Campus turns 25
The year was 1965. The Beatles and the Rolling Stones topped the pop charts, Lyndon Baines Johnson was president and Martin Luther King Jr. led civil rights demonstrations in Selma, Ala. Andy Warhol’s oversized painting of a Campbell’s Tomato Soup can was an overnight sensation.

And a historical event was recorded in Florida’s Pinellas County that year.

What once was a blighted area of ransacked warehouses along Bayboro Harbor began to mushroom into an intellectual and cultural hub—the University of South Florida’s St. Petersburg campus was born.

The St. Petersburg City Council and area business leaders lobbied for expansion of the campus. The late Nelson Poynter, former chairman of the board of The Times Publishing Co., was instrumental in establishing the campus. Together, their efforts garnered the campus 35 acres for classrooms, laboratories, administrative offices and a library.

USF St. Petersburg, Pinellas County’s only public university offering bachelor’s and graduate degree programs, is celebrating its silver anniversary this year.

Crack use waning, drug expert says
Tom Mieczkowski is no stranger to drugs. In the ’70s and the early ’80s he was working the streets of Detroit, speaking the drug lingo of hard-core heroin addicts, visiting crack houses and schmoozing with drug-dealing street gangs and mobsters.

His firsthand experience with drugs, however, comes from hard-core research, not hard-core drug abuse. Far from being a user himself, Mieczkowski is a nationally respected criminologist at USF St. Petersburg.

Mieczkowski (pronounced MITCH-COW-SKI) says crack cocaine use is waning in America, not rising. He says the best form of regulating drugs is self-control, not drug laws. And he thinks that portraying drugs as public enemy number one is a smoke screen for other unsolved pressing issues.

See DRUGS, page 10
Nurturing diversity
Group advises black students

By Bill Azenjo

The Association of Black Students (ABS) is helping blacks on campus take charge of their lives by making the most of their education. ABS is an arm of Project Thrust, a state university program that advises and guides black students. Led by advisor Wayne E. Wilson and ABS president Alison Breerton, the club helps black students find a foothold on a predominantly white campus.

When I first got here, ABS was a good way to get to know other black students on campus," says Antonio Chase.

About 3 percent of USF St. Petersburg's nearly 2,800 students are black. Since the 1970s, ABS has brought black students together to bond and motivate each other, Wilson says. Breerton sees the 37-member group as an information source and a bridge.

"Our hope is that ABS is the first step toward our members participating in other campus clubs and activities," Breerton says. In fact, several ABS students serve in student government and the USF Ambassador program.

"But does that make it good?"

Students taking classes sponsored by the Bishop Center will explore issues, values and choices facing American leaders in government, education, business and human services. Students will learn decision-making skills that will be tempered with personal values, bucking a trend in higher education that concentrated on a strictly objective approach to critical thinking, Ritch says.

"Universities too often end up teaching decision-making skills in a values vacuum," he says. "The Bishop Center will help fill that void."

Two new courses will be offered in the next year. Contemporary Challenges in Ethical Leadership, being taught this fall, will emphasize the development of each student's personal ethical leadership skills. Ethical Issues in Professional Life, to be taught next spring, will explore major contemporary ethical questions and the ways current leaders are attempting to solve these problems.

For more information, call the admissions office at 893-9142, or student affairs at 893-9162.

CAMPUS, from page 1

program, the campus also is home to the U.S. Geological Survey's national headquarters for coastal geology. The Suncoast Area Teacher Training (SCATT) program on campus is ranked as one of the country's best by the American Association of State Colleges and Universities.

USF St. Petersburg now holds the University's first endowed chair in ethics. The newly created Cole Endowed Chair in Ethics is enabling the campus to develop a curriculum in ethics, and attract eminent scholars and outstanding students to the campus to study some of the significant issues of the day. The Bishop Center for Ethical Leadership Studies, another new program, features courses, workshops and public lectures designed to develop students' ethical leadership. The Bishop Center offers a practical and timely response to issues of ethical propriety.

From converted, World War II barracks to eight modern buildings, the campus is still going strong. The campus has grown from 40 classes to 250 - the largest number ever offered. The original four-member, full-time faculty has blossomed to 70. The 2,248 volumes of books in The Nelson Poynter Memorial Library has burgeoned to 115,000. A total of 26 bachelor's and four master's degrees are now offered, as well as a doctorate in marine science.

The newest building, the Campus Activities Center, allows USF St. Petersburg to extend unprecedented services to the campus. The center houses a gymnasium that doubles as an auditorium able to seat 1,500 people. The facility's many uses also include intramural sports and campus fitness programs. A second phase of construction is planned for later this year. This addition will include office space and meeting rooms for student government and other student groups.

Top docs of the '60s

Dr. Kildare
Dr. Ben Casey
Dr. Benjamin Spock
Dr. Zhivago
Dr. Joyce Brothers
Dr. Doolittle
Several USF St. Petersburg faculty, staff and former students recently met to reflect on the first 25 years of the Bayboro campus. They found it appropriate to meet at the Tavern on the Green, a popular eatery serving the USF community that is the closest one can get to the "hallowed ground" (now a USF parking lot) of the Stick and Rudder Bar, a once-familiar watering hole for students and others during the early years of the campus. The true spirit of collegiality is nurtured in such environments, however humble, which serve to foster friendships, intellectual curiosity and amusement.

