Red or blue, early voting van will take you to the polls

By Wendy Joan Biddlecombe
Staff Writer

The campus was alive on Saturday with St. Petersburgians showing up in the thousands to the allure of science. Around noon, Howard Taylor sat outside The Tavern, crushing bottled water, not beer, and calling a seemingly endless list of registered Democrats, asking if they’ve voted yet.

The retired stockbroker and Obama campaigner explained the lines on election day will be long—four times longer than an early voting line at the Supervisor of Elections. Taylor said the long lines, coupled with a long ballot full of proposed amendments, might turn away voters on Election Day.

“Michelle Obama said if your toilet breaks on Election Day, you might not go vote,” said Taylor, adding that with early voting, if the lines are long, you can always come back.

Early voting in Florida began Oct. 27, and continues until Nov. 3.

See VOTING, pg. 2

And yet, ‘tis a noble and heroic thing, the wind! who ever conquered it?

By Jane McInnis
Staff Reporter

Three days a week, the USF St. Petersburg sailing team sets out for practice on the bay from 3:30 p.m. until sundown.

On this particular evening, the wind pushes the waves against the hard seawall that borders the city. The waves bounce back out into the bay, making it a challenge for sailors to know where to position their boat in relation to the shifting wind and waves.

Coed sailing coach Tim King is having the team work on starting drills. Sailors in two-person dinghies work on rabbit starts—setting their boats up in an equal line to start a race. A boat soon falls out of line and trails behind another.

“You’re in a dirty breeze! Crack off and find a fresh lane!” King called out through his megaphone.

“What does dirty breeze mean?” asked freshman Sarah Smith, from the bow of King’s boat.

“You ever see an old movie with a station wagon driving down a dirt road, and the dust stays behind the car? Same thing when you’re sailing; it’s very turbulent and when it hits your sail you’re going much slower,” he said.

Tim King is 26. He graduated from USFSP in December 2009, but returned to his alma mater this semester to coach sailing.

“You ever see an old movie with a station wagon driving down a dirt road, and the dust stays behind the car? Same thing when you’re sailing; there’s a rag coming off the sail ... it’s very turbulent and when it hits your sail you’re going much slower,” he said.

Tim King is 26. He graduated from USFSP in December 2009, but returned to his alma mater this semester to coach sailing.

He hasn’t had a day off since August; five-day workweeks and regattas (boat races) every weekend make for a busy season. In the wee hours of most Mondays, King is just returning back home from a weekend away with the sailing team, only to be back at USFSP at 9 a.m. the same morning. But this was expected.

“I knew exactly what I was getting myself into,” he said. “It wasn’t like walking into a dark room. I had an idea where the walls were, where the chairs were.”

The venue wasn’t the only familiar thing. When he was in high school at Plant High in Tampa, he was coached by Allison Jolley, who is on her tenth season as USFSP women’s sailing coach. Jolley was pleased to learn that King would be coaching alongside her.

“He has the right balance with sailing expertise and the psychology of sailing. Even though he’s young, he’s mature for his chronological age,” Jolley said.

When the coed coach left mid-season spring semester, King and another contender worked with the sailing team to determine who would be the right fit.

“As soon as he came, it was unanimous,” Jolley said.

See OCEAN, pg. 3
Giant masses of incandescent gasses, biofuels and molecules at science fest

By Wendy Joan Biddlecombe
STAFF WRITER

Thousands descended on Bayboro Harbor Saturday for the second annual St. Petersburg Science Festival. The festival gives community members of all ages a chance to learn more about science, technology, engineering and math through exhibits and hands-on experiments.

Students from USF St. Petersburg’s Department of Environmental Science, Policy and Geography manned a tent behind the Nelson Poynter Memorial Library, and showed off posters and live demonstrations of their work. Doug Borgman, a post-baccalaureate student, showed festival goers how to turn plant-based oils into biofuel.

Borgman, set up with beakers, oils and hot plates, said his intended audience was from middle school up but he had talked with “intensely scientific” people during the course of the day. Borgman hopes his study, which was funded in part by a C-SPACE grant, highlights the importance of renewable, clean fuel, and debunks the bad reputation biofuel has for “gumming up your engine.” In addition to research, Borgman is testing samples of biofuel for free, a usually expensive service. According to Borgman, setting your car up for biofuel isn’t cheap—about $2,000 worth of materials if you do it yourself—though after the initial investment, the biofuel comes out to about $0.80 a gallon.

