

THE SKIDMO' DAILY

Warning: Content is highly flammable

FEBRUARY 29, 2016

Skidmore's Only Intentionally Satirical Newspaper

Jeb Bush Forced Out of Presidential Race After Losing Campaign Website URL

By NICK PAPPAZIAN

Jeb Bush, brother of the man behind 9/11, has recently dropped out of the presidential election due to the seizure of his website by Donald Trump. This was the final, devastating blow to the Jeb Bush campaign, which was

doing just fine up until that point. One member of the Jeb Bush campaign staff explained:

"We had huge amounts of traffic going to that website. On the day we had to renew the URL, Trump beat us to

it. Without those two to five people regularly visiting our site, we've totally lost our base of support, and Jeb is way too old to effectively use twitter."

It has further been reported that, upon purchasing the

website, Donald Trump personally called Jeb Bush to stick his tongue out and make childish farting noises before chanting "I got your siiiiite, I got your siiiiite" for what was reportedly many, many minutes.

Early Morning Radio Host Sleeps Through Own Show, No One Cares

By QUINT TURNER

Junior Reilly Smith, host of the "Truly Alternative" radio show which airs from 6-8 AM Wednesday mornings, slept through his first show of the semester last Wednesday. Apparently, Smith was "exhausted" from staying up all night writing an English essay, and could not wake up to his 5:45 AM alarm in time to bring Skidmore his energetic mix of music.

"I was a little dismayed when I finally woke up at 9 and saw that no one had texted me. But the worst part about it,"

Smith said, "is that where are my fellow students going to get their alternative music fix if I miss my show? I just feel bad about letting down my fans."

Fortunately (or unfortunately) for Smith, according to my hardcore investigative journalism, his radio show has no fans. Even though Smith advertises his show to practically everyone he meets, his "friends" only say that they'll listen to it, and never do.

"Yeah, [Reilly]'s in my sports psychology class, and one day last week I accidentally

sat next to him and he started gabbing about how excited he was to start his radio show. Being polite, I said that I'd try to catch it, but I was totally lying. I hope he has someone that actually does listen to it," said classmate Chris Kelly.

Kelly was not the only one of Smith's friends to forgo listening to his show, even his parents decided to not tune in.

"To be fair, we really didn't have much of a chance, considering we live on the West coast. His show starts at 3 AM over here. And, I'm sorry, but I'll

wake up for my baby at 3 AM, but I will not wake up at 3 AM for my son's radio show. I've already completed my commitment as a mother to Reilly," said Reilly's mom, Shannon.

"Regardless of all the haters, I will be back next week, on-time. Watch out Saratoga Springs, cause Reilly Smith is taking over the airwaves!" said Smith.

The working people of Saratoga Springs, who are up during Smith's show, have already filed a request to WSPN for keeping AutoPlay on during their early morning commutes.

Lacrosse Team Establishes Underground Fraternity

By EMMA BERNSTEIN

Skidmore's lacrosse team, otherwise known as the lax team, are known for their legendary parties, famous #flow, and scoring both on and off the field. But raging every weekend can get old, even for a lax bro. It is no secret that the lacrosse teams dominance over the Skidmore social scene is weakening. People just don't want to spend money on a cab to trek all the way out to the Lacrosse House, just to be smushed between a bunch of people who, lets be honest, did not need an eighth shot. Students would much rather play beer pong with two dressers

pushed together in the safety and warmth of their own dorm. No one is going outside in 10 degree weather if they don't have to. The lacrosse team is boring. The people know it and the players know it.

A tip from an anonymous source told The Skidmo' Daily that the boys have been doing more than just skimming totalfratmove.com at their blue-side table. They have been brainstorming ideas for how to amp up their "edge factor." According to our reliable source, after a unanimous vote, the team has come to the conclusion that the best way to keep

people interested would be to establish an underground fraternity. Unlike your typical fraternity, this frat, Sigma Psi NattyLight, has no affiliation with a greek organization or the school, but they do maintain the right to haze their pledges, throw themed parties, and objectify women... in the name of brotherhood.

The team's announcement has already faced some backlash. A member of F.A.N., Skidmore's Feminist Action Network, spoke to The Skidmo' Daily. She argued that, "The lacrosse team already has an entire house to them-

selves and the school literally recruits people to their cult.. erm..I mean team.. for them. Giving their behavior the justification of 'for brotherhood' isn't going to make their actions any less ridiculous. You won't see me at any of Sigma Psi Stupidity's parties."

