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Nova Southeastern University

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A Sunday at the Race Track

James Paolillo

What do thousands of people do on a Sunday? They go to Calder Race Course. Located at Northwest 27th Avenue and 21st Street, North Miami, just south of the Broward County line, it is the site of some of the greatest horse racing this side of the Mississippi.

Thoroughbreds from Florida, through the United States, Europe, and South America come here to compete in maiden, claiming, stakes, and handicap races.

You do not have to be a racing fan to enjoy a Sunday at Calder. Once inside, you will see the thoroughbreds exert their best effort with endurance, stamina and determination.

Generally, a race may be as short as five furlongs (five eighths of a mile) to as long as one mile and one eighth. The turf races (grass) are usually from one mile to one and a half miles.

Calder, on average, holds ten races and an additional simulcast from a major track elsewhere in the United States. The simulcasts are shown throughout the racing plant on television monitors. Such contests

See CALDER on page 12

With Cello As My Guide

Linda Hobensack

My name is Linda Hobensack, and I wanted to take this opportunity to introduce myself, as you might have seen me and my Hearing Ear Guide Dog, Cello, about the campus.

I am both vision and hearing impaired. I could hear until the age of 29, but then lost the sense that compensated for my visual deficit.

I grew up in Mentor, Ohio (25 miles east of Cleveland) and am a graduate of Mentor High School. I graduated from Willoughby-Eastlake School of Practical Nursing and have worked as a nurse for over 10 years.

In 1988 I obtained an Associate of Arts Degree from Lakeland Community College. Upon my hearing loss I attended Gallaudet University in Washington, D.C., the only university for the deaf in the world. There I earned a Bachelor of Arts in psychology. I am now a student in Nova's Master of Science in Mental Health Counseling.

See CELLO on page 12
The '92 Presidential Races suffered from an illness that few probably noticed. No, it wasn't Ross Perot's ear hairs or Dan Quayle's secret copy of Madonna's Sex. Media laziness plagued the races. In the '92 election year, the various media gave way to spin doctor's voices and the same sensationalist coverage that earmarked the '88 election year.

For those not in the know, spin doctors are not just an alternative music group just breaking into mainstream radio. Spin doctors comprise the political line of defensive blockers. Their job consists of maintaining a given politician's 'pure-as-the-driver's-nun' image. Suppose politician X supports cutting government National Endowment of the Arts funds from artists and galleries because said person produces or display pieces of a sexual nature. Spin doctors attempt to feed media sources the idea that politician X is not aiding in censorship, but rather 'protecting the moral fiber of America.'

Y' see, information is slippery stuff. It's hard to get a hold of accurate information, what with everybody twisting the same statistics to their advantage. Then, once you manage to latch onto some reasonable rumor, it mutates radically day by day into some chicken-headed Godzilla beast. Static it is not.

Through out the election year, the average researcher/reporter had to find up-to-date analyses of each campaign move. Everyone wanted an expert defining the direction the presidential "horse race" headed. Who's in the lead? Who's in the lead? All this before 6pm. What is a reasonable news person to do?

According to NBC's Timothy Russert in an interview with the Chicago Tribune's James Warren (2/25/90), "People doing a TV piece say, 'All I need is somebody saying X.' And you know the familiar people who'll say that and can speak in 8- to 10-second soundbites."

Take note, Poll-Sci majors, terse double-speak may become your most saleworthy skill. Courses will be opening soon to teach you all the tricks of the soundbite trade: how to sound sincere in 8 syllables, learn to say anything and mean it, and master the all-important 'knowing look.'

According to a media search conducted by EXTRA! magazine (October/November 1992), between August 1991 and July 1992, spin doctors for Bush, Clinton and Perot claimed a total of 291 newscast appearances. These broadcasts only include ABC, NBC, CBS, and National Public Radio (NPR). Of the 291 newscasts, President Bush's campaign representatives claimed 129 appearances in distinction to Clinton's (82) and Perot's (80).

The power of these people to shape perspective is immense. Watch the news one day and listen to people around you the next. It's amazing how many people are missing their true calling as media parrots.

