HAMILTON ATTEMPTS TO LAUNCH LAS VEGAS PROGRAM

Study abroad (or maybe two)

By Mr. Johnson ’14

MANIFEST DESTINY DEPT.
(RACK CITY, RESPECTED FEMALE, RACK, RACK CITY) At Thursday evening’s student-convened staff meeting, Hamilton spokesperson John Nitterman Jr. finally confirmed a long suspected rumor: that Hamilton is looking into a Las Vegas program similar to those already in place in NYC and Washington D.C., updating the college to an 1850’s mindset regarding expansion.

“We think it could be very rewarding, but it’d be a bit of a gamble,” he said, because obligatory joke says what.

When asked for the college’s motivation for choosing “Sin City,” Nitterman explained, “According to our literature, it’s a great city for immoral young people with money to burn, and admission demographics statistics tell us that’s about half the student population. (Presley, 1964).”

“We’re also hoping to maximize my— I mean, uh, staff salaries by eventually send- ing all abroad students to Vegas. Instead of the NYC Program, we send students to the “New York, New York.” Instead of the year in France program, we send ’em to the Paris Hotel and Casino. We’ve sent letters to this big opium den where we were hoping to unload the China kids, but all we’re getting back are fingers, so we’re calling it a wash for now.”

Academic departments are already competing to be the first to send students west. The Mathematics Department hopes to study probability, game theory, and the mindset regarding expansion.

D.C., updating the college to an 1850’s program.

CAMPUS Assigns JANS Individual Nannies

Student Life begins search for other ways to alien- ate them

By Mr. Kennedy ’14

DEPT. OF CHILD SERVICES
(DUNHAM) Several January-admit first year students (col- loquially termed ‘Jans’,) were disturbed Thursday morning to find sweet, grey-haired au pairs in their Dunham split- doules. These appropriately stern (but never mean) nannies are part of the newest Hamilton Student Life program to ensure Jans become properly acquainted with campus before making any decisions on their own.

Despite a near unanimous hate of incoming Jans, the assault on Hamilton’s most sacred tradition—haz- ing the shit out of scared freshmen—rallied students, alumni, and board members around the flag of letting the new incoming students buy friends. Still, Student Life knew that letting Jans choose their own college experience was too dangerous and would lead to too few stories about how cool London was.

“After the whole Jans not being allowed to pledge ordinance suggestion fell through, we just knew we had to keep them out of trouble somehow,” Dean of Students Nancy Thompson suggested. “Now that Lisa and I both have to work full-time just to make rent, we need a meaningful job for our team.”

In SEARCH Of FRESHEST FOOD, MCEWEN Becomes Hunting GROUND

Less “Farm to Fork,” more “Farm to Forked Spear”

By Mr. Hostetter ’13

FINELY-HONED DINING DEPT.
(INTEMINABLE, CARCASS LINE) In a move that will surely please free-range activists, Bon Appetit today unveiled its transformation of McEwen into a hunting ground. Upon whipping their cards for entry, stu- dents will be supplied with a sharp wooden spear and set loose into the newly installed savannah.

“We’ve always strived to bring the very freshest food to the plates of Hamilton students, and we view this as the logical next step in that process,” Bon Appetit spokesperson Floyd Green said. “Food that’s brought here can be great, of course, but there’s nothing that beats tearing into the flesh of a fresh kill, feeling the rivulets of blood roll out of the edges of your mouth as you devour the beast’s heart to absorb its power.”

In order to avoid polluting the natural beauty of the savan- nah, no provisions were made for cooking the food, with stu- dents instead being encouraged to chop down trees and build their own cooking fires “Survivor-style.”

“Alternatively, they can just man up and eat it raw,” Green said. “I mean, the Japanese do it, right? It’s practically ethnic food, and people al- ways go for that stuff when we put it out.”

Overall student reaction was largely positive, as many students cited their appre- ciation for the opportunity to de-stress through the joy of slaughter. However, some students were rankled by certain de- tails of the program.

“I didn’t like the fact that they only gave us spears rather than modern hunting weapons,” Todd Whitfield ‘14 said. “I just wasn’t able to kill enough animals quickly enough to make a full meal. Fortu- nately, I was able to find a solution,” he added, gunning down chickens with an AK-47.

