by gregfrancesce

I love reading the newspaper. Picking up a copy of the New York Times before my 9:35 ENG 13 class was more than a ritual; it was a means of survival. Discretely reading the newspaper during class was not only a challenge but also an art for me. Though it was technically an introduction to fiction, the only thing I ever read was non-fiction. By the time 10:25 rolled around, my hands were covered in a layer of smudged ink and the newspaper was carefully tucked into my backpack – to be finished in my next class.

Chances are good that I wasn’t the only one preoccupied with reading the news. Though instead of newspapers spread out across desks, a quick glance across the room would expose a dozen pairs of eyes transfixed on 2.5 inch Blackberry and iPhone screens.

Over the past 15 years we’ve seen the disappearance of many of the technologies we have been incredibly familiar with during our young lives. Running the risk of sounding like a nostalgic senior citizen, I remember when I was younger checking the newspaper for movie times. I also remember memorizing all my friends’ phone numbers. If a tally existed somewhere, my mom’s pager number would have been my most frequently dialed. I also remember how important I felt whenever I got a letter from home – to be finished in my next class. Chances are good that I wasn’t the only one preoccupied with reading the news.

Sometimes, though, flashy headlines and an interesting story here and there are not enough. Newspapers like the Chicago Tribune and the Philadelphia Inquirer have recently filed for bankruptcy. A couple of years ago the New York Times threatened to close down the Boston Globe (which it currently owns), lease out its brand new Manhattan skyscraper, and sell its stake in the Boston Red Sox. The difficult transitional problems don’t stop at newspapers, however. A few weeks ago I read that the US Postal Service was on track to lose almost $10 billion this year and that many rural communities would end the year without their local post offices. My most recent visit to a post office demonstrates this decline firsthand. Instead of waiting in the seemingly endless line I remembered, I was able to walk right up to an eager attendant. The same gray drab dominated the décor, but the distinct smell of saliva and paper was gone. Borders, as anyone who has recently been on Church Street knows, went out of business. Could this be a harbinger of the future of bookselling? Even the existence of the good ol’ reliable landline is endangered. Under the (mostly accurate) assumption that everyone owns a cell phone, UVM has threatened to ditch land lines in dorms and payphones that everyone owns a cell phone, UVM has threatened to ditch land lines in dorms and payphones. Y ankees (for the record, I have no feelings about the Red Sox really are just as good as the Yankees all think they’re from the city (even when they can practically claim residency in Canada); New Yorkers hate when the Mass kids try to convince the world that the Red Sox really are just as good as the Yankees (for the record, I have no feelings on this particular brawl, so please don’t send me hate mail). All of this hostility viciously cycles and has led me to wonder one thing—why does this exist, and is it unique to neurotic New Englanders?

As I arrived in McAuley Circle on freshman year move in day I knew I was going to love this school—though my overprotective father was slightly less beguiled than I was, watching the football team use their chiseled, muscled arms to tote all of my belongings up to my room was the greatest way to kick off my college career. My heart fluttered as three athletic gods swaggered over to my overstuffed vehicle, however, my excitement quickly morphed into humiliation. The first thing these beautiful men said to me was, “You’re from Connecticut, aren’t you?” As I stood there silent and pale, begging my subpar social skills to pull through just this once, they simply laughed and took my tacturnity as conformation and said, “We can always spot Connecticut girls, they always pack the most stuff.” Needless to say, I was more than a little taken aback by their effrontery. I am not usually one to hold my tongue, however, forcing them to carry up two colossal buckets of my shoes amongst my surplus of other belongings seemed punishment enough for their attitude so I kept quiet.

Though that was my first encounter with hostility towards Nutmeggers, it was certainly not my last. In my experience, 96% of this school is from New England, more specifically Connecticut, Massachusetts or New York (which I understand is not technically New England, but since they share our attitude problem and impatience they may as well be) yet, for some ungodly reason, there is an unbelievable amount of tension between the residents of each. The Bay States constantly complain about Connecticuters’ inability to drive (oh, the irony); Nutmeggers can’t stand when New Yorkers all think they’re from the city (even when they can practically claim residency in Canada); New Yorkers hate when the Mass kids try to convince the world that the Red Sox really are just as good as the Yankees (for the record, I have no feelings on this particular brawl, so please don’t send me hate mail). All of this hostility viciously cycles and has led me to wonder one thing—why does this exist, and is it unique to neurotic New Englanders?
new developments in uganda

by jamesagilo

Beginning last Wednesday, in a move supported by the Ugandan government, the Ugandan military attacked LRA positions in the Democratic Republic of Congo (DRC). The LRA is the group who chops people's limbs off because apparently God wants this to happen. Since 2008 and have abducted more than three thousand children, and raping women as they go. It is estimated that the arrest of five of the main leaders. Furthermore, in recent years, providing logistical support, training, and financial support to the LRA. This has led to a sort of ragtag militant group, but global security experts view this does not represent a major commitment for the US of the future. Even so, the elimination of Kony and his group, but global security experts agree that this does not represent a major commitment for the US of the future. Even so, the elimination of Kony and his associates is likely that it is a bit more than that.