Aside from becoming a propaganda playground for the presidential hopefuls, the media also stumbled into its usual sensationalist mess. Jennifer (that's with a "G") too) were popping up like flowers in spring, attesting to the virile fortitude of the candidates. In deed, the name 'Slick Willie' took on an heated woman. The power of these people to shape perspective is immense. Watch the news one day and listen to people around you the next. It's amazing how many people are missing their true calling as media parrots.

As the night progresses, the women start getting wilder.

"Bring out the babes," screams a heated woman.

"Get Stevie back on the stage," screams another sister.

In a corner, a dancer graciously attempts to gyrate, as two wild women have in a kneecap while jamming dollar bills down his weeny bikini. By the time you leave La Bare you are broke, but on first name basis with all the babes.

So was it worth it? Hell Yeah! Experience it for yourself, and make sure you bring lots of dollars. When the dollars are gone, so are the babes. And while you are there say "Hi" to Stevie for us.

Monica Puigsos and Ruth Ackerman
Dear Mr. Clinton, I daresay...

In the September 3, 1992 issue of Rolling Stone magazine, there is an article (The case of Gary Fannon, by Mike Sager) about a young man named Gary Fannon, currently serving a life sentence, without the possibility of parole, in a Michigan correctional facility. Life, without the possibility for parole. What was the horrible crime against humanity that had an 18-year-old boy sentenced to a hopeless life of confinement? Surely he must be a serial killer, or some kind of murderer, for that's the only crime that could demand such a punishment. Right? Wrong. Gary Fannon was a victim.

As a Clinton supporter, I expect that our new president will be a compassionate, rational and just head of state. And I demand that he take action on the injustices perpetrated by the Bush administration.

I do not agree that citizens should follow the lead of characters out of The Ox-Bow Incident, and become executioners of the law. However, in certain instances, such as this, the looter gets exactly what he deserved.

Citizens should not have to spray-paint graffiti messages as warnings of death. It is disgusting when certain individuals turn a devastating and horrifying situation into one of self-benefit.

This person makes my stomach crawl.

Citizens of the state of Michigan demand that a man sentenced to rot to death in hell for "conspiring to sell cocaine" may have some hope now that the Michigan Supreme Court, as well as the U.S. Supreme Court, has ruled Gary's punishment not to be "cruel and unusual."

So, after serving five years in prison, Gary still faces his condemnation of life behind the same bars. But Gary (along with the other 130 people in Michigan prison who are serving the same sentence) may have some hope now that Bill Clinton will be replacing The War on Drugs militant himself, George Bush. But the President-Elect's stand on drugs is confusing and vague. In a September 17, 1992 Rolling Stone interview, Clinton claims that the legalization of drugs is "a tough call," and it is probably better to outlaw them because of the possible financial repercussions of a society that legalizes drug use.

Dear Mr. Clinton, I daresay that individuals such as Gary Fannon are suffering severely cruel punishment as a result of your "tough call."

As a Clinton supporter, I expect that our new president will be a compassionate, rational and just head of state. And I demand that he take action on the injustices perpetrated by the Bush administration.

I expect this not only because I believe in the right to alter my consciousness as I please, but also because of irrationality and cruelty: a young man (and many others) may never see freedom again because he got involved in something that was too big for him to handle. The cops were looking for a victim, and if it were not for them, he would probably never been involved with cocaine ever.

Bill Clinton must now take the situation into his control and set up a presidential committee to repeal states' mandatory-minimum sentencing drug offenses, at the very least. I will be writing a letter to both of my congressmen and the President-Elect himself to further push this issue. If anyone would like to forward their own letters or protest with mine, please contact the Knight office.

Vicki Short

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Zareefa’s Clubhouse

Errol Bodie: The Nova Club Update

Resident Student of the Month

Drina Barber

Every month the Resident Student Association will announce a new "Resident of the Month." The student, nominated by his or her resident advisor, will receive a "Resident of the Month" T-shirt, a certificate, and his or her name engraved on the Resident Student Association's plaque.

RSA will recognize this plaque at the awards ceremony at the end of the year. The Association would like to congratulate Errol Bodie as the October "Resident of the Month."

Errol was nominated by his Resident Advisor for the exceptional qualities he has demonstrated. According to Errol's Resident Advisor, he is very active on his floor, attending all his advisor's activities.