Among those present were Dr. Tim Reilly, a charter faculty member at USF St. Petersburg, Dr. Jack Robinson of the College of Education, and Dr. Janice Buchanan, who completed both a master's and doctorate degree at USF and graduated to professor here in the process. Donna Christensen, secretary to the founding campus dean, Bob Thrush, Bayboro's first full-time, audio-visual technician, Dot Thrusl, USF Bookstore manager, and Sudsy Tschiderer, classes of '71 and '83 and current student activities coordinator, also gave their insights.

Bayboro Harbor itself provides an apt metaphor for campus life at USF St. Petersburg. The moods of the sea express vitality, tranquility and diversity. The pace of the friendly, industrious port creates its own rhythmical ebb and flow. While Dean Tuttle might fish off the seawall for the mythical snook, others sought peaceful repose by the water to cram for exams - while soaking up the soothing salt air. Not that the air was always sweet and pleasant. Some days the harbor stench was equal to the putrid odor emitted from a broken freezer in the Marine Science Department. The potent smell of defrosting biologists' research samples sent everyone scurrying for relief.

Fortunately, the delicious aromas of campus spaghetti dinners, chicken lunches and fish fries occasionally permeated the air, beckoning the campus community to come together. The great outdoors also provided an ideal setting for big band jazz with Skitch Henderson, volleyball games (featuring Professor Bob Hall as captain of the English Department contingent), and bookstore manager Dot Thrush's favorite - "Master Pierre Pathelin," a traveling gypsy-cart style production by the USF Theatre Department.

The harbor brought a myriad of distinguished guests to the campus. Annual visits by the British Navy were always memorable - as were the arrivals of scientific research vessels, the Dutch Naval ship, yachts competing in the Southern Ocean Racing Conference and, today, cruise ships. The tiny peninsula boasted a truly international flair - especially when Jacques Cousteau's famed Calypso was docked here for about four months in 1975. Bayboro, a working port, showed evidence of U.S. Coast Guard vigilance as boats bearing contraband were stopped and seized here. The sails of smaller boats speckled the harbor, too, as novice sailors practiced maneuvers for basic sailing mini-courses.

New faces, new friends. Lasting memories and experiences to grow by.

In the early days when the campus basically consisted of the old Merchant Marine facilities (only the Marine Science Lab (MSL) and St. Petersburg building B (SPB) remain), there were two major indoor hubs - the SL lobby and the mid-building lounges in SPB. Students, faculty, staff and guests converged here to study, conduct business and socialize. If you were truly lucky, you could actually cajole an SPB vending machine to pop out edible munchies for your quarters. If you were quick, you might sneak a fresh doughnut from John Mashburn on his morning route to work at the Florida Institute of Oceanography housed on campus. The coffee machine at the base of the open staircase in MSL was particularly popular - especially when secretary Donna Christensen was walking upstairs in an ever-popular '60s mini-skirt!

Surviving campus life in those pioneer days often required courage, endurance and a strong sense of humor. The chronic waiting for answers or directives from the "main" campus in Tampa regularly taxed even the most patient of student, staff or faculty member. Professor Jack Robinson recalled a story about one instructor's mis-adventure.

It seems some of Professor Tim Reilly's students had checked out a number of books for his course from the Tampa campus library. The reliable St. Petersburg professor, attempting to facilitate their return, sent them back to the Tampa library by way of the daily USF intercampus courier service. Though clearly marked as its incoming delivery, the library curiously rejected the parcel and returned the volumes to Professor Reilly, indicating they should be returned in person. Seeking an alternative, Professor Reilly mailed the books through the U.S. Postal Service to then-USF President John Allen and requested that he forward them to the library. Dr. Allen complied, with instructions that the library accept books sent through the intercampus mail system in the future.

The campus facilities themselves often called for spartan bravado. Bob Thrush, a whirlwind on A/V wheels, regularly delivered projectors, screens, tape recorders and the like to classes across campus. He was forced to venture upstairs by way of the creaky, decrepit freight elevator in MSL. This indeed was an act of raw courage! In SPB, there was no elevator to the second floor - just long, steep staircases. Onward, he forged...always a smile, never a complaint, like so many of the people at the friendly, helpful Bayboro campus. Most people cheerfully worked beyond the call of duty setting up art exhibits, volunteering to repaint the pool during the heat of summer, performing at senior citizen centers with the USF St. Petersburg Singers. These tasks were accomplished after work - with the incentive being the satisfaction of a job well done.

See LEGACY, page 11.
Celebrating 25 years

From frightened to enlightened
by Niela Eliason

I was frightened the day I first registered at USF Bayboro in 1975. It took me three trips to the administration office in A Building. The registrar’s office was at the south end. There usually was a Coast Guard ship at anchor in the harbor. I knew the Coast Guard vessels by the red band across their chests, like a ribbon of honor.

Mrs. Evelyn Moeller was the registrar. The high desk in the office was crowded with people pressing, reaching, looking for schedules, for answers, for pencils.

I asked for a class list and took it home to read. I liked the sound of all the literature classes. Another day, I got an application form. Mrs. Moeller said I could fill it out there, but I was too frightened. I took it home. Then I went back a third time to turn it in.

The first day of class was even worse. It was in B Building and I got there too early. I sat in the lounge soaking up the campus scene—the pool game, the feet propped on the coffee tables, the easy camaraderie.

Bobby Hubbell came into the lounge. She said, “Come on, we’ll get a drink and then go to class.” Cokes in class? This couldn’t be too dangerous. To my amazement, beer was sold at the snack bar, too.

