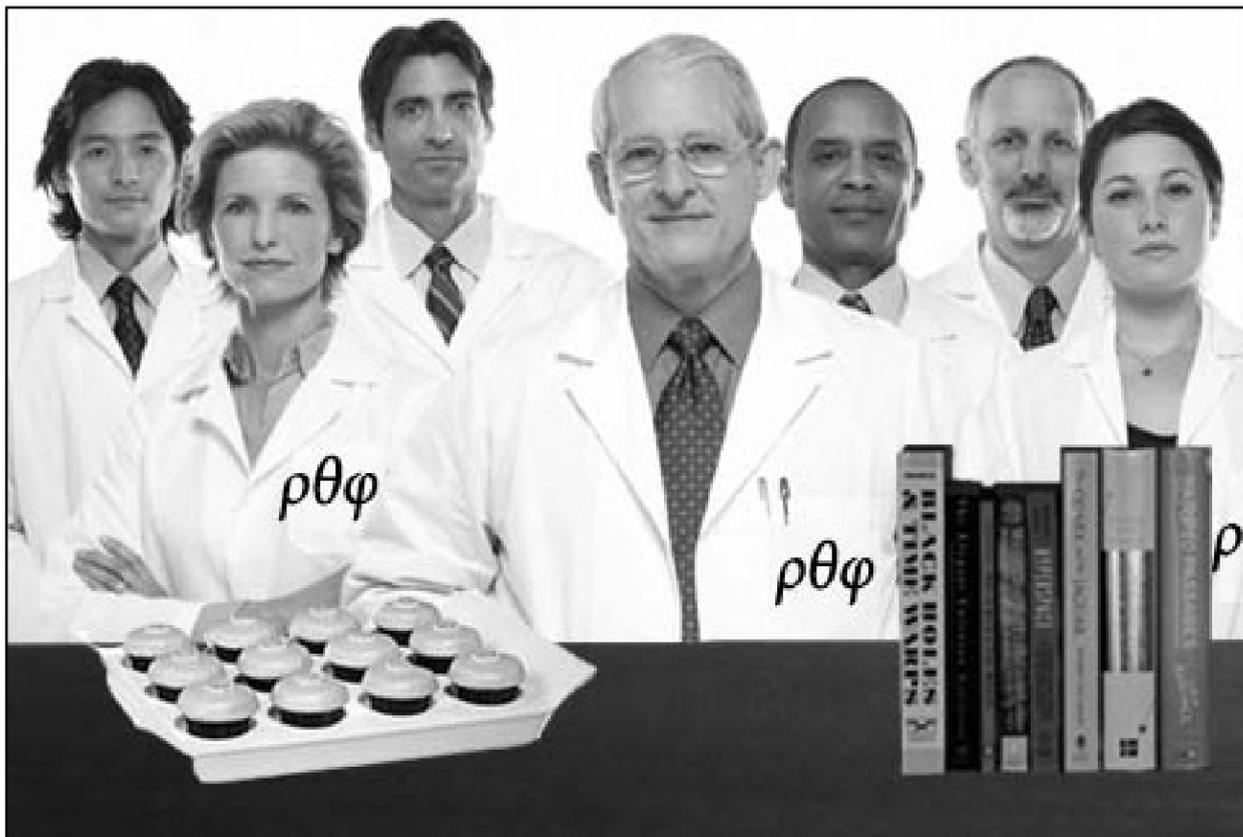




# Grinnellians Rush Advising Week



Above: The Physics Department recruits pledges with their mix of academics and baked goods.

**SECOND FLOOR OF THE JRC-** This year, Grinnell hosted its first Advising week. The intent was to inform students of the multiple opportunities, majors and concentrations that Grinnell provides.

"We figured that it was time to start treating the second years like members of our Grinnell society," Associate Dean Carol Chambers explained. "I mean, they're basically the redheaded stepchildren of the college, so we decided to throw them a bone."