Errol has been very considerate of others, offering assistance to his resident advisor in numerous situations. Angela Egan, Errol's resident advisor, described a situation in which a water leak had occurred and her floor had gotten wet as a result.

Angela could not get the responsible party to clean it up, so she started to clean the water up. According to Angela, once Errol noticed she was cleaning up the water, he quickly grabbed a mop from his dorm room and assisted her in cleaning up the water.

This demonstrates the work of an excellent resident.

Errol Bodie not only is an outstanding resident, but he is also active in campus activities, such as NUBSA and SGA.

The "Resident of the Month" is just one of the programs through which RSA is trying to enhance every resident's stay on the Nova University campus.

Once again the Resident Student Association congratulates Errol Bodie and reminds everyone in the residence halls to keep up the good work.

Drina Barber is the president of the Resident Student Association.

Yearbooks!

Don't forget to buy your Nova College yearbook!

Contact Scott Chaitoff in Rosenthal, Room 208, or call him at 424-5670.

Psych Seminar

"How to Find a Job with a Bachelor's in Psychology"

November 18 at 5 p.m.

Rosenthal Building, Room 202

Campus Activities Board Showcase Week

November 16th - 20th

Monday Madness

Monday Night Football
Free...Pizza and Soda
9:00 p.m. 'til the whistle blows!!!
RSC Student Lounge

Wednesday -- Hump Day

TENT PARTY & FREE BBQ
7:00 - 10:00 p.m., behind the Residence Halls
Music by WNKR
Games, Raffles, and Prizes

Friday

PARTY!! PARTY!! PARTY!!

Be the life of the party!!!
Enter the Air Band (Lip Sync) Contest!!!
$100.00 First Prize Act
Arrowhead C.C., 9:00 p.m. - 1:00 a.m.
FREE sodas, buffet & shuttle van

Friday - Sunday

Student Life Network Conference
Programming/Leadership Conference
Hosted by Nova University/Student Life
When you walk in to take your graduate level exam, you want to be armed and dangerous. Let College Bound give you all the ammo you need. Our preparation classes can raise your score as much as 30% or more. And that’s just one part of our complete program. We also offer Grad School Counseling—a service that helps you target and win entrance to the right grad school for you.
Balls, Briefs, Buildings,

Snowflake Ball

Tracy Froebel

Raquel Ferrero and Millicent Steele will chair the 27th Annual Ralph J. Baudhuin Oral School Snowflake Ball on December 4, 1992. The Ball, to be held at the Pier 66 Resort and Marina in Fort Lauderdale, will benefit the hearing and speech impaired students of the Ralph J. Baudhuin Oral School of Nova University.

The proceeds from the Ball will supplement student scholarships and educational programs. Ferrero and Steele are long-time supporters of Nova University and devote countless hours to numerous other community organizations as well.

Ferrero is a member of the Bonnet House Alliance and is co-chairman for the auction committee for the Bonnet House Invitational Concourse. Ferrero is also a member of the Broward Friends of the Miami Ballet, serving as a member of the board of governors for the Baudhuin Oral School for two years.

Her husband, Ray, is also active in Nova University and the community. He is currently serving his fourth year as chairman of Nova’s Board of Trustees.

Community leader, Steele is the founder of the Nova University Gold Circle, a support group which raises scholarship money. She has served as chairman for numerous charity fund-raisers, including the Nova University Derby Ball and the Boy Scouts of America Blue and Gold Ball.

In 1985, when the Italian ship, Costa Riviera, had its maiden cruise in Fort Lauderdale she created the theme, “In the Spirit of America,” to benefit Kids in Distress, St. John’s Foundation, and Outreach Broward.

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pushed the "Copy" button, and the machine pumped out one copy. Then I pushed the "Coin Return" button and netted ninety cents.

I spotted two pay phones, but both had callers lounging in front of them. I paced nervously until one became available but then realized that there were no phone books. I decided to go out and put some change in the parking meter.

A small crowd had gathered around my car. Wisp of conversation floated over to me.

"I bet it'll be another twenty minutes before it runs out of gas."

"It's starting to overheat!"

"I heard about someone who did this, and he had to have a welder cut a hole in the roof."