I was signed up for Dan Wells’ Highlights of American Literature. I had never been to college, only to a small and protective nursing school 25 years earlier. I didn’t know if Dr. Wells would point at me and tell me I didn’t have any answers. I didn’t have any answers. I didn’t know anything.

In class, I remember writing down “ambiguous” to look up as soon as I got home. After the first 15 minutes, I was hooked.

I knew that I was home at last. The next quarter, I signed up for two classes: Harriet Deer on film and Bob Hall on Greek literature. By the time I got out of class, I was so entranced, I couldn’t find my car.

I even liked registration, although we had to stand in long lines in the old auditorium that smelled of mildew.

This was B.C.—before computers.

“Look what we’re going to read this quarter,” I’d chortle to my family. I’d dump my books all over the couch and pet them. My teen-age sons thought I had sprung a leak. I made them do the dishes because I had to study—lie on the couch and read swell stories.

And remember the professors’ offices on the second floor in A Building? They shared space, too, an office. They were spacious rooms, comfortable, sunny and light, more like being in someone’s living room than in an office.

And remember how the clocks in the classrooms never worked and neither did the air-conditioning? We opened the windows to make adjustments until someone nailed the windows closed.

I’m not afraid anymore. I even kept library books past their due date last week. See what a college education will do for you?

Bayboro campus has meant a great deal to me. Whenever I drive past, I think, “How my library, my campus. I grew up there.”

Niela Eliason is a free-lance writer who graduated from USF St. Petersburg in 1980. Her column, FiftySomething, appears twice a month in the St. Petersburg Times.

In the early '70s, fire destroyed Building D, a Department of Natural Resources storage facility located on campus. The blaze from the 3-story wooden building reportedly was seen for miles. The cause of the fire apparently was never fully determined.

A proud beginning
by Dr. Lester W. Tuttle

Lester Tuttle served as founding dean of the St. Petersburg campus from 1968 to 1975. He made the following remarks in a speech during the 1990 commencement ceremony.

Things have an interesting way of changing with time, don’t they? I remember that where the main building of the campus now stands, there once stood the not-quite quaint, but nevertheless fully functional, Stick and Rudder Bar where you could sip a cool draft and munch on a delicious greasy hamburger containing as much cholesterol per ounce as money could buy.

This year marks the 25th anniversary of this campus because it was in 1965 that USF acquired the property on Bayboro Harbor that had been used by the federal government as a maritime training base during WW II. Between 1965 and 1968 USF used the newly acquired facility to support a fledgling marine science program and to provide instruction to local teachers.

In 1968 President John Allen asked me to join the small group of marine science faculty and administrative staff already situated here at the old maritime training base. Because so many students attending classes on the Tampa campus lived on the Pinellas side of the bay, we had decided to offer a series of upper-level and beginning graduate courses designed to make some of the University’s programs more accessible to those students. If local students responded by enrolling in the new courses, and if they demonstrated a desire for a broader range of offerings, President Allen committed the University to respond accordingly. It was against this background that the notion of creating USF’s first branch campus was born. As I recall, some in Tallahassee thought the birth to be premature. But, judging by the number of people in this room today, it’s evident that Dr. Allen’s belief in the University’s commitment to St. Petersburg was neither premature nor misplaced.

The original plan called for placing a handful of resident faculty and staff here on the St. Petersburg campus and supplementing their services with help from the academic and administrative units in Tampa. The resident faculty and staff would provide commitment and continuity to the campus programs, while the Tampa-based
resources would add depth and breadth to the local efforts. With few exceptions, we started out by offering partial rather than complete upper-level degree programs. If students couldn't complete all of their work here, they at least could avoid driving to Tampa every day. Besides, this approach let us sample the temperature of the water in order to find out what programs attracted the required density of students. As soon as student interests were identified and appropriate resources were acquired, the academic offerings were then to evolve from partial to complete degree programs. Our plan worked! It soon became apparent that we would outgrow the space available on the original Bayboro site, so the search for more real estate commenced. The city of St. Petersburg responded with a generous offer of land. With the new land and the new buildings that would follow, most of the academic programs were moved off the Bayboro peninsula, freeing up that space to accommodate the growth of what has by now become a nationally recognized marine science program.

In the beginning most of our students were part-timers, living within a couple of years more students were able to complete all of their academic work on this campus. By 1971 we had generated a sufficient number of “pure bred” St. Petersburg campus students to justify our own graduation celebration. I’d like to contrast that celebration with this one. It took place on the evening of March 18th, 1971, at the Port O’Call on Tierra Verdi where everyone enjoyed an evening of dining and dancing. The graduates and their guests, along with faculty and staff in attendance, numbered 110 souls. The cost of providing dinner for all and hiring a band for the evening came to $5.89 per person. Each graduate was individually recognized, but of course this was not an official graduation — in those days you had to go to Tampa for that. However, everyone had such a good time it became an annual event.

The world of that graduating class was very different from the world this graduating class will experience. The differences, of course, are of both major and minor importance. For instance, in 1971 I-75 ended at the Howard Franklin Bridge. Sirloin steak sold for $1.13 a pound at Webbs’ City. Publix advertised Maxwell House Coffee for 69 cents a pound and you could buy a brand new Volkswagen at O’Brien Motors for $1,928. Me and Bobby McGee, sung by Janice Joplin, was the number one coffee for 69 cents a pound and you could Motors for $1,928.

