The bike theft plague

By Jennifer Nesslar  
Staff Reporter

In the fourth act of on-campus bike theft this month, campus police arrested two minors for stealing two bicycles from the south peninsula of campus on Wednesday, Oct. 23. The incident makes 18 bikes stolen on campus since January.

The theft took place near the Knight Oceanographic Research Center. Suspects were arrested at 1:54 p.m., according to Sgt. Jonathan Dye of University Police Services.

The culprits were in a group of eight seen roaming around USF St. Petersburg on Wednesday. Dye said the police returned the bicycles to their owners.

"We have recently seen an upswing in bike thefts," Dye said. "I don't know that it's common."

He said it's not an unusual trend either, as bicycles are easy items to steal.

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This incident of bicycle theft followed the Oct. 19 strong-armed robbery, meaning one made with immediate force, reported by the Crow's Nest last week.

University Police Services said the victim's bicycle was locked to the rack on the north end of the Science and Technology Building. Two people approached the student, while a third came up and stole his bicycle. One person swung at the student, but no contact was made and there were no injuries.

"It was almost a warning strike," Dye said.

The suspects arrested on Wednesday were unrelated to this incident, as far as police know.

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He said it's not an unusual trend either, as bicycles are easy items to steal.

The case is ongoing, but University Police Services has developed several leads. Other strong-armed robberies occurred in the St. Petersburg area on Saturday, Oct. 19, and city police made some arrests. Those arrested are considered suspects in the USFSP case.

"I was a little surprised on the strong-armed robbery case," Dye said, classifying it as "unusual."

Dye encouraged students, staff and faculty to have a heightened awareness when walking around campus at night. He said people should know who is standing around them, especially when they are bending down to unlock their bicycles.

Parking bicycles in well-lit areas will also increase safety. Dye recommended the rack outside of the University Student Center, because it is well-lit and monitored by a security camera.

Dye said he has noticed a trend in bicycle thieves carrying bolt cutters. One of those arrested on Oct. 23 had a set of bolt cutters in his possession.

He suggested students use thick U-Bolt locks to secure their bicycles because thieves are cutting through chain and cable locks. No bicycles secured by U-Bolt locks have been stolen from the USFSP campus, Dye said. But, "This not to say they can't be defeated."

Those with questions or concerns about bicycle thefts are asked to contact University Police Services at 727-873-4140. In an emergency dial 34140 or 911.

news@crowsneststpete.com

BIKE LOCK BREAKDOWN: These five bikes were found in the rack outside the University Student Center, along Sixth Avenue S., on Monday, Oct. 28. Of the five, only two were locked up with U-Bolt locks, which according to USFSP police, are the toughest locks to crack. Still, locking up with a U-Bolt doesn’t guarantee bicycle security.

1. Cable lock; this can be easily snipped with the proper tool.
2. No lock: hey look! A free bike!
3. U-Bolt: the safest lock out there, but it’s not fail proof.

Bike theft prevention

• Secure your bike with a U-Bolt lock (such as the one featured in the photo). Chain and locks are easier to cut through. Secure the middle of your bike, not the wheel. Wheels are removeable.

• Use the bike rack in front of the University Student Center. It is well-lit and monitored by a security camera.

• Register your bike with the city or University Police Services.

• Use the bike rack in front of the University Student Center. It is well-lit and monitored by a security camera.

• If your bike is not registered, police cannot help recover it. St. Petersburg bicyclists are required to register their bikes. (Bikes can be registered through the city at www.stpete.org/police/bike-registration.html)

• Be aware of your surroundings when unlocking your bicycle. Know who is standing by when you kneel down or turn your back.

• If you find your bike damaged, take it with you right away. Some thieves will intentionally puncture tires so the owner will leave it unattended longer.
A life lost, a legacy made

Journalism professor Bob Dardenne passed away unexpectadely on Oct. 18 but his name and essence will live on throughout campus

By Daniel Figueroa
Crow’s Nest Contributor

Ever since Tom Herzhauser brought the students at Bayboro three and a half years ago, he always kept his promise of communicating real stories from the streets of New Orleans. Herzhauser passed away last Tuesday, the night before the school’s official memorial for Dr. Dardenne. Aside from a friendship forged during Dardenne’s early days on campus, Schnur’s hopes for the exhibit were multifaceted. He wanted a place where those who knew Dardenne could stop for a moment and reflect on the impact and influence of the titan we lost, as well as a place where those who had heard the name, but did not know the man, could come to understand why it is so fervent and persistently caught on the tongues of USFSP’s populace.