I attempted to remain inconspicuous, as I dropped this, and he had to have a welder cut ahole in the roof."

There was a phone booth about ten yards away, I walked casually to it. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a van marked with the Channel 7 logo pull up to the corner. The doors opened, and three people jumped out.

Several spectators pointed at me. A woman in a yellow dress rushed over, brushing back her hair, a thick cloud of perfume pursuing her like a swarm of bees.

"Hello. Are you the owner of that car?" She stabbed a microphone into my face.

"Uh, no," I stammered, "I uh, just want to make a phone call."

She backed away and faced a camera man. "This is Margo Mane, live, next to the library with this newsflash ."

I rifled through the yellow pages for a locksmith. I found one, Aabner's Openers, and quickly dialed the number.

The woman who answered said that I would have to make an appointment. "Would next Thursday be all right?"

That was my last quarter. All I had left was fifteen cents.

Margo was saying, . . . And the car is still here running. We don't know where the owner is, but it's almost out of gas."

I grabbed the microphone from her and faced the camera man. "If there is a locksmith watching this broadcast, I'd really appreciate it if you could come and help me out."

I gave the mike back to her. She attempted to ask me more questions, but I waved her away. I was too wrong out to say any more.

She turned to the spectators and began to interview them.

"Yeah, I was just comin' from buyin' some bread at the corner, when I seen the car. I wanted to call the wife and tell her, but she was out walkin' the dog or somethin'."

A helicopter swooped down and hovered over the street. A rope ladder was thrown out, and a man began to descend. When he touched down on the roof, the London Packet screamed:

"Soroptimist"

The deadline for day or career students to apply for the Soroptimist International scholarships for $500-$1500 is December 15. Contact Eula Franklin in the Student Advising Center in the Parker building, room 300.

More than 50,000 members in almost 1,500 clubs in 21 countries and territories belong to Soroptimist International of the Americas. Candidates should be heads of households completing undergraduate programs.

"Soroptimist"

Sue Beebe

So what is the big deal if we call University Hall a dorm? Although it may seem like a minor issue of semantics, we all know how important our names are to us as individuals.

Likewise, the choice of a name for a community such as dormitory, residence hall, or dormitory serves to establish an image for that community. Historically, places where college students slept were called dormitories and were often little more than barracks.

Even the word "dormitory" has its root in the Latin word "to sleep" from which we also get the word "dormant." We all know that our residence halls offer students far more than a place to sleep and are certainly not places where students are in a state of suspended animation.

In fact, Residential Life works hard to provide an environment in our halls which will enhance the growth and development of our residents. A residence is a place where one lives or dwells regularly.

Thus, the term residence hall more closely describes the active, growth-oriented environment that we are trying to create on our campus.

I ask the Nova University Community to join the Residential Life staff in using the term "residence hall."

Sue Beebe is the Assistant Director of Nova's Residential Life.
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**Norwegian Techno Dancing**

**Norwegian Cuisine: Disney Style!**

**Treats from the koldtbord**

Kimber Sharp

As my friend and I sat in our hotel room on our past vacation to Disney World, we tried to decide where to make reservations for dinner. We both agreed that we needed a change from the usual burgers, fries, and boring variations of chicken sandwiches. Actually, guess one could make the assumption that what my companion and I eat is pretty repulsive to most.

We spend a great deal of our time at places that serve exquisite Indian food, French pastries, raw beef, squid and octopus in ink, and distinct varieties of sashimi and sushi—with lots of sliced ginger root. As we studied the various eating destinations, we decided to try the "new" restaurant, Akershus, in the Norway pavilion at EPCOT Center. When we got there the wait was not long, only about 20 minutes.

We were seated at a table which displayed a distinct tablecloth on it. It contained depictions of the ocean fishes and scenes for Norway. The candles were odd-shaped ovals with just a tiny bit of flickering visible. Most of the restaurant was comfortably dark and decorated in wood, and reflected the ocean atmosphere generated when you enter the Norway pavilion.

We ordered drinks and were given huge pewter plates. Akershus works on a moving style of eating. There we were treated to a Royal Norwegian Buffet, profoundly called the "koldtbord," accurately meaning "the cold table."

