CONCENTRATION DEADLINE FRIDAY

Last time your parents will pay for you to disappoint them

ADMINISTRATION PROMOTING INTER-DORM RELATIONS THROUGH BROKEN LAUNDRY CAMPAIGN

Insists daily routines will not be hampered by Mr. Kraft '17 SPIN CYCLE DEPT.

(ON TOP OF THE WASHER BECAUSE NO ONE SHOVED IT UP FIFTEEN SECONDS AFTER THE TIMER ENDED) The Hamilton College Division of Student Life released a statement this week announcing a new initiative to foster teamwork and camaraderie between residence halls, based around a lack of working laundry machines in most of the aforementioned buildings.

We are happy to announce that the alleged "irising Tide" of breakdowns of several washers and dryers across campus was absolutely deliberate, recently-hired Associate Dean Arman Hammer said. "It was by no means a result of college bureaucracy that we are now attempting to pass off as a lack-luster attempt at improving student relations—a claim that is a Pure example of scurrilous rumormongering. This initiative should be a great way to Gain Xtra friends All across campus."

Some students applauded the administration's efforts. "I agree completely. What Dean Hammer said is a perfect example of how Hamilton's administration cares for the students above all else," tour guide Leni Shllalm '16 said, before quickly adding, "Who is Dean Hammer and what did he say?" once the group of parents was safely out of earshot.

Other students were displeased with the situation. "I don't know how laundry works, but I shouldn't have to pay for it. And the administration is lying through its teeth, just like any other authority," Karl Ginsberg '19 said. Ginsberg, who confirmed that his parents send him brand new pre-stressed jeans and Doctor Who t-shirts each weekend when he runs out of clean clothes, vowed to immediately post about "the outrage" on Reddit, then take no further action.

An all-campus email further clarified the administration's creation of a new Board for an Undergraduate Life and Laundry Community to Reestablish Awareness and Proactivity, or B.U.L.L.C.R.A.P., headed by Dean Hammer. "All non-functioning laundry machines create the opportunity to practice team-building, life skills, and other vague positive-sounding activities," the email stated. "All future non-functioning equipment, machines and facilities in residence halls will retroactively become part of this program. Remember, Hamilton community: shabbiness is chic. Outdated is retro. Broken is working. We have always had non-functioning dryers."

STUDENT DISMAYED TO SEE NO CHANGE IN GROUP DYNAMIC AFTER WATCHING SUPER BOWL TOGETHER

The Panthers weren’t the only losers last weekend.

By Ms. Whitmer '18

WHY CAN’T WE STOP BEING FRIENDS DEPT. (MILBANK COMMON ROOM) February can be an emotionally charged time for many, with the Super Bowl raising spirits and Valentine’s Day snatching them away immediately afterward. Since Sunday night’s game, Jeremy Fisher ‘18 has been in a cloud of despair as he contemplates his friend group’s stagnant dynamic.

Fisher’s current “crew” consists of Cassandra Binckley ‘18, Ty Donaldson ‘18, and Hailee Meyer ‘18. According to Fisher, the group has operated with universal agreement since forming during freshman year.

Fisher hoped to provoke at least one of his friends into a begging-to-be-filled leadership role while screening the game by way of several approaches. “I made nacho cheese with knock-off Velveeta. I don’t think anyone even noticed. Then I changed the channel for a few minutes of the third quarter. No one yelled at me or the TV. It was disheartening.”

Meyer confirmed the group’s inability to implement any form of hierarchy. “No one’s stepping up and telling the rest of us what to do,” she explained. “I haven’t done my laundry since spring of 2015 because no one has called me out on it.”

Of his three friends, Fisher said he had the most faith in either Meyer or Binkley adopting the commanding role. “Ty couldn’t do it. Honestly, Ty’s the most irrelevant of the four of us. He’s Coldplay in this situation.”

According to Donaldson, however, he just might have to be the one to step up. The sophomore explained, “There are only like ten other people on this campus, you know? I can’t afford to go out looking for new friends.”

Meyer and Binkley expressed similar sentiments. “Jeremy’s the kind of bitch who eats all the nachos. Nachos aren’t even a fun snack. I don’t know how I’m going to deal with that for another year,” Binkley commented. “Oh, but to answer your question, no. I don’t have any plans to leave the group. Ed rather passively let the things that bother me eat away at my soul until I die than go out of my way to cause change.”

POINT SYSTEM 2.0 TO INTRODUCE NEW PUNISHMENTS

See “Indentured servitude now on the table,” pg. 1831

WHIPPMAN’S WITICICMS

Real advice from someone we barely know

“My love is like a red, red rose: out of season.”
PHINEAS P. WURTERBOTTOM REVIEWS THE LACK OF WEATHER

Greetings, palookas and poltomoes. It is, royal meteorologist of the Hill, Phineas P. Wurterbottom, here to give my two cents on the disaster upon the firmament.

