt, strapped my Birkenstocks extra tight and moseyed over to the east side. And what I saw wasn't all that bad. Quirky yes, bad no. You're not correctly. You read dyslexic. The first thing I noticed was the landscaping. I expected to see swine pens between buildings, not a display of yard work that puts City Campus to shame. If you want to see fall, go to East Campus where the trees are plenty and the goofy sculptures are few. My first stop was the Dairy Store. Forget about the new hip Caffina Café; East Campus has a dairy with ice cream so fresh, it's made on the premises. Just ask the cows with the swollen udders. Tasty doesn't even begin to describe it. Very tasty and

Next, it was off to find their version of a union. On the way there, I noticed that East Campus is library-quiet compared to City Campus. No jackhammers, Bible beaters or mumbling burns for them, just the soothing sounds of cows in the distance. On the outside, the East Union looks like a smaller version of the Nebraska Union, but the inside is an exercise in perfection, with the game room being the crown jewel, or belt buckle in this case. I laughed pretty hard when I saw it was called the North 40. Expecting a mechanical bull and various ropin' games, my jaw hit the floor when I saw the North 40 is a cornucopia of old-school classics such as "Out Run" and "Afterburner." Why can't the wasted space of the Women's Lounge be turned into a video arcade for the city union?

plumbing. The only oddity was the pea-green tile and the George Strait piped into the sound system, which, if you're curious, is actually good music to poop to. The final stop of the day had me parking my getaway Schwinn outside Burr Hall, home of the extremist "Dukes" fans. Residence halls generally suck, and Burr Hall was no exception. It didn't suck more or less, it just sucked right down the middle. The highlight of Burr Hall was the big screen in the television lounge. Who knows? I just may show up there for "CHiPs 99." I will kill one rumor once and for all — Skoal products are not sold in the vending machines. I also would like to dispel the notion all East Campus students are a bunch of bow-legged cowpokes. True, there are many more than on City Campus, but the general scope of the student body is of your average college student, not a who's who of rodeo superstars. Go ahead and



AMY MARTIN/DN cheap is a good start. If ice cream isn't up your alley, try a box of Omega Eggs. Apparently, they're some supercharged wonder eggs that the Six Million Dollar Man would have for breakfast. How supercharged? Ask the hens with the scorched feathers.

After I blew five bucks showing Ivan "Ironman" Stewart who his daddy was, I decided to live up to my Munson heritage and roll a few frames at the bowling alley, but no luck; bowling class was in session. Instead, I went and checked out the facilities. Contrary to popular belief, East Campus does indeed have indoor

nuts. I still feel "CHiPs" is far better in every aspect than the "Dukes" could ever be. Don't worry, East Campus will still be jabbed at, when appropriate, and I can now divert my energies into more pressing issues, such as proving "Gumby" is racist and condemning the latest trend sweeping through the greek system — sorority girls who think they're hippies. See ya tonight, Burr Hall!