The Norwegian desserts were not as strange as I had expected. The candles were odd-shaped ovals with just a tiny bit of flickering visible. Most of the restaurant was comfortably dark and decorated in wood, and reflected the ocean atmosphere generated when you enter the Norway pavilion.

The Norwegian desserts were not as strange as I had expected. They had a custard similar to flan, served in a large branzy snifter, with warm caramel poured over the top. My compadre had an exquisite cheesecake that consisted of about five different kinds of berries. It was delicious!

I would whole-heartedly recommend Akershus to anyone with an open mind and a flair for exotic food.

Kimber Sharp's favorite INDIAN food is chooza pakora.

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**Techno: A Marketing Strategy**

Jason Domasky

"Funky Alternatives: 18 Exclusive Techno Remixes" (1991) Reachout International Records

Since the late 1980's, the series of "Funky Alternatives" compilations have occupied a special place in the growing field of industrial dance music.

The record shopper could count on finding one or two of the LP's in the "various artists" section of alternative record stores. The initial purchase would be motivated by a devotion to one of the contributing artists and, after two weeks of listening, you've been initiated into the British industrial underground.

The unique genius of combining tracks from a well-known band such as New Order, the slightly more obscure Cabaret Voltaire, and the virtually unknown Pornosect is the innovation of Andrew Burton.

Burton's London-based Concrete Productions licensed New York's Reachout International Records (ROIR, a cassette-only label) to release a "Funky Alternatives" compilation to be marketed in the U.S. under the now-vogue "techno" style of dance music.

It's funny, but the artists we were sent tracks by sound, you've heard "techno" played during the night club scene of "Basic Instinct." Miami clubs bought on about a year ago and now Fort Lauderdale's "The Edge" features the sequencer sample drum repetitions of high-energy "techno" music.

The irony of the Concrete/ROIR strategy is that the characteristic "techno" sound, which tends towards pitch-bending and rigidly conforming any material to its mold, is largely absent from any of the tracks on the compilation.

The style of some of the musicians, notably Cabaret Voltaire, The Shamen, and Greater Than One approximate, NY 10012, and request their very descriptive catalog.

Jason Domasky listens to a variety of electronically-generated music and he collects the unusual stamps of the secluded Kingdom of Bhutan.
Forgotten Phantoms and Fading Figments

Horror Gourmet: Norwegiaphobia

Tammy Lynn

A vacation at Disney means “good meals and great times.” Disney provides an atmosphere that gives one the opportunity to act childish and as obnoxious as one pleases, within reason.

And I have also believed that “The Second World in Florida” has had a healthy share of phenomenal eating abodes, UNTIL NOW!

To eager vacationers planning to eat at the restaurant Akershus, in the Norway pavilion at EPCOT Center, you are encouraged to choose otherwise!

Let me tell you about my “experience” with the above: it was now 5:00 p.m. on Saturday and I felt as if my stomach was about to eat me! Naturally, going to one of Disney’s many restaurants had me licking my lips and preparing for a delicious meal!

After a wait longer than the Spanish Inquisition, our waiter, Knanishto-binya, finally appeared. He asked us, as we found out after we got a translator to come to our table, if we wanted any drinks.

We ordered sodas that arrived in glasses a wee bit smaller than the average American “shot glass”!

Our table then became saturated with glasses of every different shape and color. I guess it isn’t customary in Norway for the waiter to take away empty glasses.

We were then directed to the “Au-

A small girl had left her dinner all over the bathroom floor.

authentic Royal Norwegian Buffet.” We were encouraged to try the cold stuff first, then move onto the hot stuff.

The few things I sampled had me begging for porcelain. Unfortunately there was none there, hence I was forced to use my napkin, which was then ineffective for the remainder of the meal.

I would recommend that the “onion salad” and the stringy cold roast beef (that I still have in my teeth to this very day) be avoided!

Therefore, I figured early that I’d better move onto the hot stuff. Approaching the hot buffet of Norwegian treats was like encountering the steam room of the local gym!

Now that my make-up had evaporated along with the steam, I’d pulled out all the stops. I’d try anything! The large buffet consisted mainly of a pan of macaroni and cheese (no kidding!), meatballs, red cabbage, and potatoes that had never been introduced to any spices or seasoning in their entire lifespan!

