

THE SKIDMO' DAILY

Warning: Content is highly flammable

MAY 6, 2016

Skidmore's Only Intentionally Satirical Newspaper

Skidmore to Unveil Skidmore Plus This Fall

By JACK ROSEN, Editor-in-Chief

President Glotzbach has put Skidmore on the cutting edge once again, as he unveiled Skidmore Plus -- a higher end version of the college. "This is the next step in the development of the college experience. Skidmore Plus is a grade lossless, high quality version of the baseline model of Skidmore college," Glotzbach told a crowd of reporters and people who happened to be in the spa at the time.

Skidmore Plus will reportedly cost \$89,000 and feature premium dining, more luxurious living facilities, and a bet-

ter work-to-life ratio.

"Students who take advantage of this new offering will have exclusive access to two newly constructed housing options. Glotzbach Tower, or Gloto for short, is a new cop-op with more spacious rooms -- all of which are singles equipped with double beds. Gloto features an in house gym, as well as a 12th floor swimming pool and spa. Meanwhile, Skidmore Commons is a gated, pet-friendly, housing development that will sit on 1 acre of what will formerly have been the woods."

Those enrolled in Skidmore plus will have also have first seating at Skidmore's new high end dining option: Bistro by the Pond. BYTP will feature a wealth of dishes prepared by celebrity chef Justin Jones, as well as an array of hand crafted cocktails.

Included with Skidmore Plus, is something the college is billing as a "hassle-free learning experience." This boasts amenity reduced classroom size, complimentary private tutoring, and "additional academic credit for taking field trips on locations like Barcelona (for

intro to Spanish) and a high end sex dungeon (for Human Sexuality in the Gender Studies department.)"

"I am excited that Skidmore is starting its next phase. While everyone is still welcome at Skidmore, for those who want the full experience Skidmore Plus is the way to go," Glotzbach said. He added "we will continue to provide amenities and an education to those opting for the baseline, but obviously we will need to redirect some resources to ensure those paying extra have the full Skidmore plus experience."

Physics Capstone Project Attempts To Explain How Clothes-Dryers Work

By JACOB SCHWARTZ

For his physics Capstone project, senior Leo Simmons knew he could have picked any old topic to research: gravity, momentum or aerodynamics for example. However, brave Simmons has decided to take on a question that today's top physicists still struggle to understand: how do clothes-dryers really work?

"Leo is very courageous,"

said Professor Tom Barnes, the head of Skidmore's physics department. "The truth is, we know very little about how they actually work,"

"I mean think about it, where does all the water go?" he continued. "My colleagues and I have even tried dismantling a drying-machine to find some sort of water-basin, but no dice."

Simmons admits that he too does not know very much about how the machines work, but this has only driven him towards working harder to find the answers.

"Ever since I was a little boy, I've always been mystified by clothes-dryers," Simmons said while leaning his arm on a dryer in Joto Basement. "I have so

many questions. For example, does the machine make clones of the dirty clothes and then dispose of the original specimens?"

Simmons also hopes to find out how the timing-system works on drying-machines. "For real though... how do they know when to stop drying?" he said.

Res Life Thinks Creatively About Housing the Class of 2020

By LINNEA HARRIS

Just when the Skidmore Class of 2020 thought their impending college experience couldn't get any better, an exciting new twist is put on their future living situation. On that fateful day of May 4th, Res Life calls out into the void via email, begging students to get the hell out of the residence halls so there is somewhere for all the goddamn freshmen to live.

It's time for us to put our Creative Thought to work and solve the crisis.

I mean, what do we have Northwoods for anyway? You

applied to this school because you wanted the authentic Skidmore experience among liberal, grungy hipsters. Can you really call your aesthetic "soft grunge" if you don't live in the forest, or aren't perpetually covered in dirt? Throw down some tarps -- at least it isn't a triple.

Speaking of triples, aren't those dorms a little roomy? Surely we can fit one or two more. "Res Life should really consider the forced quintuple," says Madi Lusk. It'll all be in the spirit of roommate bond-

ing, since sleeping 8 feet away from each other was just too much distance to reach maximum intimacy. Lusk also suggests a new tactic -- just skip the \$4,000 incentive to find a place downtown, and pay students \$5,000 to leave and never come back!

