

THE SKIDMO' DAILY

Warning: Content is highly flammable

APRIL 25, 2016

Skidmore's Only Intentionally Satirical Newspaper

Don't You Hate it When You're on a Crowded JoTo Elevator and Someone Starts Pissing?

By QUINT TURNER

Ah, the JoTo elevator. Sometimes, it will be empty when you get on, and you spend the ride up to the 5th floor in bliss. Sometimes, your favorite suitemate gets on the same ride and, that too, is its own kind of bliss. A silent bliss where you two awkwardly stare at each other and laugh so as to not disturb the other passengers. But, sometimes, the lunch rush at D-Hall leads

to an elevator rush, and you're crammed in the thing with nine other sweaty bodies and the ride seems never-ending. And, when the perfect storm hits, you're in that particular situation where somebody just starts peeing in the corner.

Now, I'm not an uncivilized person. I too, from time-to-time, go number 1 while waiting for the elevator to hit

the first floor. But I would never do it on a crowded car. There are just so many problems with that. First of all, it's disrespectful. It's disrespectful to me, disrespectful to the other passengers, it's disrespectful to © Otis Elevator Company, and frankly it's disrespectful to yourself. Especially if you don't own up to it. Like come on, don't just look off to the

side and whistle when I turn my head to find out the source of the pee going down my leg is—I can clearly see your junk. Just say “my bad” or “whoops” so the group can acknowledge it and we can move on with our lives. This sort of unmannered behavior has got to stop. So the next time you piss during a crowded elevator ride, please own up to it. Thank you.

I Broke Into Glotzbach's House and Filled it With Mice

By NICK PAPPAZIAN

The thing about Glotzbach is that he always leaves his windows unlocked, so it was pretty easy for me to climb into his house at around 2:00am. Of course, his silent burglary alarm went off, but believe it or not, the password is actually just 1-2-3-4-5.

Glotzbach snores louder than you could imagine, so you don't have to worry about being sneaky. This was good considering I was carrying two large bags.

I opened one of the bags, which contained thousands of cluster fly larvae. I went through every room of the first floor of his house, placing them in every vent and on every windowsill. I also threw some in the pantry for good measure. Once the larvae were evenly dispersed across the house, I made my way upstairs and approached the bedroom. I don't want to watch our school's president sleep any more than anybody

else, so I simply cracked open the door, and let the occupants of the second bag run free into the room. About one hundred mice now call the president's home their own, which I'm sure is more than fine with Glotzbach, seeing as he so willingly lets them occupy the dorms.

My job was done, but on the way out, I realized I didn't quite feel satisfied, so I stole his wi-fi router for good measure.

The next day, I waited at the end of Glotzbach's driveway,

and when the exterminator, pest control, and the wi-fi guy (or whatever he's called) pulled up, I redirected them to the dorms and told them to send the bill later. So next time you see our fine president, thank him for being so kind as to reach into his own pocket to deliver quality wi-fi and personally clean the dorms of all health hazards. Don't thank me—I'd get expelled if anybody figured out I did this.

Skidmore Student Unsure About Which Deli Sandwich is His

By GILL HURTIG

After receiving a 94 on his latest exam, Victor Ibanez, a sophomore chemistry major, felt the need to “splurge” a little bit. He ordered from the carbohydrate-inducing Corner Deli at the Dining hall. Vic and his lunch pal Julian reached the deli counter after participating in three awkward eye contact interactions and two ass stares. Reportedly, Victor felt a nervous tension creep throughout his entire body once his biggest fear was realized. He was, in fact, unsure about which wrap on the counter was his. As many students know, this incident can be very unsettling, especially in Victor's case who

(along with obsessive interests in airplanes and lubricated masturbation) is also allergic to banana peppers. Frustrated, Victor claimed, “I always just order a green, spinach wrap to avoid this entire situation!” Unfortunately, there were three very similarly sized and composed green wraps as Victor and Julian reached the counter. Julian explained: “Yea Vic has only ordered from the Corner Deli a few times, so he wasn't very seasoned in the process of discovering his personal sandwich.” He continued, “He got a little flustered up there and actually started sweating profusely as he inspected the

various innards of each wrap.”

Stephanie Hatteberg, a classmate, as well as crush of Victor's (ever since the last Falstaff's party), happened to be working behind the counter. “Yeah; I asked him what was wrong, and why he was sweating. He just kinda mumbled something about the seductive body of a Boeing 747. I mean, based on his constant snapchats, and the fact that he somehow sent me a friend request on Blackboard, I knew he was weird. I just didn't know how weird.”

Sources say that Victor, in his state of fluster, actually ended up sweating on one of the wraps. He noticed this,

and (after his whole episode) decided to simply choose the one he perspired on. In his haste he didn't realize he had chosen a sandwich that contained banana peppers, and the result was hives and the closing of his throat. Victor was rushed to Albany hospital.

He has since been deemed in stable condition, and is scheduled to leave the hospital and resume classes later this week. The entire D-hall staff expressed their sorrow for the events that occurred, but also explained that to an extent, Victor was being “kind of a dumb-ass.”