The week began on Monday September 21st, when SEPC members from each department tabled for their respective majors in the JRC. Not only did the tables feature important details about the coursework required for each major, but they spotlighted interesting facts about each depart-

ment and showed photos of all of the department majors dressed in white, standing on the steps of JRC.

"I know Grinnell doesn't have any Greek life," Amara Kyuzak '17 explained to a group of second-years on Monday, "But each department is basically its own fraternity or sorority. You make lifelong friends, bond with the professors, and your dues are already included in the overpriced college tuition!"

Students reacted positively to the comparison to Greek life.

"After hanging out at the History table, I decided that I may want to major in that," Sadie Roswater, '18 said, clutching at an 'Intended History Major' pin. "Their colors are pink and green, and those are my favorite colors, too. Besides, there's a lot of diversity, which is

Rush, Page 3

## First Year Plague Sweeps Campus

SOMEWHERE UNDER A THICK PILE OF BLANKETS- As an adult human, I have experienced being "sick" before. I've had the requisite strep throat, ear infections, and colds. I thought I knew "sick". Most of my other classmates were also "ill;" however, they had been afflicted with the stomach flu, strep, mono, and other more minor illnesses. The Fever Disease that I had was different.

I fell ill on a Thursday, although I functioned normally until Thursday night. Once the fever struck, I didn't function at all. This was my first encounter with being not a person anymore, something I had not expected to experience until the middle of midsems or maybe even finals week. I can only recall a few elements from this six day plague, and not because I was under the influence of

controlled substances (unless you count hardcore antibiotics!).

I do recall making some fairly inhuman noises and twitch-like gestures throughout the ordeal. "Can I get you anything?" my roommate asked several times. "Unhhhhhh," I'd growl, Satan's fever

"Unhhhhhhh."  
-Plague-Stricken Student

preventing me from forming words.

My bed resembled a quarantined room at the CDC headquarters; blankets, sheets, and coats used as blankets were nearly as effective as glass walls in protecting unknowing friends and lab partners inquiring about write-ups.

Through some coincidence of luck, modern medicine, and

stolen Dining Hall saline crackers, I finally emerged victorious.

However, when I entered real life again, I came to a horrible realization: the entire class of 2019 had all also caught some form of the plague. I could tell which students were first years by the amount of sneezing and tissues they produced. Every time I walked into my tutorial, another student had fallen in. "Another one bites the dust," my professor would sigh mournfully.

Those who have not yet been infected live in constant fear. As well they should: no one is safe. East Campus may look very clean, North Campus may seem very well, no illusions there, but the plague has hit students everywhere. Take your vitamin C pills, Class of 2019. I've had firsthand experience with this quasi-coma, and this is not a drill.

## Supermoon Eclipse Ruse to get Students to go to Damn Observatory

**OBSERVATORY-**The Grinnell College administration created an elaborate, multi-million dollar hoax in order to get students to visit the observatory this past Sunday.

"We opened up the observatory in 1984, but then started really ballin' out in '85, so everybody, including the administration, forgot about it for twenty years." said President Rey-nerd Kang-thang. "In 2004 we found it steeped in cobwebs and used condoms. An especially articulate and prophetic English major had written, 'You lost the game!' on the telescope's big lens. We were mortified!"

For several years, the administration desperately tried to make the observatory popular, reinventing it with slogans such as, "We're not that far from the Bear!" ('04); "Smoke dank dope by our dank telescope!" ('05); and "We were a top-five best sex spot on campus this year!" ('06).

All the while, Grinnell covertly dished out over a billion dollars in endowment resources, plunging the college deep into debt, and contacting alumni across the world in order to come up with ideas on how to trick Grinnell students into visiting the observatory.

"I lost the game"  
-Rey-nerd Kang-thang

Manny Bucks, an alumni working as a statistician for NASA, stated, "We did hundreds of student polls in Grinnell-caliber schools, and we consistently identified two factors that would be sure to attract everyone's attention: big and red."

