

THREAT OF STATE INVESTIGATION PROMPTS MASS SEARCH FOR BETTER PLACE TO HIDE WEED

MONARCHIST SOCIETY GAINS TRACTION IN LAST DAYS OF ELECTION

Best return of the king since '03

By Mr. Baize '18

EDMUND BURKE LIBRARY DEPT.

(WESTMINSTER RESIDENCE HALL) Faced with two unpopular major-party candidates embroiled in seemingly endless scandals, gaffes, and falsehoods, Hamilton students have increasingly turned to an unlikely solution—the return of monarchy.

“I’m sick and tired of always having to choose between the lesser of two evils,” Jill Johnson '18, who is voting in her first presidential election, explained. “Why can’t we go with the third option for once? And, to be clear, by ‘third option’ I mean the implementation of a system of government that our nation was founded in explicit opposition to.”

Others laid the blame at the feet of the candidates themselves.

“Donald Trump is what would happen if your racist uncle won the actual lottery while losing the genetic one, and then decided the world would be

FRESHMAN RESCHEDULES LOSS OF VIRGINITY FOR NEXT HALLOWEEN

Why don’t girls like nice guys?

By Mr. Paull '20

MOST EFFECTIVE CONTRACEPTION DEPT.

(AN EARLY BREAKFAST AT COMMONS)

Bill Dupont '20 had high hopes for this Halloween, scheduling the loss of his virginity for 10:00 PM on Saturday night. Unfortunately for him, he was unable to meet this deadline, or make any substantial headway on the project at all. He decided to cancel the whole pursuit and reschedule it for next Halloween.

“I thought I should try to get it out of the way early, so I could have an hour or two to take care of the whole sex business and then go back out after giving her multiple orgasms,” Dupont said when asked why he set such a strict timeslot for himself. Regardless of time slot, it was unlikely Dupont would be able to plough the fields and sow his oats mostly because of his personality.

As the night wore on, it became more and more evident that Dupont was not going to attain his goals. Maybe it was because he was dressed as sexy Anto-

a better place if he had access to the nuclear codes. Hillary Clinton is sometimes less-than-transparent in her personal conduct, which is obviously just as bad,” Yurs Trouley '19 said. “So I’m gonna be a good millennial and pretend I can reject the only practical choices before me because they’re not personally appealing.”

The Hamilton Monarchist Society has reported a three hundred percent increase in membership this October alone, a surge that society leader Louis Hapsburg '17 has struggled to keep up with.

“When the first people started trickling in after Bernie lost, saying how the system is broken and we should instead opt for the abolition of the democratic process altogether, I was pleasantly surprised,” he said. “But the last couple weeks, things have really gotten out of hand. Hell, last meeting some of the people there seemed to almost believe that monarchy is a feasible political solution.”

While many of the college’s newest monarchists disagree on what exactly their ideal monarchy would look like, Hapsburg reported, “They all agree that, as Americans, the only thing we have to fear is the lawful expression of the popular will.”

nin Scalia or that he ate a whole pound of cheese before going out, but the women in the general vicinity seemed to be highly put off by his entire person. Eyewitnesses report Dupont making repeated attempts to take home Ashley McKay '20, who accidentally glanced at him once during his Microeconomics class.

“He seemed really desperatem,” McKay said. “He kept awkwardly rubbing my elbows, asking me if I was dressed as a ‘sexy sex worker,’ and also kept inviting me to his room to ‘check out his sick Rocky and Bullwinkle poster collection.’ I was dressed as a stern Ruth Bader Ginsberg by the way.”

At 11:30 P.M. Dupont stood in a corner, took out his trapper keeper, and crossed out the time slot labeled “Become a Man.” He then got out his planner and penciled in “Become a Man” at 11:00 P.M. on October 31, 2017.

“There’s always next year,” Dupont said.

Dupont decided to call it an early night and trudged back to his dorm at 11:43 P.M. He watched an episode of *Friends*—more specifically the one where you can see Jennifer Aniston’s nipples through her sweater—masturbated, and then went to bed.