6 Hottest U.S. Presidents

By PAULINE DENT

1. John Fitzgerald Kennedy: By far the most attractive U.S. president to date. JFK is a babe. Those golden locks, that charming Boston accent—he's the total package. Also, he will literally take a bullet for you. What's hotter than that?

2. Barack Obama
No one can resist President Obama. I mean come on—

look at that pearly smile! And when he raises those eyebrows? Damn.

3. Theodore Roosevelt:
Teddy Roosevelt exudes sex.

4. Thomas Jefferson:
There's just something about his white powered wig that makes Thomas Jefferson

absolutely ravishing. He can declare my independence any day.

5. George Bush:
What could be cuter than unlimited stupidity? One could literally gaze into those big blue vapid eyes forever. And his skin? It's irresistibly pasty.

6. Richard Nixon:
He's unnaturally tan and, yeah, he sweats a lot on TV, but some find Richard Nixon to be attractive. Maybe it's that perverse smile or his very visible crows feet.

Club Eboards Hate This: How to Get Off Club Email Lists in 5 Easy Steps

By CONNOR BATSIMM

Are you stuck on 25 email lists for clubs you don't give a shit about? Did you put your name on the anime club email list because you thought it'd be funny, only to realize that meant you'd have to actually get emails about anime? Are you sick of getting spam from that annoying dude from Film Appreciation Troupe? If you answered yes to any of these questions, don't worry. This is a common problem experienced by many Skidmore students, and it can easily be resolved with a few handy tricks:

1. First, when you get an email from a club you don't care about, reply immediately and ask whomever sent the email to take you off the list. Make sure – and this is crucial to remember – that you reply all. That way, as many people as possible will receive your

message, and then any one of them might be able to take you off the list! Skidmore's outing club in particular has made great use of this handy trick.

2. If that doesn't work, the next step is blackmail. If you know the person who's in charge of the email list, that's perfect! You probably already have an embarrassing story or two you can use against them. If they're a stranger it's a little more complicated, but don't lose hope. You might have to go to 1 or 2 of their club's meetings (I know, isn't that the fucking worst?) and then befriend them that way. Then, once you infiltrate their social circle, you can begin amassing blackmail material, and then you can get off that darn email list once and for all!

3. If step 2 doesn't work,

you must be dealing with a pretty hardcore email admin. Skidmore has a couple of these, and they're a pain in the ass, but they all have weaknesses. Generally slashing their tires is a good way to get what you want. Then leave a note on their car demanding to be taken off the email list. If they ignore the note, you can slash the next set of tires they get. Keep doing this until you're off the email list. If they don't have a car, find out their home address and slash the tires of their mom's car. Most email admins have a soft spot for their mothers.

4. If somehow this doesn't seem to be working (I don't know how it possibly couldn't work) you should probably get the current email admin arrested so that the club can delegate someone else to fill

that position. Maybe the new person won't ignore you next time you ask for something so simple. Maybe the new person will use their goddamn head and think twice before they cross you. If they don't, you can get them arrested too.

5. You've arrested everyone in the club and none of them will take you off the email list. Some of the old admins even keep sending you emails from jail, just out of spite. That means you must take the final step and take control of the club yourself. Use the entire club's budget on tiny, decorated cocktail napkins. Set the napkins on fire on Case Green. Watch unmoved as the fire spreads to the grass and burns down the campus. And then, finally, remove yourself from the fucking email list.

We Asked 13 Professors About the Dampest Student They've Ever Had

By GEORGE LUBITZ, Content Director

1. Professor John Wilson, English

"The dampest? I'm sorry, I don't think I understand."

2. Professor Beth Goldenberg, Mathematics

"Yeah, I don't think I can answer that."

3. Professor Heidi Rauch, German

"That doesn't sound very appropriate. And I don't know."

4. Professor Norris Belton, Anthropology

"It was a Freshman, I believe. He was very damp, indeed. Not exactly soaking, but damp for sure."

5. Professor Jeremy Fenster, English

"What are you talking about? I don't know what that even means."

6. Professor Shirley Rowe, Dance

"Oh yeah, [laughs], she was pretty damp. Her hair looked like she just got out of the shower and her face looked like a can of coke fresh out of the cooler, sprinkled with droplets of water. No doubt in my mind that she was the dampest student I've ever had."

7. Professor Mark Marmont, Neuroscience

"Excuse me? I'm not sure I get what you're asking."

8. Professor Cindy Neubaum, Geology

"I had heard from a few other professors about this boy. I didn't believe that he existed."

I wrote it off as some department joke going around. But sure enough, in one of my classes the next semester there he was; damp as ever. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't look him in the eyes when I called on him, which I had to often avoid doing entirely. But within a few weeks, I had to stop teaching altogether. He had a very haunting presence—and a damp one, at that. Can you help me pack up my office?"

9. Professor Thomas Miller, French

"Can you rephrase the question?"

10. Professor Rebekah Mao, Environmental Studies

"Do you mean like they were sweating a lot? I'm sorry, I don't quite understand."

11. Professor Rachel Singer, Government

"It was a student in my Intro class."