Grinnell and NASA then proceeded to build "Clifford", the world's first giant, red, moon-like circle tangentially attached to a giant black

circle so as to simulate a red moon. First, the black one "eclipsed" the moon by passing over it. The red circle followed.

The night of September 17th, night of the ruse, a student Eugene Notman '16 said, "Oh my god, it was so stunning, it made me scream. I think it changed my life."

The ruse was deemed to be a huge success by all parties involved. Manny Bucks, though pointed out that "It was President Rey-nerd Kang-thang's ingenious insight that actually motivated these youths to pilgrimage to the observatory. We thought it'd be the beautiful, state-of-the-art, telescope. In fact, it was the free cookies we provided."

That night, President Rey-nerd Kang-thang could be found on the Bear's roof, rubbing his hands together as students flocked to the observatory. "Wow," he said, looking spaceward and tearing up, "I lost the game."

**This Week's Horoscope**  
The Oracle just got tenure and will henceforth give minimal effort.



Ground yourself this week by wearing rubber-soled shoes.



**Sextra Credit**  
Remember that every nerve ending also has a nerve beginning.



Take advantage of allergy season. Give your partner a SNEEZE-GLASS!

## Also In The News

Alarmed Student Can't Go To Canada Because Of A DUI

Student Arrested Smuggling Everclear And Dope-Ass Fireworks From Wisconsin Into Canada

Coworker Outraged That She Has Never Met Fellow Coworker's Girlfriend

Loud And Indiscernible Noises

Students Question Whether Seeing Friends In 10/10 Makes Up For Seeing Everyone Else

Student Get Creative With Outfits As Cold Makes Laundry Less Appealing

No Consensus Reached Over What Plural of Alumnus Should Be

Staff Of Popular Student Publication Eavesdropped On By Bored Students Of Other Student Publication

Student With 200 Strands Of String Lights In Their Dorm Shuts Down Campus Electricity

## SECURITY BLOTTER

**11:00PM:** Officer starts Saturday night round.

**11:13PM:** Officer approaches Harris Center on noise complaint about Crazy Students in Love making a scene.

**11:17PM:** Officer can't help but Listen to sounds emanating from Harris Center and become curious.

**11:20PM:** Officer enters dancefloor, now intrigued by the actions of all the Single Ladies.

**11:21PM:** Promiscuousness in dancefloor makes Officer Lose her Breath.

**11:22PM:** Officer tries to escape, but cannot get out of the Party.

**11:33PM:** Officer tries to Telephone for help, but does not receive signal.

**11:42PM:** Officer saddened her position, lamenting that If She Was A Party Boy she would have no trouble escaping.

**12:38PM:** Officer finally Breaks Free from party, covered in blood, sweat, tears, and the traumatic memory of having literally everyone inside Harris attempt to grind with her.

**12:45PM:** Officer heads home, now realizing that it is party animals who Rule The Grinnell-Nightlife.

## Parents Disappointed in their Children's Moderation



Above: Parents scold their children for not going HAM.

CLEVELAND BEACH-Grinnell College prepared many family appropriate activities for Family Weekend, including a historical tour, a bagel brunch, and various concerts. Parents were suitably unimpressed. Neither rural Iowa nor the campus climate met their expectations.

"Where's the vodka?!" said an exasperatedly sober Betty Baxter. "I haven't seen a single red solo cup since I arrived here."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, academics are important, but so are body shots," huffed Billy Babbins. "Not a single person drank out of my navel this weekend."

"In my day, pre-gaming began before the last party had even ended. That way, we avoided being hungover," stated Ethel Smith. "What's that song? 'Sit down (drank), stand up (drank), pass out (drank),

drank some more (drank), drank a lot more than that (drank).' It's the anthem we lived by."

Some parents were so unimpressed, they requested funding from SGA and were able to form their own parent-group, going by the moniker OldSkool. Due to a misallocation of funds from SGA and receipt confusion, the entire budget was funneled into the parents' alcohol funds.

