

THE SKIDMO' DAILY

Warning: Content is highly flammable

APRIL 20, 2015

Skidmore's Only Intentionally Satirical Newspaper

Hillary Clinton Clears the Field of Chelsea

By JACK ROSEN, Editor-in-Chief

Hillary Clinton is reportedly wanted for questioning. She is wanted in connection with the deaths of several suspected offspring belonging to her husband and former president Bill Clinton. Though the former Secretary of State has not been seen in several weeks, sources close to her believe she has gone on this murderous rampage in an attempt to prevent any potential pretenders from challenging Chelsea, daughter of Bill and Hillary, when she inevitably rises to claim the Iron Throne.

Defenders of Hillary claim this is all in the interest of good governance, and that she simply wants to ensure an uncomplicated succession upon the eventual passing of herself and her husband. "Mrs. Clinton thinks the American people deserve better than being forced to listen to another series of lies and smears thrown at her family during one of their countless bids to be the ruling class of this nation.

Mrs. Clinton thinks that the American people deserve better than a coronation ceremony muddled by charges of bastard male heirs, who under primogeniture, would have claims that necessarily precede Chelsea's." One Clinton aide told this paper, on the condition

of anonymity. The aide quickly added (with an unmistakable hint of fear in their voice) "and that's why the American people should remember to vote for Hillary in 2016!"

Jeb Bush has been quick to criticize Hillary for eliminating potential heirs to the throne

that the two families have spent much of the last three decades alternating. "Listen, my father let my brothers and I fight it out amongst ourselves to see who would succeed him. And I'll admit that George bested me. Was that good for the American people? Prob-

bly not. But he won the right to run first fair and square." At this point Jeb unbuttoned his shirt to reveal a thin scar running diagonal across it. "Dick [Cheney] distracted me, and George got me with a samurai sword," the former Florida governor said as he forced this reporter to run his finger along the scar, uncomfortably staring said reporter in the eyes the entire time.

Jeb Bush is not alone in taking issue with Mrs. Clinton de-democratizing the process of bloodline based succession by taking away voters choices. Caroline Kennedy notes that it was left to her generation to see who amongst themselves would have the honor of making a failed attempt at carrying on the family legacy with Sen. Ted Kennedy's passing - mostly by virtue of who had not been publicly disgraced or arrested for drug abuse. "I just think an uncontested succession race—free of meaningful democracy—between multiple blood-related heirs really just defeats the purpose of this whole system we've established. Without a variety of presidential offspring to select from, how can it really be said the American voters have a democratic choice?"



Tell-tale Signs
Spencer Greenberg

Skidmore Amasses Copious Amounts of Weed - Needs to Stop

By DOUG PATRICK

We know what happens every mid-April - it's weed season. Though many just sweep the situation under the rug and pretend it's not there, the sheer amount of weed this year is far too large to let pass by the wayside.

Acting as if nothing is happening is just furthering an idea that this weed culture

is okay. How could students genuinely feel there is nothing wrong here? With the smoke, joints, and that smell, it's obvious something is going on.

"It's time we put an end to all this weed," Rusty Wallace says, a Skidmore landscaper, "and make sure the students know what we're doing."

Rusty's right. Often stu-

dents will be forced to lunge for their lives as a crew of landscapers drives down our sidewalk. It's time we start the conversation as to why.

The smoking weed-whackers, the way one's joints have to bend in order to get into the hard-to-reach places, and the smell of freshly cut grass is far

too prevalent on this campus in mid-April; we must take care of our greens better to prevent this from happening every spring.

"Though this is a huge problem," Phillip Glotzbach was quoted saying, "I hope everyone can enjoy their 4/20. Let's stop worryin' about this weed, and get dat g00d kush."

Student Builds Incredible Floral Crown in Preparation for Fun Day

By MIRANDA THOMPSON

With the full bloom of spring on the horizon, whispers are spreading across campus regarding Skidmore's largest spring celebration: Fun Day. But while it has taken warming weather and increasing class work to remind students of the day of no frost and no fucks, one student has been planning her Fun Day all winter. Sophomore, fashionista, and terrifying perfectionist June Thornton has been building her Fun Day flower crown since the end of December.

"As a freshman, I didn't know until too late that flower crowns would be the norm," explains Thornton of her decision to build her masterpiece. "With no time to plan, I had to buy a typical Urban Outfitters wreath. People said it was cute. I was disgusted."

