

HAMILTON SECRETS FOSTERS MEANINGFUL DISCUSSION
Get it? Satire.

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 Milkbank, Casey witnessed the creation of an incredible invention.



“I’ve 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 an hour by midnight. In the end, I made over two hundred dollars renting it out. It was really a great night.”

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, and #duuuuuuuude.

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?” With no Hill Card found on or near his person, his identity remains a mystery.

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,” he 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 Pashley '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 hauling 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! Like jeez, AP Gov did not prepare me for this!”

CIDER MILL DONUTS FILLED
WITH COCAINE

Simply no other explanation

By Mr. Riopelle '17
PASTRY POLICE DEPT.
(CIDER MILL) After a daring investigation involving hit men, not-looked-back-at explosions, and a trained attack orangutan, the Duel 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:*

Whoops) 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. Merely 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, but all they had were these donuts. At first I thought it was weird, but then a guy crushed one of

them up and started snorting it, and I was like, ‘Ah, gotcha.’”

Further spying-through windows journalistic investigation revealed that parties aren’t the only ones using the powered sugar. With schoolwork picking up, many somehow-already-last-minute cramers are using these study pastries to help them handle the workload.

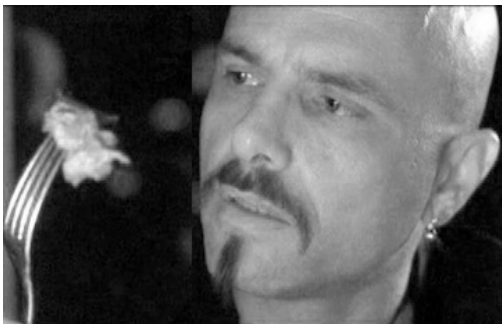


You said they’re filled with what now?

See “Cider Mill Crack Empire,” continued on back page.

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 ;)

A CAPELLA FORECAST	1ST SET	2ND SET	3RD SET
	Special K	Duelly	Buffers
	High probability some Special K would improve the set.	“How ’bout you give us our goddamn pun back.”	100% chance we’ve left the concert by this point.

THE ETERNAL OBSERVER

By Ms. Simons '16

You know CampPo has cameras on their tie clips now, right?

CIDER MILL CRACK EMPIRE

Continued from “Cider Mill Donuts Filled With Cocaine.”

Far from condemning the use of these donuts, the College freely admits to taking measures to

FUCK YOU, YOU PRICK: I'm not a damn upperclassman!

Dear Inebriated Asshat,

I understand that you find it hilarious to get all “turnt up” on malt liquor and ruin others’ good times, but where do you get off? How dare you come into my shit-stained, Dunham 8’ X 8’ quad and call me a junior? No, I did not want a swig of your 40 for old times’ sake. I’ve been here a fucking month. What old times could we possibly have? As a freshman at this superb institution, I have never been so utterly offended in my entire life.

You, sir, are a menace, and let’s get one thing straight right now: I am nothing like you. I never want to be like you. Upperclassmen are the scum of the Hamilton community. They have no idea of the history or tradition behind this

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’ requirement for history concentrators. I’d never heard of the guy, but it was either this class or a 9am on Friday.