According to a member of the ACE committee, who wished to remain unnamed out of embarrassment, this went toward "fifteen kegs, plus three hundred bottles of wine, two hundred handles of vodka, and a tequila fountain. Drinking apparatuses purchased included twenty beer bong, two hundred shot glasses, and an unholy number of red Solo cups."

Due to the sheer num-

ber of items purchased, the party all day, party never train was forced to carry the stops when you party my supplies to campus. Students way." He then reportedly were able to observe the proceeded to streak on East enormous cargo haul as it Street and wasn't found until the next morning, in a bush at 1018.

"I've never seen so much alcohol in my life."

The parents' night began before it was technically even night. As one parent said, "I began drinking at 3:30 in the afternoon. I don't recall anything after 4:00."

However, most students on campus remember Saturday night vividly. "I've never seen so much destruction caused by people in one place," said an aghast fourth year. "And I think my mom was grinding on my friend's dad!"

"I saw my dad bent over a bench vomiting at 7:30 on Saturday night", Ron Platik said. "When I tried to help him, he pushed me away and said, 'Party all night,

Many students also lost their scholarships, because the college's endowment was instead used towards cleaning up the damage. "Since my mom shattered all of Noyce's windows, I can no longer go to college here. Thanks mom," despaired one particularly unfortunate first-year.

While the damage was extreme, and many students saw a side to their parents they wished they'd never seen, there was one bright spot: the D-Hall's supplies were severely depleted by partying parents who stole food trays and even one dessert cart, and so the college ordered Chinese takeout for the student body.

## What Do You Think?

Liquid water was discovered on Mars this week.

What do you think?



**Marvin the Martian**

Real live actual Martian.  
"Oh dear. Now I shall have to create more Martians."



**Mars Bar**

Turd-shaped confection.  
"I told them the nougat was wrong!"



**Thirsty camel**

Has traversed the deserts of Earth for seven years.  
"Behold! A new oasis from which I can lap the elixir of life."

## Rush *from page 1*

super important.”

George Polk '16 said, “I think this is a really positive move on the part of the SEPCs. I’m on the English SEPC and I know that our “Drink with Dostoyevsky” High Street party gained a lot more interest in the major than cookies and candy at study breaks ever did.”

The event concluded with an alumni banquet with tables adorned with each major’s color. As students filed into the banquet, each of them sat with the alumnus at the table of

their major and waited to be either accepted or ignored.

Said Chemistry Professor Diane Toer, “I’ll admit that the whole process might seem a little harsh and arbitrary. But considering that so many of our Grinnell students end up going to graduate school and even academia, the convoluted of the Greek system is actually good preparation for the future.”

After all of the formalities were over, the CLS staff arrived and

led a discussion about the lifelong implications of Majors.

“I majored in Religious Studies,” Justin Biedwagon '05 explained to the second-years as he sat cross-legged in front of them. “And now I’m a Pizza Entrepreneur! I got to talk to you during my lunch break!”

“But I want to emphasize that your major means so much more than that,” Biedwagon continued. You make a lot of connections and your major is your family for life. Once I re-

alized that my major was more about who I hung out with than what I was learning, my life completely changed. I know that I depend on Religious Studies ‘siblings’ to let me crash on their couch, and to pay me to come back to Grinnell and talk to you all!”

Chambers’ next move will be to implement an Advising Week for the Faculty. It seems that asking students what they want to do with the rest of their lives has led to many of the professors questioning their own life choices.

## H<sub>2</sub>O No! We Want an Aquarium!

*This week, we are proud to run a special guest article by the Pun Hall!*

*For more information, contact [prosesports]*

For those of you not up on current events, there is something fishy about this college. A tuna complaints are rippling through campus about the lack of a student-run aquarium, as it is a really big problem on which the administration porpoisely refuses to comment. Students are understandably crabby, and a large number of fish-lovers are coming out of their shells and drowning in a sea of sorrow.