Zoe Halatyn, however, wins this competition of exercising her Creative Thought to solve the crisis. "Doesn't Glotzbach have a few extra rooms?" If he calls his house "Skidmore's Living Room," he must be fine with turning it into the Fresh-

men Bedroom. It'll be just like living in your parents' house during high school -- getting yelled at for using all the hot water, blowing a fuse when you overload the outlets, and throwing bangers when they go away for the weekend. What better way to integrate into college life -- it'll be like you never left home!

It looks like we don't really have a crisis on our hands after all, Res Life. These freshmen are probably too soft anyway. To the class of 2020: Welcome to Skidmore!

Inner Monologue of Someone Trying to Get into a Dorm that Isn't Theirs

By EMMA BERNSTEIN

** Sends text "here" **

Cmon
Cmon
Cmon
Cmon
Cmon
Cmon
Cmon
Cmon
Cmon
Cmon

** Receives text "coming" **

Score.

10 Reasons to Date an NJB

By EMMA BERNSTEIN

They're nice, intelligent, witty, self deprecating, good with parents, and all around adorable. What is an NJB you ask? It's a Nice Jewish Boy. And these are 10 reasons why you should date one.

1. The only person he'll love more than you is his mother. And you're okay with that.

2. They're great with kids because they definitely were counselors at their jewish summer camp.

3. They recognize the importance of a good bagel with lox.

4. He won't let you waste your precious dining dollars at overpriced Burgess when you could just use the Keurig his mom sent him.

5. Their soft and abundant body hair will keep you warm during the brutal Saratoga Springs winter.

6. He will treat you well because if he doesn't, his mother will find out, and she will let him have it.

7. He will bring you home for the numerous Jewish holidays and still find you sexy even when you can feel the

12 sheets of chocolate covered matzah fighting their way out of your Spanx.

8. He knows what its like to have a long term commitment that leads to a grand party at the end.

Read: Hebrew School : Bar Mitzvah :: Relationship : Wedding

9. He'll understand why you'll always chose Seth Rogen over any Hemsworth.

10. You know what they say about guys that make big latkes... ;)

Skidmore College Writing Center to Change Name to "Center For Kids Who Can't Write Good"

By JOHN O'HARA

The Skidmore Writing Center is an oft relied upon staple on campus. It is a mainstay for any student seeking to improve an essay or creative work and is perhaps our single most relied on antidote to hardcore writer's block. As well as things are going at the Writing Center, however, those in power have decided that it's time for a change. Starting next semester, therefore, the Writing Center will become formally known as the Skidmore Cen-

ter For Kids Who Can't Write Good, as the Center seeks to rebrand itself and connect with a wider audience.

"It's not that we think every student who attends the Writing Center can't write good" said Writing Center director Steve Gillstein. "We just think the formal environment in which sessions are conducted can make us seem elitist, so we've decided to adapt a name that dispels the misconception

that we're some kind of exceptional institution that has mastered the craft of writing ourselves."

The emphasis on students who can't write good is meant to be more invitational than cynical, claims Gillstein. He wants students to embrace their communicative vulnerabilities rather than deny them in order to maximize intellectual development, and sincerely believes Skidmore will have

more students who can write good once this change is implemented.

Gillstein would also like to note that the Writing Center's alternate, rear entrance will no longer be in use come the Fall. "We've been having problems with the door handle. It just doesn't turn left anymore. For this reason we've decided to simply give up on it and begin using the front door exclusively."

I Accidentally Came onto My Suitemate (!)

By DOUG PATRICK

Alright, look: Our editor-in-chief doesn't like it when we try to submit personal stories, but I need to share this shit with someone.

So I'm showering in my suite's shower, just doing my thing. My towel, underwear, and t-shirt are hanging on the door of the shower. I don't have the confidence to just wrap a towel around myself and walk out like, "Oh hey, check out my super awesome body," so I put on underwear and a shirt before I step out.

Anyways, I finish bathing myself and turn off the water like a normal human being. And obviously, next step is to grab my towel so I can dry myself. Easy, right?

Wrong. This is exactly when shit hits the fucking fan.