Over 13,000 students, mainly female, entered the USF system in its first year of operation. By 1971 we had generated a sufficient number of “pure bred” St. Petersburg campus students to justify our own graduation celebration. I’d like to contrast that celebration with this one. It took place on the evening of March 18th, 1971, at the Port O’Call on Tierra Verdi where everyone enjoyed an evening of dining and dancing. The graduates and their guests, along with faculty and staff in attendance, numbered 110 souls. The cost of providing dinner for all and hiring a band for the evening came to $5.89 per person. Each graduate was individually recognized, but of course this was not an official graduation — in those days you had to go to Tampa for that. However, everyone had such a good time it became an annual event.

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The St. Petersburg campus has always represented a unique kind of educational experience, one which embodies a non-traditional relationship between students and the community and among the students themselves. On this campus, we have always blurred boundaries, transgressed the categories which have traditionally defined "education" in America, and played havoc with the boxes universities use to define themselves and their functions. If you want a fine example of blurred boundaries, consider the campus itself. Driving here this week, I was struck by the way the land for campus expansion interpenetrates with the community. As the campus expands, we will have no clear demarcation between campus and community, because the land for expansion lies in the midst of established and flourishing residential and business acreage. Thus much for the secluded and ivy-covered campus. Thus much for the ivory tower retirement which universities have traditionally defined in song and story.

Of course, this campus never started traditionally. In the 1960s, whoever heard of using an old Merchant Marine base for a campus? Whoever heard of a campus where the biggest parking problem was fighting with the pelicans for a parking place? Or a campus where the swimming pool functioned primarily as a home for some porpoises the psych department used for experiments? The campus often got covered with mold from the sea air, but it certainly was not ivy-covered.

If the campus architecture defied tradition, so did the students. Whatever our speculations when the upper-level program began on the campus, we had not anticipated the kind of students who typified our student body from the beginning. Although we had a few students of traditional age and background whose parents were financing at least part of their education, the majority were people who had waited for years to acquire an upper-level education, people who because of jobs and families simply could not commute to Tampa. There were a large number of women, for example, who wanted to get degrees in business or education, but who could not afford the child care involved in taking their courses in Tampa. We even developed class scheduling practices which took into account the hours when children were likely to be in school, scheduling our classes in two-hour blocks starting at nine or ten o'clock in the morning. Then, as now, our students were largely of non-traditional age, with non-traditional interests and needs, and with a far greater than usual sense of responsibility to be enjoyed, not a routine to be endured.

I had never before encountered such highly motivated, interesting students, nor students who were so obviously equal partners in a collaborative enterprise. They brought with them a new challenge to traditional faculty/student relationships. I could not pull rank on people who brought so much maturity and such interesting and diverse experience to a classroom; I could not fall back into assuming a traditional, unquestioned hierarchy in which the teacher was a priori superior to the student. It became obvious that on the campus students would be collaborators and active contributors. They were not here simply to "receive an education," passively; they were here to contribute. In other words, the traditional boundary between teacher and student became as blurred as the question of where the campus begins and ends. Whatever easy distinctions we usually make between students and teachers needed to be questioned. For this campus, collaboration was a more appropriate way of conceiving the nature of educational experience.

The non-traditional nature of this student body and their success in forcing us to rethink the educational enterprise is worth paying attention to, because the nature of the student body which required that we think of education as a collaborative process also encouraged us to think about education in non-traditional ways that have considerable importance to a society entering the 21st century. On the simplest level, the heterogeneity of our student body forces us to rethink the way in which students themselves contribute to their own education. Our students were then, and have continued to be, part time. Moreover, many of our students come for purposes of retraining, of making a career change in midlife. Such students have an unusually intense involvement in course work, and frequently question the underlying assumptions of any body of knowledge, testing its appropriateness for their own interests and aspirations. They are neither casual nor passive, because for them a return to college is an act of courage. Alongside them in our classes are those who are returning to the classroom to expand their personal horizons; for them education is an intense and demanding kind of recreation. And some of our mature students want to discover connections between their work and other facets of the community.

The state of Florida, at the insistence of many senior citizens, allowed retired Florida residents to enter classes free as auditors on a space-available basis. The state thought it was doing the retirees a favor. In fact, the retirees were contributing one of the greatest resources a university can acquire - a bank of experience, profession-
Age before beauty, or is it beauty before age?

Lester Tuttle was our first campus dean. Tuttle was gifted with a ready smile, a quick wit, youth and good looks. On campus with no appointments for the day off-campus, he usually dressed in slacks and a short-sleeved shirt, and no tie. He looked more like a slightly older student than a dean. One day in the early '70s, I was in Tuttle’s office about some problem or other (I was then in my mid-‘50s, maybe 15-20 years older than Tuttle, with graying hair. As is explain who was who.

Age before beauty, or is it beauty before age? Dr. Lester W. Tuttle was USF St. Petersburg’s first academic dean. Tuttle, now a professor of educational leadership at USF’s Tampa campus, recalls that he was drawn to the fledgling St. Petersburg campus because of its great promise and potential as a regional institution of higher learning. Some who know Tuttle well suggest he was drawn equally by the lure of the elusive snook, said by native fishermen to dwell, tantalizingly beyond reach, in Bayboro Harbor, just beyond the seawalls of the campus.

Tuttle claims that he did not even notice the harbor until someone pointed it out to him several months after his arrival in St. Petersburg. His colleagues and fellow administrators maintain, however, that while they consulted their handy little pocket calendars before setting appointments and arranging meetings, Tuttle consulted the solunar table - the table of the tides - in the daily newspaper.

