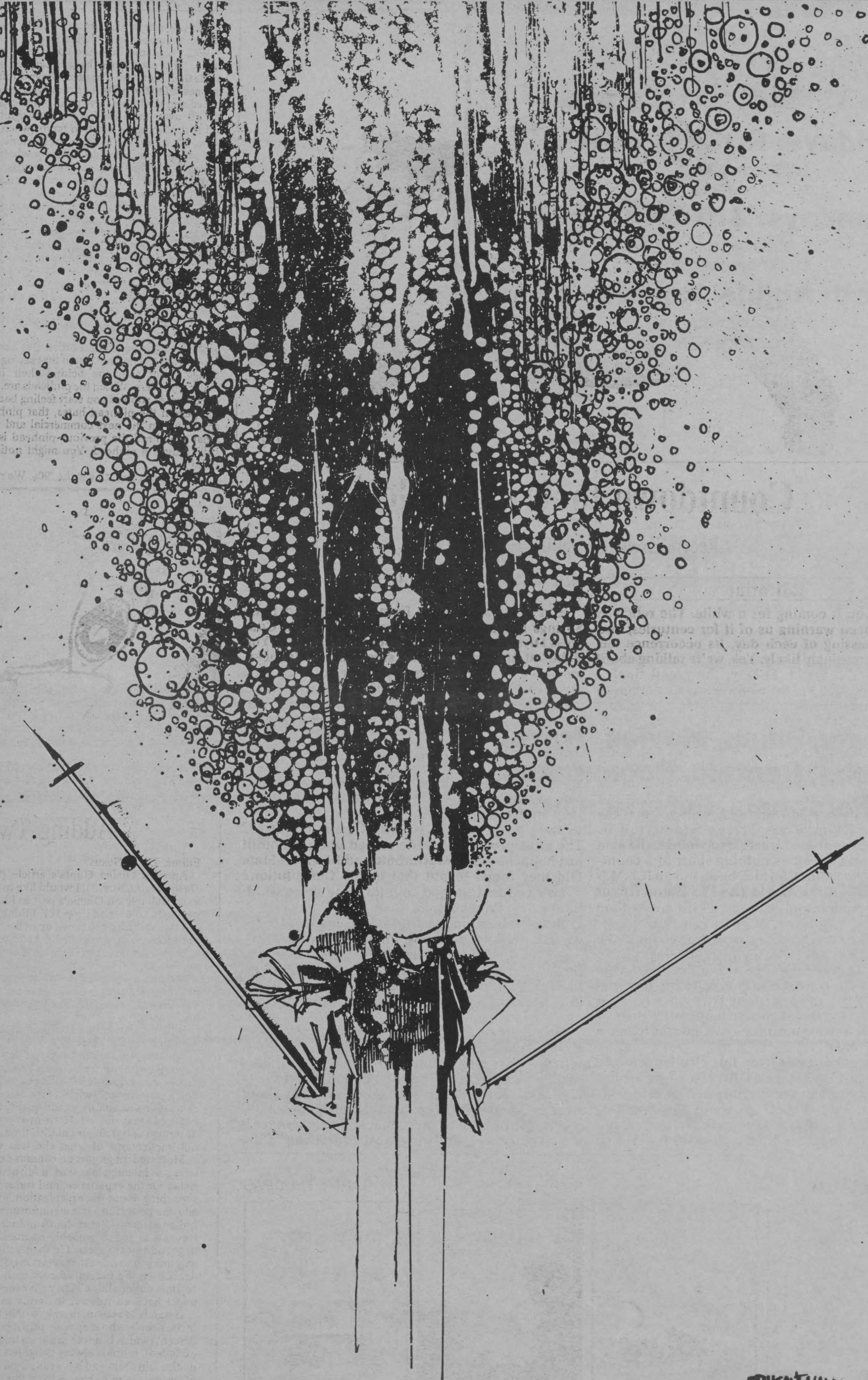


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November Eleventh, Nineteen Ninety-Four