With the sting of her fall to basicness driving her, Thornton has been creating the crown of her dreams. And what a creation it is. Thornton has built a two-foot tall beehive of floral overload, combining

six different blooms that will be at their peak in late April. Thornton sticks to a pink and gold scheme, growing her own hybrids to produce the shiniest metallic daffodils and irises scientific genius could imagine. The flowers are also imbued with florescent proteins so they will glow as Thornton

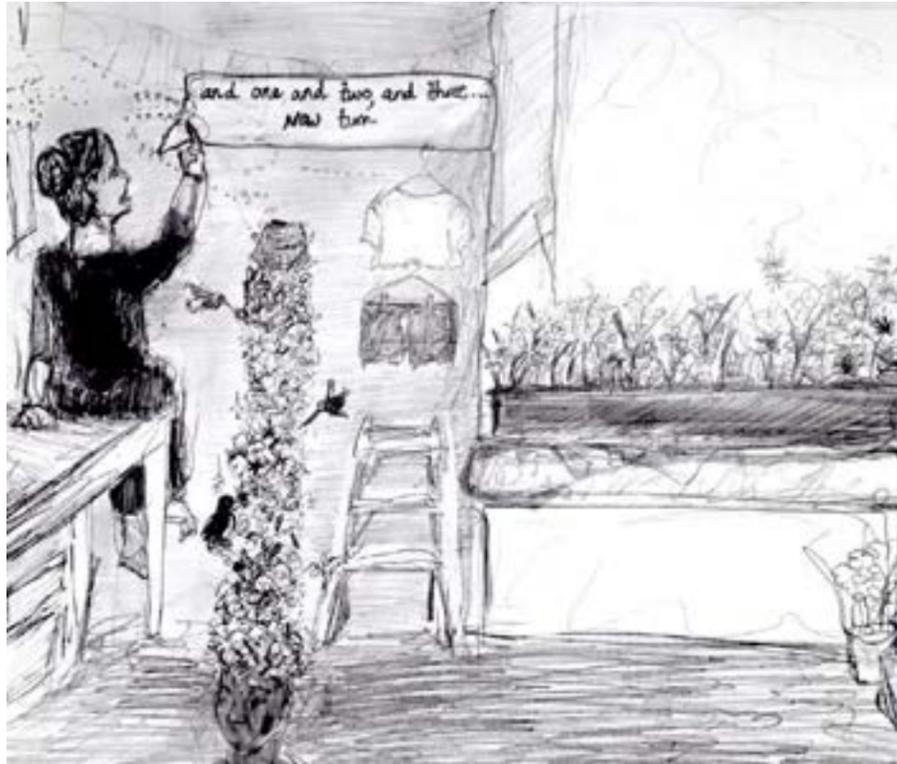
hits the after parties. Even more impressive is the plastic funnel hidden among the petals. Working like an invisible cam-elback, the funnel allows the crown-wearer to sip whatever liquid (for example, water or chocolate milk) they so choose without worry of questioning.

In addition to flora, Thorn-

ton plans to put an actual beehive within the beehive. She has been raising and training bees to pollinate the flowers atop her head without stinging her. "I got stung several times, but it was totally worth it. The bees are harmless, I've grown an immunity to the sting, and now I'm teaching them to fly in synchronized dances."

Though Thornton's crown is already quite impressive, she insists that she is far from finished. Thornton is toying with several other ideas, including adding a "special plant" that holds a particular soft spot for Skidmore students to her cornucopia. No matter what direction Thornton takes, though, Fun Day attendees can certainly expect an amazing artistic addition to an already magical day.

Editor's Note: The Skidmo' Daily has confirmed that June Thornton will be wearing crop top and shorts to Fun Day. So if you don't want to look like an outfit-stealing idiot, avoid crop tops and shorts.



Julia Bernstein

Devastating! This Professor Did Something So Embarrassing that He Quit.

By GEORGE LUBITZ

Michael Tessman—or Professor Tessman, as he was known by his students—was not your average Introduction to Literary Studies professor. No, Professor Tessman was cool, hip, and made Frankenstein read like Battlestar Galactica (the old one). That is, he made analyzing texts interesting and most nearly all of his students could testify: once leaving his class, pupils felt accomplished and intelligent.

Everything changed, however, once this almost-tenured professor did something so embarrassing that he had no choice but to quit because of it. It was the first day of classes back from spring break. As Professor Tessman was just getting started with his lecture about magical realism in Atlas Shrugged, a student seated right next to the professor raised his hand (students and professor sit in a seminar-style seating arrangement).

Out of the corner of his eye,

the professor saw the student raising his hand, and this was about the time when he was making crucial points about the subject matter at hand. "Ayn Rand was no stranger to the bong," joked Michael to the class, as he glanced around the circle for cheers and claps. It was then that Jacob Marteen, the boy who raised his hand, caught the attention of our infamous professor. What happened next

was shameful and shocking.

"He high-fived me! I just had a question about what page we were reading from, but the professor laid five fingers atop my five fingers!...it was weird."