We reached out to team captain, Trevor 'LadyKiller' Matthews, for a statement. According to his voicemail, Trevor was "probably slaying Luke in BP at the moment" and couldn't get to the phone, but we look forward to seeing how Sigma Psi NattyLight does on campus. Good luck boys.

Extremely Liberal Student Has to Shop at Walmart, Ego in Shambles

By MAX LOWE

Ever since comrade Obama seized control of this country, liberal hippies have been falling on hard times left and right. One such liberal hippy is Skidmore student Astrill Greenleaf, who insists that that is in fact her real name. Astrill says she, “doesn’t believe in shoes as a concept” and says that, “soap kills the body’s natural cleansing juices, so it’s better to just smell like

shit”, so you can see the type of person we are dealing with.

Astrill says that she has a part time job “working with beads”, but surprise surprise, that hasn’t quite been the booming business she had hoped for. As a result she hasn’t been able to buy her clothes at alternative rock concerts and traveling thrift stores, and has been forced to purchase her clothes from our nation’s fa-

vorite store Walmart. Walmart has been providing sick deals to this country since the world was created in 3000 B.C.

Astrill says she is only going to be buying the bare necessities while shopping at Walmart. So far this week she has purchased 3 floral tapes, 2 pairs of overalls, 1 bucket of homemade twine, 6 spirit animals, 1 gender neutral Kegel device, 15 moist clumps of

moss, 4 jars of turtle placenta, 3 pairs of mismatched socks (for her minks), and one lava lamp. Astrill says that she is just waiting for her cousin in Ontario to send her some “Alpha-Sapphires and Omega-Rubies” and then she will be able to resume her regular shopping habits, whatever the fuck those are.

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Confessions of a Campus Cutie: A Totally True Exposé

By DOUG PATRICK, Business Manager

The lights, the parties, the glamour, and of course the beautiful women/men throwing themselves at you. The life of a HerCampus Campus Cutie is the epitome of luxury and fame – trust me, I was one. But was it really worth it all? To go through all the pain and suffering I did just for some cheap thrills?

First off, I had to suck A LOT of dicks to get that feature. Imagine the locker room at your local, commercial gym after you’ve finished your work out and you’re minding your own business but you still see a bunch of old guys’ dingalings hanging out, just chilling. Well, it was like that, but instead of minding my own business, all

those pork swords were in my mouth at one point. I knew what I was getting into, I consented and all, but it’s just important for you to understand just how many dicks a Campus Cutie has to suck. But you don’t have to make them cum, so that’s a plus. Just got to suck ‘em a little. I’m such a tease.

Once I made it through that round I had to answer a series of rapid-fire questions, but they gave me no heads-up as to what these questions would be! I couldn’t prepare some pseudo-intelligent, clever, yet wittily sarcastic answers to appease all my fans. It was like trying to take a test that I hadn’t studied for, and no matter what I said, it was wrong.

Talk about pressure and stress.

After that, I went into something HerCampus calls “The Battlefield.” There, I was forced to take on the Fem-Warriors – HerCampus’s toughest and scariest section of their army. In actuality, they were really just three very strong, buff women on their periods, wearing medieval armor. They beat the shit out of me with ease. Really, they only needed one of them, the other two were just kind of overkill. Then, after they knew I was good and weak, they began making fun of the fact I have a penis. “Taking me down a peg,” they cackled. Humility is sought for in their Cuties. And if you lack that trait, you won’t by

the end of your recruitment.

Finally, they had me sign the last form of consent and then put a bag over my head, threw me into the back of a van, and dropped me off somewhere in the American Southwest. But, at this point, I couldn’t care less where I was. I was a Campus Cutie after all. I was certain that someone would give me a ride once I confirmed my identity. I was right.

So, after recounting my journey to become a Campus Cutie, and all the horrors I lived through, was it really worth it? I can say with absolute, 100% certainty that, yes, it was totally worth it.

Open Mic Madness

By JACK ROSEN, Editor-in-Chief

Chaos broke out at Skidmore’s open mic Thursday as two students discovered they were both desperately slated to ply Pink Floyd Wish You Were Here on their respective ukuleles.

What initially started as a simple dispute quickly turned

into a battle of the ukuleles, which sources say is a douchier version of dueling banjos. Freshman Adam Hall, one of the contenders, played a folk version of Led Zepellin’s “Stairway to Heaven”, while Lara Lubitz, a senior, responded

with an original composition entitled “Feeling the Bern (or Requiem for the People).”