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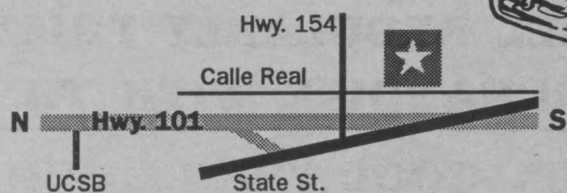
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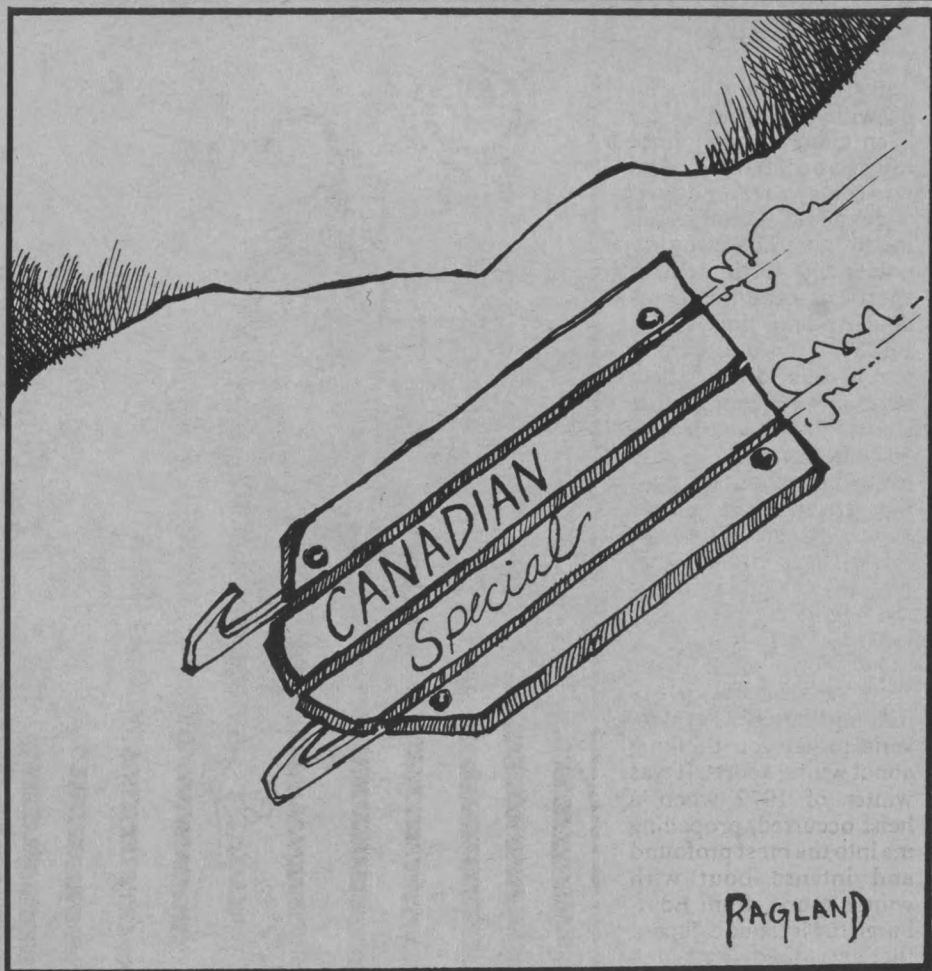
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Sleddin' n Slidin'



MATT RAGLAND/Daily Nexus

By Gringolet Rafalo

For many native Californians, the idea of waking up one morning and looking out the window to find the neighborhood blanketed in a thick white layer of snow is nothing but a fantasy, as the frosty winter phenomenon is quite foreign to most of the Golden State.

However, for me, snow falling every winter was once a common occurrence. I spent a lot of my childhood in New Jersey, where the months between Thanksgiving and Easter get cold enough to force birds southbound and make lakes freeze over.

Although my mom hated it, snow played a very big part in my life for a long time. Some of the best days I've had were Snow Days. When it snowed so much overnight that people couldn't drive through it on the streets, local schools would declare a Snow Day and all the students got to stay home.

So on mornings when I looked out the window and saw it frosted over, I

would run downstairs and turn on the radio. I would listen to hear the announcement of closed schools. Soon my mom would come in and make Cream of Wheat. Dad would come in next, wearing his maroon robe, and we'd all listen to the radio for the glorious announcement.

Sometimes it wouldn't happen, and school would be open in my area, and that was always the worst because then we'd have to struggle to go to school. But if the announcement included my school's name, the whole day would be planned with activities.

