

Lincoln Spring Break means boredom

By Mark Baldrige
Senior Reporter

SPRING BREAK

I can't see what all the fuss is about — young folks running around getting all tuckered out over Spring Break.

I did the sensible thing this year. I stayed home and relaxed.

I got things done, too. I alphabetized my spice rack and washed my delicate knits in the sink. Plus, I caught up on my reading, paid my bills and filled out my tax return.

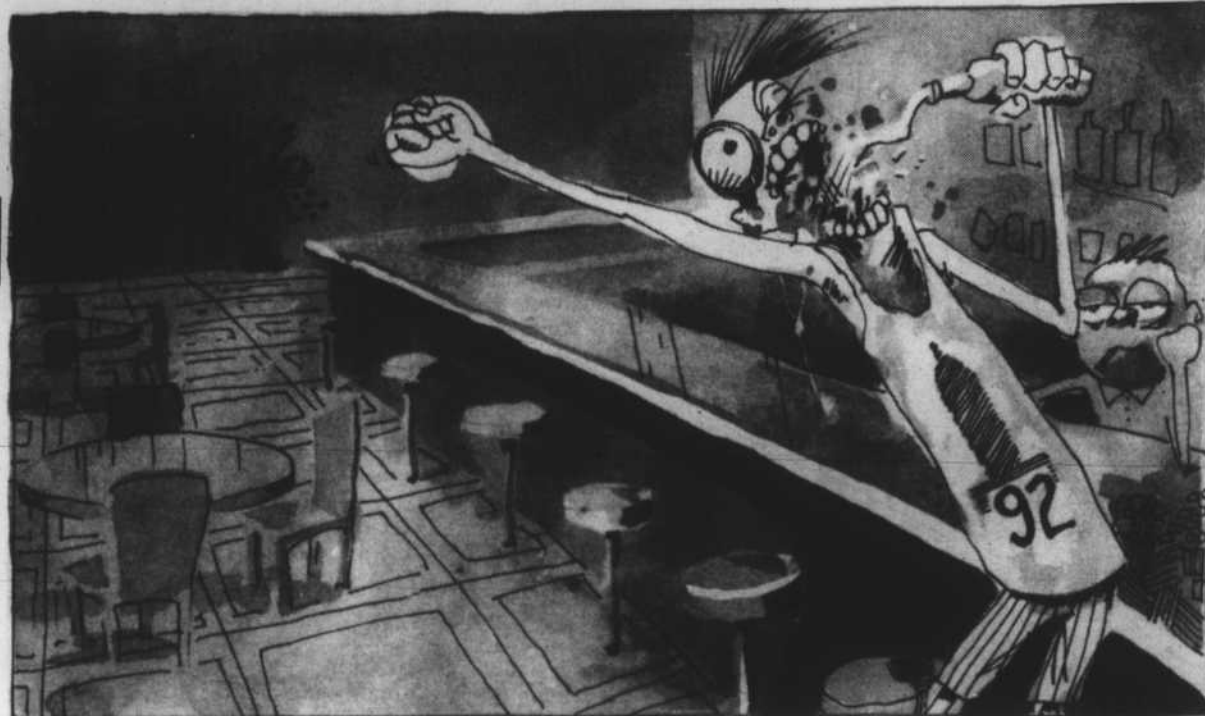
Then I went out and drank myself into a stupor three days in a row and tried not to notice how bored I was.

Spring Break would be so much better if everyone I like would stay in town.

The bars are as deserted as a schoolhouse on Saturday.

If all my friends stayed over, we'd have the place to ourselves. We could talk real loud and ride our bikes down the center of O Street singing U2 songs and swigging beer from open containers.

None of that stuff is any fun to do alone.



David Badders/DN

You realize what a little town this is without us students here to keep things lively.

Downtown looks like Muleshoe, Texas on a windy day: deserted.

Your footfalls echo like in a sad movie and tumbleweed blows through the empty streets as a loose shutter bangs against a house somewhere.

You sleep later and later each day, until by the end of the break, you get up only to go drinking at bars you can't imagine ever being crowded.

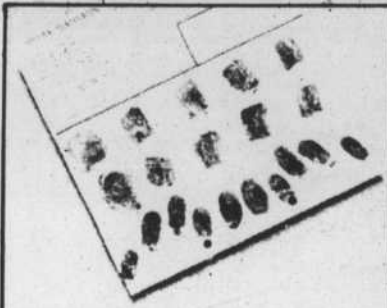
When your tanned and happily exhausted friends return, they will hardly recognize the mumbling shambles you have become; picking through the trash for half-eaten

pizza crusts and condoms.

Yeah, OK, I guess I'm not painting a very pretty picture of life over break for the few unfortunates that remain behind.

But I'm still convinced I could have more fun if I'd had my friends here.

Anyway, you know what they say, misery loves company.



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Padre

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Several spots on the island had cranes and safety harnesses for all daredevils and crazed lunatics. Yes, I was one of those lunatics. Prices ranged from \$35 or \$40 per jump, and it was well worth the money.

Imagine the rush as you plummet 160 feet to what you feel should be your death, only to halt suddenly, fling straight back up, and do it again! I did it—TWICE—and I even have it on videotape to show my mom.

Of course, being so far south, it is a must to travel the extra half-hour and cross the border to good ol' Mexico. We crossed over at Brownsville, Texas, and it was immediately a whole new world. Everyone was out to make a

buck — and only a buck. Most of the trinkets you were confronted with cost a dollar, whether it be packs of gum, bracelets and necklaces, or bottles of beer.

I can't forget to mention the ocean, the kegs on the beach, the wet T-shirt contests, or the volleyball and basketball tournaments for prizes, but my claim to fame for Spring Break 1992 had to be the Mr. Hot Bod Contest nightly outside the Sheraton.

Sure, there's more I did that I can't remember, or just plain can't tell you in a newspaper, but if you really want to know what goes on during Spring Break at South Padre Island, Texas, I suggest you go find out for yourself!

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