12. Professor Robert Schneyder, History

"What kind of question is that?"

13. Professor Mary Lewis, American Studies

"Haven't had any remarkable damp students, but I have had some very dry ones."

Skidmore LIFE HACKZ

By DOUG PATRICK

Life's hard. And sometimes the only way that one can get through it is by doing what seventh grade crushes do to each other's Facebook profiles: HACKING IT, bitchez!!! So, come along with me on this wild ride as I impart some wisdom on your ass from all my long years of hacking the shit out of life.

1. Bad grades?

Do your homework! Harvard recently did a common-sense study that showed students who completed their homework were 100% likely to do better in their classes. That's

called a positive correlation, fools!

2. Tired?

Go to bed early! It's proven that getting more hours of sleep at night will actually increase your alertness and energy throughout the day. Crazy, right?!?

3. Phone always dying on you?

Try charging it! Using the cord that came with your phone will actually replenish (this is a fancier word for "re-charge") its power.

4. Always showing up late to class?

Try leaving earlier! Simply calculate how many minutes you usually arrive late, and then leave that many minutes earlier from your room. Surprisingly enough, addition and subtraction even works with time! It's one of those things that your teachers NEVER wanted you to know. You are welcome.

5. Roommates in your room and you're tryna masturbate?

Go to the library! There are tons of study rooms that no one uses. And, pro tip, you can go online to Skidmore's website

and one out for thirty minute increments. Plus, the WiFi at the library is dope! Your porn will load faster than ever!

6. Green puss coming out of your penis?

Go to health services and get tested! You'll have people tell you exactly what's wrong with your penis and the best course of action to go forward with it.

7. Contemplating how your existence is useless because, in the grand scheme of things, nothing you do really matters?

Well, that's just part of growing up. No tips. Sorry, pussy.

Bombshell Allegation: Donald Trump Himself an Oversized Aborted Fetus

By BETTY SUE DONAM

The Republican's presumptive frontrunner looks to finally be in real trouble today, as it has come to light that Donald J. Trump is quite possibly, and quite literally, a very large aborted fetus.

"I mean it would explain his small hands," says one G.O.P. insider who spoke on the con-

dition of anonymity. "It would also explain the malformed hair, and well, I've heard some other things are as well," added the insider.

Some within Republican circles are concerned that, if true, this would damage the credibility of Trump – who recently took a hard-

line against abortion. While Donald Trump has denied the allegation, many suspect that his position – that women who get abortions should be jailed – is borne from the fact that he himself is an aborted fetus.

"These allegations are lies; they are utter bullshit," declared Trump. "I don't know

why anyone thinks I look like an aborted fetus. All of my extremities are normal sized, and my skin isn't a weird color. And if it is, it's not because my body didn't have enough time to form prior to me being aborted. This is all bullshit," Trump responded.

It's Called a CampUS, not a CampME

By QUINT TURNER

Hey. Hey. HEY! I'm talking to YOU! That's right, you, the one who has already stopped reading this sentence in order to watch a snapchat from someone you've never actually met. Don't you understand the point of college? Especially a close-knit liberal arts college like this one? Well, I do, and I'm here to tell you knuckleheads that it's called a campUS

and not a campME.

First of all, if you think about it, wouldn't saying "campme" just sound really bad? Just say it out loud. That has a terrible ring to it. Thank god for the word scientists who came up with the far better "us" suffix. Wouldn't want to "suffix-ate" our language with terrible words. Oh, come on, like the screencap of an Office scene

with the joke in subtitles you just retweeted was any better.

See, this is why millennials (or should I say "millennifails") are the worst. Right when you think you've got their attention with a participation trophy, they just go back to watching other people play video games. Well, I've had it. I'm not going to stand for people making a mockery of this campUS any-

more, and I'm going to instead stand and reunite this whole dang school.

So that's why you should vote for me, Quint Turner, for Skidmore President of the World in the 2016 elections. I'll make sure to put in vending machines in every apartment and I promise better DJing at school dances. I'm going to put the "us" back in campus.

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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.



We have the momentum, but we still need your help.

Two months ago, when George Lubitz announced his campaign to look for housemates for the 2016-17 academic year, the mainstream media had immediately written him off. They said that he would never find housing; he would never find housemates; he would never live in an apartment. Well, we have been consistently proving them wrong.

Despite what the polls and the media have said, George is defying the odds and doing exactly what he has set out to do—he is starting a residential revolution. But we need your support to continue the momentum. We already have done very well in securing a majority of the house members, but we are still looking for just one more. And you can help us get there.

[Make another contribution by sharing this status so that we can show the residential establishment that we mean to win.](#)

When we started this campaign no one thought we would get a single housemate, let alone 3 out of the 4 spots needed for a Northwoods/Sussman Village apartment. No one thought we could compete with the most contrived and anxiety-inducing system in college housing selection history, especially by relying on word-of-mouth contributions from hard working Skidmore students.

We keep proving the residential establishment and corporate media wrong. And if we continue to stand together, we are going to win.

In solidarity,

Bernie Sanders

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