

**THE WAYWARD WORDS
OF
WELLINGTON AND WHISTLEWICK**

Cuthbert Wellington & Bertram H. Whistlewick
Columnists

Bizz-buzz, buzz-bizz, it sounded like a small motor idling faraway off in the east. As it grew closer, the sound swelled to a stentorian crescendo akin to the horrifying, metallic purr of a weed-whacker set from "tor-toise" to "hare." But the sound wasn't from a lawn and garden appliance, oh no: it was the annual convergence of a thousand WASPs upon our peaceful, northern hamlet, thus heralding the commencement of that salute to snobbery, that festival of fiscal fecundity known as Family Weekend.

A kaleidoscope of cardigans. A patina of pastels. A plethora of polos. These are the sights that greet us as the day of reckoning approaches. Beamers parked and blazers sported with haughty disdain descend upon our hallowed halls. Don't be cajoled into a false sense of security by the sunny demeanor conveyed by their cultured flamboyance. Their mission is martial, and behind those Ray-Bans perched atop that new nose are the eyes of a cotillion killer, who will sting you with judgment and leave you swollen and itchy.

When Mumsy and Poppy reunite with their offspring, the trifecta of decadence is complete and it is apparent where the child has learned his or her behavior. The Norman Rockwell paintings rush over to the tennis courts in their pink pants before the Ramblewells from Silken Doiley, Connecticut have uncouthly squatted upon Court Three. Afterwards, they swarm, but quick!, to Dana where cucumber sandwiches have mysteriously and recently been added to the typically bourgeois Friday night fare. Schnell! Back to the bookstore, which has gone from doing no business after textbook week, to refurbishing its bathrooms with golden taps. If it wasn't for Larry and Muffy Sr., the bookstore would be tragically obliged to loosen the crushing grip it has maintained on our coffers. God bless them for their wanton patronage!

Did you ever notice how the H3's, H2's, and C-130's show up before the Ford Escorts, the Geo Prizms, and the DeLoreans? Well that's because St. Lawrence makes sure that their bright, shining faces will be here by putting a moratorium on local hotel rooms before the rest of the huddled masses can snatch them. Provided they can afford a telephone and can still operate a vehicle after selling enough blood-plasma to pay for a semester of tuition.

So how does one become a member of this elite club? Just a minimum ANNUAL donation of \$1500 that must ANNUALLY increase every ANNUAL year. Holy underwear, Batman! So what do you get for this? You get a subscription to *The Hill News* that would have originally cost you \$10. Booyah! Oh yeah, and you also get to muscle out those who are less economically-fortunate for rooms at the Best Western. Can the sound of the ice machine really lull you to sleep at night now, or does it just feel too good, knowing you command the kind of extravagance that precludes 99% of the population from membership in organizations such as this, to ever be troubled by anything other than what kind of wine would have gone best with cucumber-sandwiches?

**THE NEXT MEETING OF PRISM,
THE GLBT CONCERNS GROUP
OF NORTHERN NEW YORK,
WILL BE HELD ON
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 15TH
AT 6:00 P.M.**

**WHERE:
THE UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST
CHURCH IN CANTON.**

**A DINNER OF APPETIZERS IS
PLANNED, SO BRING A DISH TO
SHARE!**

**DISCUSSION WILL ADDRESS
CONTENT FOR OUR NEW
WEBSITE: WWW.PRISMNY.ORG.**

**FOR MORE INFO, LOG ON TO
THE WEBSITE OR CALL
REACHOUT AT 265-2422.**

SAINT: Students that clean up the Townhouse Quad every Sunday. You are generous, environmentally conscious, and awake long before the rest of us. Hazaaa!

SAINT: Skittles...the kitten who has, of late, become the Hill News mascot. May her reign be one of prosperity.

SAINT: Coming Out Day! Here's to making the St. Lawrence campus a more open and accepting place!

PURGATORY: The state of a student's mind during exam week. Though they may seem like a good idea at the time, these things just never work out for the best.

PURGATORY: Roman Catholic and old songs that play on repeat in your head during tests, quizzes, and showers.

PURGATORY: Friday the 13th. Traditionally assumed to bring bad luck, and yet it has birthed a generation of B-rate horror flicks.

SINNER: The act of being late to class. It's a sin because it shows a lack of respect for the professor and the other students.

SINNER: The act of not studying. It's a sin because it shows a lack of respect for your own education and the hard work of your classmates.

SINNER: The act of not showing up to class. It's a sin because it shows a lack of respect for the professor and the other students.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD

Marc Amigone
Columnist

Over the last few weeks in the Kenya Semester Program, the 25 of us traveled to the Yaida Valley in Central Tanzania to study and live with the Hadzabe, a hunter-gatherer tribe indigenous to the region. We spent three days camping near their village with six Hadzabe men staying at our camp working as guides and security.

The Hadzabe are an entirely subsistence-based community relying completely on gathering roots, tubers, wild fruit, berries, honey, and hunting wild game such as impala, birds, monkeys, giraffe, zebra, wild bore, wildebeest, and anything else they can find. One of our guides from the travel company with which we toured commented, "If Jesus Christ walked through here on all fours they would shoot and eat him."

The Hadzabe use bow and arrows to kill their food. If they used guns or more efficient technology, they would deplete the resources of their environment too quickly. We made arrows, hunted, cooked, and dug for roots with them to experience exactly what they do on a daily basis to survive. They also taught us to climb Baobab trees to collect honey and water.

Most of us found out what it was like to hunt by coming back empty-handed. Jake Levenson, Carly Frazier, Brittany Goss, Reynolds Whalen of Washington University at St. Louis, and I were lucky enough to witness our guide shoot a guinea fowl with his bow and arrow. We were the only hunting group to kill anything though. Our guides warned us that would be the likely outcome. They told us when a lion goes out to hunt she is only successful two out of every ten times.

The Hadzabe are gradually being forced to change their lifestyle due to the continual loss of their land to neighboring pastoralist tribes and the Tanzanian government. Over the last few decades, they have lost 90% of their land. Their population is dwindling at 800. More and more of them abandon their hunter-gatherer lifestyle as they are exposed to agriculture and westernized education.

Their society is entirely egalitarian. None of them have any material possessions besides their arrows, their tobacco, and the clothes on their back. Any food that is killed or collected is shared equally. No food is stored. The food they eat is killed or collected that day. When possible, a surplus of meat or honey is sold or traded for tobacco, clothes, or marijuana. Their lifestyle is extremely environmentally friendly due to their technology and philosophy regarding conservation. They are always conscious of preserving the resources of their environment. From every several weeks to three years, they relocate their camp.

Upon returning from Tanzania, we began our three week urban-home stays with working class families in and around Nairobi. We also resumed our regular classes. At the end of our three week stay, we will write papers comparing the urban and rural lifestyles we experienced in our time in Kenya. For many of us, the home stays have been an opportunity to see and experience a new part of Nairobi. Nairobi is the largest city in East Africa with a population around 2.5 million people. Seeing new parts of it is definitely something we are all enjoying.

**COME ONE, COME ALL
TO POETRY FOR PEACE!**

**WHEN: MONDAY, OCTOBER 16TH
4:30 TO 5:30 P.M.**

WHERE: THE WINSTON ROOM.

**BRING AND READ A POEM WRITTEN BY YOUR FAVORITE POET.
SUBJECTS CAN INCLUDE ANYTHING RELATED TO WORLD
PEACE, SOCIAL JUSTICE, AND GLOBAL UNITY!
READ POEMS IN OTHER LANGUAGES AND
BRING TRANSLATIONS!**

THIS IS AN FYP CUP EVENT.

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