I wanted to get the bad taste out of my mouth, but aside from the initial and brief ordeal of getting drinks, we hadn’t seen Knanishto-binya for what seemed like hours!

When he finally reappeared, he mysteriously waved a tray full of what appeared to be delicious desserts. I didn’t think any restaurant could bomb this bed and receive three complete strikes, so I ordered one of their little Norwegian delicacies.

I ordered what appeared to be, by look and description, a Norwegian vanilla ice cream with a special caramel topping. However, when the spoon entered my mouth I was then searching the table for any napkin or available paper product!

When he finally reappeared, he
FAIRING TOWARDS THE HEAVENS.

Langushing in a steel-laden womb, Awaiting my emergence.

I soar through a field of white— Battered by the elements.

Slowly I realize my estrangement to this realm, And the utter frailty of my existence. Surrounded by ethereal beings— Ghostly images prevail;

Phantoms of a forgotten past.

Embraced by a billowy sea, Steadily relaxing my mind.

Empowered by the sun’s intensity,

Embraced by a billowy sea,

Scouring whiteness penetrates my body, As I find dominion in the sky.

—Sean J. Heiss

Memories of You

Rain beats down on the pane as memories of you creep from behind the closed door in my mind. A grey feeling washes over me. Memories trickle through my mind as the rain trickles down from the sky.

A familiar voice— not yours— calls my name. He paints a pleasant picture for my future with brilliant yellows, pinks, and baby blues. The picture you painted once had these bright colors.

It’s faded and yellowing now. Not so long ago it changed from a kaleidoscope of colors To deep red, then to ash black. It was a beautiful picture though— while it was mine.

—Carolyn A. Pope

Selections from the Poetry Circle

Apparantly, this delicious dessert was nothing but raw eggs whipped with a runny, brown topping that didn’t even resemble caramel! Ugh!

At this point, I refused to take another bite of anything and ordered that my family to get the check and go! So as they were sending the smoke signals with their cigarrettes to get a response from Knanishto-binya, I dashed off to the powder room.

After a brief encounter with the restroom, I emerged feeling triumphant, for I was not the only one without the Norwegian taste! A small girl had left her dinner all over the bathroom floor for all to envy. No kidding!!!

Being a Disney expert, the Norway pavilion hosts one of the most exciting rides in all of EPCOT Centre, some of the finest shops, and a scrumptious bakery “Kringal.” This pavilion should not be overlooked by any who enter the World Showcase, but be warned. STAY AWAY FROM AKERSHUSS!

Tammy Lynn eats Kraft Dinomac & Cheese and can’t stand it when Star Wars books get in the way of important conversation.

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Knights Sports Lowdown

Bob Deutschman and Scott Vrabel

Fighting injuries and fatigue, the Nova University Lady Knights were able to advance to the conference finals before falling to Flagler College.

"We should have won, but ran out of steam in the finals," commented assistant coach Margaret Avila.

Despite their injuries, they fought back to win two straight games in the finals. "This was disappointing for us all," said Avila. "We fought our way past their District tournament. Nova will compete against North Atlantic College."

Another first place runner for the women was Mary Cucchiara, in the 30-34 age division. Her time was 21.15. Not to be undone by their female counterparts, the men spooked the competition with 2nd, 3rd, and 4th place finishes in the 20-25 year old division.

Their coach, Jasmine Scaggs, was very encouraged by the results of both teams. Her main purpose in placing the teams in this event was in preparation for this week's cross-country Districts, which will be held in St. Augustine.

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Outlook 1992-93: Cheerleaders!

The 1992-93 Nova Knight Cheerleaders look forward to another exciting season. Three cheerleaders return to this year's squad. They are Christine Thomann (Captain), Michelle Wronko (co-Captain), and Melissa Bucci. The four new cheerleaders include Fawn Barber, Michelle Fiore, Carrie Jankowski, and Cindi Packard.

Cheerleader Coach Ghari Gorman returns, leading the team in her second season with Nova University. She hopes this year's team will fare as well as the squad from last season.

The cheerleaders are currently working on ways to entertain the crowds with new cheers and pyramids, as well as various new dance routines.