Now, the wave of affirmation has crested, and many campus organizations are shoring up their support. The SRC is backing the aqueerium, DAG has pledged their swordfish, the music department is scaling up their commitment, G-tones supports the pres-

ence of choral in the aquarium, and Debait Team is hooked on this topic and offering their services squid pro quo (in exchange, we here at Pun Club will be generating suggestions for discussion tropics). It’s only a matter of time until a student initiative gets Kraken!

The Biology department supports the aquarium for use in academic reperch, with one professor stating that “If the school were to build an aquarium, everyone would sea the benefins.”

In fact, some biologists are thinking about a bass-action law-sushi over the lack of support from the starboard of trustees. Meanwhile, others in the department think that it’s overkrill, and thank their lucky starfish that they have tenure.

One suggested that “such a titanic endeavor is doomed to failure, and the issues we’ve seen so far are only the

tip of the iceberg.”

So far, all attempts to get the school to change their tuna have floundered, and some students are reticent as well. The swim team – an original supporter of the aquarium – is now baleen on the project, after the realization that the aquarium would replace the pool. And students from other groups are green to the gills with envy over the support this project has generated.

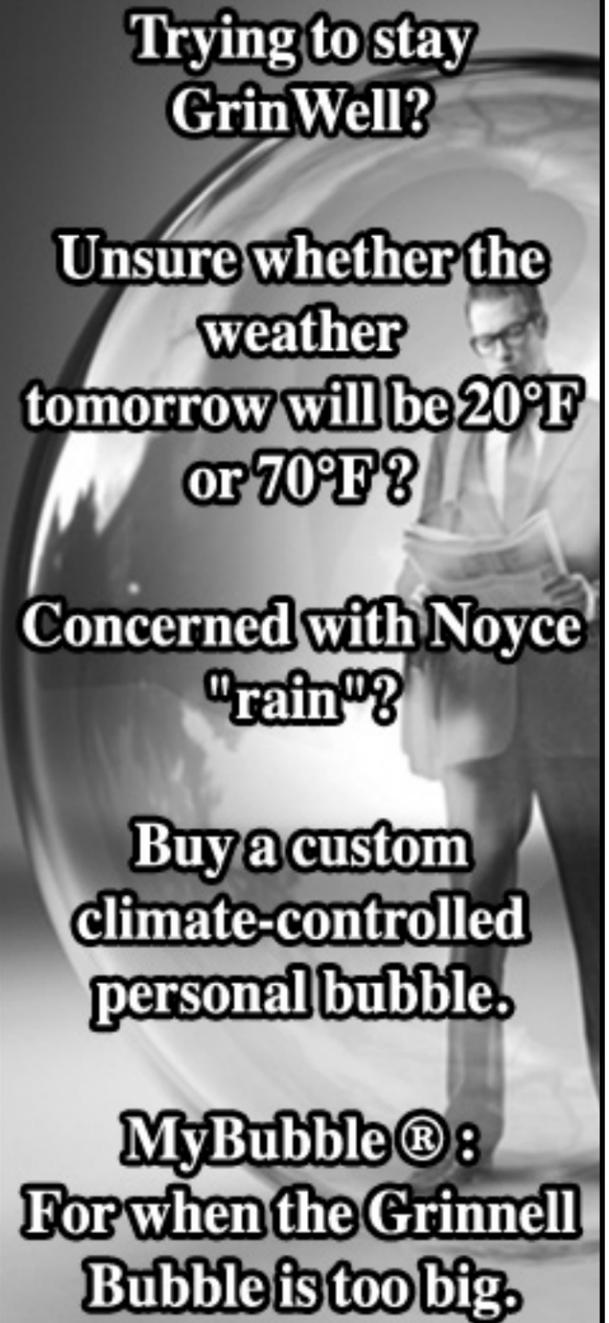
On the other hand, an exchange student from Finland told us, “Personally, I’m a little salty about the lack of fish in this country. It’s understandable that the school doesn’t want to break the bank, but if they shelled out the sand-dollars, things would go swimmingly. I feel it in my shoal that it would be really ice, you know? Let minnow when Americans stop sinking to new depths.”