“It transcended what it meant to be a mentor or an educator,” added Schnur. “He was a guiding force.”

Stories of Dardenne and memorial celebrations have abounded across the campus in recent weeks, with students and faculty alike recalling memories of mentorship and friendship; sarcasm and George Dickel Tennessee Whisky. Ren LaForce, USFSP alum and former student of Dardenne’s organized an “Outlaw Bourbon Party” the Sunday following Dr. Dardenne’s passing. He wanted to give those who couldn’t attend the school’s official memorial a chance to raise a glass and have toast for the good doctor.

The following day, some JMS undergrads; Jaime Kennedy, Krystal Blais, Brianna Enders, Hannah Schults, Jason Marcus and a few others sat around a table in a courtyard to pay their respects. They passed a bottle of the now infamous George Dickel (a known go-to drink for Dardenne) around. With tears welling and hearts anchored down, they shared a story, took a drink and passed the bottle. Later, they released flowers in the bay and poured him one last drink.

Friends, family, colleagues and some who simply knew his name, gathered in the Peter Rudy Wallace courtyard last Wednesday for the school’s memorial, which was miraculously put together in just three days. Afterward, attendees retreated to the Tavern where Herzhauser offered free tastings of their latest menu item, the Tavern menu. Dr. Dardenne had been with the school for more than 20 years, the impact and loss was felt far further than only in the journalism department he helped to create.

“We didn’t just lose a mentor or an educator,” remarked Jim Schnur, librarian in charge of Special Collections and University Archives at the Nelson Poynter Memorial Library. “We lost a piece of our soul.”

Schnur himself is responsible for one such tribute, a special exhibit in the library he put together last Tuesday, the night before the school’s official memorial for Dr. Dardenne. Aside from a friendship forged during Dardenne’s early days on campus, Schnur’s hopes for the exhibit were multifaceted. He wanted a place where those who knew Dardenne could stop for a moment and reflect on the impact and influence of the titan we lost, as well as a place where those who had heard the name, but did not know the man, could come to understand why it is so fervent and persistently caught on the tongues of USFSP’s populace.

“My friends and family always recall Bob for his ability to make a place for families of hospitalized children to stay, so they can be close to their kids without piling on housing costs on top of their medical bills,” said McKenna. “I enjoy cooking dinner for families that I know really appreciate the food,” said McKenna, who has been volunteering at the house for more than a year.

“They are staying in the Ronald McDonald House because their child is in the hospital, and they probably do not always want to go out to eat. So us coming in and making them dinner always makes them happy. The house itself is large enough to support multiple families. There’s a big living room for families to lounge in, and each family gets its own bedroom with a private bathroom. “It’s just like a hotel but with a giant ‘help yourself’ kitchen,” McKenna said. “The volunteers make use of a kitchen that has two fridges, two stoves and two sinks. All of the cabinets are labeled for the users’ convenience.”

Freshman Hannah Patterson has been volunteering for a couple of months. She said she wishes she could do more for the families, but knows a little help goes a long way. She would some day like to become a doctor and help children in Africa. As a group, the club has met dozens of families, each with different stories to tell. They see how families live in the house, and the chores they do in order to stay there.

“They met a child who couldn’t eat the food they cooked because of a recent bone marrow transplant, along with the parents of a hospitalized child who weighed just two pounds at birth. “My friends and family always tell me what a nice thing it is I do for the families. Every month we get a card from the families saying thank you,” McKenna said.

Though the Ronald McDonald House supplies food supplies, the students have sometimes used their own money to purchase and prepare meals. They have also received food donations from the Chik-Fil-A on Fourth Street N., where Patterson works.

Pre-med students deliver food, smiles

By Matt Thomas
Staff Reporter

Once a month, members of USF St. Petersburg’s Pre-med Club volunteer at the Ronald McDonald House behind Bayfront Hospital.

Ronald McDonald houses provide a place for families of hospitalized children to stay, so they can be close to their kids without piling on housing costs on top of their medical bills.

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Local writers and readers celebrate books

An obituary writer turned author and an acclaimed historian/professor were just a few among those at last weekend’s festival of reading

By Danielle Von Dreele  Crow’s Nest Correspondent

Distinguished authors and local writers flocked to campus Saturday for the Tampa Bay Times’ 21st annual Festival of Reading, discussing and sharing recent works with students and literature enthusiasts.

“It’s fun to meet people and get exposed to a new book you would have never known about before,” Stephanie Hayes said, a featured author at the festival and education reporter for the Tampa Bay Times.  “It’s a really fun experience and you get to meet a lot of authors.”