Be that as it may, Les Tuttle, together with a handful of faculty and staff, launched in the fall of 1968 the first of USF St. Petersburg’s junior, senior and graduate level course offerings - the genesis of the programs in which thousands of graduates have earned degrees at the St. Petersburg campus.

USF St. Petersburg’s academic programs - and the campus itself - have evolved and expanded significantly over the past quarter of a century. What has not changed, however, is the tone and the style - the sense of purpose and commitment, the sense of approachability and easy camaraderie, the sense of family - that was established by Les Tuttle and that is the very soul and essence of the St. Petersburg campus.

Les Tuttle’s familiar whistle, and his legendary jokes, may not be heard so often in the offices and hallways of the St. Petersburg campus nowadays. And his fishing poles may no longer clutter up the west end of A Building. But Lester W. Tuttle, "Boy-Dean," raconteur, and honorary resident fisherman, continues to be very much an honored member of the USF St. Petersburg campus family - the family that he, himself, established a generation ago.

Donna Christensen was staff assistant to Dean Lester Tuttle from 1968 to 1975. A 30 year employee of USF, Christensen now is office manager of student affairs.

Remembering the “boy dean”

By Donna Christensen

Les Tuttle was my Bostonian custom, I was dressed in my usual suit and tie. (As we were concluding my discussion, Donna, the Dean’s secretary, came in and announced that his 10 a.m. appointment had arrived.

At that time we were in A Building at the southern end of the campus peninsula, formerly a World War II merchant marine training station. The dean had a large office separated from his secretary’s office by a narrow supply closet converted from an old bathroom. So I headed for the secretary’s office with Tuttle right behind me. When we arrived at the secretary’s desk, a smiling man in his 50s rose from his chair, shook hands with me and said, “Good morning, Dean Tuttle.” Tuttle behind me, dressed in jeans that day, stifled a laugh as did Donna, while I, feeling foolish, quickly tried to explain who was who.

Looks are deceiving. I have often wondered how the scenario would have played if Tuttle had preceded me from his office.

David Kenerson, formerly an associate professor of business management at USF St. Petersburg who also served as acting dean of the campus from 1975 to 1979, is now an adjunct professor. He was one of the first faculty members at the campus.

A lucky brake

By Cliff Bare

It was the fall term of 1977 and the first night of class. My car was having brake problems and it did not look like I was going to get the car fixed in time for class. I was slipping on the brake fluid in the driveway as I scurried to clean up before class. My roommate told me to take his car.

It was my second quarter at USF St. Petersburg and my first night of intermediate accounting. I already was having second thoughts about accounting. I really did not like accounting but had stuck with it because of advising I had received early in my college career.

When I got to the campus all of the parking down the entire seawall was full. My classroom was in B Building, in a room that no longer exists since the demolition of the building’s two west wings in the summer of 1983. I finally found a spot at the far end of the peninsula. I was late for class but felt I could squeeze my roommate’s Oldsmobile into the spot on the very end of the seawall. As I shifted into reverse to back into the spot, the brake fluid on the bottom of my shoe did not allow me to get the bite on the brake pedal that I expected. My foot accidentally slipped down onto the gas pedal and the car squealed its tires as it smashed into a mooring bollard. I could not do anything about the car and I was already late, so I headed off for class.

I spent about 15 minutes listening to the professor lecture. About the time he said, “I want y’ all to know you’re gonna work your butts off in my class,” I decided to pack it in and left class.

When I got home, I discovered my roommate had been bitten by a dog and had just returned from the emergency room where his hand had been stitched. All I could say to him was, “Guess this hasn’t been your day. I wrecked your car.”

I changed majors the next day.

Cliff Bare graduated in 1979. Since 1990, he has been recreation supervisor at USF St. Petersburg.
Don't pen me in
By Sonia Forseth Helton

During the early '70s when Les Tuttle was dean, I was an aspiring young college professor. Having just earned my doctorate and being very conscientious about a publishing career, I realized I needed some authoring tools—namely a typewriter. So I sent the following request to Dean Tuttle:

Dear Dean Tuttle:

I am in great need of a typewriter in my office in order to produce the manuscripts required for publication. In other words, how can I become an author without a typewriter?

/s/ Sonia Forseth

Dear Professor Forseth

Let me remind you that in the 12th century the monks used a pen.

/s/ Les Tuttle

A buffalo tale

As the years progressed, life in Building A became a real challenge. The Marine Science Department moved in with full vigor, chaired by a colorful, articulate and opinionated gentleman, Dr. Frank Manheim. My Art for the Child class held an art exhibit every spring in the halls of Building A. After viewing one such exhibit, Dr. Manheim sent me a memo criticizing the work as being one of the worst art exhibitions he had ever seen in his life. I gave him a memo a lot of thought and returned the following reply:

"Two Easterners were travelling out west and came upon a herd of buffalo. The first Easterner said, 'My goodness, those are the worst-looking buffalo I have ever seen in my entire life!"

"The second turned to him and replied, 'You know, I think I just heard a discouraging word.'"

Dr. Manheim sent me the following response: "Touched."

Sonia Helton is a professor of childhood education at USF St. Petersburg.

Fun facts

- An oceanography committee actually got the Marine Science Department off the ground, recalls Dr. John Briggs, professor emeritus of ichthyology. The committee was unique in the history of the University because it equipped laboratories, taught courses and hired new faculty. "Universities have lots of committees and few of them accomplish very much," says Briggs. The Oceanography Committee, he says, was an exception. It lasted from 1964 to 1972, when the (by then) firmly established Marine Science Department assumed the committee's functions. "It certainly overstepped its bounds and did things committees are not supposed to do, (but) it got marine science off to a good start in St. Petersburg."