I don't wear my glasses in

the shower - duh, they'd get all foggy - and I have super bad vision. Like, so bad to the point that when we had those eye tests in elementary school, and they told me to stand behind a line they taped on the ground and read that chart full of random letters, I literally thought they were joking because I thought there was no way in hell that anyone could possibly read the letters from that far back. And if you don't believe me, feel free to come up to me at any given time and ask to try on my glasses. I'll shrug, but I'll let you try them on (I only shrug because I want you to think I'm cool; secretly I like the attention. I'm a little slut). Then, you'll put them on, get really dizzy and sick and be like "Fuck. Wow, Doug. You

weren't kidding! You're, like, totes blind!"

But back to the shower: I'm not wearing glasses. My eyes are bad. My towel is on the door. I am wet (Lol). And I grab my towel, bringing it over my eyes to dry my face and hair, just as one of my suitemates walks into the bathroom.

Now, here's where things get interesting. As I'm taking the towel off the door, it almost looks like I'm opening the door also by the force of my pulling it off. But, again, my vision is bad, I'm probably just seeing things.

My suitemate exits the bathroom and begins washing his hands - I know this because I can hear the sink running. The towel is still covering my face.

I take off the towel to discov-

er that the shower door is wide fucking open. That's right. I am standing in the threshold, holding my towel on top of my head with both of my hands, completely naked.

I can only imagine what my suitemate thought when he walked out of the bathroom because he didn't say shit. And there's literally no way he didn't notice.

Anyways, after some mental processing, I've decided there are two possible explanations for his not saying anything. Either he is just ridiculously chill or he's kind of into me.

Regardless of the explanation, he definitely thinks I'm confident as fuck because doing what I was doing from his perspective takes some serious balls.

Upperclassmen Reportedly Leaving Democratic Party...Heading Downtown

By GILL HURTIG

Ever since it's official birth as an all Women's school in 1922, Skidmore has had the reputation of being a fairly liberal college. This may be changing however, as many of the school's upperclassmen have announced that they are leaving their current party. Donkey Simmons, a senior and outspoken democrat commented, "Yea the party I'm in right now just isn't lit anymore. I'm gathering a bunch of bros

together and we're gonna head DT." Weekly, herds of upperclassmen have been observed making this lifestyle choice. Soon, the upperclassmen population at Skidmore occupying the Democratic Party will be nonexistent.

I approached Junior Pony Felton as she was in the middle of making this political change. She explained her take on the matter. "YEAAAASSSSS!!! I jus KNOW that thissss is the

perfffect decision! The bars are soooooo fun!!! And all us chicks are all gonna get sssssuuuuuuper schwaisted!!" Immediately afterwards she started bawling, muttering something about how Jackass (her boyfriend) had kissed her sister. No doubt the downtown fad is taking advantage of the emotional instability of many Americans.

While this phenomenon extracts party followers from Skidmore as well as colleges

worldwide, I found that it really cannot be considered a threat to school's political standing. On Friday, Saturday, and Sunday mornings after students decided to leave their parties, they would be asked about their motives in doing so. Astoundingly, many of them had no recollection at all of the night before and concluded that they were very much still a part of their respective associations.

Student Forgets "Proficient at MS Office" on Resume, Doesn't Get Internship

By QUINT TURNER

Sophomore Rich Hill, who would like to become a research assistant, applied for many summer internships over spring semester. The only problem? He forgot to put "proficient at Microsoft Office" under his skills section.

"I was flabbergasted. See, I have a 4.0 GPA, prior work experience as a research assistant at my father's clinic, and great recommendations. I figured I was going to be swamped with internship offers the same way

I imagined I was going to get swamped with women in college, only for the experience to be eerily similar to my actual interactions with collegiate girls," said Hill.

Hill even went to each of the events put on by the Career Development Center, including ResuMania (which he won by default as the only entry), in order to boost his resume, but somehow everyone who looked at it missed the key-stone skill. And that was what

cost Hill any hopes of turning "five years from making money after graduation" to "four years from making money after graduation".

"One of the rejections I got was from the esteemed sleep research institution in Walla Walla. All they sent back to me was an email that was blank except for a Word attachment titled 'YOUR [sic] SO DUMB'. The file was a string of insults of stuff like 'I bet you

don't even know how to open this' or 'we should change the name of the institution to the Center of Studying Why Rich Hill is Such a Freaking Moron'. I don't know where they got the impression I couldn't use Word considering my resume was sent in the form of a Word document..." said Hill.