Multiple organizations partnered for the festival, including USFSP, USF College of Marine Science, the Florida Wildlife Commission, the City of St. Petersburg and the U.S. Geological Survey. USFSP displayed “the world’s smallest art gallery,” Science departments from Eckerd College, Canterbury School of Florida and St. Petersburg College also displayed their latest projects.

Gary Hill, the Geological Survey’s watercraft manager, sat in the captain’s seat in an airplane and invited kids to climb up and show them how the watercraft works.

“This is my baby,” Hill said, adding he met many people who had never seen an airplane before.

The Florida Fish and Wildlife Research Institute held its eighteenth annual MarineQuest in conjunction with the festival. MarineQuest featured touch tanks, face painting and other educational activities and games for youngsters.

Tents lined the harbor lawn all the way from the Fish and Wildlife Research Institute to Harbor Hall. Local exhibitors made up the nearly 100 tents, including the St. Petersburg Astronomy Club. The club’s members brought solar filters in hopes of viewing hotspots on the sun’s surface, but the cloudy skies kept guests from getting a perfect view.

Paul O’Neil, the club’s president, said the St. Petersburg Astronomy Club is dedicated to outreach, and regularly demonstrates solar viewing for children to show science is “not nerdy,” but “pretty cool.” “The club, a nonprofit organization, was founded in 1948. Members meet to discuss astronomy, and view the new moon at Withlacoochee River Park.

“You could go your whole life-time viewing and you wouldn’t see everything there is to see,” O’Neil said. “People look up and see a few stars, but there’s so much more.”

Additional reporting by Kelly Rojas
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Sixth annual soggy boat race sees winners and swimmers at finish

BY REN LAFORME
STAFF REPORTER

A day before USF’s hopes of a homecoming win were sunk at Raymond James Stadium, some USF St. Petersburg students found themselves up to their ears in Bayboro Harbor.

They raced around red buoys in boats made mostly of cardboard and duct tape to be the first back to the beach. Most began sinking right off the starting line. One boater had to be rescued.

But that’s the fun of homecoming week’s cardboard boat races, now a six-year tradition.

After a quick inspection by race organizer Ryan Hughes and a few dramatic minutes of the “2001: A Space Odyssey” theme, the race was on.

Lauren Dakers, rowing for the Harborside Activities Board, took an early lead. Her small boat, seemingly inspired by a spaceship, relied on two hollow triangles on its underside to stay afloat. The strategy seemed to work until the halfway point, when it began leaning to one side.

The Student Government executive boat quickly overtook her. Its massive, duct-tape coated hull kept rower and SG Vice President Jimmy Richards afloat and dry for the entire race.

Independent racer Devon Robbins showed up late with an unfinished raft stolen from HAB. He wasn’t concerned about the massive holes in it. The raft’s two center beams took on water during the race and rolled over, leaving Robbins all wet.

The Campus Recreation boat, which onlookers said looked a lot like a pita, folded together when Anna Zapor sat in it, forcing her to row without being able to see. A real boat rescued her near the second buoy.

The Waterfront’s canoe sagged into the SG boat. Richards credited the fat strips of spongey cardboard in the hull for the boat’s buoyancy.

Martin Shermetaro struggles in his makeshift kayak. The doomed vessel sat in it. Only the two ends stayed afloat.

In the end, Richards took first, Robbins took second and Shermetaro came in third. The boats disintegrated as they were pulled out of the water, revealing several inflatable objects tucked into the SG boat.

Frank Mathis, builder of the HAB boat, was already planning for next year before the last bits of cardboard were dragged out of the harbor.

“I’m going to have a yacht next year. I’ll build it right out here on the beach.”

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Rowdies coach beat omen

BY MIKE HOPEY
STAFF REPORTER

At one point in late May Ricky Smith took a look at the standings and his team was 4-3-6. Four wins. Three draws. Six losses. To him this was a bad omen. He knew, however, that his team was better than its record. From April to October, Hill’s message never changed.

“I can be quite demanding,” Hill said. “But there isn’t another team that plays like us.”

The Rowdies rollercoaster final against Minnesota Stars FC mirrored their semi-final series with Carolina, which mirrored the regular season. At times in all three, the Rowdies looked to be down and out but persevered each time.

“Morale gets low,” Hill said. “Cliches can start to form but from one to 22 they’ve been a team.”