First, I'd get on my coat and boots and go to the garage to get the snow shovel. I had to act quickly, because within 20 minutes, there'd be over eight other guys roaming the neighborhood, looking for driveways to shovel for money.

My parents always made me shovel our own driveway first, and I didn't get paid anything for that, so I did a quick and sloppy job of it. But once I was

done there, I was free to roam. To a certain extent, each kid had the rights to his or her next-door neighbors, so I'd hit mine up right away. The going rate was usually \$6 to \$8 a driveway, so after a few houses, I'd be pretty wealthy, for a sixth-grader.

Once we were through laboring in the cold, the guys in my neighborhood would gather at the green store up the hill, play a few video games and brag about the best prices we got. It would be around noon by then, so we'd disperse and head back home to change into some warm clothes. I'd eat some hot lunch, usually soup, to regain my strength. And when I was done eating, it was time for the fun part of the day.

I'd head back to my garage, replace the shovel and rummage around through the crowded old shack until I found my treasure, the Canadian Special, a small and fast toboggan. I'd grab its rope and drag it to the Hill.

One block down the

See SLED, p.6A

GLASSAIRE

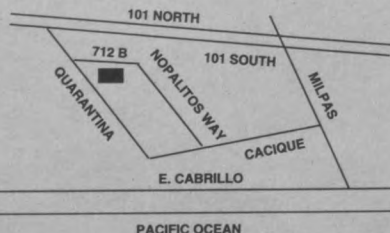
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A Adventure! A Winter's Oddysey

By Cleopatra McForster-Wong

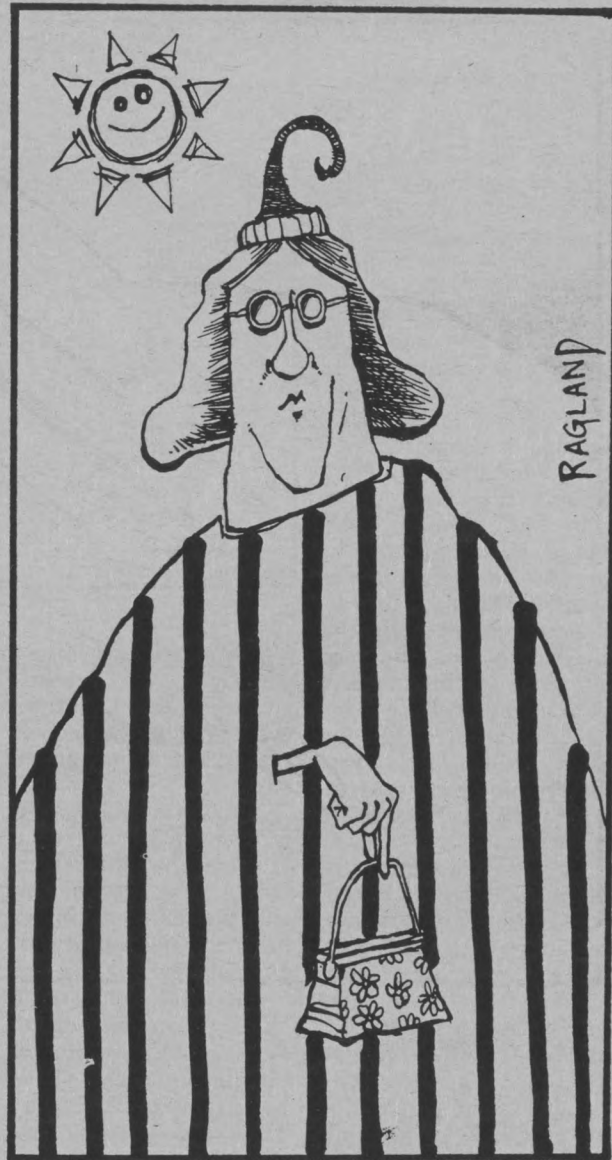
It's really quite nice to be with you again — it's been many a moon since my good friend and winter-sports editor, "Recky" Bill Perm, asked me to write about my experiences with winter sports in beautiful Scotland. And this time, she — Bill being an unorthodox sort — said to me, "Cleo, write about sledding, write about skiing. I would row 500 miles, on a lake of pure ice, to hear about ice skating around the chalk cones, as you've told me many a time in the chamber, laying around, doing nothing in particular, just looking at the walls!"