I hope this lesson is not lost on the rest of you, or you will all die upon the same hill Rich succumbed on.

Senior Faces Question: Is it Alcoholism or was it Just Good, College Fun?

By NICK PAPPAZIAN

"I just don't know."

Ted Wilson is staring at his hands, both of which have 40oz bottles of vodka taped to them. He is facing the question that the entire senior class has to face as their college career winds down: is he really an alcoholic, or was it just a phase that everybody goes through

in college?

"At first, it was definitely just a thing I did to have fun—take the edge off and decompress, you know? But fiestas aren't even lit anymore if they don't have at least some off-brand vodka," Ted told me. "Maybe it's not just for fun anymore. Maybe I have a problem. What

if this continues into my adult life?"

Statistically speaking, it just might. It's common knowledge that 40% of graduating Skidmore students become those drunk hippies we see in smoke shops or outside the wrong building, protesting something completely trivial.

Senior alcoholism is a serious problem, but Skidmore does nothing to help because, in the words of the president himself:

"Hey, once these kids graduate they're not our problem anymore. Except for when we need them to pay their ridiculous student loans. Then we'll care. Probably."

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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.

Top Five Things S.O.S. Could Stand For

By MAX LOWE

It has long been debated what exactly the famous acronym, sos, stands for. Moderately popular musician “Rihanna” has stated that it means, “someone help me”, but that doesn’t really make sense. So today I will lay to rest this age old debate, with my definitive top five things S.O.S. could stand for list.

1. Salad Or Sushi?

You always order too much food, and gosh darn it you’ve done it again. You ordered yourself Sushi and a Salad, but you are only hungry for exactly one of those two things. Now

being the total looser you are, you have no friends to share your food with, so what do you do? Hang a giant banner out of your window saying, “S.O.S.” people will be lining up to grab either a Salad or a Sushi, it always works for me.

2. Selling Old Subaru

Well now you’ve gone and done it, you bought yourself a shitty Japanese car, get that shit out of here. It’s been 15 years and it’s breaking down, there’s only one concise way to tell the world you want to unload your imported trash on some other looser (he proba-

bly sold his Suzuki so he could afford this) just run around screaming, “S.O.S!” People will get the message, trust me.

3. Seppuku On Sunday

Are you an ancient Japanese Samurai who has dishonored his family’s name so you have to perform Harakiri, but you are just too busy on Monday through Saturday? Well just text all your samurai buddies S.O.S. they’ll know exactly what’s going down, you are going to disembowel yourself for the shogun as soon as Sunday rears its ugly head.

4. Shaft Owns Slytherin Do have a crazy fan theory that crosses the wizarding world of Harry Potter with the Noiry Blaxploitation world of John Shaft, where Shaft has come out of the retirement and taken on the persona of Voldemort so that he could raise an army of really mean teenage wizards and manipulate them into putting the hood under his control once and for all? Well simply summarize it with S.O.S.

5. Shit Stick

This one actually doesn’t work

Skidmore Facilities to Install Staircase through Bike Path between Sussman and Campus

By GEORGE LUBITZ

According to an inside scoop from the facilities worker whom I call every time I purposefully clog my drain as an excuse to flirt with him, Skidmore Facilities will be spending the summer months constructing a large staircase cutting right through the bike path that is more an inconvenience than anything else.

The project is expected to take about two months and is a response to the growing complaints from students about the absolutely pointless and more-hindrance-than-help switchback that spans the cliff

along the westernmost edge of campus.

“There really is no reason this thing should exist.” says my source. “I mean, the hill is pretty steep, sure, but how exactly is a super-long bike path that stretches way farther than it needs to going to do the job?”

We asked one of the annoyed students in question—Junior Emily Mendoza—about her thoughts on the project.

“Wait, right through the bike path? Don’t get me wrong, the path is pretty much useless, but Facilities knows there’s a makeshift footpath right next

to the paved one, right? Why don’t they just put stairs there and leave the path for the two or three people that actually use their bikes on it?”