On Saturday night, when the Rowdies were cramming up, exhaustion was setting in and midfielder Shaun Hill was ejected after receiving a red card. Hill never wavered from his message.

“Strong minds,” Hill told his players.

“I’ve always implored them to have strong minds,” he said. “I’m always on them to be better, work harder. That’s all I can ever ask. We train to be better footballers.”

While that was all happening Smith did what all great coaches do. He walked to the crowd and walked off the field, holding back the emotions bubbling up inside. He was going to let his players have their moment.

“Elation, more so for this group of players than me personally,” Hill said. “I know what they’ve gone through. I only have to direct them and give them the orders. They have to come out in terrible conditions and perform to a certain level.”

Goalkeeper Jeff Attinella reiterated what Hill said about his team’s unity.

“I’ve never been part of a team that’s felt more like a family.”

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Call of the ocean is a lifelong adventure

Continued from front page

King is quick to pull his boat alongside team sailors during practice to carefully check out their technique, or to toss them a water bottle.

Every week, the team participates in a cardio workout lead by Brent Stephens, the Waterfront’s head instructor. Jolley and King always participate along with the team, doing lunges, push-ups and scissor kicks on the green behind Davis Hall.

Unlike other sports, age isn’t a factor for sailors. King and Jolley are still involved in competitive sailing—King is competing in the Western Hemisphere and Orient regatta in Buenos Aires, Argentina in November.

“It’s a lifestyle—you meet sailors that are 85,” said Abigail Featherstone, a senior sailor who qualified to compete in a single-handed sailing regatta in California the first weekend in November.

In college, King’s major was psychology. He thought he wanted to be an academic, but the window of his research office looked out to a windsock. When the windsock would pick up with the breeze, he could feel himself being pulled out of the office to go sailing.

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Tim King is happy to work in St. Petersburg with his old coach as head of the Coed Sailing Team. “There’s nothing like sailing at home,” he said.
Making music and a living on the streets

BY RYAN BALLOGG
STAFF WRITER

Downtown St. Petersburg is artistically comparable to other major cities around the country, holding its own in entertainment, nightlife and museums. But unlike the other cities in its league, there is not a very large presence of street performers. Why this gap in culture?

The art of street performing is commonly referred to as busking. Musical acts are the most frequent display, though busking options are pretty much limitless—street magic, juggling, poetry and street theatre all count, too.

In St. Petersburg, Chris Brudy is a bastion for busking. Locals have come to know him as a common sight, strumming his guitar in front of Fortunato’s Pizza on Central Avenue and outside of the weekly Saturday Morning Market. He has been busking full-time for about four years, and compares the occupation to a high-beta stock investment.

“It’s what I’m doing for a living right now. When you’re not playing, you’re probably pretty good,” Brudy said. “When they’re not, it can be really bad.”

Most of the time, he gets a great reception. Johnny Cash songs are by far his most requested.

“Everybody from the street dumies to the yuppies likes Johnny Cash,” Brudy said.

He’s not afraid to assert his political leanings. He does footwork for the local Democratic party in his spare time, and encourages anyone who he talks with to vote the straight ticket in November. After elections are over, Brudy wants to try bookimg bigger and better shows than the bars he has played in the past, and to showcase some of his own material for a change.

“I’ve done this long enough to get my chops up,” Brudy said.

St. Petersburg seems like a place where street performance would be welcomed and abundant, given its many local bands and art initiatives. A thriving creative community and a high pedestrian count present the perfect opportunity. For some artists, street performance can provide invaluable exposure and experience, and a supplement to their day jobs. It can also offer a productive means of income for homeless people who have some talent and would otherwise be panhandling.

This last factor might be where the problem lies. Busking often gets incorrectly associated with pan-handling. St. Petersburg has a strict panhandling ordinance, making it a misdemeanor offense to ask for money in most of downtown without a permit or vendor’s license. But as long as buskers don’t directly ask for money and no sound ordinances are being broken, their art is perfectly legal. The St. Petersburg Code of Ordinances even makes a special provision to clarify the difference between pan-handling and busking.

“The term ‘panhandling’ shall not include the act of passively standing or sitting, performing music, or singing with a sign or other indication that a donation is being sought but without any vocal request other than a response to an inquiry by another person,” reads Sections 20-79 on panhandling.

There are some restrictions on hours and location for busking in St. Petersburg, meant to preserve some peaceful hours for residents and prevent obstruction of local businesses. Potential buskers can easily obtain this information by contacting the city before they play.