I'm sure you'll agree she's verbose, but there's nothing like a Bill Perm reverie to get you thinking about winter sports. It was winter of 1972 when a heist occurred, propelling me into the most profound and intense bout with winter sports, from Edinburgh to Hokkaido, Japan, that any McForster-Wong has ever known. I was young, traversing the catacombs below my palatial house at Six Blackett Place in Edinburgh, Scotland. I found a couple of artifacts, and, mewling and pouting in my nanny's arms, I presented a Mrs. Beasley doll and a copy of the Corries' album, *The Peat Fire Flame*.

Indeed, the album itself was a paean to the glory of winter sports, for on the song "The White Cockade," Roy Williamson and the Corries sing: "The white cockade was covered with snow/ The white cockade who turned to go/ Ne'er more to play that stick-and-ball game/ a winter sport indeed, by the peat fire flame."

I'm sure you'd rather I got right to the bits about the island of Hokkaido, but I can't bypass the stick-and-ball game because after all, this is a story about winter sports. On a field of snow, like rabbits on the bed of existence, the opposing teams bash a plastic skeepball with their sticks, trying to bludgeon it into the tax shelter of their own goal.

So, then, did I emerge to the kitchen of my house,



MATT RAGLAND/Daily Nexus

the kettle boiling, as it was beastly cold. My mum told me to gather up my plim-solls, because my mean friend, Cam, was coming over to play. I didn't like Cam — he was a rough boy — but we played together so my mum could drink tea with Mrs. Payne, and I put up with it because he had all the back issues of *Plug and Cheeky*.

The horror was quick to arrive. I showed Cam my two new prizes, and he grabbed them both! And jumped out of our yard, and was gone! The Corries! Mrs. Beasley! I followed, of course, the start of a trail that would take me from Edinburgh to the island of Hokkaido. It was an adventure I would later come to describe as *Leering and Frothing on the Cam Payne Trail '72*.

We first gnashed teeth in Bath. As I was raised by pacifists, we soon decided to settle our differences on the field of winter sports

rather than through fisticuffs.

So it was that Cam and I, Cleo, met on a frozen lake for an ice skating competition. Hoosh!, we went. Fleesh!, we went. The cut, the gibe, the swish of our skates was a wonder to behold, we cut such spirals, artful to a Lichtensteinesque extreme.

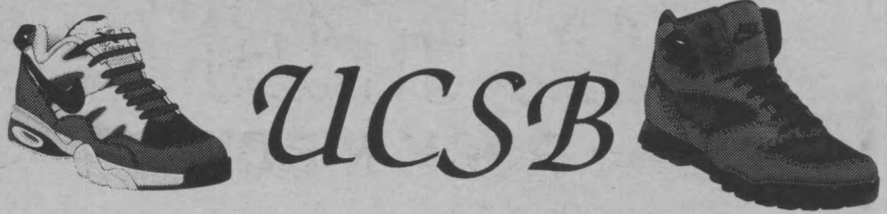
And Cam won! I was ever so distressed, but I ... glerk ... blick ... fledge ... snarf.

Editor's note: *Regrettably, it is at this point in her manuscript that Cleo had a sniffle. It must have been the weight of remembering all those sports. She was rushed to the musky Hospitale de Ibogaine, in Rio de Janeiro, and the rest of this piece was completed through a conversation which the editor carried out with Cleo. What follows is an edited*

See SCOTS, p.7A

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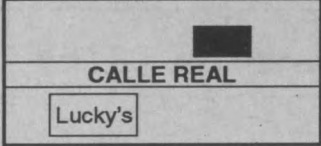


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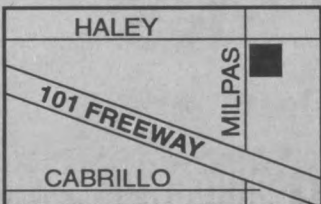
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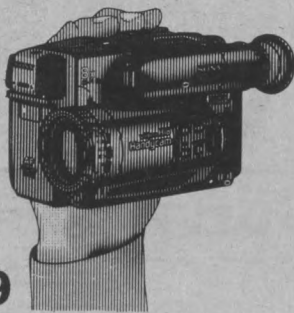
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Pass the Ammo

