DRUNK STUDENT INVENTS BEER-BRA AT PARTY

Just a drunken creation or next viral invention?
By Ms. LaSon '17
UNDERGARMENT AFFAIRS DEPT.
(BATHROOM FLOOR IN MILBANK) Matthew Casey '15 awoke late this morning with an extraordinary hangover and an even more extraordinary tale. Late last night, during a party hidden deep in the bowels of Milbank, Casey witnessed the creation of an incredible invention.

“Vee never seen anything like it,” Casey reported. “There I was, just sipping my beer, when this guy walks out of one of the suites wearing a bra. For a minute, we just thought he’d had a few too many, you know? But then he sticks a Miller Light in each cup, sticks a bendy straw in each beer, and sticks both straws in his mouth. Two beers at once, completely hands-free. It was amazing.”

It was not long before everyone at the party began copying this ingenious man. Within an hour, every girl who could be found in the suites had sacrificed her bra for this worthy cause. “It’s a liberal arts school,” commented Tia Lloyd '17. “The minute I took off my bra, I finally felt like I fit in here.”

One gluten-free student, Melissa Ardilla '14, expressed her excitement at finally being able to enjoy a party without facing digestive distress. “It’s amazing to think that what started out as just a drunken attempt at cross-dressing became so much more. I had guys offering to buy my bra from me. D cups were going for fifty dollars at a recent party.”

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Because of how quickly this beer-bra trend caught on, very few witnesses have a full recollection of the night’s events. Luckily, much documentation can be found across the internet with the accompanying hash tags: #fuckyeahbras, #nohandsbeer.

Unfortunately, the creator of this new trend has not yet been identified. Those who attempted to rouse the young man from the pool of sick in which he lay were given only the most cursory response: “Leave me alone. Why the fuck am I wearing a bra?”

“Yeah, we’ve been seeing a lot of this guy recently,” Jennifer Chen '16 said, who sees Smith every week at the Chinese language table. “He doesn’t speak Chinese, and I know he doesn’t understand what we’re saying. He just kinda sits there and makes vacant eye-contact with whoever is talking. It’s pretty unsettling.”

A similar complaint has also been made by student athletes. “This dude comes to every lap swim session now,” Andrew Pushley '14, a member of the swim team, said. “The guy doesn’t even bring a swim suit. He just wades in the shallow end while wearing all of his clothes and a pair of goggles—pretty fuckin’ bizarre if you ask me. I don’t know what he gets out of it.”

Jenna Marks '17 has encountered Smith’s campaign in more banal locations as well. “I live on the first floor of Dunham, which only has one set of machines in the laundry room, but every time I go in there I find him sitting on the washer with his hands folded,” she said while holding a hamper of clothes across the green.

Marks further lamented, “He’s not even using the damn thing. When I ask him about it he just yells at me saying that I don’t know about his laundry history, that I’m violating his laundry freedom, and that if I want to do my laundry I have to write him a paper about why my laundry rights are more important than his! Likejeez, AP Gov did not prepare me for this!”

CIDER MILL DONUTS FILLED WITH COCAINE

Simply no other explanation
By Ms. Roquelle '17
PASTRY POLICE DEPT.
(CIDER MILL) After a daring investigation involving hit men, not-looked-at-explosions, and a trained attack orangutan, the Cider Mill has uncovered a dark secret cooking in Clinton: the Cider Mill’s donuts are packed with cocaine.

The freshman responsible for the tip wished to remain anonymous, fearing Breaking Bad-esque retribution from the Cider Mill.

“It makes sense, though,” he (Editor’s note: Whaps) said. “I’ve been here about a week, and twenty-three upperclassmen have already told me about these donuts. And really aggressively, too. It’s like a cult.”

Field tests support the freshman’s claim. Simply mentioning one has not yet experienced a Cider Mill donut invariably causes every upperclassman within a fifty-foot radius to express horror and demand the speaker try one of the drug-filled delights as soon as humanly possible.

The freshman said he discovered the secret at a Bundy party. “I snuck in looking for beer or whatever hit men, not-looked-at explosions, and time. “My goal is to promote awareness of the discrimination that exists in a campaign in which he attempts to be present at literally every student activity, disregarding any criticism that may arise and/or the laws of physical space and time. ‘My goal is to promote awareness of the discrimination that exists on this campus every day by pushing the envelope and saying ‘no’ to exclusion wherever it may exist,” she said.

“Yeah, we’ve been seeing a lot of this guy recently,” Jennifer Chen '16 said, who sees Smith every week at the Chinese language table. “He doesn’t speak Chinese, and I know he doesn’t understand what we’re saying. He just kinda sits there and makes vacant eye-contact with whoever is talking. It’s pretty unsettling.”

A similar complaint has also been made by student athletes. “This dude comes to every lap swim session now,” Andrew Pushley '14, a member of the swim team, said. “The guy doesn’t even bring a swim suit. He just wades in the shallow end while wearing all of his clothes and a pair of goggles—pretty fuckin’ bizarre if you ask me. I don’t know what he gets out of it.”

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In this issue: A safe space. I think. I’m confused.