“If you’re on the sidewalk, that’s public property,” said Officer Les Miller of the St. Petersburg Police Department. So long as you’re not intimidating passersby or aggressively panhandling, you’re probably not going to be bothered.”

He said that even when busking restrictions are in place in cities, they are often not enforced unless there is a real disturbance. These discrepancies are probably a major reason there are few regulars.

Brudy said he generally hasn’t been bothered by law enforcement, unless someone complains about him.

Locals aren’t accustomed to busking like they are in bigger cities such as New Orleans and New York City, where it is a cultural staple. Many well known American artists got their start on street corners, including Bob Dylan, The Violent Femmes, Frank Sinatra, Norah Jones and Benjamin Franklin—but all of them were in major cities. Busking culture has yet to catch on in Florida’s smaller municipalities.

Besides Brudy and a few other regulars, there aren’t many buskers around, and virtually no young performers. Musicians are big part of the Saturday Morning Market, but performing there requires amplification that is beyond the means of many buskers.

Many locals and business owners support street performance, as long as it doesn’t become a nuisance. Advocates say it turns panhandling into something productive and makes the community more vibrant.

“I’m all for displays of the arts,” said Dan Zinc, a St. Petersburg resident of six years. “Not everybody can get a gig in a bar. You have to start somewhere. Busking is one thing—panhandling is another.”

A few Florida cities are notoriously severe about busking. Orlando has had heated debates about what should and shouldn’t be allowed—current measures are very restrictive. In Ybor, a saxophone player was arrested in 2007 on charges of “vending” without a permit. He was not asking anyone for money, only accepting tips. First Amendment attorney Luke Lirot posted his bail.

The ACLU has been active in defending street performer’s rights, filing lawsuits on behalf of banned or arrested artists. They deem any restrictions on public performance an assault on free speech. Busking is protected under the First Amendment, they argue, and cannot be banned but only limited to certain times and places. Additionally, if one from of free speech is allowed in a public place, all forms must be allowed. Cities can’t allow protest on a certain corner but restrict busking. The ACLU and other proponents of free speech also consider any permit requirements an encroachment.

There hasn’t been much contention in St. Petersburg, though it may be because not many are performing. Nevertheless, the pursuit of a new medium of art awaits any who dare try their luck on the streets.

In the meantime, Chris Brudy will be there.

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Halloween

A playlist

Though you may be too old for trick-or-treating (and that’s just a maybe), the Halloween spirit is infectious at any age. Whether you wind up handing out candy to punk kids, watching a horror movie with friends or lying in a puddle of pumpkin beer, here’s some advice for the night: make sure you eat enough sugar, and listen to these songs.

Halloween

By The Dave Matthews Band

A truly scary jazz dirge from the Matthews Band. Just because your parents like him doesn’t mean you can’t too. #anti-hipster-logic

Dragula

By Rob Zombie

When he’s not making horror movies, Rob Zombie is making horrific music. His newest feature film, “Lords of Salem,” is due out sometime in 2013 and looks to be quite interesting, as it is the first where he’s had total creative freedom. Knowing him, that might be too scary.

Pumpkin Seeds

By Devendra Banhart

An early lo-fi recording from the freak folk artist that speaks of pumpkin seed soup and leaf collections. His soft cooing comes through the crackles beautifully.

Monster Mash

By The Misfits

A gerty cover of the original Bobby Picket and the Crypt-Kickers song by the punk outfit. “Monster Mash” might be an appropriate re-dubbing.

Cat Black (The Wizard’s Hat)

By Tyrannosaurus Rex

One of many playful, nonsensical melodies about magic and oddities from the 1960s psychedelic entity. They later shortened their name to T. Rex accompanying a change in musical style. Both incarnations of the band have been cited by modern artists as major influences.

I Put a Spell on You

By Screamin’ Jay Hawkins

Bewitching to say the least, Hawkins’ smoky singing, howling and sinister laughter on this song are perfect accommodations to the holiday.

It’s Halloween

By The Shags

An off-kilter Halloween anthem from this little-known girl band, whose “bad-on-purpose” style later earned them praise from the likes of Kurt Cobain and Frank Zappa. It’s an awfuly terrible song in an enjoyable sort of way.

Leaves in the River

By Sea Wolf

From the indie rock band comes a charming tale of a drunken lad who meets a lost lass on Halloween and walks her home in the rain.