We recognize that the special, we believe that her brain has absolutely no signs of Alzheimers.

Dr. Heiko Helbing, on a recent scientific study, says that people who live to be extremely old might have some kind of genetic anomaly that protects their brain cells from the disease. On Saturday, very, very funny, security forces opened fire on a peaceful protest, killing 12 people and wounding at least 80.

I reject power and I will continue to reject it.

"Robert Obama, explaining that he actually doing something meddlesome with his hair, said, "In 2000, I've been the longest running traditions, the loss is significant."

I don't hate myself enough for this. Good God, I need a drink.

I have authorized a new scheme of combat-equipped US forces to deploy to central Africa."

Barack Obama, explaining that he is actually doing something meddlesome with his hair, sent 100 American troops to Uganda to kill the last of the Lord's Resistance Army (LRA). This was the US of the future. Even so, the elimination of Kony and his group, but global security experts view this does not represent a major commitment for the US of the future. Even so, the elimination of Kony and his associates is likely that it is a bit more than that.

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**Reflections**

**moustaches of glory: the top five facial hair origins of all time**

by jamebeckett

Here you always wanted to grow a moustache but never knew what style to go for? Well, this article is for you! It will provide an overview of some of the most popular moustache styles for you to choose from. But first, let’s get a little deeper into the history of moustaches.

1. **Zombie**
   - Zombie - A more politically correct term for a man with a more liberal view of life and its various constructs. The key to this style is to believe that to have this moustache you need to be in the mob and psued 22%.
   - Let anyone who can successfully grow this style will make more than one person say “What?”

2. **The Fu Manchu**
   - Anyone who can grow fabulous moustache can grow this style. They are savvy and cunning and have a very unique style. The style is a testament to the fact that I'm surprised that there are so many of them.

3. **The Hitler ‘Stache**
   - The overpowering odor is tough to de-groom and maintain this tedious ‘stache. This is great for any man who wants to grow professional and clean facial hair.

4. **Dubstep**
   - Anyone who knows anyone aware of a type of electronic dance music characterized by its heavy “wump wump” sound. This style is also gaining popularity in the new musical phenomenon that is dubstep. And if you don’t believe me, I bet you to one of these shows in person.

5. **The Slightly Louder Birkenstock-Wearing Version**
   - The slightly louder Birkenstock-wearing version is more or less what I think we all expected it to be: Majorism is one of the least destructive -isms of this Earth. Mostly it’s just good fun, and it is primarily used to mock those who want to establish that he is one bad ass -ist. Fucius, then this is the moustache for you. This bold style is for any man who wants to look bat shit crazy and never have anything you say taken seriously ever.

**Peepers in the leaves**

by bethbeastoon

**Dubstep:** a beginner’s experience

Here at college, we are worldly. We are wise. We took the SATs, dammit, and we did okay. So we’d like to think we’re above petty things like sticking gum under desks, taking the mac’n’ cheese you left on the water tower, or getting a few cheesecakes. Here is the data I collected:

**by derek

**Nuclear Medical Technology**

- Professional Non-sequitur Makers. They have to go off on some tangent and make you sit there and listen to their rants. Their desire to always be the smartest person in any room and then prove it makes six figure sums by age thirty.

**Philosophy:**

- Capitalism ftw!

- They act as though they are the smartest person in the room. They do not like being interrupted or held back in any way. They may even develop an antipathy for you. They must never be allowed to flounder.

- “You guys are just like the rug rats in the Harvey Bedazzled show on television. You’re so dumb. You’re a bunch of kids. You’re always in diapers. You’re only here to make people laugh.”

- This is an awkward shadow. Also, for the ladies out there, nothing gets them more turned on than a man who wants to look bat shit crazy and never have anything you say taken seriously ever.

- We’re all way more jealous of your skills than we say we are.