A light murmur of gasps filled the air of the room, and Professor Tessman quickly recoiled, instantly realizing his mistake. "Uhh, sorry, Jacob," he offered, but it was too late. A once beloved teacher and mentor had made a grave, irreversible mis-

take—one that would mar his reputation for years to come.

When asked about his mistake in his barren, recently-packed up office, Michael had this to say: "It was probably the worst thing that's ever happened to me. In that moment I felt to alone, so vulnerable...I mean, Jacob wanted answers, he wanted enlightenment, but all I could offer him was a sweaty high-five. It so looked like that's what he was extending his hand for, and I keep replaying the moment in my head, trying to convince myself that I was just. But alas! He was extending his hand for salvation, and I just let him fall..."

Professor Tessman will be gone within the week, but his tarnished status as a besmirched faculty member will remain in the memories of his peers for life, all because he accidentally high-fived a student who was actually raising their hand to ask a question.



It Could Happen at any Time
Wyatt Hackett

Smart, Accomplished Student Frustrated To Keep Getting One-Upped By Slightly Smarter, More Accomplished Friends

By JOHN O'HARA

Kelly Schneider is on her game this semester like never before. As a third semester Junior, she feels she has truly hit her stride, what with staying on top of course work, participating in multiple clubs, and even applying for paid internships this summer. Kelly feels happy with her accomplishments - that is, until she begins to compare herself to close friends, all of whom seem to be somehow achieving slightly more than her.

"I'm thrilled with how this

semester is going" Katy recently told me. "I haven't missed a single class or assignment, and I'm managing to keep busy outside of school as well." Despite her recent success, Katy tells me she still sometimes feels discouraged in comparison to her close friends, who are even greater overachievers than she is. "When I proudly told my friend Melissa that I'd applied for a business internship in the city this summer, she quickly retorted that she'd already submitted mul-

iple science internship applications to cities around the country. My pride quickly faded to disappointment."

Kelly tells me she's still satisfied with her own productivity, she's just annoyed that whenever she goes to brag about it, her friends always seem to have slightly better news to report on. "I recently broke the news to Megan that I'd overcome my stage-freight and auditioned for some shows on campus. After briefly congratulating me, she imme-

diately mentioned that she'd recently written her own play which was set to be performed on campus, and might even get picked up by some theater companies after college."

I asked Kelly how she feels in regards to this incessant one-upmanship. "At first it really bothered me, cause isn't enough enough? But then I learned how to react. Whenever I feel like I'm not good enough, I just do some more work. I think that's what it really means to be American, isn't it?"

First Opposed to the Campus No-Smoking Policy, Skidmore Squirrels are Now Delighted with the Ban, as the Removal of North Quad Ashtrays has Left More Cigarette Butts on the Ground Than Ever Before

By PATRICK HINCHCLIFFE

Upon announcement of the student-enforced "No Smoking" policy on Skidmore campus, the SGA's biggest opponents weren't the smokers, but rather the local nicotine-addicted squirrel population. Indeed, for the first few weeks of the Fall semester, it was common to see squirrels wandering aimlessly in circles, vomiting and even falling out of trees as the bushy-tailed rodents suffered severe nicotine withdrawal.

However, little did they know the campus-wide ban would be hastily enforced, seeing as

most students prefer passive aggression over outright confrontation. Skidmore smokers would continue sucking back their favorite forms of nicotine in front of dorms and academic buildings while other students passed silently to later complain to their roommates, or angrily shake their fists while looking down from windows.

To pretty much everyone's surprise, the smokers didn't actually want to walk to the edge of campus in the rain, snow and single-digit temperatures to enjoy their daily

dose of cancer-fuel, and the removal of ashtrays in the North quad dorm buildings only succeeded in littering the ground with butts—and not the good kind of butts. Said a spokesperson for the Integrated Society of Intercampus Squirrels, or ISIS, "we were all really scared about the no smoking policy. After all, I've got a wife and kids to feed who are severely addicted to cigarettes. They're absolute fiends for the nicotine" he added, munching on the butt of a Marlboro Light. However, he went on

to mention "the removal of ashtrays was a resounding success. Now there's always a vast abundance of cigarette butts on the ground, so we can have carcinogens pumping through our veins at all hours!"

Many of Skidmore's smokers were originally opposed to the policy as well, but now they see that the SGA was simply acting in the best interest of the squirrels. Said young Squ-Earl McGraytail "Thanks SGA! I see life through so many colors now—in all the shades of Marlboro Reds and Camel Blues!"

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The Skidmo' Daily welcomes any and all contributions. Guest articles and features can be emailed to jrosen2@skidmore.edu. Staff meetings are held every Monday at 8:00 P.M. in the Spa.