“Oh shit, are you kidding me?” said my source in response. “The plans are already in play—I have to go talk to the boss. Also, stop stuffing hair in your drain and licking your lips at me.”

When asked for a comment a week later, Facilities Director Mary Fritz said this: “We have recently learned about the beaten path just to the left

of the bike trail and plan to put our efforts there. Wait...is it to the left on the way up, or on the way down? Damn it; I have to go talk to the construction crew.”

With just a few more weeks before construction is set to begin, I reached out to Facilities once more for an update. When I received no response, I shaved my head and clogged my shower drain seemingly beyond repair. My inside source told me they’re just going to spend two-hundred thousand on a ski lift.

Critic’s Choice: Drama of the year award

By EMILY SINGER

This year, I believe that the best drama on TV is the GOP race. There’s deceit, heartache, betrayal, and love, making it both the most dynamic and pathetic thing to watch. The rise of Trump, the fall of Bush, the forged truce and alliance between Cruz and Kasich that resulted in the death of a campaign, enables us all to relish in

the true turmoil that is the Republican Party. Speeches that effectively reveal no information maintains the suspense. Water bottles are dropped, foreshadowing the lack of control over campaigns. The surgeon who doesn’t believe in evolution, the past mayor of New York no one remembers appearing briefly screen, and

then gone. The fat man who can’t win the race. The tribute to first responders who risked their lives on 7-11. This saga has it all, and yet somehow, for some sick reason, we continue to be surprised. The rebirth of Sarah Palin performing spoken word about anal rape, the songs sung about little girls who hate their father by a

woman who can’t maintain eye contact due to excessive blinking. But the best of all is that, little does the audience know, it all ends in fireworks. Explosions, bombs, fire, rampages, dragons. All of it happening in the backyards of everyday Americans. Like you.

Skidmo’ Daily Condoms: The Ultimate Cockblocker

By PAULINE DENT

First year student, Tommy Arnold, was eagerly waiting for the night where he would lose his flower to attractive senior, Jenny Baker. Tommy was on his way to the student wellness center when Editor-in-chief, Jack Rosen suddenly threw a

plethora of Skidmo’ Daily condoms his way. “Swag” thought Tommy, “These are going to get me so laid”. Tommy proceeded to put them in his pocket and continued on his way. Later that evening when things were getting hot and heavy in his

Penfield triple Tommy grabbed one of the condoms Jack had given him.

“What the F**k is that?” Shrieked Jenny. “A condom?” he responded. “Yeah about that...I’ve got to go”. Jenny closed the door behind her.

Tommy was dumbfounded. Was he just cockblocked by unlubricated condom with one of Skidmore’s most obscure club’s name on it? It seems so. And there was Tommy all soaped up and nowhere to go.

Ikea releases the “Build-it-yourself” Boyfriend

By PAULINE DENT

He’s dreamy, he’s sensitive, he’s Swedish, he’s Pojkvän! Ikea’s new Build-it-yourself Boyfriend! Now I know what you’re thinking - how can a wooden dummy satisfy all my needs? Well, its pretty simple. For 8,000 Swedish Krona you receive a kit that includes all body parts as well as a 500 page instruction manual (only available in Swedish). It takes about seventeen hours of painstaking labor to assemble your boyfriend and you’ll

most likely attempt to break one of his limb in the process, but the result is remarkable. A beautiful 6’2 blonde alpine skier man-boy dressed in a blue and yellow striped sweater (imagine getting to tote that hottie around!). You get to chose from six names, Björn, Erengisle, Hälje, Önnert, Knut, and Brödköttbullarbröd. You’ll never be able to pronounce his name correctly, but in the end it doesn’t really matter since he

doesn’t speak or comprehend the concept of language.

Here are the reviews of some satisfied costumers:

“I really like my Pojkvän, Knut. Especially since I have a latex allergy”

- Gale, 41, South Bend, Indiana

“Its fun dressing him up in different outfits. Please release

clothes in more than just the Swedish national colors.”

- Samuel, 56, West Palm Beach, Florida.

“Its okay I guess.”

- Abby, 20, Burlington Vermont.

So go buy yourself a Pojkvän. Your friends will be speechless (just like him).