New ideas came from an NCA cheerleading camp that a number of the team members attended this past summer. Look for the cheerleaders to build their pyramids and run their rou-

Cross Country

Laura Anne Wilhelm

The day after Halloween, Nova's cross country team formed a presence in the community once again at the Winternational 5K run in North Miami.

After a night of mingling with the spirits, the team's spirit showed as six of Nova's runners, from both the women's and the men's team, placed.

Top runner for the women in the 20-25 division was Miranda Carberry, with a time of 21.02. Finishing a strong fourth, in the same division, was Jill Legters with a time of 25.15.

Another first place runner for the women was Mary Cucchiara, in the 30-34 age division. Her time was 21.15.

Not to be undone by their female counterparts, the men spooked the competition with 2nd, 3rd, and 4th place finishes in the 20-25 year old division.

Harry McCumber, John Ayvas, and Brennan Johnson had times of 21.02, 21.31, and 24.05, respectively.

Their coach, Jasmine Scaggs, was very encouraged by the results of both teams. Her main purpose in placing the teams in this event was in preparation for this week's cross-country Districts, which will be held in St. Augustine.

If the times and places of the runners in the Winternational are any indication, the team should put in a strong showing.

Nova University Cheerleaders

Cheerleaders!

Cheerleader Coach Ghari Gorman returns, leading the team in her second season with Nova University. She hopes this year's team will fare as well as the squad from last season.

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Nova University Cheerleaders

Cheerleaders!
Continued from cover

with purses as much as $1,000,000
may be wagered upon just as any other
race.

Sunday at Calder features many
elects for their patrons. Live music
giveaways are typical. On September
19th, for example, the first 10,000 spec-
tators to attend were treated to a hand-

ome blue and white tote bag with the
admission of two dollars. The tote's
value was more than ten times the
price of admission.

The cafeteria offers a fine selec-
tion of salads, sandwiches, hot plates,
desserts and beverages. Numerous
concession stands offer burgers, hot
dogs, drinks or ice cream.

A clubhouse dining room, The Turf
Club, graces the fourth and fifth floor. It
offers exquisite dining comparable to
the finest restaurants anywhere. Ad-
mission to The Turf Club is for mem-
bers only.

Calder's racing surface, grass or
dirt, is impeccable. In addition to the
main track, there is also a training track
in the barn area. Every morning at
sunrise, the thoroughbreds workout
this track under the tutelage of the
trainer or their assistant and an exer-
cise rider.

Thoroughbred racing is a tough,
competitive game, as any trainer will
tell you. The hours are long, the work is
arduous, and the financial rewards are
predicated upon how well a trainer's
horses do in any given competition.

Keeping the thoroughbred in good
health is another challenge in itself.

Proper exercise, diet, rest, grooming,
and veterinary care are significant fac-
tors conducive to a successful racing
career for the thoroughbred.

Thousands of dollars are invested
while disciplining a thoroughbred. Many
of the owners who do invest have a true
love for the Sport Of Kings.

Cello

Continued from cover

To cope with my hearing loss, I de-
cided to use a Hear-
ing Guide Dog to
retain my indepen-
dence. I completed
a two week training
program at the Na-
tional Hearing Dog
Center in Athol,
Massachusetts. I re-
ceived "Cello" on

Cello came to
the National Hear-
ing Dog Center as a
"special delivery;"
she was found one
morning tied to the
mailbox. She was 3
months old at the
time, and her only

Continued from cover

the street, the ladder was taken up, and the helicopter roared away.
The man wore a green uniform that said "Lockbusters." He
fumbled nervously at his shirt, twisting the buttons.

"Hi, I'm Tim." He pulled at the hair on his arms. "I like to pick
things." His fingers went toward his nose.

"Uh, Tim," I broke in, "why don't you see if you can pick open my
car door?"

He inserted a piece of metal between the car window glass and the
door, and the lock popped up faster than I could open it with a key.
He said, "No charge for you, because I'm gonna win a bet with my
buddy, who said you would run out of gas before the door got opened."

I thanked him and drove away to the cheers of the crowd.

At the next red light, the engine began to sputter. It stalled, and the
cars behind me began to beep their horns.

Ken Cook is a graduate student at the Nova University Oceanographic
Center.