

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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BLUTO ACCUSES POPEYE OF STEROID USE

OLIVE OYL FAINTS

By Mr. Clark '06

DESTROYING YOUR INNER CHILD DEPT. (SWEETWATER) The nautical world was in shock yesterday as Popeye (the Sailor Man) was accused of steroid use by his longtime rival, Bluto.



Popeye, undergoing one of his infamous "spinach rages." His forearms are as big as his head. Bluto's attempted kidnapping of Olive Oyl, Popeye's longtime romantic interest.

Despite the criticism, the book has sold over 40,000 copies in the first day alone because of its accusations that Popeye used performance-enhancing greens.

In the book, Bluto claims that Popeye's strength-enhancing cans of "spinach" actually contained arugula soaked in pure testosterone. The mix, which Popeye's personal trainer called "The Green," gave Popeye greatly increased

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PROFESSORS ABOLISH 9 A.M., FRIDAY CLASSES

By Mr. Lee '07

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! AGAIN DEPT. (CLINTON, NY) Citing egregious hangovers and low morale, the Hamilton College faculty announced an end to all classes starting at or before 9 AM as well all Friday classes yesterday.

Students were quick to decry the move. An official statement issued by the Students for Responsible Teaching committee read, "The faculty is just going to have to learn that you can't go out boozing every Thursday night."

Despite a strong sense of disapproval from students, faculty members were quick to defend the move.

"Look, we work hard, we play hard," Professor Mark Hitchwell said. "Students should lighten up. In the Ivory Tower, Thursday night is party time and that's just the way it is. Besides, it's not like they're gonna learn anything when we're friggin' hungover and can't remember where we got our PhDs."

Asked to elaborate on how the faculty, whose average age is 49, "played hard," several professors offered occasionally contradictory anecdotes about a recent faculty event. All agree that there was a "totally awesome kegger" at the President's House.

Several professors noted that Dean of the Faculty Paris was a "god among men" at "Publish or Perish", a drinking game which features faculty members bludgeoning each other with

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HAMILTON HOROSCOPES

ARIES: (MARCH 21 — APRIL 19)

This is a good week to break from trends, unless that trend is breathing oxygen.

TAURUS: (APRIL 20 — MAY 20)

When life hands you lemons, make lemonade. When life cuts off three of your fingers in an industrial accident, learn how to count in base seven.

GEMINI: (MAY 21 — JUNE 21)

As much as you identify with Neo from *The Matrix*, the judge won't find your reckless acts of property destruction to be justified.

CANCER: (JUNE 22 — JULY 22)

Your dreams will finally be realized when watching reruns of *The Golden Girls* is made an Olympic sport.

LEO: (JULY 23 — AUG. 22)

Just because they're called hamstrings doesn't mean they contain ham. That's probably the reason that angry mob has been following you around.

VIRGO: (AUG. 23 — SEPT. 22)

Don't look a gift horse in the mouth, especially if that horse has an airborne strain of Ebola.

LIBRA: (SEPT. 23 — OCT. 23)

Unless you want to know the exact date and time of your death, The Stars advise that you do not look yourself up on Google™ this week.

SCORPIO: (OCT. 24 — NOV. 21)

Don't listen to doubters -- building a mansion out of Jello and pennies isn't actually the worst idea ever. You'll have that idea next week.

SAGITTARIUS: (NOV. 22 — DEC. 21)

For the last time, porcelain is NOT edible.

CAPRICORN: (DEC. 22 — JAN. 19)

You may in fact be "allergic to drowning," but that's no excuse for showing up to class in an antique diving suit.

AQUARIUS: (JAN. 20 — FEB. 18)

The Witness Protection Program won't seem like such a bad idea after this week's events.

PISCES: (FEB. 19 — MARCH 20)

Experts say a glass of wine a day is healthy. Your poor eyesight is not a valid excuse for mixing up 2 "glass" and "gallon."

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articles and books they've written.

A game of "Publish or Perish" between liberal and conservative professors after a recent faculty meeting appears to have ended in a tie, although several liberal professors have claimed that their conservative counterparts are "two beer bitches."

It remains unclear if President Stewart really did four keg stands, or if that is just a filthy, filthy lie.

William M. Bristol, a Life Trustee of Hamilton College, could not be reached for comment, because he was crazy drunk at the time.

APRIL FOOLS DAY COMPLETELY REDUNDANT TO HUMOROUS STUDENT PUBLICATION

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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muscle mass and strength in his forearms.

According to the book, “The Green” would send Popeye into violent rages which ended with Bluto being severely “boffed an’ whammed.” Bluto also accused Popeye of injecting a mix of collard greens and Human Growth Hormone into his buttocks and chin.

In response to the allegations, Popeye held a press conference this morning. “I yam what I yam and that’s all I yam,” Popeye said, tears welling in his eyes. “And I yam not juiced.”

I’m strong to the finich, and it’s just spinach! I yam not a dirty no-good cheatin’ palooka! It’s not right, him sayin’ them things. What will Swee’ Pea think? This has been a tryin’ time for Olive and me. Why, she’s fainted almost twenty-three times today!”