Skidmore Republican Upset That He is Being Judged for the Content of His Heart

By MAX FLEISCHMAN

CASE CENTER - Chad Hartfield Jr., class of ’19, feels as if his political beliefs have unfairly turned him into a social pariah. Having grown up in the suburbs of Richmond, Mr. Hartfield had never faced any sort of discrimination based on his political beliefs while attending Robert E. Lee High School. He learned very rapidly that at Skidmore, if he spoke his mind he would be put in a dangerous position that is easily comparable to the plight of Muslims in the United States.

On the first day of classes he was stunned by the odd looks he was given when he proclaimed that Black Lives Matter was, in fact, racist against white people. “I just don’t understand why they can’t just work hard and make it in this country. It’s not like there is institutionalized racism or a long established distrust of

police departments based off a history of discrimination against minority groups,” Mr. Hartfield complained. He validated these claims by looking at his family history, Mr. Hartfield’s father, Chad Hartfield Sr., came to this country and founded a multi-million dollar sweater vest industry with nothing but determination, grit, a small inheritance of 2.5 million dollars from his grandfather, and perseverance. If Hartfield Sr. could achieve his dreams despite the odds stacked against him, then why couldn’t young African American men? Not seeing a viable answer, Mr. Hartfield relished in his victory.

Despite Mr. Hartfield’s clear success in his class debate, the reaction of his peers was not as jubilant as his. The negative reaction to his comments in class shocked Mr. Hartfield.

In his community back home, he was safely allowed to voice his ideas. Longing for a space where he could voice his opinions on topics from immigration, Bernie Sanders, safe spaces, taxes, global warming, and abortion without fear of being shunned, he joined the Skidmore Republicans. They assured him that together they would all be able to safely discuss their opinions without the fear of the Skidmore Left and their constant politically correct culture overusing safe spaces to a comical effect. Finally, Mr. Hartfield had found a place where he could belong.

Although he has found his niche, Mr. Hartfield still faces constant bombardment from the rest of campus. “It’s like they don’t understand that I’m only FISCALLY conservative, but I’m SOCIALLY liberal. I’ve been called a racist, classist,

sexist, bigot, and other horrible things just because of my political beliefs. Is it unfair that minorities are more likely to go to jail than me? Yeah, but then you should work harder. Plus, affirmative action makes it way easier for them to get into college anyway. I just don’t see how taxing my money would help promote any form of social change.” Despite this, and many other arguments like it, the accusations of Mr. Hartfield’s racism, classism, sexism, and ignorance have yet to end. Sometimes at night he wonders, when will people stop judging him for the content of his heart, and begin to judge him on things that matter, like the content of his trust fund account? For now, Mr. Hartfield will keep his beliefs relegated to Skidmore Republicans and a few close friends on the lacrosse team.

Skidmo’ Daily Foreign Correspondent Absence Due to Involvement in Panama Papers, Totally Not Because He Was Procrastinating on Writing Articles

By GAGE WILLAND

On April 3rd, 2016, the Süddeutsche Zeitung revealed over 11.5 million confidential documents from Mossack Fonseca, a Panamanian law firm, which had been slowly leaked by an anonymous source. These documents revealed how a large number of public officials from all over the world were using Mossack Fonseca’s services to hide their money. Such a massive leak required a great deal

of labor from all the journalists involved, which is why I haven’t written any recent Skidmo’ Daily articles, because I was working in conjunction with the Süddeutsche Zeitung, and most definitely wasn’t blowing off all of my work. This great undertaking, which involved the cooperation between 107 news sources in 80 countries, required the upmost secrecy, thus explaining why I hav-

en’t talked to any of the other Skidmo’ writers in several months, as I had to be off the grid for a while, and certainly hadn’t just forgotten to go to the Skidmo’ staff meetings for two months. I was very busy researching the involvement of former Jordanian Prime Minister Ali Abu al-Ragheb in illicitly hiding money for the Süddeutsche Zeitung, which makes perfect sense consider-

ing my journalistic credibility, experience, and connections. The Panama Papers leak will be remembered as an important moment in journalism history and I’m glad to have been productive all semester working on it, instead of, say, blowing off all of my senior obligations to play Fire Emblem for hours on end in my room.