This was Hayes’ fourth years attending the festival, but her first participating as a featured author, to showcase her first novel, “Obitchuary.”

This fictitious story is an ironic mystery about an eager journalist who accidentally murders her date and gets stuck with writing her deceased potential lover’s obituary. Hayes said the story was inspired by her previous job as an obituary writer.

She emphasized that the event provides the St. Petersburg community with the opportunity to commemorate literature and explore new writers and their works.

“This is a priceless opportunity for authors to come ask for advice and make a lot of connections,” Hayes said.

Raymond Arsenault, USFSP history professor and another featured author, described himself as a “Yankee in the South.” Arsenault’s interest in Southern history and involvement in the Civil Rights movement drove him to research issues with race and produce informative, moving pieces such as “Freedom Riders.”

Arsenault’s latest work, “Dixie Redux: Essays in Honor of Southern Historian Sheldon Hackney,” is a tribute to late scholar and devoted activist, Dr. Sheldon Hackney. The collection of essays was compiled by 18 Southern historians who were inspired and positively affected by Hackney. The essays examine the activist’s influential commitment to the civil rights movement and explain various issues relevant to race, civil rights, regional culture and the American South.

Arsenault and his fellow contributors were compelled to quickly produce the book after learning that Hackney would most likely succumb to the debilitating Lou Gehrig’s disease. Arsenault said during his presentation. “He would go to the ALS Association, a nonprofit research group dedicated to finding a cure for Lou Gehrig’s disease.

“(This book is a celebration of Sheldon Hackney’s life,” Arsenault said during his presentation. “He has left an extraordinary legacy for so many people.”

Other notable writers who showcased work at the festival included O.J. Simpson’s prosecutor attorney, Marsha Clark, as well as Tampa Bay Times correspondents like Jeff Klinkenberg and Eric Deggans. The festival’s easy-going atmosphere paired with the presence of prominent authors and publishers made the event a hot spot for amateur writers who want their work noticed.
Three times a week, assistant professor Eric Schulze leads the ROTC cadets in early morning physical training exercises. Schulze often joins his students in running up and down the parking garage, doing pushups and running laps around campus. On Thursday afternoons, he and his students get to "run around the woods and play army."

Schulze joins his cadets in doing tactile training exercises like running around, getting dirty and screaming. When it's time to suit up, he and his cadets simulate training done in boot camp and carry around rubber assault rifles. But they make sure to post signs and warn campus police first.

As a captain in the Army Reserves, Schulze is one of only two assistant professors teaching military science in the USFSP ROTC program. Not only can he and his students be seen running through campus at 6 a.m. dressed in long pants and shirts, they also perform color guard duties at the St. Pete Grand Prix, university meetings and sporting events.

During the spring semester, Schulze takes his students to the training area to check out the rifle range, play paintball and use the repel tower. ROTC cadets even have a military ball in the spring.

Originally from Texas, Schulze decided to join the Army Reserves while living in New York when Hurricane Katrina hit. After watching the coverage of the devastation in Louisiana and the amount of help pouring in from around the country, Schulze decided he wanted to be off the sidelines and in the action.

"I'd rather be involved," Schulze said, noting he was "tired of watching things on TV."

After gaining bachelor's and master's degrees in political science, Schulze still didn't have a concrete idea of what he wanted as a career, until he found the civil affairs branch in the Army Reserves.

Ironically, Schulze said he "used to be the one making fun of the ROTC."

Those working in civil affairs work with local populations and offer guidance and helping hands to communities that need it. Unlike many organizations that solely offer aid and charity to struggling communities or areas that have been affected by disasters, members of civil affairs in the Army Reserves aim to give supplies and tools to those who need help getting back on their feet.

Schulze said assisting others is "more about them, and not about us."

"The officers in civil affairs don't aim to create dependence on disaster relief from both outside organizations and the Army."

Now in his second year in the ROTC program, Schulze found that his job as an assistant professor is "extremely fulfilling and enjoyable."

For him, it's a "pretty awesome" responsibility training cadets, putting them in stressful situations and seeing how they figure things out on their own. He loves seeing their eyes opening to new things.

"The students he trains in ROTC will some day become captains in commanders in the Army Reserves. It's great to see students grow over the four years," he said. "Teaching them helps me learn as a reserve captain, I learn lessons from them."