- Briggs says the committee set the stage for the department's present success. The program, designated in 1978 as a "Center of Excellence" by the Board of Regents, attracts top-notch graduate students from all over the world. The program's reputation led the U.S. Geological Survey to establish its national Center for Coastal Geology at the campus. Outstanding faculty and research associated with the department has helped transform St. Petersburg into an internationally known center for marine research.

- Not a bad track record for a committee.

I still sense that personal touch. Clearly, I still sense that personal touch. Clearly, one finds here an appreciation and respect for the importance of individual people. And it's a respect that's accompanied with a continuing commitment to give assistance to those who are willing to help themselves. Therefore, in conclusion, it seems altogether fitting and proper that I also offer congratulations to the faculty and staff. For, without them, this graduation would not have been possible.

Top hits of 1965

(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction
   — Rolling Stones
You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling
   — Righteous Brothers
Downtown
   — Petula Clark

I Can't Help Myself
   — The Four Tops

TUTTLE, from page 5

suffering the infirmities associated with size. It seems to me that things have been done right! Today, the campus boasts an ambitious academic program serving more than 2,700 junior, senior and graduate students. A total of 26 bachelor's, four master's and one doctoral degree program is offered here. Yet, the atmosphere remains inviting. When visiting this campus, I still sense that personal touch. Clearly, one finds here an appreciation and respect for the importance of individual people. And it's a respect that's accompanied with a continuing commitment to give assistance to those who are willing to help themselves. Therefore, in conclusion, it seems altogether fitting and proper that I also offer congratulations to the faculty and staff. For, without them, this graduation would not have been possible.
Lost and found
By Fred W. Wright Jr.

My memories of the Bayboro campus go back decades. In fact, they predate USF there. I was in the founding class of Eckerd College (nee Florida Presbyterian College), which was in residence at the Bayboro campus from September 1960 until late 1963.

The classes I now teach as an adjunct in the B Building — the Barracks Building, as we knew it then because of its similarity to military-style housing — are in rooms that once housed bunks, not desks.

In fact, whenever I teach in a particular room, I often cannot help remembering who roomed there that first year, or the next, and what “events,” so vital and stereotypical of college dorm life, happened in the classroom.

As a result, I have a great fondness for the Bayboro campus and especially for the older buildings. The main building, the A Building, in 1960-63 were administration offices, some classrooms and the women’s dorm, upstairs.

We used to stand out front, on the point, with the Coast Guard base behind us, and serenade the women students while waiting for our pizza order. Being a very Presbyterian-aligned college then, the women students had 11 p.m. curfews on weekdays, so were often handicapped when it came to ordering out for pizza or burgers.

The classrooms now that I teach in have been repainted, and in some cases, rewalled since the ’60s, but the memories cannot be renovated. I met and got to know some very special people in those rooms. I had many aimless nights in some of those rooms, and some very meaningful ones. There were pranks and loud stereos, there were all-night card games and hundreds of hours of late studying.

Those many days and nights were, in other words, the foundation for a memorable college experience and the two and a half years spent on the Bayboro campus by the founding classes of what is now Eckerd College will always be with me.

I lost my virginity and found my soul on the Bayboro campus in those years. Not a bad swap.

Fred W. Wright Jr. is a local free-lance writer and adjunct professor at USF St. Petersburg.

Although officially located at St. Petersburg’s Bayboro Harbor, USF St. Petersburg was generally designated just “Bay campus” during the early years.
issues.

"I'm concerned about drug hysteria in society. We need to be careful we don't lose sight of the fact that there are other social problems, such as homelessness and the quality of public education," he says.

"There's a tendency (in the political climate today) toward thinking that if we cleaned up the drug problem in America, there would be no problems. But drugs are not the source of all of our social ills. Drugs are symptoms, not causes."

Mieczkowski has some clout when it comes to putting drugs into perspective. He is chairman of a national committee that is creating an agenda for political debate in the 1992 elections.

As head of the National Association of State Universities' (NASU) drug policy committee, Mieczkowski has chosen a panel that includes drug maverick Ethan Nadelmann of Princeton University, who advocates drug legalization, and Shirley Coletti, president of Operation PAR in St. Petersburg, a model drug treatment program. Coletti staunchly opposes legalizing drugs.

The panel's task is to create a policy paper on drug issues for the 1990s that will be distributed to Congress, the White House and select political groups around the country. Their report, one of 12 from similar panels of the NASU that are identifying the top social issues likely to plague the '90s, will be completed by mid-1991.

"Our objective is to put these issues on the table and to suggest direction for the coming decade," Mieczkowski says with a thoughtful deliberateness.

His unassuming manner belies his high profile. Mieczkowski, 43, usually dresses in generic golf shirts and comfortably baggy pants. With the graceful intensity of a tennis player on the courts, he pads smoothly and swiftly through the campus corridors in Topsiiders. He's an accessible man who keeps his faculty office door open to his students, yet his name is often linked to important drug studies being conducted countywide and across the country.

Until 1979, Mieczkowski was a freight ship captain of the M/V My Sweet Lord. There's a sense of adventure about him that comes from having traveled the globe. That quest for excitement also served him well on land, while he studied the street life of heroin users in Detroit in 1985.

Ask him what "geeking up" and "throwing down" means, and he'll give you a straight answer. The street terms mean to get high, and to fight, respectively.