He later sang, “Bluto’s a damn liar, I’ve hired a lawyer, I’m Popeye the Sailor Man!”

The United States Senate has subpoenaed Popeye, Bluto, Olive Oyl, the Sea Hag, the Jolly Green Giant, and baseball star Sammy Sosa to testify at a special hearing regarding performance-enhancing leafy vegetables.

In explaining the reasoning behind the hearing, Senate Interference in Trivial Matters Committee chairman Warren G. Blowhard (R-MO) has called canned spinach “a threat to American family values.” He then added that spinach is “totally icky.”

Senator Blowhard and a group of his fellow legislators successfully had spinach removed from the Congressional cafeteria, replacing it on the menu with “Equality Kale.”

J. Wellington Wimpy, the ghost-writer of Bluto’s autobiography, can be reached for comment Tuesday for a hamburger today.

GOOGLE™ ISSUES CEASE-AND-DESIST ORDER TO SPECTATOR

By Mr. Gruen ‘06

ADVENTURES IN WATERSPORTS DEPT.

(CLINTON, NY) Google™, the popular search engine and provider of Google™ Image Search (images.google.com), issued a cease-and-desist order to The Spectator this Monday, citing the publication’s unauthorized and frequent misuse of copyrighted images and the Google™ trademark.

Ever since Google™ Images was unveiled in 2001, The Spectator has “unabashedly used the Google trademark as a ‘catch-all’ for reprinted Internet images” according to Google’s attorney™ Jerome Jenkins. “While we appreciate that The Spectator uses our service, we demand that they use our Google™ image search responsibly. Do you dare question the Google™?”

Google™ insists that their search content comes from various sources all across the web and that any image may be copyright by the image’s source website.

“We properly cite ‘Google Images’ every time we use the service,” Spectator Editor-in-Chief Peon Sandall ‘05 said off the record. “[Google Images] lets our editors pad our sickly-thin articles with quasi-relevant images at the eleventh hour. Google should thank us for the free publicity.”

The Spectator has three weeks to comply before Google™ will remove the Spectator’s web address from the search engine’s databases, thus nullifying the Spectator’s existence.

“If you’re not searchable through Google™, you’re nothing. Nothing!” Jenkins added.

A Google™ Image search for “free porn” conducted by this reporter returned 505,000 hits (in 0.07 seconds). With Google™ SafeSearch filtering enabled, hits are fewer at 1,480 (in 0.05 seconds) but the results proved to be more tasteful.

MICHAEL JACKSON COMES TO COURT DRESSED AS ZOMBIE FROM *THRILLER*

By Mr. Clark '06

DEAD MOON WALKING DEPT.

(SANTA MARIA, CA) In an attempt to regain some of his lost popularity and beat charges of child molestation, pop icon Michael Jackson showed up to court dressed as his zombie self from the *Thriller* music video this Tuesday.

Jackson wowed all in attendance with his attire, showing up in a matching red leather track suit and a layer of green makeup that gave him a more sickly than usual pallor.

Thriller, Jackson's 1982 smash hit, is the bestselling album of all time at over 45 million copies worldwide. In the music video made for *Thriller*'s title track, Jackson turned into a zombie and led a large group of trained dancers from beyond the grave.

"Everyone loved Michael in *Thriller*."

Donna Andrews, Jackson's publicist, explained to a Court TV reporter. "He was such a gentleman! That's the Michael we want to get across. So what if he turned out to be the living dead?"

Besides," she added. "We barely had to use any makeup."

Jurors responded positively to the new look, interrupting the proceedings several times to request that Jackson "moonwalk" and "do that high pitched EEE-HEE thing."

Morgan Redstone, Jackson's attorney, has changed his strategy to match Jackson's new image. He is attempting to have all charges against Jackson dismissed because the undead are subject to supernatural rather than federal law.

Jackson could not be reached for comment because he was too busy trying to bring

Vincent Price back from the dead.

POINT-COUNTERPOINT: Arctic National Wildlife Refuge Drilling YEEEEEEEEEEHAAAAAAW!



By **Lamar Stockwell**
Texas Industrialist

OIL! Oil oil oil! That sweet bubblin' crude! Why, anyone who doesn't like oil is damn commie pinko scum, and you can tell them I said that.

America is God's country. And it is my firm belief that God wants us to respect His country by drillin' some big ol' holes in the ground. And, shoot, who am I to question His plan? And who the hell are you to question my beliefs?

Sure, we might push a coupla' critters out of their homes, but hell! Pushin' folks offa their ancestral land is the American Way!

YEEEEEEEEHAW! Gentlemen, start your drillin'!

I AM SO PISSED OFF RIGHT NOW!



By **Mother Nature**
Wellspring of All Life

Are you all (*expletive deleted*) stupid? I mean, yes, you're all my children, and I love you, but you do the dumbest things sometimes. Things that hurt me. You think that drilling feels good? It's like being stung by a trillion hornets at once!

I try to tell you not to do these things, and I gave you the most obvious hints! Earthquakes, mudslides, forest fires, El Niño, global warming, Mad Cow disease...

I guess I was too subtle, so I'll tell you right now, plain and simple! I am *pissed*! STOP IT!

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