The ROTC program can be intimidating because of the intense training and responsibility that comes with joining. But Schulze loves to see diversity among his students. Because of the small number of cadets, they all become a tight-knit family well before graduation.
Fall short story contest winners

Partipants in the fall short story competition were asked to give us their best Halloween story. The submissions were spooky, quirky and downright odd. First and second place are featured below. See crowsneststpete.com for honorable mentions.

Halloween Story

By Jay Tellini

You probably don’t believe in scary Halloween stories, do you? I used to think that, but that was before I found myself in the middle of one. As a witness of a paranormal occurrence, I can assure you that scary stories are all too real. Rest assured, I am not here to tell you a tale about some ghost in the cemetery or the resurrection of the Frankenstein monster. Every detail of my story is true.

It was the night of Oct. 30 in the University Student Center, as everyone anticipated the coming of Halloween. Decorations were placed throughout the building, and marathons of scary movies ran all night. Nobody seemed to be playing over and over through their costumes for the next day, as everyone seemed eager to show theirs off. The “Ghostbusters” theme song could be heard playing over and over through the campus. One came up to me as I stood motionless like a statue. He was tall and had long brown hair. There were big bags under his eyes, and he seemed to resemble the same characteristics as the boy in the elevator. They all seemed to resemble the same characteristics as the boy in the elevator. They all had blank expressions on their faces and seemed to move very slowly. Too creped out to stick around, I went outside, for some air.

What I saw next made me drop my books and cower in fear. As I exited the building, I saw swarms of these expressionless, zombie-like figures roaming the campus. One came up to me as I stood motionless like a statue. He was tall and had long brown hair. There were big bags under his eyes, and he seemed to wobble back and forth. He quickly looked at me with his half-shut blue eyes, and then walked away. I was filled with relief. But in that brief moment of eye contact, I noticed something about that man. He seemed to be longing for something. Perhaps it was an answer, an explanation as to what had happened to him.

My mind began to race, trying to think of something that could cause normal human beings to act like this; something that did not affect me for some reason. I began to backtrack to the night before. I went to bed early because I had a chemistry exam the next day, and everybody seemed to behave normally at that time. Unable to come up with anything, I cautiously walked back inside the USC. I took a deep breath through my nose and noticed something different about the smell in the cafeteria. There was something I usually smelled in the morning that was absent on this day.

The next morning is where things began to get strange. As I was walking down the hall, there was another student making his way over to the elevator. When he came into focus, I noticed something very odd about his appearance. He seemed to be dragging his legs, almost as if he were carrying something very heavy. His eyes were bloodshot, and his body was hunched. I greeted him in the elevator, but he did not respond. In fact, it was almost as if he did not even know I was there. I shrugged it off and proceeded to walk over to the cafeteria for some breakfast. There were a dozen or so students at the tables, all of whom seemed to resemble the same characteristics as the boy in the elevator. They all had blank expressions on their faces and seemed to move very slowly. Too creped out to stick around, I went outside, for some air.

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That’s when it hit me; the Coral Cafe was out of coffee.

Hallowed Ground

By John Ballard Pecora

The sun was setting as Mark and Stacey entered the old and forgotten Rosse Hill Cemetery. Dead leaves crunched under footsteps, rustling noisily around them and the displaced tombstones as they ventured into the depths of the decrepid memorial to death and decay. The blood red St. Petersburg sky hung over the graveyard on the way in had faded rather quickly to an inky black night, which seemed to drip down upon them. The first time they arrived at a mausoleum, denoting a mass grave of unnamed and escaped slaves killed upon capture and unceremoniously interred underfoot. Already creoped out by the morbid setting, Mark felt a dangerous sensation emanating from the structure in his bones, as if the crypt itself was trembling.

Stacey was spreading out a bed sheet as he was reaching into his backpack for the pint of pumpkin-infused vodka he had pilfered from the batch his mother had prepared for tomorrow night’s Halloween party. In his peripheral vision, he saw the sheet floating to the ground like a ghost returning to its crypt. His nervousness — she was not a virgin, yet he had only been as far as second base — was electrified as Soundgarden’s “The Day I Tried To Live” screamed abruptly from his phone. His skin felt as if it was going to crawl from his flesh.