The only way that an operation of this scale won’t flounder is if we

use our brines. First, we need to harpoon the administration’s hearts and minds without beeing Moby Dicks about it. Wetter or not we get liquid cash, if we win over the administration, the project won’t tank. To reel in the board and make sure that enough votes are cast, we need to make waves as students.

Flounder of the aquarium club, second year Nemo Fin, encourages fish lubbers to “cast out a banner of support, because every single student who isn’t clowning around on this fissue will help sail us towards our dreams.”

With that in mind, Carpe Diem, Grinnell! We’re all in the same boat. So don’t diswiminate against this idea: even if an aquarium may seem a bit koi, it could be a real fishture in the future of the college. Life at Grinnell isn’t always a beach, but the presence of an aquarium could help tide us through these difficult times.



**Trying to stay GrinWell?**

**Unsure whether the weather tomorrow will be 20°F or 70°F?**

**Concerned with Noyce "rain"?**

**Buy a custom climate-controlled personal bubble.**

**MyBubble®: For when the Grinnell Bubble is too big.**

**Don't let this be the last thing you see...**



**Protect yourself and your loved ones**

**Personal Alpaca Alarm™**

**Starting at \$9.99**

(Llama Alarm™ sold separately)



**TRAIN-B-GONE!**

**(Patent pending)**

**ONLY \$19.99!**

**Supplies limited—ORDER NOW!**

## Drug Prices Get Sky High

**SOUTH LOGGIA-** Due to a recent change in leadership of the Grinnell College drug market, the price of one gram of marijuana on campus has risen from \$20 to \$840, dealers report. According to an anonymous source, the price hike can be attributed to the matriculation of one Alice Stone to the class of 2019. Stone, who hails from Boulder, Colorado, controls all the inflow of ganja into Grinnell College, having inherited the lucrative marijuana market from her graduating cousin, Lucas Stone '15.

The younger Stone defends the price change as beneficial in the long run. "Developers in the industry need the funding to help improve the product. We're working toward a more ergonomic cannabis, which requires a lot of research."

Stone did not specify precisely where the extra profit would go.

The general reaction among the student body has been of outrage. "I used to be able to pay for

pot with my D-Hall job," complains Patrick Jackson '19. "But now I have to rent out my room to SHACS for overflow patients."

Jessica Wing '17 also expressed frustration. "I can't come up with enough green to pay for green!" she lamented with uncharacteristic lucidity. "So how am I to come up with ideas for Craft of Fiction?"

Dealers on campus are struggling to overcome major clientele loss. Some resort to extreme measures to keep up business. "Last weekend I laced my product with glitter," said a dealer who wished to remain anonymous. "I called it 'Fairy Dust,' and it sold really well for Beyoncé."

Administrators worry that the unavailability of marijuana will have an additional effect on the social climate on campus, as the drug is also (though less commonly) used to treat social anxiety.

"Jazz cilantro is essential to our community," exhorted Dean of Student Life Briana Mendez as she strolled through South Loggia, surreptitiously pressing a wad of cash into the hand

of a student in a hoodie and receiving a small plastic-wrapped package in return. "If students can't afford it, Grinnell just won't be the same place! All I want is what's best for the students."

Culture on campus certainly has taken an unexpected turn as a result of the decline in marijuana use. Most cannabis paraphernalia has been rendered obsolete, and is being creatively repurposed. Some students have found that their former lifestyle can easily transition into the sciences. "I had no idea how useful my vaporizer could be for my Organic Chemistry lab!" exclaimed Leon Kowalski '18. Others have taken a more artistic approach. "I've always wanted to make my own paint pigments," Hannah Rosen '16 explained. "As it turns out, beetle kief creates a beautiful, rich crimson."

It is unclear for just how long Grinnellians will tolerate exorbitant prices for their beloved bud. "We have been oppressed, but it is temporary," another dealer declared. "We will rise from the ashes like a phoenix. Yeah. Phoenixes are totally chill."