By Roget Snevell

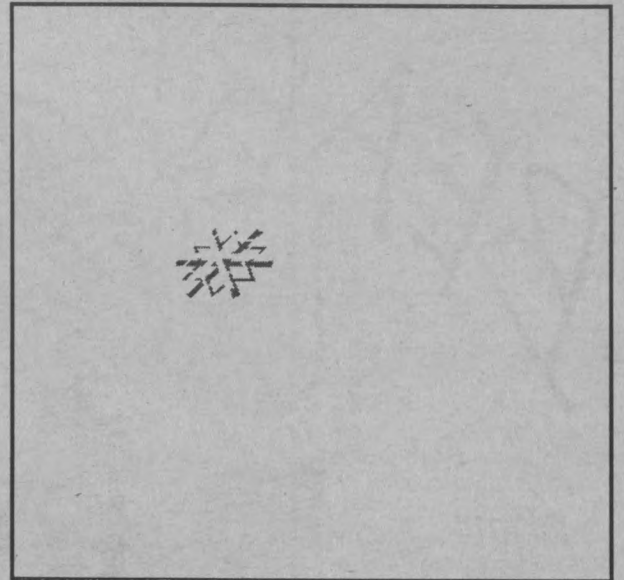
Ah, winter, my favorite time of year, is almost upon us. It's a wonderful, glowing time full of pine trees, happy little fat men in fuzzy red suits and the most challenging, exciting sport I know — snowball-fighting.

Now, many people I have spoken to, especially those who participate in so-called "real" sports, have referred to snowball-fighting as simply an "activity," but I beg to differ. Snowball-fighting is a sport that requires technique, skill and athletic prowess. It is not just a sport; it's a work of art.

From competitions in the Alps to Aspen, my vast snowball-fighting experience has allowed me to be in contention with the elites of my field, even landing me a guest spot on a very popular Norwegian game show.

My training for the sport of snowball-fighting began when I was 5 and my father put my first snowball in my hand. I remember being awed by its perfection, the mix of technical intricacy and beauty. After that first day, I became a snowball-fighting machine, practicing every day to hone my skills and prepare myself for the most underappreciated sport to grace the winter season.

It wasn't long before I began making my own



WILLIAM TOREN/Daily Nexus

What the ball looks like right before it hits you.

snowballs, and I soon became the best snowball-maker and fighter on my street.

Yes, snowball-fighting is in my blood. Like my father and his father before him, I have been blessed with the natural talent that has made me a world-class competitor.

Of course, not all of my success in snowball-fighting can be attributed to inborn talent. Long hours of practice, of heart-breaking toil on the playing field, have made me what I am today — a master of the snowball fight.

Making a snowball requires a combination of technical ability and artis-

tic sense to create an orb that will hold itself together, yet explode on contact in such a way as to cover the victim from head to toe in snowball particles. Using not-too-wet snow can help in this, but only if the victim is actually hit.

This is where the skill of aim comes in. I have spent days at a time working on my aim, so that I now can hit a fly on the corner of the roof of a three-story building. There are only two other people in the world who can accomplish that feat.

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See SPLAT, p.7A



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The Boy Who Cried 'Bear' Reveals Secrets



PHILLIP ETTING/Daily Nexus

By Moses Stevens

The rules of bear false-alarming are simple. Go outside to some winter wonderland where the appearance of a real live bear is not beyond imagination. Yell "Bear."

And the whole world groans, "But that's not a sport."

A sport, the world groans, needs rules. An object. Perhaps a uniform or even protective headgear. A mouthguard.

And I say the whole world needs to stop groaning and start yelling. Bear!

I never really enjoyed organized sports. When I was a kid, I played games unfamiliar to familiar sensibilities. Games like "hang out at the batting

cages," "hide," "get trounced by bullies" and "beg." I invented some of the sports I participated in, just as I invented bear false-alarming.

When I was a kid, we didn't have snow. Well, there was snow, but we didn't have any. I lived in San Pedro, Calif. There was no snow there.

The lack of snow was rather troubling to my hiding, getting trounced and begging-all-the-time youthful psyche. I lived in Pennsylvania for the earliest part of my childhood, and during that time became somewhat accustomed to snow. I remember one early winter morning I came downstairs from my bedroom and tugged open the blinds

with my tiny hand. I peeked outside and saw snow. *It was snowing!*

When we moved to California I left childish things like snow behind. Well, not deliberately, but that's how it was. Winter just wasn't winter on the West Coast. Winter was a time to bother my parents to buy me an Ewok village.