His heightened anxiety was relieved by a burgeoning heat. The mausoleum behind the girl was indeed trembling — and began to glow like burning coal. In that instant, it exploded! Molten granite and mortar spewing outward, raining fire through the night. His skin turned the color of the erupted mausoleum, and his fingernails, suddenly elongated and sharp, rendered his hands into implements of evil. All the muscles of his body ripped with immediate hatred. He swung at her with his left hand in an open-fisted uppercut, caught her just below her abdomen and ripped upward, catching on her sternum and launching her suddenly dismembered body upward in sync with the burning projectiles of the raging, ruined mausoleum. In the same instant, he swung his right hand down, severing her escaping organs and forcing her body downward. He caught her by the throat with his bloody left hand, just at the jaw, and brought her face to his, his eyes still seeing him. Shock! Horror! Failing breath. While keeping her gaze, he reached up with his right hand, grabbed her throat, just below the grip of his left hand, and ripped out her windpipe and larynx. Her blood sprayed and splashed, drenching him. He licked his lips and tasted her. “So this is sex,” he mused, as he looked into her still conscious eyes. Holding her up now by her ruined throat, he plunged in again — a satanic hysterectomy — third base, at last!

Still holding her face up to his, lips touching, his flaming eyes burning into the last scene of her life on earth, his hand swimming in her gore remained, he erupted like a volcano in Hell. The fury of demons and tortured slaves on fire erratically rushing around bleak earth and black sky, merging with raging devils ejaculated from ancient crypts, the swirling ruin of the mausoleum — a brilliant background to the light fading from her eyes — the ricked fire in this unholy night, the mutilated sacrifice to his adolescent agony. He tossed her wasted corpse aside, into the dirt and leaves like a soiled tissue. Ashaw in the chaotic flight, he dimmed in hatred, vengeance and viscera, he raised his gore-imbued arms and face to the heavens, no longer a virgin.
Editorial

We’re glad you get it

We’ve seen how dark things can be for college media, and we’re thankful for the light

This weekend, five members of the Crow’s Nest staff attended a college media convention in New Orleans with thousands of our fellow student-run publication leaders. The ghost tour of the French Quarter was sort of scary. The Bourbon Street drunks were even scarier. But the horror stories we heard from other publications, within the walls of our probably-not-haunted four-star hotel, were the most terrifying of all.

In a workshop on conducting good interviews, students shared their experiences with tough sources. One young woman said her school’s student government created its own public relations position and hired a less than accommodating student for the job.

This one student was the only person allowed to speak to the school newspaper on behalf of the student government. One student responsible for knowing the ins and outs of every issue, every bill, every new initiative and every internal department. And majority of the time, this student would evade the reporter and fail to answer questions. That is not OK!

That this school’s student government thought this was a sensible practice is not particularly shocking, but that the student newspaper allowed it to take place is absolutely astounding.

Perhaps this particular newspaper did something to piss off its student government. The staff member did not say. Regardless, giving reporters one person to answer all their questions is a stupid idea. Refusing to answer questions will not deter a reporter from writing a story. It’ll only prompt the writer to find alternative sources willing to talk. And do you know which students are almost always willing to talk? The angry ones; the students who disagree with whatever student government is doing. Evading a reporter will almost always backfire, and not because we intend it to.

In best practice, a student-run publication should extend the microphone to those on all sides of a story. But if our access to one side is limited, we have to work with what we’ve got. It’s our duty to our readers.

We thank the journalism gods who look over the Crow’s Nest for giving us such an accommodating, understanding and respectful student government. Not only do they agree to being interviewed without fail, but they come to our reporters with need-to-know news. They know what information needs to be shared with students and they know we’re the outlet best equipped to share it.

They understand the need for a healthy student government-student newspaper relationship. We understand that too. And if our SG ever thinks about pulling stunt like the one mentioned above — though we have complete faith they’d never stoop that low — they’re smart enough to know we’d raise hell.

Other students recounted grueling confrontations with stubborn university public relations professionals. They were told they were “missing the point” of a story because they were not highlighting the positives, or that they were wrong for reporting a serious issue without including the university’s “spin.”

This made us so thankful that Tom Scherberger, USFSP’s communications director, gets it. He knows that part of his job is to uphold the university’s reputation, but he also knows he has to keep students honestly and thoroughly informed. The front page story that makes USFSP seem a bit dangerous for bicycle-riding students? Scherberger gave us that tip. He gets it.

A student-run newspaper will always beckon some degree of hostility toward itself. But if it doesn’t, if everyone is always 100 percent pleased with everything published, the publication is not doing its job.

We’re glad you get that.
The appeal of physical music

By Erin Murphy
Staff Columnist

Sitting next to my sister in her seafloor green room, my eyes were wide on the device before me. It was spinning a disk the size of a dinner plate in a mesmerizing circle, and somehow, it was making music.