In the Room Where You Sleep

By Dead Man’s Bones

Did you know that that handsome devil Ryan Gosling has a band? Well he does, and their debut self-titled album is all about spooky stuff. Sorry, no Thriller. We’re not sellouts here. Happy Halloween!
For your viewing pleasure, The Crow's Nest staff shares our picks of the most fear-inspiring, bloodcurdling and so-bad-it's-hilarious movies we can think of in honor of Halloween.

You just can't keep a good zombie (movie) down. Plus Matt Normand, Assistant Professor of Graphic Design, collaborated on the horrifyingly excellent title sequence.
- JUSTIN DUPLAIN, GRAPHIC DESIGNER

Pet Sematery (1989)
It's understandable to want a beloved lost pet or deceased child to come back to life, but bringing back your former selves is not worth the trouble.
- FRANK KURTZ, ART DIRECTOR

Beetlejuice (1988)
I'm not that big into scary movies, but "Beetlejuice" creeped me out as a kid. Fun fact: Michael Keaton gets top billing but only appears for 17-and-a-half minutes of the film.
- MIKE HOPEY, SPORTS EDITOR

Jason X (2001)
I really enjoyed "Jason X." It wasn't scary at all, really more of a comedy. The best part was when some girls asked Jason if he wanted to "smoke pot and have pre-marital sex."—the camera cuts to another part of the spaceship and back to Jason where the girls are in their sleeping bags and he is swinging them against the tree. That was so funny, I just cracked myself up.
- FRANK KURTZ, DISTRIBUTION MANAGER

John Landis creates a wonderfully eerie atmosphere somewhere between horror and black comedy in this occult and cult classic. The special effects were the first of their kind at the time, making decaying flesh and lycanthropic transformations more real than ever before. Every song in the film has the word "moon" in the title.
- RYAN BALLBOG, ARTS AND LIFE EDITOR

Poltergeist (1982)
I think credit needs to be given to 1982's "Poltergeist." It may not have been outright terrifying but was an entertaining movie for its time, both in plot and visually. As a kid I thought it was the first "scary" movie I watched the whole way through on my own, so it holds that memory for me.
- FRANCESCA GENOVESE, ADVERTISING MANAGER

Re-Animator (1985)
Lobotomizing corpses to defeat death is about as weird as it gets; and:

Altered States (1980)
Mind experiments physically turn the main character toward evolving backwards, giving support to his beliefs that "other states of consciousness are as real as our waking states." It ends with him turning into a maniacal, primitive man.
- JANE MCMINN, OPINION EDITOR

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest (1975) and Cool Hand Luke (1967)
These movies are scary in a way that is utterly believable. I have a fear, perhaps irrational, of Byzantine, bureaucratic machines that are dispassionately efficient on the sharp end, but whose kill switch is hidden behind layers of redundancy, disregard for humanity and false professionalism. People are turned into little more than morally-flawed, screaming meat in slasher flicks. The enemies in man-against-machine movies do the same to their victims, but not with a snarl and a knife, but a cold, tired condescension and a form 6714-B.
- CHRISTOPHER GUINN, MANAGING EDITOR

Audition (1999)
A beautiful and mysterious young Japanese woman who is into torture and dismembering for kicks? Yes, please. This was probably the last film that really scared me; I countered this fear by hiding in under a blanket in my Brooklyn roommate's bedroom while she brushed her teeth. When she came back, I rolled over and groaned. One of my finest moments.
- WENDY JOAN BIDDLECOMBE, NEWS EDITOR

Rowdies win NASL championship

BY MIKE HOPEY
STAFF REPORTER

The Tampa Bay Rowdies won their second North American Soccer League Championship in team history with a win over the Minnesota Stars FC in penalty kicks on Saturday night at Al Lang Field. USF alumnus and NASL Best XI Jeff Attinella stopped Lucas Rodriguez to clinch the shootout 3-2.

"I knew I had it," Attinella said. "I just said to myself, this is it. Game over. I got this."
Saturday's second-leg match for the Soccer Bowl was like a Game 7. It was win or go home but, unlike a Game 7, it was not as simple as just winning. The Rowdies entered the match trailing 2-0 on aggregate, meaning they needed to outscore Minnesota by two.

Tampa Bay broke through first early in the first half. Carl Cort cut the aggregate lead to 2-1 with a goal drilled home after the Stars failed to clear out a Rowdies' corner kick.