FURRIES DEMAND THE RETURN OF AL HAM

Threaten to shed all over campus

By Mx. Collins '19

IT’S A LIFESTYLE NOT A FETISH DEPT.

(CLOPPING IN THE BARN) Campus was shocked last week to find a letter to the administration clawed into the doors of Root Academic building. The near-novel-on-a-sheet-of-wood functioned as a demand for the return of former mascot Al Ham, the swine preceding the current one. The organization Your Intimately Friendly Furries claimed responsibility for this act of defacing.

Reactions to the list have been mixed.

“At first we thought it was a joke,” Joshua Wily '17 explained. “I’m not sure anybody knew we had furries on this campus. But all of a sudden there’s people in these animal costumes everywhere. I was so blind! And all of a sudden they’re building a barricade in Commons and singing protest songs. They got fur in my soup!”

Y.I.F.F. started as an offshoot of the popular Hamilton Alternative Sexuality Society (also called A.S.S. @ Hamilton). As the small subcommittee grew in popularity, it became its own organization.

“Quite often we would appear at games to start worship circles around our glorious curly-tailed god. That’s how people knew us,” alumni and founding member Knot Pawlson '13 explained.

Y.I.F.F. seemed to disappear after the replacement of the pig by the pale, patriotic Alexander Hamilton costume. This new incident has brought the group back into the public eye.

This has brought up the debate of what is seen as acceptable on this campus.

“At first I was skeptical, I mean, this has traditionally been a humans-only campus,” Karen Stryker '19 said. “How do they even enroll at Hamilton? When did we start accepting gorillas? But you know what, I’ve warmed up to it. I don’t see fur anyway. That smelly pink rhinoceros wants to traipse around the football field every Tuesday? Then it damn well can. They’re just like people, even if they aren’t exactly people.”

“You do realize we’re just people in animal suits, right?” Y.I.F.F. president Harry Barker '18 said. This claim has as of yet not been verified.

Administration has not responded to the demand for Al Ham’s return, nor to the sudden emergence of furries on campus. There are, however, rumors of a bright blue fox regularly leaving the President’s office.

In this issue: mail your absentee ballots, god dammit

HEDDA GABLER:

Continuing the Theatre Department’s Honored Tradition of Showing Fucking Downers






See “Kick your weekend off with an existential crisis,” pg. 11/3

VOICEMAILS FROM MOM

You might want to call her back.



“Don’t worry, sweetie, the candidates won’t ruin this year’s election. Voter apathy will.”

ELECTION RESULT FORECAST	NOVEMBER	FEBRUARY	EARLY JUNE
	<p>“Come</p>  <p>High probability Antichrist elected by majority vote.</p>	<p>and</p>  <p>85% chance Gary Johnson cannibalized during famine.</p>	<p>see”</p>  <p>“Locusts, pestilence, death of the first born—just like a Bundy party.”</p>

PHINEAS P. WURTERBOTTOM REVIEWS: DEMOCRACY



Hello there, chaps! I'm sure it must seem positively eons since I last spoke to you lot, but I maintain—whatever my editors say—that it is not only possible but quite common to get oneself locked in McEwen for a weekend, and that a three-day diet consisting of a small shred of kale and some desperately distilled olive liquor will, in most cases, result in hospitalization.

Anyhow, democracy!

In less than a week, my colonial chums, you will be voting to select a new President of your territory, and you should take a moment of gratitude for the fact that you enjoy that most enlightened form of government, democracy, in which a vast amount of semi-disparate peoples determine the elite with whom they would most like to share a pint and give said elite access to a not-insubstantial supply of thermonuclear weapons.

Your choice is made easier by the use of the two major political parties: the Democrats, who want to keep making mistakes, and the Republicans, who want to keep mistakes from being corrected (to paraphrase my fellow Englishman, writer, and genius, G.K. Chesterton). These parties allow the two eventual candidates to be thoroughly vetted by their entirely impartial friends and cohorts, who will then work together calmly and rationally to solve the nation's problems quickly and efficiently; and on the off chance that things go balls up, nine arbitrarily appointed lawyers will firmly set things right again.