What my sister and I had discovered was that day was my mother’s old record player. Something about it felt ancient and wise, much more mature than our tiny, teenaged iPods.

I rushed in with Heart and James Taylor records from my room, albums I had bought solely for their cool covers. We spun them all, listening to the soul of Stevie Wonder and the magical “he-he’s” of Michael Jackson. PULL “A full, reverberating sound rolled off the record player and filled the room. It was enchanting.” STOP

Not long after that began our obsession with physical music.

Though I had some stray CDs lying around from my pre-mp3 days, I relied almost entirely on downloading as my principal form of obtaining music. Yet something told me I was going about it all wrong.

I had gotten into a habit of downloading only singles on iTunes. It was useful for purchasing songs I couldn’t find in stores, but it detracted from what the musician intended for me to experience -- an album in its entirety.

Bands carefully craft their records, putting their heart and soul and maybe even a few minor character progressions into their work, and I was stripping it of context for the sake of a single song.

By starting college at USF St. Petersburg last year, I became aware of the downtown music stores that sold a myriad of CDs as well as vinyl records. Not only was there vintage vinyl, but current artists were releasing new music in the old-school format. I was intrigued.

This different medium of music also opened my eyes to artists that loved the craft before I was born, people who I never would have heard of if it wasn’t for the well-worn vinyl LPs I found in the back of an antique store one afternoon.

By buying these full albums, I felt like I was supporting the singer. I experienced the entire piece of art, and not just a corner of the canvas. It was fun to spin an album all the way through, from track one to track 12, some records even implementing 30-second songs or instrument interludes into the mix.

These were personal touch I would have missed had I downloaded only my favorite song. There is also an artistry to the lyric book and album art that accompanies physical music.

That said, I believe every format has its time and place; its own aesthetic. Digital music is perfect for when you want an earbud full of tunes to study with, whereas a scratchy vinyl record is great for a rainy day. But no matter how music listening changes, physical formats will always have a special place in my heart.

By Jennifer Nesslar
Staff Columnist

Educational sex scenes: perhaps the greatest oxymoron in all of academia.

It really doesn’t matter what class taken: art, literature, humanities. Before most students graduate from USF St. Petersburg, they will have seen at least one movie scene with sex, nudity or eroticism in class.

I personally have seen one every semester since I started school here.

I respect and admire many of the professors who have shown these films in my classes. Yet, I question the purpose. What can students possibly hope to gain intellectually from watching these films?

Surely professors don’t wish to teach students how sex works.

Public consensus holds that Hollywood unrealistically depicts sex anyways. I have yet to talk to anyone who can give me a clear, rational answer to my question.

When I was in middle school, I promised myself I would never watch a movie with a sex scene. I realize this puts me in the minority of most Americans. I didn’t make this commitment because I was afraid of sex. In fact, the opposite is true. I believe sex is a beautiful thing, in a context: marriage.

What sex scenes do is make sex commonplace. Anyone who feels a slight twinge of a feeling they call “love” has to have sex in a movie. Otherwise, it won’t be deemed a “good” movie.

The normalization of sex in movies makes constant sex in the real world seem normal also. Not having sex in your relationship? It’s obviously not a relationship worth having.

Suddenly, there’s no advantage to marriage. If the advantages of marriage can happen outside of marriage, then what’s the point? And when people do end up getting married, all those memories follow. The memories of the sex in the movies, real life, etcetera. Sex loses its beauty, because all one can think of is “remember that time when...”

I’m a journalism and media studies major. I’ve taken classes on media effects enough to know that theories on how media affects us seem to change every couple of years. One day, it affects us immensely. The next, we’re not affected at all. Using the no effects model, we excuse ourselves to watch whatever we wish.

College is a time to explore different viewpoints. I understand that I will encounter people who hold different views than I in regards to sex and marriage. That’s fine, even healthy. I realize someone may say something that offends me. I may say something that offends someone else.

Showing sex scenes in class go beyond merely disagreeing with it. It violates my standards.

“I graduated high school without ever seeing a sex scene. If I was going to watch a movie with one, I made sure I knew when to skip a scene or leave a room. When I came to USFSP, I saw a movie full of graphic sex scenes. No one warned me before the scene was right in front of my eyes.”

Jennifer is a Sophomore majoring in Mass Communications and the assistant news editor. She can be reached at jnesslar@mail.usf.edu and on Twitter @jnesslar.

Commonplace sex: not common for me

In the library, use hand sanitizer

By Matt Thomas
Staff Columnist

It’s my new goal in life to get the phrase “curiosity killed the cat” changed to “curiosity burned my eyes.”

