

12-1-2006

SAPL Newsletter : 2006 : 12 (Fall)

Nelson Poynter Memorial Library.

Society for Advancement of Poynter Library.

Follow this and additional works at: http://digital.usfsp.edu/npml_outreach_advancement

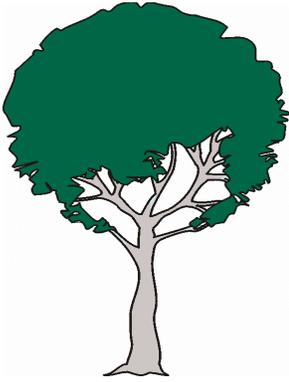


Part of the [Library and Information Science Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Nelson Poynter Memorial Library, and Society for Advancement of Poynter Library, "SAPL Newsletter : 2006 : 12 (Fall)" (2006).
Outreach: Society for Advancement of Poynter Library. 54.
http://digital.usfsp.edu/npml_outreach_advancement/54

This Other is brought to you for free and open access by the Library Outreach at Digital USFSP. It has been accepted for inclusion in Outreach: Society for Advancement of Poynter Library by an authorized administrator of Digital USFSP.



Society for Advancement of Poynter Library
THE LIBRARY CONNECTION

University of South Florida St. Petersburg

Fall 2006



Kathy Arsenault,
Library Dean

From the Dean

2006 has been a momentous year at the University of South Florida St. Petersburg. After years of preparation on the part of faculty and administrators, the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools recognized USF St. Petersburg by designating it as an independently accredited institution within the USF system, a wonderful conclusion to the celebration of our 40th anniversary year. (Please read more about the significance of our accreditation following this column.) The 2006/07 academic year kicked off with the opening of our first residence hall and new parking garage and book store, long-awaited milestones in the development of both the campus and downtown community.

Poynter Library was a particularly busy place, serving more students than ever and extending library hours for the convenience of the students who live on campus and in downtown neighborhoods. Two newly-hired

librarians, Kaya Townsend and Marcy Carrel, now provide specialized reference support for the Colleges of Education and Business. Berrie Watson, Poynter's network administrator, expanded our reference computer space by 40% and it has become the most popular computer area on campus. Jim Schnur's special collections department added over 60 linear feet of archival material, including marvelous historical materials on the Tampa cigar industry contributed by Dr. Glenn Westfall. David Brodosi, now Coordinator of Electronic Media and Communications, and his media services team installed new teaching technologies in nineteen campus classrooms and completely transformed Poynter's outdated television studio. Over 1,000 students participated in 2005/06 in classes produced and distributed online by our media staff. Best of all, in spite of new technologies and more electronic books and journals than ever, circulation of old-fashioned library books increased by 30%!

As always, I have many reasons to be grateful to the Society for Advancement of Poynter Library as the holidays approach. Our new collection of audio books, outstanding works of current

fiction, and the 20th anniversary Bayboro Fiction Contest were all made possible by SAPL's generosity. Thank you for all you do that enhances the first-class library collections and services that we can provide for our faculty and students and, increasingly, for the downtown community.

ACCREDITATION

The Nelson Poynter Memorial Library staff celebrated with colleagues across the campus on June 23, 2006, when news broke that USF St. Petersburg had received its long-sought accreditation from the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools (SACS) as part of the University of South Florida family of institutions. With this academic distinction, the institution is now free to focus on academic programs requested by its students and region.

"This is a moment of triumphant success for USF St. Petersburg. The Commission's recommendation is evidence that we stand on our own

See **ACCREDITATION** on page 2

ACCREDITATION from page 1

academically and affirms the quality of our faculty and programs,” said Karen A. White, regional chancellor.

V. Mark Durand, vice chancellor for Academic Affairs, said, “Accreditation closes an important chapter in the history of our institution. It signals the next stage in our development – expanding on our success as an educational innovator and further customizing our offerings on our close-knit campus.”

USF St. Petersburg’s pursuit of separate accreditation began in August 2000 when the Florida Legislature mandated by statute that it seek separate accreditation. In February 2006, a 10-member SACS Site Review Team spent two days auditing operations at USF St. Petersburg. The team interviewed students, faculty, staff, and board members, and examined information on Nelson Poynter Library’s collections, services, technologies, and staff credentials. The Library’s contributions to the mission of the campus were clearly affirmed by the review team’s library evaluator.

Founded in 1895, the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools is the recognized regional accrediting body in eleven Southern states and Latin America for degree-granting institutions of higher education. Accreditation is recognition of both the autonomous nature of USF St. Petersburg within the USF System and the quality of its faculty, staff and programs. This prestigious regional accrediting body has recognized that USF St. Petersburg meets a rigorous set of research-based standards, that it engages in a program of continuous improvement and that it institutes quality assurance through self-evaluation and peer review.