Of course, you fellows have quite a way to go before you can be compared to the pinnacle of modern democratic government (that is, Parliament), but you're doing a bloody good job considering such lofty competition. So, as you pull out the old ballots on Tuesday, be thankful that you need not leave your nation in the hands of a decisive, authoritative, effective—i.e. tyrannical—monarch, and instead can put your faith in rationality of your peers and their entirely unbiased choice of leader from a wide array of ethical, upstanding, unselfish public servants doing their civic duty without a hint of collusion, corruption, or...oh.

Well, cock.

Slipped gin-soaked under the door of Mr. Kraft '17

FACE OFF: PUFFY JACKET OR JUST CHUBBY?

Puffy Jacket
by Jesyka Taft '19

Wow, the people on our campus are in really good shape. Like, at the beginning of the school year, I saw some dudes with a little extra poundage, but they were probably just storing winter jackets under their shirts to prepare for winter. I mean, when I see them, they look kind of big, but that's just because they're wearing puffy jackets. I know some people are saying that it's not the jackets that are making these guys look bulky, but they're clearly wrong. What, do they think these guys are actually shaped like the Stay Puft Marshmallow Man?



Just Chubby
by Celia Truman '19

Let me set the record straight, I have no problem with guys who have a little weight on them. That extra layer of fat helps them stay warm in the winter to reproduce in the spring. What I do have a problem with is everyone who thinks they're just in puffy jackets. What are you, stupid? Wearing a coat isn't hiding anything. Like, seriously, if I can see the outline of someone's belly through their jacket, then that extra stuffing isn't coming from the coat. And I'm not saying that it's bad to be a little rotund, just know that you should be able to see right through that North Face. Just shut up, everyone. Some guys are just fat.

CONSPIRACY THEORY OF THE WEEK:
CRAWL TOOK PLACE IN SAME SUITE, JUST REDECORATED THREE TIMES

I'm writing this down quickly before they force me into the next crawl stop. I'm in the middle of a crawl with three stops down and one more to go. We started in Babbitt 17, but here's the thing, *I don't think we ever left.*

At the first stop, there was a ton of jungle juice in a garbage can, and a beer pong table set up and ready to go. It was quite exciting, complete with strobe lights and Dirty Girl Scouts. Eventually, we were told to go to the next stop. So the leaders of the crawl brought us into the stairwell, spun us around 37 times, then told us to go through the "completely new door to a completely new suite."

The next suite was covered with decorations for a Hawaiian luau. Everyone was given leis to wear and piña coladas to sip, but the giant roast pig was sitting on what was clearly the exact same beer pong table as before. I swear it had my lucky pong ball in its mouth! After another 45 minutes, it was time to go to the "next stop."

Once again, we were ushered out of the suite and this time given blindfolds to wear while we grabbed onto each other's shoulders and followed the main crawl leader to the next stop. We walked for about 10 minutes up and down the stairs and ventured outside briefly, but I'm almost positive we ended up at Babbitt 17 again.

The third stop was space-themed, but it still smelled vaguely of roast pig and coconuts. They tried to distract us from the smell by spraying Febreze in our faces and putting glow-in-the-dark stars on the ceiling, but I could still see the remnants of tiki torches stuffed behind the counter. Moreover, the room number said Milbank 29, but it was crudely drawn in magic marker over a plaque that quite clearly used to read Babbitt 17.

Look, I understand it's getting colder outside and college students want to maximize their alcohol consumption time, but does that really necessitate using the same suite for the entire crawl? They probably recycled all the alcohol too, but then again, Keystone usually tastes like piss.

Found in Babbitt 17 Ferg 27 by Ms. Dickmeyer '19

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Ranted to Mr. Boudreau '20