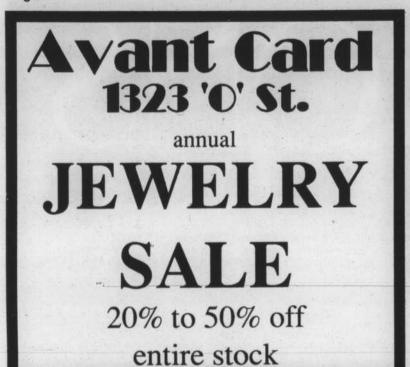
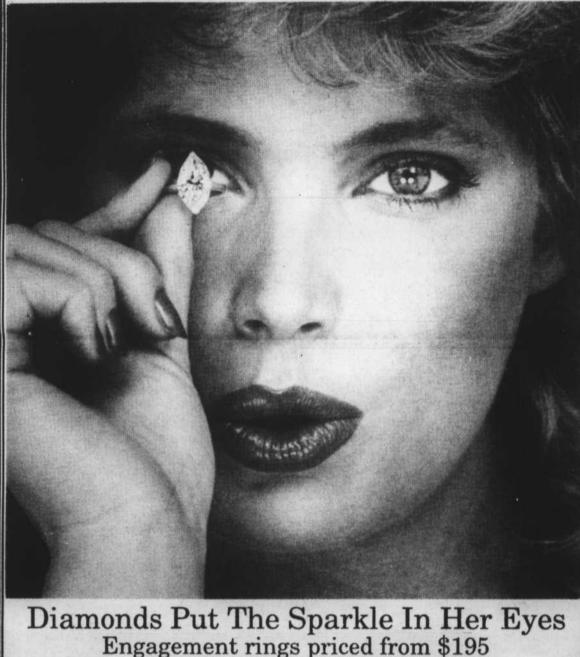
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Kiran Bahl, a junior elementary education and special education major at UNL, walks on the beach at Port Lucaya, Grand Bahama.

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Bahamas aren't paradise

By Chris Hopfensperger Senior Editor

Say "Bahamas."

Feel the word roll across your tongue like an ocean wave gently lapping at a sandy beach.

Close your eyes and think "Bahamas.

Imagine the tropical sun as it beats on your bare skin. Go to the Bahamas.

Have your dreams crushed like a soft melon under a big hammer.

It isn't always sunny in the Bahamas, despite what the old men in gas stations tell you about the weather in "The Islands.

It isn't cool staying in a \$200dollar-a-night resort when you sneak through the lobby with three bags of groceries from Winn Dixie.

And it isn't fun gambling. You might get free drinks, but by the

time you've finished your second Jack and Coke, you've lost \$60 and the urge to win the "Big Bucks."

Thursday, April 2, 1992

You can't walk around in the Bahamas. Not only do they drive on the wrong side of the road, they drive worse than a high school kid after a six pack of beer.

You can't drink the water in the Bahamas, or you'll spend the week soaking up the rays of the fluorescent light above the toilet.

And, worst of all, you can't get off cheap in the Bahamas. A sampling: two Long Island Iced Teas and a Sloe Comfortable Screw, \$19; pack of Oreos and gallon of milk, \$9.16; can of beer, \$3.95.

But don't worry, when you get back you won't have to tell anyone what a hell your vacation in the tropical paradise was.

You will, however, have to answer to Visa -at least some day.