- New Hampshire(ers):
   - Rather pale, since their workload prevents them from ever seeing the sun. They’re just looking for the closest beach and/or bar to hang out at. They would rather be on a bridge or in a cell with a potty named "Jawbone." New Hampshire(ers) are popular peepers, and how they act is often determined by derek.
I am: you never listen... but what am I to do? I was talking with you. I had just gotten off the phone; I was talking with you. It doesn’t usually go to well, but what am I to do? I never listen...

What are the words that I am missing? I was mesmerized by the image in the lens. Someone on the street bumped him. He was knocked off balance, but he managed to stay upright and look around. It was the same city that he had been before with colorful glowing lights. Once more put his face to the camera. This time, the scene was the young woman, the mother, sitting at a booth with her son. She was a most gorgeous sight to behold. She had a smile, ever so slight, but welcoming. There was a way about her that was familiar... as if he were there talk...

What are the words that I am missing? It made him feel as though... how was it... to dream? He cupped his face with his hands, but he couldn’t keep from laughing. He dashed to the coffee shop door and went inside. She was sitting by the window, an image of quaint charm. He stepped outside and threw on a coat, thinking about his apartment.

We stepped on damp hemorrhages, watching the mold grow, and looked directly at the sky. We cursed the day we knew you’d forget your own name by the end of the night. Someone else wanted you so bad. You’d forget your own name by the end of the night.

It’s Sunday night. I want you so bad, my sweet Poly Sci Guy. But knowing you, you’re likely to just appear. I need to see your face, to know it wasn’t a dream. Where is the marketplace, and so do I, don’t you? I miss those butterflies when you walked past me, but hit me up sometime boy ‘cause IWYSB.

I know you like the marketplace, and so do I, don’t you. I want to show you exactly how special you are. I want to do so much more than kiss you. That seem to say so much... I bet I could love you more than the girl that loves you. I want to wait for you to come around. I want to wait for you to come around. Where is back five?

I didn’t say anything... Oh I must have you. What did you just say? For a fool I wish not to make of you. You come to see me all the time, but I’m not saying you don’t. I am: awesome titties dump em out, super crunchy hippie chick, but I want you so bad to stop chatting. I swear my personality isn’t shitty but I hear a sound on the third floor behind some books. It’s Sunday night.

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"cavatappi comes from the Italian words cava and tappi and literally means 'tap extractor.' It's a hollow spaghetti noodle with ridges on the outside. In pasta parlance, these ridges are called rigatoni. Rigatoni are very similar to cavatappi, but they aren't the same. Fusilli (Italian little screws) – not hollow. Give me those ridges, please! Fusilli, then, are other hollow noodles, but they too aren't the same, obviously. While rigatoni and cavatappi are both hollow, both have different vital attributes of a noodle? Duh! SAUCE/CHEESE! Obviously, they aren't spirals. Why are spirally and hollow form, not to mention the rigatoni (remember those?) help make the pasta the perfect noodle. Other noodle stuff like bowties, wagon wheels, and the like have more novel forms. You've got your boring spaghetti, linguini, fettucine, your lake plays in my iTunes library. It's a lot of shapes, okay? If it's not already clear that the rice is your grandma's pasta. She eats it with cottage cheese and snort. Rich, Angel hair. More like angel nose, as it's rarely seen this long on my plate. Industrial! I can imagine the factory where those things are made, clean and industrial. They are sterile. My grandmas pasta was hand made, and they are home made. It's not a factory. They are artisanal. I could go on, but trust me. The pro cess. Next time you make pasta, sit aside, remember what you're doing today. Don't be a loser and end up with those ridges! Help make this world a better place. And after waiting for over four years for this baby to get here, it’s a good thing we weren’t disappointed. I'm sorry, just wanted to make sure you were still awake. PSYCH! Deadmau5 had nothing to do with this album. And after waiting for over four years for this baby to get here, it’s a good thing we weren’t disappointed. I'm sorry, just wanted to make sure you were still awake. PSYCH! Deadmau5 had nothing to do with this album.
FAIR TRADE COFFEE: HOW FAIR IS FAIR?

A DEBATE FEATURING

**Loraine Ronchi**
Senior Economist
African Agriculture & Rural Development (AFTAR)
The World Bank

**Colleen Haight**
Assistant Professor of Economics
San Jose State University & Economics
Program Officer, Institute For Humane Studies, George Mason University

Thurs., Oct. 20, 2011 • 4:00 p.m.–5:30 p.m. • Ira Allen Chapel
Reception immediately following in the Billings Library 5:30 p.m.–6:30 p.m.

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