It is important to remember that the USF St. Petersburg Regional Chancellor (CEO) reports to the USF System President (Judy Genshaft) and that two Boards, the USF St. Petersburg Campus

Board and the USF Board of Trustees, have final decision-making authority on all major issues. However, no longer do USF Tampa faculty, administrators, or administrative bodies have a decision-making role at USF St. Petersburg.

Autonomy allows USF St. Petersburg to define itself and provide a distinctive mission. The campus currently offers students a small liberal arts college atmosphere with the benefits of being part of a university that is engaged with its community and dedicated to state-of-the-art scholarship. USF St. Petersburg can now create new courses and new programs that are consistent with its strengths and the needs of its students and community.

The library says farewell and thank you to Barbara Reynolds after 22 years as Administrative Assistant.



Poynter Library staff and colleagues throughout USF St. Petersburg said farewell to Barbara Reynolds at a retirement reception on September 28, 2006, commemorating her 22 years as the library’s administrative assistant. In addition to the day to day tasks of budgeting, purchasing, and human resources, Barbara was a key figure throughout the planning, construction, and move to the new Poynter Library building. She served as staff liaison to the Society for Advancement of Poynter Library and assisted with Book Fairs, Board meetings, and numerous SAPL events. We hope she will continue to enjoy SAPL activities as an honored guest in future years.



POYNTER CELEBRATES BANNED BOOKS WEEK

Kaya Townsend created this exhibit to mark the 25th anniversary of the American Library's "Banned Books Week" events held every September. Libraries across the country mark the occasion with displays and activities meant to raise awareness of attempts to censor books from library collections. Books challenges have included classics like "Huckleberry Finn" and "Catcher in the Rye" and such noted children's literature as "A Wrinkle in Time" by Madeleine L'Engle, "A Light in the Attic" by Shel Silverstein, and the "Harry Potter" series.

NELSON'S NOOK

Students, faculty, and scholarly researchers enjoy examining the many treasures found in Nelson's nook, located in the Special Collections reading room on the third floor of the library.

One notable acquisition in 2006 was *The Complete Register, Clear Water Circuit, Tampa District, Florida Conference, for the Methodist Episcopal Church, South*. This single bound volume contains directories of many congregations served by the circuit riding Methodist ministers along the Pinellas Peninsula from the late 1870s through the 1890s.

The book includes records of members, baptisms, and other information about pioneer families since 1873, a time when the sparsely populated Pinellas Peninsula was known as "Western Hillsborough," an isolated area with a handful of farming communities served by itinerant ministers who "rode the circuit." At that time, only a few residents lived on the Pinellas Peninsula and the city of St. Petersburg did not even exist.

During his years of teaching history courses at Hillsborough Community College, Dr. L. Glenn Westfall acquired a variety of materials that document the cultural and economic development of Ybor City and the Tampa Bay region. After retiring from HCC, Westfall donated many of his research files to the Poynter Library.

This important archive contains clippings and photographs illustrating the history of cigar factories in Ybor City, West Tampa, and Ocala. Of special note are stock certificates, shareholders' information, meeting minutes, and cigar label art from the Corral, Wodiska y Ca. Cigar Factory and the business and financial records of the F. Garcia and Brothers Cigar Factory.

A unique item from Westfall's collection is a bound volume of "Register of Prisoners Confined in the County Jail of Hillsborough County, Florida," for the years 1904 through 1909. While genealogists enjoy locating records of their ancestors, most would certainly hope not to find familiar names in this book!



Bayboro
Fiction
Contest
Winner

SPITFIRE

By Stephen Cook

Jerome was having a bad, bad day. He was clawing into the handle grips of his motorcycle, breathing fire and glaring at the red light in front of him, trying to make it explode with his eyes. He wanted to crush a skull with his bare hands and grind the chunks into pudding; he wanted to march into his boss's office bright and early tomorrow morning and put a bullet in him.

Jerome was having a bad, bad day.

"Hey!" a voice beside Jerome said. "Hey, you got a cig, pal?"

"No, no I'm sorry, I'm almost out," Jerome said. His old, rusted Zippo lighter was digging into his leg through his pocket. He wanted to pull it out and hit the guy in the skull with it. A clean, calculated crack upon the head. He told himself that the man had nothing to do with his bad day as he knuckled his ill feelings under and responded as politely as possible. "One left," he added with a feeble smile before turning his attention back to the light.

To the carload next to Jerome, he looked like what Chris, the driver, liked to call a "9 to 5 sissy," all disgruntled from his cubicle job and spouse problems. Chris hated people like Jerome—"white collars" with their noses in the air to *real* workers like himself. Chris and his construction crew looked and laughed at the "sissy boy" Jerome, whose fireball of anger was shielded behind a white button-down shirt and helmet. Chris's buddies wondered whether or not that old bike had enough in it to give their Trans Am a good run for its money. They intended to find out. After all, the bastard shorted them a cigarette.