Sophomore Terrified He’s Been Eating Imaginary Food

See “If this week was Real Food, what was last week?” pg. 81

Too Embarrassed to Ask Your RA For Condoms?

Come to my van and I’ll sell you some!

“I’ll even show you how to use them :)*

HAMILTON STUDENT SEeks TO PROMote EQUALITY BY DEMANDING ACCESS TO EVERYTHING

Uh, can you please check your blue paper privilege?
By Ms. Ng’16
WESTERN CIVILIZATION STUDIES DEPT.
(A CLOSET IN THE DAYS-MASSOLO CENTER) Over the past few weeks, Hamilton student Robert Smith ‘15 has launched a personal campaign in which he attempts to be present at literally every student activity, disregarding any criticism that may arise and/or the laws of physical space and time. ‘My goal is to promote awareness of the discrimination that exists on this campus every day by pushing the envelope and saying ‘no’ to exclusion wherever it may exist,” she said.

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Cider Mill Crack Empire,
See "Cider Mill Crack Empire," continued on back page.
You know CampPo has cameas on their tie clips now, right?

**What? Why?!**

Far from condemning the use of these donuts, the College freely admits to taking measures to amass an adequate supply for the winter, when the Cider Mill closes.

“We can’t stop the donuts from coming in,” Dean Monica Inzer said. “And we don’t want to have a mass withdrawal. So we store donuts in a hidden freezer and ration them out until the Mill opens again.”

Anyone with information on the whereabouts of this stash is asked to contact the Duel Observer immediately. Like right now.

You, and your cult of yolo-ing imbeciles sick me. Never has Dunham been so shamed as when you walked through its halls. I hope never to become an upperclassman, for they are the bar on all the college stands for in their eminent position of liquor drenched filth. May you never grace my door again, and may you rot in your luxurious Carnegie quad until winter break.

And another thing, you pitiful bag ofFranzia-flavored pus, which one is Babbitt exactly?

Sincerely,
Franklin J. Carmichael III ’17

**Friday Five:**

**Rejected Class of ’14 Senior Gift Ideas**

By Ms. Lanzotti ’14 and Mr. Johnson ’14

**5. Chalkboard Paint All Over the Dark Side Dorms:** Unicorns. 40 foot decks. Unicorns fighting 40 foot decks. Sure, all that chalk dust might have been an ecological disaster, but imagine all the potential for new and phallic art.

**4. The Hamilton College Men’s Center:** All men like titties. FACT. All men like to talk about said titties. FACT. Shouldn’t there be a place on campus where all men can talk about all titties? Plus, it’s thought to be an accurate representation of the class’ values.

**3. Boozit Abroad Emergency Fund:** When you drunkenly pass out on the way back from downtown Amsterdam’s red-light district, you and your escort will be glad the Class of ’14 has your back on the cab fare and the coke.

**2. Renovation of the New Arts Building:** The way buildings wear and tear on this campus makes a recently neutered Chihuahua’s attraction habits look tame. I have seen more class and discretion on an episode of Muiray than I have outside of Milbank at 1 a.m.

**1. Restoration of the Bundy Dining Hall:** So basically it’ll be just like Bundy is now but with food. Imagine it: grinding on some hoe as you grab some pancakes, then hitting up kegkeeper Marge while some drunk bro peers in your cheerios. Truly, a legacy to last the ages.

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**CIDER MILL CRACK EMPIRE**

Continued from “Cider Mill Donuts Filled With Cocaine.”

“Hey, Jim! How’s the Milbank window footage going?”

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**Conspiracy Theory of the Week**

**My visiting professor is a zombie**

By Ms. Wilson ’14

Hamilton community beware: Visiting Professor Stevenson of the History Dept. is a zombie. This fall I signed up for his class, History of Basket Weaving, expecting to fulfill the course on the history of an inanimate object’s requirement for history concentrators. I’d never heard of the son of the History Dept. is a zombie. This fall I signed up for his class, History of Basket Weaving, expecting to fulfill the course on the history of an inanimate object’s requirement for history concentrators. I’d never heard of Professor Stevenson—he’s playing for keeps.

Professor Stevenson is face is the same shade of pale green as a freshman that ate one too many Cider Mill donuts. His eyes are as bloodshot as a senior who was up all night getting cray on molly. One Friday night, I caught him shuffling around KJ with drool dribbling down the right side of his mouth. Plus, when I went to my office hour, I saw him sucking on a human hand.

The final convincing straw is that all of the students are slowly becoming zombies themselves! The first class, in typical overachieving Hamilton fashion, every student was raising his or her hand, asking intellectual questions, and engaging in spirited debate over whether salt water or fresh water is best for the weaving of baskets. Every class since then, students have become more and more subdued and glazed over. No one even reacts when Professor Stevenson says something extremely controversial, like that Obama’s policy on subsidizing basket weaving is hurting the economy.

The worst part is that the administration refuses to fire Professor Stevenson. They say that his office hours are at obscene hours just because he is spending all the daylight hours trying to pursue tenure. They seem to find it perfectly understandable, even expected, that students would be noded out in history. But I know the truth. So for those playing Humans vs Zombies next year, beware of Professor Stevenson—he’s playing for keeps.

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