Lubitz, according to audience members present, emerged as the undisputed victor in the duel; however, it should be noted that the cri-

teria being used was a three category system of: sufferability, hipsterity, and “originality.”

At least three audience members were killed, and seventeen injured, as the crowd rushed to leave when Lubitz and Hall opted to do a second set together.

Skidmore Student Boldly Attempts Hunting For First Time: Destroys Ant Colony, Some Plant Matter

By JOHN O’HARA, Copy Editor

Second year Skidmore student Mark Richardson decided this winter break was the time for him to finally try out something in real life which he’d already been fantasizing about doing for years—go hunting in the wilderness. Sure, Mark had already considered himself to be a thick skinned young man with a streak of cold blood: how else could he have stolen so many cars in GTA IV and

stayed out past his curfew in high school if he wasn’t at least a little interested in bending the rules? Despite this history of risky business, however, Mark knew it would take a new level of courage for him to actually go out and kill some animals.

For guidance and motivation, Mark decided to venture out with his older brother Bill, a Syracuse University graduate, and his cousin Kevin, a

Penn State senior. Unlike his two hunting comrades who managed to finish off deer, wild turkeys, and even a black bear, Mark left the woods largely empty handed, with his only casualties being an ant colony he stomped on and leaves he ripped off some trees. Regarding this killing spree, Mark told me, “It’s not that I have it out for insects and plant matter, I just reflexive-

ly threw a miniature tantrum when I discovered I didn’t have it in me to even kill a deer.”

Despite his prior ambitions to establish himself as a competent outdoorsman, Mark says he doesn’t know if he’ll ever take to hunting again. “I couldn’t sleep that night knowing that I’d uprooted trees and destroyed a family of ants. It just opposes my liberal values too much.”

Etiquette Informer: In the Bathroom

By MARIAM VAHRADYAN

Many are beginning to realize that a majority of their suite-mates failed their kindergarten year but were somehow able to conceal their less than acceptable bathroom manners to ploy their way into college, and into my fucking suite. So for those of you who are unfamiliar with sharing a communal space, here are some things to keep in mind.

1. Flush the fucking toilet. Twice. I don't want to stroll into the bathroom with the intention of catching up on reading and maybe throwing a few

likes on Instagram only to be confronted with the remnants of YOUR turd from thirty minutes ago. If I flush it before I sit, then I feel guilty because I'm wasting water and I'm already probably going to flush twice after anyway because I, unlike your uneducated self, am considerate of the effect my bowel movements have on the dynamics of my suite. If I don't flush, then the whole time I'm sitting on the toilet, I'm thinking about our turds intermingling within the same bowl. Like beta fish, my turd does

not like sharing the bowl with another turd, because it gets territorial and defensive and potentially violent. So please, flush twice.

2. Unless you fell into the dishwasher in d hall, you have no reason to shower for an hour. Ladies, this is Skidmore. You don't really have the "I gotta shave" excuse anymore. Also stop humming because you can't sing and the walls are thin and my facial expressions mimic those of the old man's in a clockwork orange when he hears Alex singing upstairs

in the bathtub.

3. Don't make eye contact with me through the mirror as you conspicuously stroke your plum sized hickeys. I saw them the first time you flipped your hair back. I am not going to ask you about your night. I don't care.

4. Justin Bieber may be acceptable when I'm blacked out at spa but playing sorry at 2 am on a Tuesday night is not. Side note: it is too late to say sorry.

5. I am not an easy person to live with.

Campus Safety Reports

By GEORGE LUBITZ, Content Director

Sat, Feb. 13—Attempted Criminal Trespass—Students of Northwoods apartment report a man in a hoodie attempted to force his way through the door after ringing doorbell. Report filed.

Sat, Feb. 13—UPDATE—Oops, sorry guys. Turns out this guy was just visiting a friend and rang the wrong doorbell. Tried to walk in like he owned the place and that scared the crap out of the residents. His name is Rich, it turns out. Really nice guy; just had the wrong address.

Sat, Feb. 13—Smoking Violation—Three male suspects were spotted by Campus Safety smoking. Report filed.