Jerome intended on getting home, cooling down with a cold Miller, and making love to his wife. Chris intended on beating the *sissy boy* in a race.

The light remained red as Chris sank his foot into the accelerator of the TA. Its 454 roared furiously, twisting itself in its restraints, trying to rip itself out of the car it was stuck in. The sound startled Jerome. He jumped up and looked over—he was so concerned with his own problems that he had not realized the one growing at his side. Chris's party erupted with laughter.

"HAH! What a woman! What a loser! What a *pussy!*!" one of them said.

"Unreal. Just calm down, just be cool," the voice in Jerome's head said to him. The revving continued. Jerome knew how to handle these punk kids. *Just let them win and be on their way. Make it home to your Miller Light, make it*

home to Sarah, and she will make you forget all about this awful day.

"Pussy! Ha-ha!" they shouted. Jerome hated that word. It fell sharp on his exhausted ears. Each of them respectively noticed the yellow light ignite on the perpendicular traffic light. Jerome's heart began pounding. He didn't know why, he didn't care to win anything. He had nothing to prove—his bike was fast, yes, but he did not buy it to go fast and kill himself on. *What would Sarah do?*

Chris would not let himself be made a "sissy" in front of his friends. He was committed. He was going to race a much faster vehicle and he was going to win, because he had more *balls* than some white collar. *Arrogant pricks*, he thought. *Bastard has a Kawasaki and I have a beat up '76 Trans Am. I'll show him. Watch—I'll introduce him to some American god damn power,*" he said out loud.

"Hell yeah, come on, rev it!" the back seat of the packed car said to him.

Green.

A beat up 1976 Trans Am and five shouting young men exploded down the street behind a roaring engine. Jerome pulled his clutch in and shifted into first, beginning a smooth glide towards the speed limit and not a step further. Ahead he could see the taillights of his *friends* through a thick cloud of blue smoke. His anger was subsiding and transforming into dull frustration. In 20 minutes, he would be home, he would be with Sarah and she would make him forget. He shifted the bike into third and wondered where the cops were when you wanted them.

Down the road about a mile or so he noticed them again, in the right lane, traveling at just over half the speed limit. Jerome paid little attention and continued on his way, gliding past them and towards the Blockbuster marking the turn for his apartment. He focused on the road as the TA fell behind him in his rear view mirror. Just as he had predicted, the car began to drift into his lane and position itself right behind him. "Enough already...Jesus," he said to himself, his voice carried away by the wind and over the primitive aerodynamics of the muscle car. A moment later, high beams blasted his bike, followed by the intimidating sound of acceleration. *I could hammer this bike*, he thought, *but I won't give them a reaction.*

"This punk just don't get it, does he? He stupid or sumthin? Chris, get up on his ass!" came from the back seat. Chris obliged, because he "*wasn't no sissy-man.*" He fed the monster more fuel and it lurched forward, fixing itself half a car length behind Jerome. Jerome's anger converted into concern, as he realized that the carload was clearly in the mood to cause problems. Figuring they weren't insane enough to ram him off his bike, and weren't stupid enough to cause an intentional accident, he decided he would simply continue on his way, unthreatening and devoid of any would-be coveted

reaction from him. But they did not stop, they kept following. Jerome's attention was drawn away from the situation directly behind him and on to one directly in front of him. A little yellow light in the shape of a gas pump was on his dash. His tank read dead "E," and he realized that in the last emotional ten miles he had not bothered to notice exactly how long that light had been on for.

"Wonderful," Jerome said as he concluded to do the only realistic thing he could do. Pull over and fuel up at the station ahead on his left. In a life or death situation, his bike could get him away from these people, but not without fuel. It couldn't do much without fuel. Jerome drifted into the catch lane and turned into the station, his friends directly behind him.

Jerome had trouble swallowing the idea of himself getting off his bike, pulling out his card, and fueling up his bike with them behind him. The station was deserted at this time of night.

Jerome pulled up to the pump and dismounted. Only when he stood up did he realize how hard he was gripping onto it, as if his life had depended on it. "Probably did," he said to the empty night and slid his card through the pump reader. Breathing heavily and shaking with excitement, he removed the nozzle, selected premium, and began to fuel his bike up.

Over the clicking and humming of the gas pump, Jerome keyed in onto the idling car as it drifted up behind him in the darkness. The noise merged with that of the gas pump so gradually he could hardly hear it. Only when the sound stopped did he notice a slight change in tone, like a bassist disappearing in the middle of an orchestra. He turned around as slowly and carefully as possible. He did not want to look afraid, he did not want to look like a victim. After all, he was the angry one with the bad day on his shoulders.