"People often don't understand that the world of drugs is a world unto itself, including its own rules and language. To understand the problems associated with drugs, we must understand this world, including its unique language and symbols."

While teaching at Wayne State University in Detroit, he also was director of the Drug Use Forecast Project. The project entailed giving urine tests to men arrested in 22 cities. Data from the project supported the theory that crack use had stabilized, confirming Mieczkowski's own theories on why crack use is declining in America.

"Using drugs becomes incompatible with our own vision of ourselves. Consider the hippies of the 1960s. The hippies who snorted cocaine are now driving Porsches. It's an aging-out hypothesis, a change in attitudes and values. I expect the same to happen to crack users."

In the short year he's been at USF St. Petersburg, he has immersed himself in the local drug scene. He is the principal investigator of a pioneering study using human hair samples to determine drug use.

Working with the Pinellas County Sheriff's Office and Operation PAR, the study involves interviewing and testing 279 inmates in the Pinellas County Jail for drug use.

The inmates, who volunteered for the study and were guaranteed anonymity, took urine tests and gave samples of their hair to researchers within 24 hours of their arrest. Researchers also gathered detailed histories of each inmate's drug use.

The simultaneous testing of both hair and urine is the only such study being conducted in the country, Mieczkowski says. Backed by National Institute of Justice grants, the study is part of a federal effort to determine if hair tests for drugs are as valid as urine and blood tests.

Preliminary tests showed that more than half of the inmates used cocaine at least 60 days before they were jailed. While urine tests showed 22 percent had used cocaine, hair tests found 57 percent of the same group of inmates had used it.

The difference exists because the drug stays in urine for two days, while it can last in the hair for possibly years, Mieczkowski says. The drug migrates to the hair shaft and disperses in growth bands, much like tree rings. Shampooing, bleeding or cutting won't rid the hair of the drug.

Although the study has received favorable play in the media because it suggests a more accurate means to detect drug users, Mieczkowski warns the preliminary results may be deceiving.

"This technology is in its infancy, and it will take decades of scientific work to validate it," he says. "Although we seem to be able to evaluate the degree of drug use, we have no control studies. It's like inventing the light bulb—it's great, but it's a hell of a long way from electrifying a city."

Mieczkowski says it is premature for hair samples to be used for pre-employment screening or as evidence in criminal trials. He also thinks that except for research purposes, it's an invasion of privacy.

"The general use of screening, in my opinion, constitutes an illegal search. It's the same thing as someone forcing their way into your home or into your records without probable cause. Of course, it's another matter if your employer finds you asleep at your desk everyday. Under certain conditions drug screens are reasonable, but these are highly specialized circumstances."

In another local effort, Mieczkowski recently finished a study of teen-agers who are the main breadwinners in their families because they sell drugs.

Funded by the Juvenile Welfare Board, Mieczkowski and two colleagues studied 35 teen-agers between the ages of 15 and 17 who lived in St. Petersburg's Laurel Park and Jordan Park. The youths were selling crack and powdered cocaine, and most were not addicts themselves.

"Generally, the parents were aware their children were selling drugs," Mieczkowski says. "The question was, does the family become dependent on the drug-dealing kids to pay for basic needs."

The answer was no. The researchers found the teen-age dealers mainly spent their money on themselves, and were profit-motivated.

"The kids appeared to believe that this was the way to make substantial money quickly."

"The kids didn't give much money to their families," Mieczkowski says. "They spent it on jewelry, clothing, and expensive non-essentials, like weapons." Big ticket items, such as cars, were also on the shopping list.

Mieczkowski is now working with other drug experts on a book, a guide for social workers, nurses, counselors and therapists. Tentatively titled Drugs, Crime and Social Policy, it will be published early next year by Allyn and Bacon.

In the meantime, he will be flying around the country making presentations concerning hair analysis. In the 11 years he's been in criminology, he's made an impact.

"It's been a real interesting decade, but there's a pile of issues that need social attention. The drug problem isn't going to go away."

groovy out of sight bread good vibes psychedelic
alism, and independent judgment which transforms our classes. The stretching of our younger students' perspectives is wonderful. I recall in particular a course I gave in politics in 20th century literature. In the class was a World War I veteran, a couple of World War II veterans, a Korean war veteran and some returned Vietnam veterans. I still remember the amazing exchanges of views toward war, military service and patriotism that went on in that class. No one from the youngest to the oldest, and that includes the instructor, came out with the same perceptions and attitudes as he had when he entered the class. Whatever the students learned about political literature, they learned even more in that class about multiple perspectives, about breaking down stereotypes, about thinking in complex rather than merely simple, egocentric patterns, where human value resided in something other than the workplace. How is one to stigmatize or isolate a retiree who has so much to tell the young; how can we pretend that the man of leisure has less identity or worth in such a situation, how can we pretend that he should be patronized? Conversely, when that retiree hears the brilliance of the young, how can he assume that he should reject new ideas and the future? How can he stay frozen in time? In the final analysis, who can discriminate between the value of the leisure society and the work society in a context where members of both worlds have equal value?

That intergenerational classroom experience makes our old hierarchies of value obsolete in the best, most humanistic fashion, because we are forced to go beyond the social labels we have traditionally attached to people. It may not solve the problem of disappearing work but it certainly helps us to discover alternative ways of defining ourselves, and discovering such alternatives is going to be one of the major tasks we face in the automated society of the 21st century.

