STUDENTS SEND DICK PICS TO CAMPPO
Oh, that’s why it’s called TipNow?

Hampoll discovers 85% of students nearing brink of survey-induced breakdown
Sends out one more for reliability
By Mr. Johnson ‘14
Public Outreach Dept.
(Kirner-Johnson) Hamilton students have been left reeling in recent weeks under a constant barrage of survey requests from a wide variety of sources, including a Sociological Methods class, a Sociological Theory class, Sociological Fiction-Around class, the Levitt Center, the Career Center, the SportsCenter, and the League of Extraordinary Darkiders.

Some students complained that said surveys felt overly invasive; female students reported being especially suspicious of the survey about preferred sexual acts and positions and its request especially suspicious of the survey about pre-existing mental illnesses, predicting that skull-boring questions would help the majority of patients. The Counseling Center agreed and was “warning up the drills.”

Like this article? Hate this article? Go on our website to take our 363-question survey on why you enjoyed it, why you hated it, what we can do better, how you’ve disappointed the majority of those you’ve ever felt close to, and yes, all the sex you aren’t having. Alexander Hood to worry about.
“What am I going to say about the Hamilton map now?” your guide Mary Johnson ‘15 asked. “Before I could say, ‘Don’t walk across the map or you won’t graduate on time,’ and so no one walked across the circle. Now what do I say, ‘Don’t walk across the circle, or you will wake up in a new Bugatti’?”

“I rely on that map to navigate the campus!” Dean of Admissions Monica Inzer was very astounded students who immediately declared him their god and started cheering. “Fight the system!” Sometime between then and morning, Hood somehow acquired his 2014 Bugatti Veyron.

The situation was fairly confusing. What bank in its right mind would finance a drunk college student to buy a new Bugatti? But Mr. Hood wasn’t gonna graduate in four years. How is he going to get any homework done when he is up to his neck in hoes? In other news, I know what I’m riding tonight.”

Student with late registration time reevaluates life goals
“Why not take that Underwater Basket Weaving class? It’s writing intensive!”
By Ms. Wilson ‘14
Medieval and Renaissance Studies Dept.
(Behind the Times) Andrew Williamson ‘17 was planning on double majoring in Economics and Government. All of this changed the instant Williamson received his 4:45 pm registration time. “I didn’t even know registration went that late,” Williamson complained. “And they won’t budge about moving it even—after I threw a few Hamiltons in Dean Orvis’s direction.”

After meeting with his advisor, Williamson realized that he was going to have to figure out more than just his classes—he had to reconstruct his whole outlook on life. Williamson’s Economics advisor, Professor Greg Nitty, pointed out, “Unfortunately, we have a surplus of smart kids wanting to major in Economics. The supply and demand just doesn’t add up. We’re at a theoretical loss here.” His head then exploded.

The Government department chair added, “Yeah, there’s no way that kid is getting into International Relations with any time after 7:45 am.”

Williamson decided to explore more obscure and “creative” options. “At first I had no use for Ancient Greek, but then I thought YOLO. Or, as the Greeks would say, ΥΣΟΛΟ. I’m even planning on taking a chemistry class. If I can’t get employed on Wall Street, I might have to take a more Breaking Bad approach to making money.”

Among other courses Williamson is considering are Sociology of the Japanese Pond Beetle, The Symbolism of Rainbows, Help me clean out my backyard Geology of a Modern-Day Professor’s Backyard and Garage, Experiments in Sexuality (with a hands-on lab requirement), and The Controversial History of the Cider Mill Donut.

After discovering there is more to WebAdvisor than courses aimed at preparing students for gainful employment, Williamson considered switching his concentration to Dance or Art. “I just realized I have a lot of feelings that need to be expressed. Now that my hopes and dreams of a quality education and decent job have been crushed, I might as well spend my time letting those feelings out,” Williamson explained.

The mysterious entity known only as “The Registrar” concluded, “WebAdvisor glitches and shitty registration times are the key to creating the open minded individuals we strive for at Hamilton.”

In this issue: surveys, drugs, surveys, and drugs

1st quarter 2nd quarter post-game

If you can’t say anything nice, don’t say anything at all.”

Career center sponsors film
How to make money selling drugs
See “The other 50% of grads need jobs too,” pg. 18.

A word from our sponsors
Spathe north kettie
Seafood, stews, chops
Fine Family Dining
Come buy literally anything. Please. We’re begging you.
STREAKERS WANTED!

- Ever get the urge to go streaking, but could never fully commit?
- Want to get to know proper streaking technique?
- Anyone ever say that the right half of your body is immaculately sculpted?

Then join the Junior Varsity Streaking Team!

- Learn how to make those awesome masks!
- Build friendships with people whose faces you cannot see!
- Experience the freedom of nudity with the safety of left pockets!

All who are interested will meet behind the hobo hut, old truck, and glass pyramid in the Glen.

Please come wearing the left half of a shirt and a single pant leg. Belts can be used to hold half of your modesty in place.

Half-assed streakers are also welcome!

Found in Buttrick Hall by Mr. Wesley '16

MY EMERSON GRANT
PRESNTATION: LIKE, WHAT IS SMELL, Y’KNOW?

An invitation to a summer research presentation by James L. Turin ’14

Dear friends, faculty, and associated colleagues,

I invite you to come to the presentation of my summer research based on the age-old question: What, for christ’s sake, is smell? I mean have you ever thought about it? Have you? Yeah, that’s what I thought. The following is a short synopsis of my research.

The phenomenon of sniffing—of taking up odors into an assed nostril—first struck me when I was behind Bundy Dining Hall vomiting last spring. I was leaning over and thrusting my head toward the ground in a heave of masculinity when I caught a whiff of something: dry chicken mixed with Everclear and bile. (Scratch & Sniff sticker for sample.)

It was intoxicating and scratchy and suddenly I got to thinking, what am I the one causing the smell just because I think it’s there? So when I started my research I just dove right in, naively thinking that I could make out in three weeks. And then Hamilton wouldn’t give me any more funding—those stone age bureaucrats! So with the last of my resources, and the last of my little helper, I constructed a 150 page epic poem on the subject of smelling with an accompanying short film called The White Savior. It’ll blow your mind.

Presentation of this research will be co-sponsored by the F.I.L.M. series and take place in the back KJ elevator at 2:45am on Tuesday, November 19.

Stockholm, Sweden

The Swedish national government rolled out a new movie rating system including the Bechdel test, which means it must have at least two named characters who talk to each other about something other than a man. Jane Austen is super disappointed.

REJECTED RED WEATHER

By Mr. Johnson ’14

Beautiful neon leaves,
I’m embraced in nature’s rave: utza utza utza utza