The Duel Observer attempted to retrieve a statement from Joan Hinde Stewart on the changes. However, at press time she was propped up by growing and picking her teeth with a tiger claw. When approached for comment, she merely un- leashed a roar of ferocious bloodlust, her slavering jaws still dripping with blood.

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In this issue: Incompetence

Blue Man Group Wows Students with Infectious Performance

“T’m gonna go to the bathroom and watch that Go Daddy ad again.”

See “Students Hospitalized. Argyria is serious.” pg. 5

TRUE PRESIDENTIAL RECIPES FOR SUCCESS

Coulidge says, “Nothing gives me a calm and cool demeanor like having an orderly vigorously massage my head with Vaseline.”

See “It’s practically ethnic food, and people always go for that stuff when we put it out.”
EULOGY FOR FRANKIE THE BETTA FISH:
WHAT A BRO
By Ms. Caswell '14

What kind of a fish was Frankie, you ask? I’ll tell you. He was the fuckin’ greatest. The bomb. The bomb diggity. A beauty. Really. If you didn’t know him, you sure missed out.

Frankie was a good fish. At least, I think he was. I don’t really know what constitutes a good fish, since they don’t really do anything cool. They just float.

I felt him weed one time to see if that would change anything, but apparently when a fish is stoned, it floats pretty much the same. So then I tried some Adderall to see if that would help. Basically Frankie’s eyes got slightly buggy and his fins were going real fast and he went in circles for a little bit. That was pretty funny actually. But then I ran out of Adderall so he went back to being boring.

So then I decided to see what it would be like if I gave little Frankie some tequila. I thought it would boost his confidence a little, you know? Make him feel like he was the shit and that he could have whatever little betta ladies he wanted and then maybe have a wicked hangover the next morning. But he just died.

I tried some of his fish flakes one time. Tasted like I was eating little gravel and fish scales. Why does it taste like fish if he is a fish? Is this some sick joke of the fish industry? Making fish eat other fish but no one knows because, let’s be real, who eats fish flakes to double check what they’re feeding their fish? I mean…except for me.

But, uh, yes. Frankie was a cool dude. He had really pretty blue wavy fins with red in them. I thought they made him look like a stegosaurus, which was rad. So here’s to Freddie— I mean Frankie. We had a great run, my friend. My time with you was the best two days I ever had with a fish. Except for the time we thought it would boost his confidence a little, you know? Make him feel like he was the shit and that he could have whatever little betta ladies he wanted and then maybe have a wicked hangover the next morning. But he just died.

RIP FRANKIE THE FISH. YOU WILL BE MISSED.

LETTER FROM MISUNDERSTOOD ICICLE
“Sorry for being absolutely terrifying”

Humans,
I know you see me, hanging overhead, sharp as that twinge of regret for the creepiest hokuspoke possible, wobbling a little in the breeze. Yeah. I feel your glances, people. Cold, a little fearful.

You have made it abundantly clear that you are freaking petrified of me. Congratulations. And I’m sure you kids don’t mean anything by those fearful comments. I suppose you just want to protect your necks and then forget who may be listening.

Let’s crush some of those misunderstandings and try to clear the air between you and me. To everyone who makes the ‘perfect murder weapon’ joke—impale your nemesis with an icicle, leave no trace once that iccy dagger meths kindly apply road salt to your eyes. Look, I recently got my New York license, the in-laws are moving in, the wife isn’t so frigid anymore, and my freelance career is really picking up.

Things are totally looking up for me, and it took a long time to get to the point where I can look in the mirror and say, “You are worth more than a flawless stabbing.” All that ridicule is totally breaking my heart, Hamilton.

I know you’re afraid of death, and I can address this anxiety up front. Freak accidents happen, but the worst we’re talking is a simple clunk on the noggin. Bop, and we both laugh about it after. So please, for chrissake, stop making me out to be a big time skullcracker. That was just a phase and there are so many other concession opportunities on campus. Accidentally bump heads while hugging someone on the rugby team, for example. This stuff happens all the time.

I hope we can turn this relationship around, Hamilton, and stop things from snowballing out of control. Let’s have a topics debate. I have very strong views on global warming! Or a heart-to-heart! I’m a conversationalist. I don’t need anything permanent. Just, I’ll be dead in a few months. No need to be so cold, Hamilton. Anything. I’m here. Hanging. Chilling.

Love,
A Misunderstood Icicle
Translated from by Ms. Bodzas ’16