A couple weeks ago, a guest speaker attended one of my classes. The speaker talked to the class about a published article that resulted in tragedy. It all started with the desire to find something out of the ordinary, which lead the writer to a particular listing on Craigslist.

In retrospect, I completely missed the point of the talk and left class inspired to find a potential story by typing “USFSP” on Craigslist. I didn’t get a lot of results until I found the personals section. I was not prepared for what I saw.

There were three listings. The first was rather uninteresting in the context of this story. The second was an odd listing from someone requesting platonic flirting. That’s when things started to get interesting. The last was the most jaw dropping. It was quite explicit request for a “casual encounter” in the Nelson Poynter Memorial Library.

So vulgar, we can’t even quote it in the paper without offending major- ity of our readers.

I was baffled at first. Is this real life? Did someone actually respond to this? Could this encounter have happened in a room I’ve studied in? Just like that, I was out of material to read, so I decided to broaden my search. I typed in “USF St. Pete.” There were more results, all more baffling. I had to share this find with the only two people that would understand why I thought this up in the first place. I’ll apologize for that now.

At the time, I thought this was the funniest thing. People I know could be posting these listings, and there were a lot of truly shocking requests. I then had the option to go even deeper, so I typed in “USE.” I don’t recall what happened next. I only remember it stopped being funny to me after that point.

This whole thing got me to think about human nature. I listened to a story that ended badly for someone after a Craigslist search was conducted. My first instinct after hearing this story was to do the exact same thing.

I’ll use a lighter example. I used to keep a broken cologne bottle in my room because I still used the cologne from time to time. One day, a friend visited me, and the bottle caught her attention. I told her not to pick it up, so of course she picked it up faster, and it leaked on her.

That’s human nature. Tell someone not to do something, and they’ll want to do it more. See this as an opportunity to break the cycle. Do not type in “USF,” “USF St. Pete” or “USF” on Craigslist under personal- is. Seriously, don’t do it.

Matt Thomas is a senior majoring in mass communications and the entertainment critic. He can be reached at matthew17@ mail.usf.edu or on Twitter @ HandsomeMatt.
This week in USF football

University of Houston Cougars
Date: Oct. 31
Location: Reliant Stadium
TV/Radio: ESPN/98.7 "The Fan"

We're number 1!

Students across the USF system ponied up $15.2 million to help the school pay for it's athletics. That equals 36 percent of the athletics budget. That is the highest percentage in the major conferences.

Follow us on Twitter

The Crow's Nest sports page can be found on twitter at twitter.com/CNsportspage. We don't tweet often, but when we do we do it with a certain level of class and sophistication.

8

sports

#20 Louisville 34
South Florida 3

Louisville 7 10 3 14 - 34
USF 3 0 0 0 - 3

Scoring Summary
FIRST QUARTER
LOU - 10:33 TD Teddy Bridgewater 28 yd. pass to Damian Copeland (John Wallace kick)
USF - 2:47 FG Marvin Kloss 50 yd. kick

SECOND QUARTER
LOU - 11:37 FG John Wallace 19 yd. kick
USF - 7:16 TD Teddy Bridgewater 69 yd. pass to Gerald Christian (John Wallace kick)

THIRD QUARTER
LOU - 4:55 FG John Wallace 19 yd. kick

FOURTH QUARTER
LOU - 10:53 TD Teddy Bridgewater 5 yd. pass to Dominique Brown (John Wallace kick)

FOurtH QuArter

- 7:50 TD Carles Gaines 70-yd. interception return (John Wallace kick)
- 10:53 TD Teddy Bridgewater 5 yd. pass to Dominique Brown (John Wallace kick)
- 7:16 TD Teddy Bridgewater 69 yd. pass to Gerald Christian (John Wallace kick)
- 11:37 FG John Wallace 19 yd. kick
- 10:33 TD Teddy Bridgewater 5 yd. pass to Dominique Brown (John Wallace kick)

Scoring Summary

Top performers

Louisville
Passing
ATT COMP YDS TD INT
Teddy Bridgewater 29 25 294 3 5

Rushing
CAR YDS AVG TD LG
D. Brown 10 125 6.3 0 10

Receiving
REC YDS AVG TD LG
G. Christian 3 83 27.7 1 69

South Florida
Passing
ATT COMP YDS TD INT

Rushing
CAR YDS AVG TD LG

Receiving
REC YDS AVG TD LG

Team Comparison

LOU USF
1st downs 26 8
3rd down eff. 8-13 1-9
4th down eff 0-0 0-0
Total yards 485 133
Passing 333 95
Comp-att 26-26 8-19
Yards per pass 11.8 5.0
Rushing 132 38
Rushing Attempts 40 20
Yards per rush 3.3 1.9
Penalties 9-100 2-25
Turnovers 0 2
Fumbles lost 0 0
Interceptions - -
Time of possession 41:43 18:17

BY SAMANTHA OUMETTE

It’s been three games since the south Florida offense has scored a touchdown. That’s 12 quarters, 180 minutes, 10,800 seconds of offensive ineptitude.