Skidmore Republicans Call for Fun Day to Be Remade Into “Gun Day”

By QUINT TURNER

James Naismith, the president of the Skidmore Republicans, alongside the other member of the club has declared a war on “Fun Day” as it currently stands.

“The culture around Fun Day is awful and un-American. People wake up at the unreasonable time of 9 AM to start day-drinking, an Irish tradition. Not only that, but they drink vodka, Russian, margaritas, Mexican, Scotch, which I am unsure of the ori-

gin of, Gin, British, and alcoholic Pumpkin Spice Lattes, which is appalling. That’s why me and my pal Chris are going to put the ‘U’ from USA back into ‘Fun’ and create ‘Gun Day,’” said Naismith.

“Hey, don’t include me in this. I’m only in the club to meet the minimum number of people requirement,” said the other member of the Skidmore Republicans, Chris James.

Naismith’s plans for “Gun

Day” is, instead of handing out free sunglasses, the Skidmore Republicans will hand out semi-automatic pistols loaded with only one bullet.

“Look, we understand some people are going to still get tipsy on Gun Day, so we don’t want to go too crazy with the number of bullets. However, it is important everyone has a loaded gun, since the only way to stop a bad drunk person with a gun is with a good

drunk person with a gun,” said Naismith.

The bouncy-houses and inflatable slide will still be part of the festivities. The final decree of Naismith is “no more foreign swill, we built this country on Coors Light and Budweiser and that’s all you can drink, dang it.”

Meanwhile, the Writing Is Cool Club has made plans to turn Fun Day into Pun Day.

Freshman Girl Says Strawberry-Lemonade Svedka is, “Like, literally the Best Drank EVARRR!!1!”

By DOUG PATRICK

As the spring semester comes to a violent climax of final papers and exams, many first-year students are feeling the pressure to YOLO for the first times in their lives. This is natural, of course. Everyone gets a little trashier towards the end of the year. It’s science.

Many of these first-years are in a great place to have their inau-

gural YOLO – a college campus.

One such freshman, Katie Williams, interviewed last Saturday night, found that “drinking is, like, so fun” and “couldn’t believe she was such a fuggin’ [sic] pussy in high school.”

Unfortunately, our interview didn’t last long because one of her friends began puking.

Luckily, though, she was so kind to give me her phone number so that we could continue our correspondence. She swore over and over again that she would “totally text me in, like, one second.”

But, as you could’ve guessed, Katie Williams was a liar. We didn’t receive a text from

her until several hours later, in the early morning.

That text read: “hahhh-hah lol – Str Lemonaid Svederka is like literally the best drank EVARRRR!!1!”

And for The Skidmo’ Daily, that was good enough.

Drink on, Katie Williams.

Drink on.

Dear Skidizens,

When I started The Skidmo’ Daily in October of my sophomore year, it began simply because I was pissed off. Why? Because after asking for six weeks straight, Skid-fucking-News wouldn’t take me off their mailing list. I told them I didn’t want to join their club, that in fact I rather disliked it, but still they kept emailing me. And on the sixth week, I said “fuck this, I’m starting my own newspaper.”

So I tried. I posted on Facebook asking who wanted to join. Some people came that way, like Johnny and Silas. Others, I met in class, like our deputy editor-in-chief George Lubitz. And other people like Doug came as we grew (to be fair, he was in highschool when we started Skidmo’, but he’s still a Doug-come-lately.)

The times I have had at Skidmo’ have been the best of my entire time at Skidmore. I have built something that will hopefully last for twenty five years, with people whom I hope our friendship will last at least twice that long. Skidmo’ has transformed from a project done by a closet-knit group of friends—most of whom knew each other from our freshman dorm—into a popular newspaper where all types of students are welcome. It is my greatest accomplishment here, and I can truly say there is nothing I will miss more.

But I’m going out now. I need to get cigarettes at the store. George, you are the man of the house while I’m out. Take care of Connor, and Alex, and Papazian, Emma, Sam, Max, Tristan, Kit, Sam, Linnea, Jacob, Wyatt, Sam, Quint, Pauline, Gill, Sam, and all the others. You’re going to have to be brave now, but I believe in you son. Make me proud. I’ll be back before you know it.

Sincerely,

Jack M. Rosen

Founder, Editor-in-Chief, and Lover of All Things Skidmo’ Daily