Jerome stood, one hand on the gas pump and the other fumbling for the knife he forgot to bring as three, four, five people piled out of the Pontiac and began to stride directly towards him like armored cavalry, anger and determination in their eyes.

"Picked the wrong guys to mess with tonight, buddy, didn't ya?" Chris said, his four friends walking alongside him with the devil in their smiles. He could see in their eyes that they were in no mood to be talked out of whatever it was they felt like doing tonight. A pack of dogs on the hunt for a fight, or rather massacre. Chris stood in front of him, framed between the pump and Jerome's bike. His friends had assumed the surrounding positions and had him cornered from every direction, in lunging range if he were to try to make a break for it on his bike. Jerome could see no possible way of getting himself out of this situation. He had forgotten his knife, his only form of possible protection at this point. He reached into his pocket to check again. Nothing but an empty pack of cigarettes and

an old, rusted Zippo. At the sight of this, Chris withdrew a switchblade and snapped it open. One of his friends revealed a pair of brass knuckles. "*Oh god,*" Jerome thought, swallowing hard, the thick smell of gasoline seeping in through his nose and down into his lungs. He didn't know whether to attribute his feeling of nausea to his situation or the sickening odor of octane. "*Gasoline...ugh,*" he thought. His attackers began to take their steps forward.

...gasoline!

A 10,000-watt light bulb lit up and exploded above Jerome's head. In a split second his gaze left Chris's and fixated on his right hand, holding the pump as it shoveled gasoline into the tank of his bike. He lifted the nozzle up, spraying gas everywhere, and turned it on Chris. He aimed it at him and fired, dousing him with 93-rated octane. Chris fell back, holding his eyes and shouting. Jerome turned and respectively coated each of them with half a gallon of gas, encompassing himself in a ring of super flammable liquid. One by one they staggered backwards, shielding their eyes and coughing heavily from the fumes. Jerome disengaged the pump, standing in awe at his rash action, looking at how quickly his big intimidating attackers transformed into feeble, acid-covered heaps of flesh.

"OH MY...", Chris said from behind him. Jerome swung around and looked at him, pump in hand. Chris had managed to bring himself to his feet, his eyes glowing puffy red with both anger and caustic liquid.

"I am going to kill you," Chris said. "I'm going to cut your throat!" Jerome turned to assess his situation with the others. Although deterred by means of surprise, they were not incapacitated by any means. The only difference between now and seven seconds ago was that they had a viable reason to be angry as hell at him. That, and...

As they began to rush towards him, Jerome, using his free hand, reached into his pocket, pulled out his rusted Zippo, clicked it open, and struck a flame.

Chris's heart exploded. He leaned back on his heels, slipping and falling. The others turned back so fast they lost balance as well, scampering around on all fours, fighting for balance like rottweilers on wet tile floors. Their once commanding eyes now beamed utter fear. Chris's friends managed to slither out of the gas pool and bolted, sobbing, covered in gasoline, running for their worthless lives. Chris, on the other hand, was not as fortunate. His fall was a substantial one, shattering his left knee on impact. He laid there, terrified, soaked from head to toe at the feet of the "white collar sissy," squirming like a filthy pig in a bath of mud. Jerome let out a heavy, dark laugh, intoxicated with the octane fumes and the power they brought, knowing that at any point the gas to air consistency could reach just the right point and his half-inch Zippo flame would send the place sky high. He peered down at Chris and said as calmly as possible, "Looks like your lucky day, buddy. I've got *one* Marlboro left with your name on it."

Society for Advancement of Poynter Library

Your membership entitles you to:

- Guest privileges
- Free copies of SAPL newsletter
- Participation in activities sponsored by the Library and SAPL

Please indicate donation or choice of membership:

- Donation Only..... \$ _____
- Member..... \$ 50
- Family*..... \$ 100
- Corporate*..... \$ 500
- Life..... \$1,000 or more

* Family memberships include two adults and children aged 14-18. Corporate memberships provide library privileges for up to five employees.

Name

Address

City/State/Zip

Please send this form with your check to:

Treasurer - Society for Advancement of Poynter Library
University of South Florida St. Petersburg - 140 Seventh Avenue South - St. Petersburg, FL 33701

Checks should be made payable to USF Foundation

The amount of your gift, less the fair market value of goods and services received, may be tax deductible.
Please call Kathy Arsenault at (727) 553-4400 for additional information.



Society for Advancement of Poynter Library
140 Seventh Avenue South
St. Petersburg, Florida 33701

2006-2007 SAPL Officers:

David Hubbell
President

Robin Caldwell
Vice-President

Kristina Thyrrre
Secretary

Marion Ballard
Treasurer