And mom and dad were good to me. They saw what the lack of snow did to my young aspirations each winter and they rented a cabin. For one week, myself, my brother and one of my loser friends whose acquaintance with me my parents culminated in an attempt to make me a regular kid, would go with my

See BEAR, p.6A

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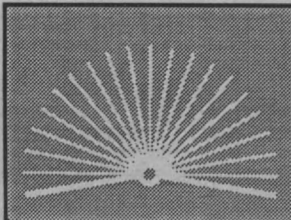
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SLED

Continued from p.2A
street was a slightly steep hill, covered with grass and roots from numerous trees. At the top was a huge, abandoned house, with broken windows and furniture still inside. We'd sled on that hill all day, but not too far into the night.

Anyway, once we all gathered there, the preparation began. Some kids would make huge snowballs and use them to build moguls. Others would pack down the existing layer and bring buckets of cold water to coat the snow with an icy sheet.

As soon as the track was ready, we'd get in line and start to sled. Many kids had Yankee clippers, the kind with the metal runners, but I loved my toboggan. It was basically a few

planks of wood nailed together and bent back at the front, which made for a very smooth sliding surface.

We'd have races, and wipe out every now and then, or speed on a perfect run down the hill until the point where you almost slide into the puddle at the side of the road. Sometimes, when gliding along at what seemed an incredibly high speed, you'd lose control and veer off-track toward a tree. Such were the dangers of the best sport I've ever experienced.

The greatest thing about sledding was the freedom. It was always just you and your sled when you're cruising down the hill too fast to think. If you ended up half buried in an embankment, you would know that it was only you who was responsible.

But if you pulled it off and witnessed your opponent eat it while you slid on to victory, it was the greatest feeling in the world. You were king of the neighborhood for the day if nobody could overtake your sled.

Soon enough, the day would be over and the sledding would come to an end. Some kids would have nighttime curfews and have to head home. Others would go home voluntarily, just to get some dinner and dry clothes.

I don't know where the Canadian Special is now. I guess it must have gotten lost between moves. But I'll never forget the days of glory I experienced. No sport I've ever played since was even close to how satisfying sledding is.

BEAR

Continued from p.5A
parents to Sequoia National Park. They'd been told there was some snow there.

Many hours in the back of a Volkswagen Rabbit passed uneventfully. We arrived in Sequoia. (There were bears in Sequoia.) Finally we would play in snow!

It was a wonderful weekend. My little brother got lost in a blizzard. We had no fridge so we stupidly left our milk outside in the cold, supposedly refrigerating winter air, and a bear ripped the carton to shreds and tried to drink our milk. This led to the invention of bear false-alarming.

After we lost the milk (and found my brother), our parents called me, my brother and my friend together. "Listen," they said. "If you ever walk out of the cabin and there's a bear there, you must scream 'Bear!' A park ranger, or one of us or someone else, will come and do something, and will save you from the bear."

The next day we got up very early and went to our porch. We looked over at our neighbor's cabin and saw something big and dark holding motionless at the doorway.

"Bear!" we yelled. "Bear bear bear bear bear!" It turned out to be a blanket or something, but it could have been a bear.

We wandered slowly

from the safety of the cabin and saw a tree. "Bear!" Close enough.

We ran about Sequoia National Park all morning. We saw some sleds, a couple of cars, a few twigs and pieces of dirt. "Bear!" we screamed. "Bear! Bear! Bear!"

No, we never saw a bear, but we could have. We were *playing a game*. And yet most of the world doesn't consider what we did that crisp February morning a sport. And I tell most of the world to look within themselves and ask some hard questions about their exclusionary notions of what is a winter sport, and what is this, and what is that, in our short term on our snow-giving Mother Earth.

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SCOTS

Continued from p.3A transcript.

RBP: So, where did you go after Bath?

CM: The chase was on, Bill! We were cutting pirouettes by plane, train and automobile, until we finally crossed paths in Irkutsk, the New Orleans of the East.

RBP: How thrilling!

CM: Let me tell you. It was decided that the game would be hurley.

RBP: Yeah, now what exactly is hurley?