Sat, Feb. 13—UPDATE x2—

Okay, actually turns out Rich is a dick. See what had happened was that Rich pretended he was at the right house and then realized he was lost and then left—that much we already know. But as it turns out he's been doing this kind of stunt for years. He's got a bunch of "friends" at many different colleges. What he'll do is he'll walk into a random apartment and case the joint, all while pretending he's here to see someone named "Mark." That should've been red flag number one; what kind of name is Mark? Like, yeah, it's a regular name, but has anyone really ever known a Mark? I haven't. But anyway, he'll say he's looking for a Mark, case the joint,

meet up with this "Mark" fella, get interrogated by Campus Safety, smooth talk his way into all of our hearts, go out for beers with the guys when we get off work, and make you fall in love with him. HARD. And then the next day, he's gone. He'll tell you he wants to go outside for a cigarette and he'll make you feel real special, lighting your cig for you and staring deep into your eyes and whatnot. And in that moment—like a good cup of tea or a twenty dollar bill you find on the sidewalk—he'll fill you up with that rising feeling; that slow, radiating warmth that lets you know that everything's gonna be okay. And when you wake up in the morning, get-

ting ready to head to Skidmore to start your shift, you learn he's skipped town, off to steal the hearts of other Campus Safety officers and the personal belongings of other college students. Love is dumb.

Sun, Feb. 14—Broken Heart—Still thinking about Rich. Fuck Valentine's day.

Sun, Feb. 14—College Violation—Students in Johnson Tower reported by floor RA of tampering with fire extinguisher. Rich had a funny joke about fire extinguishers while we were knocking back shots of Jameson at the bar. Now I just feel like the joke. Report filed.

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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.

Jewish Student Terrified to Tell Mother that She is Not in Hillel

By MAX FLEISCHMAN

JONSSON TOWER – Izzy Lenoff, class of '19, is terrified to tell her mother, Sarah Lenoff, that she is not in the campus Hillel. Ms. Lenoff, self described as “just Jewish” on her J-Swipe, told her mother that she would be joining Skidmore’s Hillel her first semester of college. Even though

Ms. Lenoff saw the Hillel table at both the fall semester and spring semester club fairs, she neglected to sign up and instead opted for the Outing Club and DJ Club.

When Mrs. Lenoff was asked why she so desperately wanted her daughter to join Hillel, she

responded, “I believe it is important for my bubaleh to remain in contact with her roots. I also wouldn’t complain if she brought home a nice Jewish boy instead of another one of those goys that she’s always obsessing over”.

Despite her mother’s in-

sistence, Ms. Lenoff still has shown no interest in signing up for the club. When we asked Ms. Lenoff what her mother’s reaction would be upon discovering her truancy from Hillel, Ms. Lenoff became visibly distressed and left the interview.

Days of the Week, Ranked

By DOUG PATRICK, Business Manager

1. Saturday
2. Friday
3. Sunday
4. Wednesday
5. Thursday
6. Tuesday
7. Monday*

*Exceptions include: Labor Day, Memorial Day, Columbus Day, etc.

Why I think Martin O’Malley Will Be the 2016 Democratic Presidential Nominee

By EMILY SINGER, Assignment Editor

Everyone’s favorite hot new reality TV show “Race to the Whitehouse” starring Donald Trump and Hillary Clinton has gotten a lot of attention. Who people aren’t talking about

though is real MVP of the race: Martin O’Malley. My boy Martin has the race in the bag, having been a mayor of one of the most peaceful cities in America and then leading the state of

Maryland into economic prosperity, I think that this man is what we need to make American great again. From his recent rise in the polls, he clearly has a solid relationship with

the youth and minority population in this country, making him the candidate I will be voting for this March for the 2016 Presidential race.

Scientists Discover Second Hand Smoke is Actually Way Way (Way) Worse than Smoking

By MARIAM VAHRADYAN

If you finished a pack of reds this weekend, fret not. You’re actually doing way better than that guy who was hitting on you as you chain smoked your way out of another unsuccessful interaction with a socially inept skidmore male. “What’s your major?” Really, buddy?

Turns out, all those people

complaining about how the half inch remainder of your cigarette is harming them from the other end of case walkway are really on to something. They’re not coughing and squinting their eyes maliciously because they’re rude, their bodies are physically responding to the smoke that travels

immediately into their nostrils and down to their lungs even before it hits your own.

That’s right. Second hand smoke causes the development of a very disturbing and loud cough that only coincidentally comes about when a smoker is in the vicinity. And the squinting and grunting? That’s

just caused by other stuff that has to do with science. So the next time someone sprints all the way from gannet to Burgess to tell you to put out your cigarette, you respect their demand. Because, remember, the smoke hurts them the most.

On the advice of the DNC, we recommend that you

AFTER READING