It’s a new record for the football program, and an indicator of the issues facing the 2-5 team as it heads into the second half of the season.

In a time where the defense is better than it has been in years, the Bulls’ offense has perhaps hit a historical low. USF is now 121st of 123 Division 1 teams in total offense, averaging just 240.6 yards per game.

The team barely surpassed the program record for lowest amount of yards totaled with its 133 yards against Louisville; the record was set last season with 117 yards against the Pittsburgh Panthers.

USF had managed to get two wins against Cincinnati and UConn without scoring an offensive touchdown, a feat Bearcats Head Coach Tommy Tuberville called “amazing.” But Taggart knew that the defense would not be able to solely sustain his team against a potent Louisville offense, and noted that the lack of offense seen against the Cardinals was a reflection of the biggest problem with this team.

“We just have to get something to spark our offense. We all know that’s the biggest issue with our football team,” Taggart said. “We’re trying to find some playmakers.

The offense had so much difficulty in getting something going that Taggart called on Mike White, a redshirt freshman quarterback, to replace Steven Bench at the end of the fourth quarter. In doing so, White lost his redshirt status reducing his eligibility beyond this season from four years to three years.

Taggart said that White will start Thursday’s game against Houston despite both Bench and Matt Floyd being healthy.

In the span of seven games, four different quarterbacks have seen action.

Bobby Eveld, who went 3-of-5 against Louisville for 22 yards, is out indefinitely with an injury.

Bench, who had promising outings against Florida Atlantic and Miami, struggled against the Cardinals’ defense and completed just four passes. Floyd has not seen action since USF’s season opener against McNeese State, though he is healthy.

So now White enters as the newest solution for a stagnant offense, though Taggart notes he did not play much football in high school.

It is unclear if this move is permanent, or if Bench and Floyd are still in the equation. With the Bulls’ biggest offensive weapon, Marcus Shaw, still injured, the progress of the offense lies with the quarterback position now more than ever.

Uncertainty at the quarterback position is something that is relatively new to USF. For the majority of the past seven years, the Bulls have always had a steady player behind center.

From 2006 until 2009, Matt Grothe was throwing for over 2,500 yards and at least 14 touchdowns each season. After Grothe’s season-ending injury, B.J. Daniels stepped into the starting role and remained there until midway through the 2012 season.

Daniels totaled 8,433 yards and 52 touchdowns during his time with USF, and was on his way to becoming the Big East’s all-time yardage leader before his senior season was cut short due to injury.

Roundup: Bulls onto fourth QB

BY MIKE HOPEY

Staff Reporter

Maybe the answer to USF’s quarterback problems lies in true-freshman Mike White. The Fort Lauderdale native made his Bulls’ debut in Saturday’s loss to Louisville and will make his first career start on Thursday against Houston.

As a senior for the University High School Suns in Fort Lauderdale, White led his team to a 13-0 record and won the 3A Florida State Championship.

He finished his high school career completing 68.8 percent of his passes. He threw for 2,201 yards, 22 touchdowns and only two interceptions with the Suns.

The Houston Cougars took care of Rutgers winning 49-14. The Cougars scored 21 points in the second quarter and never looked back. Quarterback John O’Korn threw for 364 yards and five touchdowns. Three of O’Korn’s touchdown passes went to Deontay Greenberry.

Running back Justin Goodwin was the bright spot for Rutgers with rushing for 161 yards on 31 carries with both of his team’s touchdowns.

Central Florida posted 62 points against UConn winning 62-17. The Golden Knights offense gained 527 total yards in the win.

Blake Bortles had another impressive game for UCF. The senior threw for 286 yards and four touchdowns.

Southern Methodist survived a barn-burner beating Temple 59-49. The SMU Mustangs scored 45-point second half points to climb over .500 in AAC play this season.

Quarterback Garrett Gilbert who threw for 538 yards and four touchdowns led the Mustangs.