D-Hall Hosts 4/20 Themed Dinner

By MADDY SANTOS

D-Hall knows how to make a theme dinner. They had a real mermaid at the Under the Sea Dinner, for god's sake. But the D-Hall really outdid themselves with their most recent fantastical feast, as they finally dedicated a meal to a beloved Skidmore holiday. In homage to the magical marijuana merriment of 4/20, the D-Hall staff produced their most popular dinner yet: The Blaze it and Braise it 4/20 Bonanza.

D-Hall collected student input prior to planning Blaze it and Braise it, consulting the student employees who wiped tables slowly while grinning widely. Said one supervisor: "We are very proud that this event was largely the creation

of our own employees. They are certainly thorough workers. I had one student yesterday wipe one table for 20 minutes just to get it spotless. The dedication is overwhelming."

These same students were also in charge of decorating for the event, which may explain why there were absolutely no decorations for the event. When asked why they did not adorn the D-Hall with their beloved Bob Marley posters and lovely 'houseplants,' the students stared into space for a while until one brave employee asked "What?" After the question was repeated, the students responded by laughing for 10 minutes, then shuffling towards the ice cream machine.

However, the festive, delicious menu more than made up for this lack in aesthetics. Some popular items included 'pot' roast, mixed 'greens,' and 'baked' ziti. Global held just a large vat of nacho cheese, which students could add to whatever concoctions their cannabis-infused cognizance came up with. The gross, flavorless bran bits were removed from the Lucky Charms, and the rest of the station was filled with only finest and most artificially flavored of sugary cereals.

Dessert was a particular favorite. From a plain table with a sign labeled ****BrOwNiEs****, an enthusiastic dude with a tie-dye t-shirt handed out delicious, chocolaty squares while whis-

pering, "this is my SPECIAL recipe." (Editor's note: The Skidmo' Daily was later confirmed that the special ingredient was indeed just an added pinch of nutmeg. This did not stop students from insisting "Dude, I'm sooooo high" after consuming said brownies.)

Skidmore students and D-Hall staff alike considered the dinner "a hit." Supervisor Graham Grassie was thrilled by the "high turnout." Atrium worker Susan Reifer loved "the happy atmosphere filling the joint." But perhaps Skidmore sophomore Maryjane Hashim summed it up best, simply stating, "It was dope, man. It was dope."

The New Victims of Prejudice

By SAM GRAYBOYS

Disconcerting data have been reported in the most recent Skidmore College quality-of-life-survey, as a growing percentage of students claim to feel greater ostracism and persecution here at Skidmore than they did in high school. While most people know that bullying is a pandemic problem in earlier stages of schooling, this demonstrates a concerning new trend into which we did some further research.

Bradley Chadwick Chadfield, starting center for the Skidmore football team, was our first interviewee after he reported experiencing bullying. Upon asking about the specifics of his experiences, Brad said, "You know, it's things that really mess with you. Like last weekend, I was rolling up to a party with my boys, that's Ryan, Brian, Bryan,

and Baron (we call him that cause he's actually the baron of some country in England or something.) Anyway, we get to Banders house and one of these singer bros comes out and is all like, 'sorry guys, the house is kinda full and we don't want stuff getting broken, so we capped it.' I mean, what? I thought he was joking about having a party and trying not to break shit, but he just stood there 'til we left."

When we asked Brad to compare this to his experiences in high school, he seemed shocked by the question. He began to explain, "Are you kidding me? I was the fucking boss in high school. People used to invite me to parties just so that I would break shit and get people going. I would have taken a literal shit on any choir kid who tried to kick me out of

a party. I mean I was already drunk—what was I supposed to do?" As I agreed that he was in a tough position and thanked him for his time, Brad told me, "You know, a lot of guys on the team have experienced the same kind of thing, you could ask some of them about it."

It turned out that nearly all reported cases of increased bullying were from athletes, so we refined the focus of our research, and next spoke with quarterback Brock Thajock. He detailed subtler and more daily instances of persecution based on his interest and choices of self-expression: "Like the other day, I was in the library printing the rules to a drinking game the team made, and I heard two people talking about The Penelopiad. I tried to join the conversa-

tion like I would with my bros, saying 'Who's gonna see that chick version of The Odyssey, anyway?' But instead of laughing or even high-fiving, the guy said 'yeah, it would probably be more worthwhile to pick up something heavy a lot of times.' Only for some reason he sounded sarcastic, so I think he was making fun of me."

Story after story went the same way; athletes feeling judged about their opinions, their habits, their methods of expression. The prevalence of this behavior was shocking evidence that called for action. In closing, I asked Brock how he thought Skidmore could address this issue, and he gave me a simple answer: "Before anyone talks down to an athlete or anything like that, just ask yourself, 'do you even lift?'"

BURN AFTER READING