As a team, the Rowdies had a lot of success with corner kicks, scoring all three of their goals off the set plays.

A lot of that success was due to midfielder Luke Mulholland, who helped set up all three Tampa Bay goals. The first may have been the hardest. It took three separate cross attempts before the ball finally found Cort.

The Rowdies tied the aggregate score at 2-2 in the 51st minute when the ball landed on the foot of Keith Savage. Savage would add an assist in this game before being subbed out in 81st minute.

The Championship Series only remained tied for a moment. The Stars scored a minute later when Lucas Rodriguez streaked down the field and buried a shot past Attinella.

The Rowdies needed a spark if they wanted to extend their season. They got that spark from Daniel Antoniuk. Antoniuk entered the game in the second half as a substitute and scored the tying goal in the 86th minute.

Tied 3-3 on aggregate the two teams were headed for extra time, but the Rowdies were dealt another blow. Shaun Hill was sent off with a red card in the 90th minute after a hard collision with a Minnesota player. The Rowdies were forced to play a man down for the rest of regulation and extra time.

They weathered the storm and forced penalty kicks. Mulholland, Raphael Cox and Fafa Picault all connected on their penalty kicks. Attinella made two saves to complete the improbable comeback.

BY WENDY JOAN BIDDLECOMBE
NEWS EDITOR

The Rowdies celebrate with the Soccer Bowl, the trophy awarded to the NASL Championship Series winner. The Rowdies last won the NASL championship in 1975.

The Rowdies win NASL championship

The Rowdies celebrate with the Soccer Bowl, the trophy awarded to the NASL Championship Series winner. The Rowdies last won the NASL championship in 1975.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest (1975) and Cool Hand Luke (1967)
These movies are scary in a way that is utterly believable. I have a fear, perhaps irrational, of Byzantine, bureaucratic machines that are dispassionately efficient on the sharp end, but whose kill switch is hidden behind layers of redundancy, disregard for humanity and false professionalism. People are turned into little more than morally-flawed, screaming meat in slasher flicks. The enemies in man-against-machine movies do the same to their victims, but not with a snarl and a knife, but a cold, tired condescension and a form 6714-B.

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Editorial

Yard signs show off political colors

Five Man Electrical Band summed up election time best in their 1971 hit, “Signs.”

“Sign, sign, everywhere a sign! Blockin’ out the scenery, breakin’ my mind.”

Election time strings mini-billboards along our roadways and in our neighborhoods. Sign wars have been ongoing for centuries, but what is the motive behind displaying signs that advertise our candidates?

“In this enlightened age of television, radio, mailed and Internet promotion of every candidate from U.S. president to Mosquito Control commissioner, is this ancient method of advertising still worthwhile? Do you find opinion-saying messages in those gluts of signs?” asked Bob Ryan, a guest columnist for the Tampa Bay Times.

Ryan’s column called to ban election signs on city levels, calling them a advantage only to print shops. He questioned whether a sign somewhere on a local highway had ever cultivated someone’s decision at the polls.

Strangely enough, this “ancient method” has more than doubled over the past quarter century, despite advances in technology. According to research conducted by the American National Election Studies data in 2008, aggregate rates of yard displays were at nearly 9 percent from 1984 to 1988, only to reach 21 percent in 2004 to 2008. John T. Tierney, writer for The Atlantic magazine, brought up yard signs in an article he wrote in mid-October.Tierney wrote about observations in his own neck of the woods: a neighbor putting up one sign seemed to spur adjacent neighbors to join in, decorating their lawns with names found on the ballot. He questioned if the displays were the result of something aggressively oppositional.

“When the initial sign is quickly followed by a flurry of others, are the newer-sign folk essentially giving a middle-finger salute to the neighbors down the block? Oh yeah! HERE’s what I think of your Obama!”

Do people post signs in their front yards to urge passersby to vote for that candidate? Or are they declaring that they themselves are voting for that candidate?

Tierney wasn’t the only one to be unclear about the motives behind posting signs. Scholars Anad E. Sokhey and Todd Makse wrote a paper about the very subject. In 2008, they surveyed people in Franklin County, Ohio during the 2008 presidential election. Their work, “Not in My Front Yard—The Displaying of Yard Signs as a Form of Political Participation,” examines why people believe their intentions are when they post signs.