CM: It's the winter sport of the Republic of Ireland.

It's a classic ball-and-stick game. We didn't meet up again until we reached our final destination.

RBP: The Olympics!

CM: Yes, the Winter Olympics in Sapporo, on the island of Hokkaido, **RBP:** And you took the match, I understand.

CM: Indeed, Bill, indeed. Oh, what a sight to behold. We were tied, and I was advancing yards by the minute, but judge Alexei Bortnichuk gave me the point because Cam cheated.

RBP: So then you had one win apiece!

CM: That's right. And

Japan. **RBP:** A veritable treasure trove of winter sports, I'm sure!

CM: Truly, truly. Well, to make a long story short, he pole vaulted with an icicle...

RBP: Brrrrr!

CM: But I did the shot-put with a snowball and won!

RBP: That's quite a trip across Europe, all for a Mrs. Beasley doll and a Corries tape.

CM: But weren't there some splendid winter sports on the way!

RBP: Hmmmm?

CM: It's time for my nap. Good night.

SPLAT

Continued from p.4A

part of snowball-fighting, as any who are in elite snowball-fighting competition would agree, is the ability to dodge incoming

powder projectiles. This is the most strenuous aspect of this winter sport, requiring dexterity, strength and above all, speed.

I have put in many hours of dodge ball and steal the bacon to maximize these skills, and they have paid off. I will jour-

ney to Japan in 1998 to be a part of the American snowball-fighting team in the Winter Olympics. Although it will only be an exhibition sport, I know that someday I will be able to win a gold medal in the toughest winter sport around.

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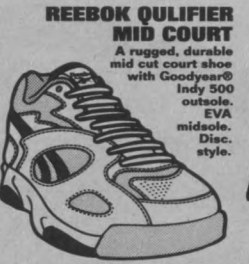
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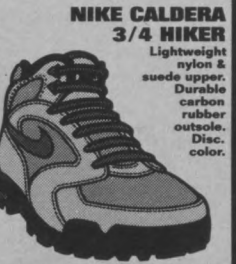
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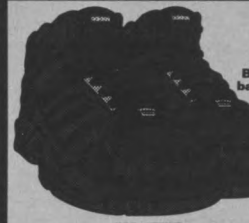


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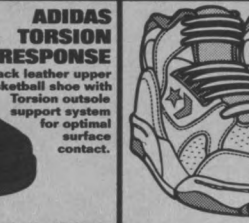


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REEBOK TORCH
Lightweight nylon and suede upper running shoe.

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Reinforced PU frame with rink safe hard-

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Molded PU shell with buckle lace closure system.

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Revolutionary new active brake technology.

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300 LB. INTERNATIONAL SET WITH PURCHASE OF INTERNATIONAL BENCH 99.99 A SET



STANDARD WEIGHT PLATES ANY COMBINATION
100 LBS. \$34
Special group of 1" hole standard plates must be purchased in 100 lb. increments of approximate printed poundage to qualify.

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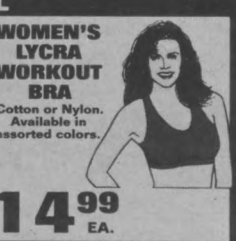
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Cotton or Nylon. Available in assorted colors.

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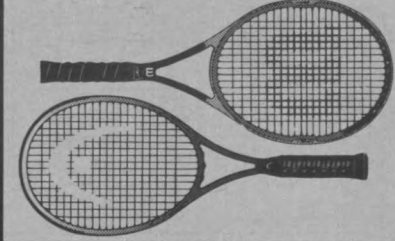
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Sure, my days are numbered, but who's counting?

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Coupon Tuesday—this Tuesday in the Daily Nexus. When it comes to savings, we really talk turkey.

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1. Fill out the form below. You must use a MasterCard or VISA credit card.
2. The name must be the same as it appears on the credit card.
3. Be sure to include your phone number.
4. FAX it to the Daily Nexus Classifieds at **893-2789**.

Questions?
Call us at 893-3829.
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Address _____	<input type="checkbox"/> MC <input type="checkbox"/> Visa _____
City _____	Credit Card # _____ Exp. _____
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Deadline: 4pm two working days prior to the start date

Start Date	PAID	5th Day	Stop Date
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The Daily Nexus Advertising Office is located under Storke Tower, in room 1041.
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