I was entertaining guests when it happened. We were playing croquet and exchanging bon mots, tracing the contours of high-society Cornelius had taken his lower to St. Croix on honeymoons but somehow fell prey to the propellers of a fishing craft. The famous author and socialite was gone to eternity. Anderson, along with a gaggle of pious interns, came to a more vertical demise after the Shanghai stocks went kaput. Professor Ninkle, ardent supporter of open-carry, had brought her 12-gauge to a College Re

I saw Bradley while walking to the suite tonight. I haven't seen him since Fall Break freshman year when our parents made us get lunch together since we were in the same orientation group. I wanted to ask him how he broke free and made better friends… But then Lily called to ask why I was late to make soda can tab necklaces and watch House Hunters International, and I had to go.

I think this is it. I’ve made a huge mistake. The cold numbing of forever has found its way into our jovial midst.

Squreled out of the room by Ms. Alatalo ’18

DEAR MISS CREAT: VALENTINE’S DAY EDITION

DEAR MISS CREAT: I have hooked up with this girl, like, three times, and I don’t really know where we stand. What should I do for Valentine’s Day? – Unsere Festeung

DEAR Unsere Festeung: I really don’t appreciate y’all approaching me with these questions about what to do with romantic suc- cess. Look, I’ve spent the last three odds years with an empty bed. Just be goddamn happy you have someone to go the horizontal naked dance with. I don’t know, buy her flowers or something, toss out some half-thought-out words, and then go to a secluded place to have sex. People love that shit.

DEAR MISS CREAT: I’ve been dating this guy two years now, and I’m worried that we aren’t doing anything for Valentine’s Day. Last time we had date night, he forgot and just made me an omlet. How should I talk to him about this? – Hoping For The Best

DEAR BIGDIC: First up, give up the ghost. You’re not a bunch of juniors. You’re just some freshman guys in Dunham who will end up getting all hot and bothered over what will just end up being a sausage fest. No one is gonna just have sex with a random stranger. Unless they meet at a Bundy party.

So here’s what you’re going to do: First, become very comfortable with the entire Discography of Marvin Gaye. Next, you and your 3(?) other roommates need learn how to sing “Sexual Healing” a-capella style. Lastly, produce handwritten invitations complete with your recording of “Sexual Healing” and an original love poem written in actual calligraphy (none of that Word Calligraphy font shit). Post them in mailbox #s 4002, 5234, 5644, and 6087 and if we feel that you did well enough, we’ll consider coming over. We expect at least three throw pillows per person, four different songs to serenade us with, and a cardboard cutout of Al Ham in the corner to watch over us.

Dutifully heeded by Mr. Wesley ’16

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*Berg runs at $20 a bottle and is water sloughed off a 15,000 year-old Canadian glacier.

From Mr. Wittowsky ’17, skovely amanuesis and Polish lover to M. Wurterbottom.

January 8, 2016

Break’s almost over, but I’m actually excited to get back on campus and see all of my school friends again. I didn’t think I would, but I actually do miss them a lot. Come to think of it, I didn’t really think we’d be friends past fresh- man year, either. Yet here we are. I’m sure it when we reuniﬁed our friendship will be better than ever!

January 19, 2016

Just reunited with all my buds and it was great! We clicked just like pieces of a 1000 piece jigsaw puzzle that you just kind of have to force together, but they look okay and you assume that must be where they’re supposed to go. I kind of forgot just how annoying Brando is when he watches sports on his phone while talking to me (Football! Soccer?)

Either way he keeps shouting “Swinsh” mid-conversation.) We must just have to take time to adjust.

January 23, 2016

First Friday night back on campus. I heard there was a cool party in Millbank—something about building a snow fort indoors and combining the magic of childhood with tequila and a chance of fronton—but my friends wanted to stay in to- night and count all the change in Missy’s coin jar. It was fun, i guess. I mean, I like hanging with them, but I just didn’t feel that excited when it added up to $2.35, enough to almost do two loads of laundry. Which isn’t even enough space for the 18 towels we have to clean after Brandon spilled formaldehyde from his Emerson project all over my ﬂoor.

January 25, 2016

I can’t take this anymore. Why does everyone else seem so much cooler? Why am I not friends with them? Why am I still stuck with the same mismatched group of people I met freshman year? Because we all shared a tent during the rainstorm on our AA trip? Or because we all saw that thing in the third ﬂoor bathroom and became closer because of our bond of silence? That doesn’t change the fact that Jessica only listens to Zayn Malik (“the one true direction”), which is getting really annoying because he only has that one single. Or that Camden can only do his homework on the fourth ﬂoor of Root during the new moon because it brings him closer to the spirit of Elthu Root. Why am I still friends with these people? I don’t even like spectroscopy.

January 29, 2016

I saw Bradley while walking to the suite tonight. I haven’t seen him since Fall Break freshman year when our parents made us get lunch together since we were in the same orientation group. I wanted to ask him how he broke free and made better friends… But then Lily called to ask why I was late to make soda can tab necklaces and watch House Hunters International, and I had to go.

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