Of the over 3,320 individuals with yard signs surveyed, 66 percent said it was most important to show their pride. Only 38 percent answered that the importance of their signs was to “let the neighbors know.”

Makse and Sokhey’s conclusion was that people enjoy posting signs on their front lawns or on the bumpers of their cars because they feel like they’re participating. Like a NFL football flag on your front porch on a Sunday, you aren’t asking your neighbors to root for your team. You’re showing your colors.

The iconic four-faced granite sculpture, Mount Rushmore, was completed after 14 years of construction Oct. 31, 1941. Originally intended to display the presidents from their face down to their waist, lack of funding reduced their likeness from the chin up.

Back in 1876, the land that Mount Rushmore sits on was seized from the Lakota tribe by the United States after the Great Sioux War of 1876. The Lakota Sioux knew the mountain as “Six Grandfathers,” but the mountain was renamed after Charles E. Rushmore, a prominent New York Lawyer.

The sculpture was made to promote tourism in South Dakota. Today, Mount Rushmore attracts nearly 3 million people every year.

“We like to say, ‘Oh, we lived peaceful existences before the coming of the white man.’ We didn’t. We had territorial disputes. We had fights with our neighbors and other tribes. There will never be such a thing as an absolute peaceful existence for any civilization.”

- Gerard Baker, Mount Rushmore’s first Native American superintendent, in an interview with Esquire
### Inspired by the 2000 election

#### By Frank Kurtz  
**Staff Columnist**

It was the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, 2000: Election Day. I was in seventh grade at the time and the topic dominated conversation at Lawton Chiles Middle School for the past week; we even had a debate in my language arts class (all reflecting the views of our parents). The precinct where my parents voted in Seminole County had a separate voting booth for us young ones to participate in as a student mock election.

It being Tuesday, my younger brother had a baseball game at the Oviedo Sports Complex. Dad went along with him while I stayed home to watch Tom Brokaw, Tim Russert, Brian Williams and Katie Couric on the only television network that matters, the National Broadcasting Company, The Peacock, NBC.

First pitch was at 7 p.m. (EST); the same time the polls close. There are a few quotes that I vividly remember and probably will for the rest of my life, such as Russert writing and pointing to his white board, stating, “Florida, Florida, Florida.” A little after the polls closed, NBC called Florida for Al Gore. This being 2000, a modern age with cellular phones, there was no mobile news feed. I called my dad and relayed the information he’d be excited.

I sat in my living room continuing to watch the returns. For those of you who don’t know, Floridians who reside between the Perdido and Chattahoochee Rivers live in Central Standard Time. At 8 p.m., during the upper Panhandle (Florida and Al Burt called it “Floribama”) began to trickle in.

Uh-oh!

What the networks giveth, the network giveth take away. By 9:26 p.m., the phrase, which preceded NBC calling Florida out of Gore’s column, is burned into my mind to this day.

Again, I called my dad, who was still at my brother’s baseball game, the election was still in limbo. Whoever won Florida’s 25 electoral votes would get pushed above the requisite 270 for the presidency.

I wanted to know why this was important. I wanted to know why this shouldn’t be a question. I wanted to know why this didn’t make sense.

So I continued to watch, enacting recounts dragged on until Dec. 12 when the U.S. Supreme Court decided Bush v. Gore, effectively stealing the election for Gov. Bush. I remember the phrase “the Constitution has spoken” was discussed in classes at Lawton Chiles Middle for the next 40 days.

My home, my Seminole County, left the world waiting for its initial recount tallies and also got sued in a case that made its way up to the U.S Supreme Court of Florida in Jacobs v. Seminole County Canvassing Board. Volusia County, which sits to the east of Seminole, was ground zero.

The lawsuit worked itself all the way up to the Supreme Court in Bush v. the Palm Beach County Canvassing Board. Craig Waters became a household name due to his role as spokesman for the Florida Supreme Court, a position he continues to hold.

Because of my proximity and the gravity of the situation, I’ve been interested in politics ever since that night. I will always remember the events that transpired those evening and early morning hours, days, weeks and month or so afterwards.

Hopefully the 2012 general election on Nov. 6 will not be so close of a call. I don’t think anyone would go vote for, the important thing is that you exercise your right to do so.

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### To fix USC conflict, work with system

#### By James Scott  
**Guest Columnist**

The University Student Center and Student Life Center are concrete testaments to what a unified university culture is capable of achieving. At the same time they are also testament to the challenges students and administrators face in sharing the leadership and stewardship of our universities.