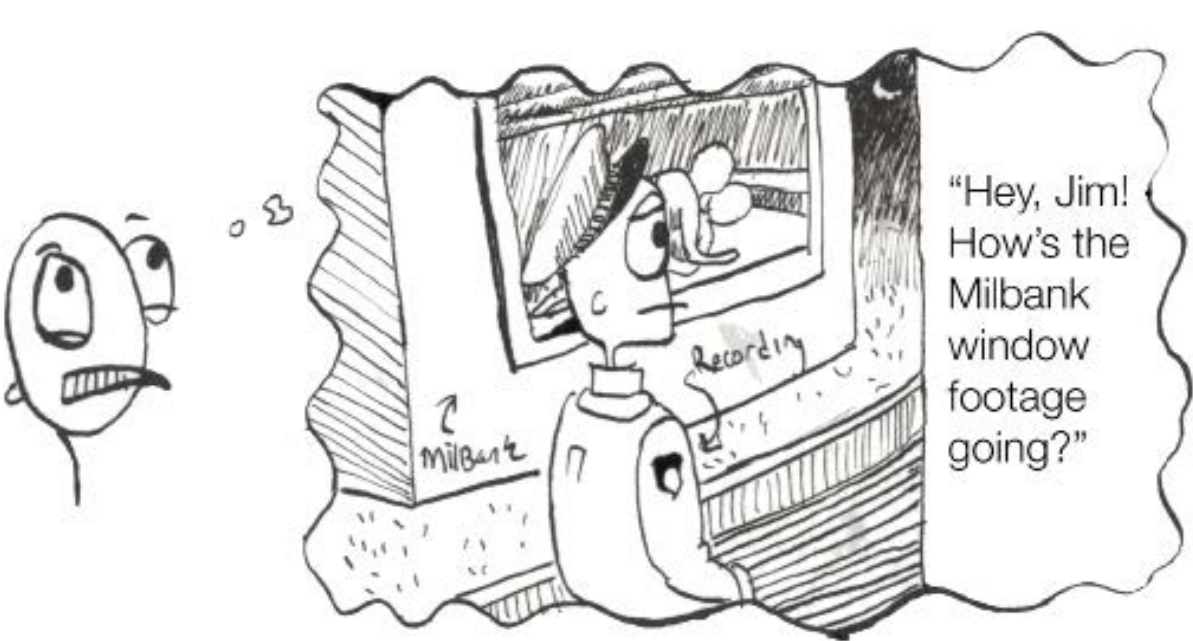
The first day of class, everything seemed normal. Sure, his voice was monotone and the classroom was freezing cold. But KJ 101 is always freezing anyway, and anyone who has taken a history class knows that monotone is par for the course. So I figured that Professor Stevenson was just an extra boring guy and made a note to bring a sweater to class.

Then I looked at the syllabus. Office hours are midnight to 3am. Strange. And I started noticing other peculiarities. Professor

FRIDAY FIVE: REJECTED CLASS OF '14 SENIOR GIFT IDEAS

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

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



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

intrepid institution, and frankly, it makes me sick to see you all walk around like you own the place.

Hamilton was once an esteemed, ritzy, trustafarian pantheon of knowledge and purity, but now it is marred by your incessant need to party and, well, to put it frankly, fuck. The sheer amount of uninhibited sex drive on this campus makes a recently neutered Chihuahua’s attraction habits look tame. I have seen more class and discretion on an episode of *Maury* than I have outside of Milbank at 1 a.m.

Freshmen on this campus are the elite. We exude a worldliness and understanding that your kind will never come close to having. We are fresh from the real world, untainted by the alcohol- and reefer-induced coma that is college life. Students at my high school, which is the premier private school of southeast Rhode Island, had more zeal for life than in any of you. We would spend hours after

Stevenson’s face is the same shade of pale green as a freshman that ate one too many Cider Mill donuts. His eyes are as blood-shot 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 his office hours, I saw him snacking 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. Now 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 per-

- Boozin’ 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 cocaine.
- Renovation of the New Arts Building:** The way buildings wear and tear on this campus (more like shatter and are vomited on), we’re betting by the time the new building’s done it’ll need a serious renovation. Looks like those old library rugs have a new home after all!
- 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 pees in your cheerios. Truly, a legacy to last the ages.

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.

squash practice conferring about life as our textbooks presented it to us. We lived then.

You and your cult of yolo-ing imbeciles sicken 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 bane of 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 of Franzia-flavored puss, which one is Babbitt exactly?

Sincerely,
Franklin J. Carmichael III '17

Found attached to the MANIFESTOS board in Beinecke by Mr. Spinney '16

fectly understandable, even expected, that students would be zoned 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.



Professor Stevenson

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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