If articulating these questions is sometimes confusing, nevertheless the actual experience of diversity and blurred categories which a campus like the St. Petersburg campus of USF offers can prepare many of us to an unusual degree for looking at the creative possibilities in a world in which traditional categories of work and play are disappearing. Rather than fearing the disappearance of categories, the experience of sharing an education with students who themselves defy boundaries, and of being such students ourselves, will help us to find delight in the world of the 21st century, and to embrace with confidence a world in which new uses of time and times of life are a wonderful prospect.

The diversity and energy of the people have always been a hallmark of the St. Petersburg campus. Sudsy Tschilder, student activities coordinator, recalled her first class at USF in 1969. It was World Geography taught by the dynamic Professor Harry Schaleman Jr. There were five students in the course: The editor of The Churchman, the nation's oldest publication and now renamed The Human Quest, the wife of the St. Petersburg mayor, and three eager, fresh-faced students, including Tschilder. What a collection of different personalities and perspectives - a factor that continues to enrich the Bayboro academic setting to this day.

A warm, caring, cooperative attitude is contagious at USF St. Pete. Professor Regis Factor recounts the kindness of custodian Fred Mulitsch, who found a packet of papers one night as he cleaned the lounge. Looking closer, he suspected the papers might be important to someone. He found a name in the stack and took the time to phone a panicked student - who was completely ecstatic that the lengthy take-home exam had been found.

Individuals coming to the Bayboro campus may travel here via a variety of ways: By land, air and sea. There are many stories of students who temporarily moored their boats in the harbor between classes. Several flew here by small plane, landing at Albert Whitted Airport and crossing the street. Of course, cars, motorcycles — and even skateboards — are parked on campus. One student commuted on roller skates!

USF St. Petersburg is a family affair with many parents taking classes alongside their children. Students — from ages 20 to 80 — graduate annually. They often return to campus for lectures, concerts and other special events.

The sights, sounds and people may change with the tides — but the old familiarity remains. Art education students can still be seen tracing the outlines of each other on rolls of paper in the halls. Music students continue to test new skills on their recorders. Computer wizards still "byte" and "nibble" - but now utilize ultra-efficient high-tech machines. English majors are found reading Moby Dick at the water's edge. Dr. William Garrett's Dixieland jazz band still plays campus events, but the Red Hot Profs have evolved into the Trouble Clefs.

Endless images have piled up over the years. Student Government, the Water Buffalo water volleyball team, the Florida Suncoast Writers' Conference, Young Authors' Conference, Crow's Nest, Campus Activities Center, Uncle Ed's and Aunt Hattie's restaurants, the-big-top commencement, campus showcase, hippies and yuppies, Donald Haney Landing, Dr. Bob Fowler's white rats for behavior modification classes, scrabble games in the staff lounge, Mike Moyer's beard — to be shaved only after completing his Ph. D. in marine science, registrar "Granny" Mohler's "truly tasteless?" jokes, Friday Evening Film Series, Wayne Hoffmann's day care project, the Popourri/Mushroom Coffeehouse, Ron Strang's nautical benches, hurricane flooding of the campus, temperature controlled classrooms and offices, the mock air-disaster (designed to test St. Petersburg's emergency service network), fire destruction of Building D, ground breaking and building dedication ceremonies, the Briggs collection donated to the Poynter Library... and unforgettable people, people, people!

In an environment where the cacophonous sound of ships' horns replaces the clang of traditional school bells, the signal is still the same: This is a first-class, inspired port-of-call.

This is our legacy - USF St. Petersburg!
USF St. Petersburg: This is the year

Julie Gillespie was appointed in July as acting director of development for USF St. Petersburg.

Gillespie replaces Ralph McKay, who left to accept the post of vice president for development for Upper Iowa University.

What a pleasure it is for me to take over the reins as director of development and university relations for USF St. Petersburg.

In my 10 years in fundraising at USF, I have never seen such overwhelming enthusiasm and community support! This was shown by the tremendous success of Phase I of the comprehensive campaign... which has helped poised this campus for a tremendous future.

This is the Year! That was the theme adopted for the final year of the university-wide campaign, which is expected to exceed $111 million by June 1991. With USF St. Petersburg already over its initial campaign goal, this is the year to begin Phase II of our efforts.

As Ralph McKay so eloquently explained in his last column for Bayboro Briefing, Phase II will be our effort to increase the impact and service of USF St. Petersburg to the broader Pinellas community. This is the year for Interim Dean Winston T. Bridges Jr. to continue the vision of USF St. Petersburg as an interdisciplinary resource for the entire St. Petersburg community.

And, most significantly, this is the 25th anniversary of USF St. Petersburg. What a milestone that is. In the past 25 years, as information and articles in this newsletter show, there has been tremendous growth and maturity in the depth and breadth of our programs.

There are many activities and events in place to celebrate this anniversary and I hope each and every one of you will have the opportunity to join us in our celebration. You will enjoy being a part of this exciting university community.

This is certainly the year for USF St. Petersburg to set goals for the next 25 years, and we must rely on the continued support and enthusiasm of the community.

To all of you who have contributed to USF St. Petersburg in our first 25 years, we thank you very much.

If you are now considering supporting the university, this is the year to do it. As we celebrate the silver anniversary, a new era will begin for the campus. We hope you will help us now to shape that future.

Gillespie has served since 1986 as the campaign coordinator for USF's $111 million comprehensive gift income program, "Campaign USF: Opportunities to Shape Florida's Future." Scheduled to conclude in June of 1991, the campaign has already achieved 85 percent of its goal.