Two years ago I imagined this being a time in the future of our campus, rather than an eyebrow raising inquiry into how we’ve financed this bright future we worked so hard to create.

Despite notable misgivings, the University Center (UC) and Student Life Center (SLC) opened last year and were able to fully open this fall. While they are definitely under capacity as planned, this was nearing capacity as planned.

Throughout the effort, Student Government committed a finite per credit hour activity fee dollars for the purpose of financing the USC and SLC. It was envisioned and it was a centerpiece of the USC and SLC vision to create positive change for USFSP students.

Rectifying the financial mishaps of the USC and SLC is undoubtedly the most consequential issue facing the USFSP student body today. I don’t accept that USFSP students are powerless to make this right.

If there was an injustice created that burdens USFSP students unfairly, there’s a way to create an equitable situation without alienating leaders within the system. Please, USFSP student leaders, my friends, make this right.

Without a doubt, our new facilities will help us become one of the most reputable universities in the state, but the greater question is, how much respect and standing will the USFSP student body have in the future of the USC system? Peace with the USC system will bear more fruit for the students you serve. We need to show that we’re willing to fight for equity and fairness, but just as important, we need to show the USC system that we’re deserving of their respect, especially in times of disappointment. This, I believe, is the greater long-term challenge we face. We have so much to win and so much to lose over this issue.

James Scott was a student government president, senator and student lobbyist and one of the primary student-planners for the University Student Center project.

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### Climate silence won’t change the science

#### By Lauren Reilly  
**Guest Columnist**

The hot topic of energy and climate change has been a question during the presidential debates since 1988. This election is the first time since that candidates have been silent on the issue.

Domestic energy production is reaching into our every day lives. Yet the topic of energy policy and climate change wasn’t a question during the presidential debates. How is our next president planning to secure energy so the United States can keep driving cars, use computers, or even cook food?

Energy policy and climate change came up a few times during the debates, embedded in other arguments. But nothing that allowed candidates a meaningful amount of time to discuss their plans for making sure the United States has the energy it needs. There was no debate on the precautions we need to take as a country to reduce emissions that could change climate change.

Candidates did say they were "renewable," but as a person who studies and researches multiple kinds of energy sources and theories of different ways to harness energy, I want to know exactly what they mean by "renewables."

Addressing climate change is imperative; the sea level continues to rise, storms are becoming more intense and weather patterns are having a negative effect on agriculture all over the world.

We need a president who will accept the science; emissions such as the carbon dioxide we are speeding up climate change. Something needs to be done to reduce these emissions.

There is a campaign started by American environmentalist Bill McKibben that discusses reducing the rate of climate change. It’s called “350," a reference to what scientists believe is the highest “safe” level of parts per million of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere.

Since the beginning of human civilization up until about 200 years ago, our atmosphere contained about 275 parts per million of carbon dioxide,” the campaign’s website reads. Right now, there is about 400 parts per million of carbon in the atmosphere.

Our presidential candidates need to recognize this very real situation we are in and tell citizens what we’re going to do as a country to put an end to these emissions. Ignoring climate change doesn’t make it go away.

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The Bulls started the game strong, going 75 yards in 12 plays to score their first opening drive touchdown of the season. It was apparent from the onset that USF intended to rely heavily on its run game.

Senior running back Demetris Murray set the tone early with six carries that would lead to him scoring the first six points of the game. USF's cushy 20-point lead suddenly turned into a one-point deficit. Though the Bulls would fight back and end the game with an impressive 369 rushing yards and 18 points from kicker Maikon Bonani, the lack of consistency ultimately lead to its demise by the slimmest of margins with 3 seconds left on the clock.

Holtz acknowledged the pain but expressed some optimism for the rest of the season. "It’s hurting right now," he said. "I don’t know what the message is, but we have got to find a way to get a win. It’s heartbreaking to watch us compete, take the lead, get the stops, go up…but they’re not quitting, they’re not giving up, they’re not waving the white flag."

Though the team is continuing to play hard, Holtz is aware that there are many aspects that need to be looked at and changed. Whether those changes will be drastic or not remains to be seen, and whether these changes will occur before the Nov. 3 game against UConn is also not clear. USF will have to win each and every one of its four remaining games to avoid missing bowl eligibility for the second straight year.

BY SAMANTHA OUIMETTE
Crow’s Nest Correspondent

New and exciting ways to blow it