## INFOGRAPHIC

How does Grinnell rank when we change the rating scale?

1417th in the country for Starbucks proximity

9th highest zombie population in country

Noyce is the 6th trickiest full size maze in the Midwest

12th in Iowa for most interesting water taste

5th best political campaign stop on your way to somewhere else

#4 in nation for the best corn

1st for best colleges in Grinnell College

#14 in nation for frequency of the word "sustainable"

#1 for self gov (rating criteria uncertain)

## Some thoughts on 10/10

Sophie Kornbluh '16

For those who don't know, 10/10 is the traditional Grinnellian drinking marathon party that begins in Norris and concludes on High Street. It's a privilege that we, as self-governing adults, have earned, and is arguably one of the most talked-about events on campus. And sometimes I feel weird about it.

Let me preface this by saying that I am not opposed to the idea of 10/10 on its own. It's a cool concept—an outdoor moving party where everyone is invited and social barriers are broken

down. It's the drinking culture that makes me uneasy. I'm not sub-free, and I have imbibed at each of the past festivities. But I'm also a one-drink wonder who doesn't like to push limits, which immediately sets me apart from most of the other partygoers. It's fun for a while, but once I realize that almost everyone around me is FUCKED UP, MAN, it's isolating. I'm in the weird position of being able to remember having had a solid conversation with someone who the next day won't even make eye contact with me. It's like

it didn't happen. There's also the "marathon" analogy that is so often made. Usually it's in the context of the phrase, "It's a marathon, not a sprint," which is sound advice to those who are prone to making the mistake of going too hard too fast and ending up in trouble. But "marathon" also implies that it's a competition, and that not completing the full journey to High Street is a failure. I have never "made it" past Loose, and every year I have gone to bed with a sense of disappointment in myself, as if I have missed out on some

quintessential college experience because there is something wrong with me that prevents me from being a party animal.

But I've also had some weird and wonderful 10/10 experiences, which should not be discounted. I've talked to people I would otherwise not have met, learned the difference between "flirting with" and "flirting at," and tried my hand (and the rest of my body) at streaking. The positive energy is contagious, friends who have graduated are back, and the free food keeps on flowing. And I think it can be even better.

What I'm trying to convey is that we can make this a better community event that includes more people by reducing the emphasis on alcohol. This may be an unpopular opinion, but what if we rebranded 10/10 as a community event at which drinking is allowed but not a social obligation? More snacks and fewer kegs?

I also think we need a way to keep up the spirit of the party in a manner that encroaches less on people's personal spaces. Yes, the loggias are an obvious semi-sheltered and lit venue for the sojourning partier, but using them as the main

thoroughfare for 10/10 means that students living on North and South campuses who don't wish to participate are still, in a sense, forced to do so. There is no obvious solution to this, but maybe moving the party to Mac Field and then to the various South campus beaches (assuming artificial lighting can be supplied) could allow for a compromise of a moving party that is not as directly disruptive to personal living spaces.

10/10 should be fun for as many people as possible, and we have the capacity to make that happen.

### Claiming Responsibility:

**The Fool on the Hill:** Sophie Kornbluh '16

**I am the Walrus:** Abraham Mhaidli '17

**Strawberry Fields Forever:** Nina Galanter '18

**Nowhere Man:** Aaron Weerasinghe '17

**Contributors:** Pun Hall, Peter Sills '18, Elizabeth Zak '18, Nick Foulon '19, Katie Lou McCusker '19

The B&S is printed by the Times-Republican of Marshalltown, IA. The B&S is a SPARC publication. All publications funded by SPARC are copyright of SPARC and cannot be reproduced elsewhere without specific written consent from SPARC.

Your questions, comments, and concerns are appreciated and can be addressed to:

[fakepapr]

**We're also always looking for writers-send us an email for more info! No experience needed!**

### This Week's Playlist

Winter is Coming

Cold as Ice - Foreigner

White Winter Hymnal - Fleet Foxes

Let it Go - Frozen