

HEALTH CENTER ACCEPTING PRESCRIPTIONS AGAIN
Forcing local focalin dealer to go back to selling coke

STUDENT WHO "CAN'T SEE COLOR" ACTUALLY JUST BLIND

This is awkward
By Mr. Paull '20
TOLERANCE DEPT.
(DAYS-MASSOLO CENTER) Many students assumed that Alex Vandergross '18's claim of not being able to see color was a misguided attempt to excuse his racism. In reality, Vandergross was born with the inability to detect the light entering his pupils, and thus he can't distinguish one color from another—or anything at all.

"I always thought he was just an asshole you know? Just saying you can't see color doesn't mean you aren't a racist. Trust me I don't see color and I'm pretty fucking racist," Danny Drangle '18 said.

The majority of the student body thought Vandergross was not only a racist asshole, but an elitist asshole as well. "He is always wearing those designer sunglasses that I can't find in

any stores, strutting around with that fancy cane that's probably been in his family for generations, and he's always walking that purebred German Shepherd," Missy Rogers '19 said.

Vandergross repeatedly informed other students of his lack of vision, but often got responses like, "Yeah, blind to the injustices of the world. Asshole."

"Maybe I should have been more sensitive to other people's sensitivities," Vandergross said.

Eventually, the Hamilton College community saw the light when several students took turns waving their hands in front of Vandergross's face and saw that he could not.

"After we realized that Vandergross is indeed not an asshole we felt like they had to make it up to him somehow," Rogers said. Students came together and painted an apology mural on the side of Burke, depicting people of all colors and classes with Vandergross right in the middle of them.

When asked his opinion of the mural, Vandergross said, "I'm sure it looks very nice."

COLLEGE REPUBLICANS MEETING FEATURES LITERAL ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM

Members wish their mascot wasn't so damn metaphorically applicable
By Mr. Baize '18
TRUMPETING MAMMALS DEPT.
(HOLLOW VESTIGES OF OUR DEMOCRACY) Bearing in his hand his father's well-worn copy of *Atlas Shrugged* and in his heart a steady affirmation of American values like hard work, patriotism, and investment banking, Mark Rubies '20 was ecstatic to attend his first College Republicans meeting on Tuesday.

"I was expecting to walk in there and be pleasantly surprised by the number of like-minded individuals on this liberal hell-hole of a campus," Rubies said. "But instead, I open the door and there's an honest-to-God, *Horton-Hears-a-Who*-ass elephant just standing right there in the middle of the classroom, somehow spewing racist drivel about just about every ethnic group under the sun, and no one's even acknowledging its existence. Just to reiterate, we're talking about a real-as-shit-and-definitely-not-metaphorical goddamn elephant here."

Other first-year attendees of the meeting expressed similar concerns. "The elephant was just stomping around, destroying shit left and right, here a desk, there free speech, tolerance, and the foundations of liberal democracy. But not a single person could be bothered to stop discussing the possibility of a two-months-late contested convention for even a second. I guess apathy really is the Hamilton way," Andy Syded '20 concluded.

More experienced members of the College Republicans, however, like club president Paulo Raúl '17, did not take too kindly to the suggestion that there ever was a racist elephant in the first place. "It's absolute fucking bullshit is what it is. My family has voted Republican since the day my great-great-grandfather invented insider trading, and I know that none of us would ever publicly admit to believing this shit," he fumed, casually pouring Bailey's over his Frosted Flakes as a matter of habit.

Campus remains divided over the existence of the creature. Some students have been reported fleeing in abject terror, while many grizzled seniors, long disillusioned with the mindless vicissitudes of our two-party/zoological classificatory system have chosen instead to smile at the absurdity of it all like the smug assholes they are.

"I mean, on the face of it, the idea of an elephant first being able to communicate verbally and then somehow formulating racist pronouncements is clearly less biological fact than beleaguered poetic device," Biology Professor Buckley F. Williams explained. "But, when you get down to it, it's almost more appealing than what we've got in real life. Let's make elephants great again."

ADMINISTRATION
CONVINCED FRESHMAN IS MARRIED

Freshman: "I'm not"
By Ms. Granoff '18
BUREAUCRATIC SHUFFLE DEPT.
(CHAPEL) Freshman Sarah O'Hare '20 arrived on the Hill five weeks ago to discover that, due to a confluence of mistakes made by her tired, inattentive partents on her financial aid forms administrators at Hamilton believed her to be married.

"I didn't find this out until my RA mentioned that she had been given special training on having a married advisee, and I asked who the hell had gotten married at eighteen," O'Hare reported. "And of course she was no help with who I should talk to about this. There isn't exactly a 'Sorry, Not Married Dept.' on campus."

Ms. O'Hare first tried the Dean of Students office, seeking help from Dean Nancy Thompson.

"Yes, some first year came into my office mentioning something about not being bound in holy matrimony, when our forms clearly indicate she has a husband. As if I was going to trust her silly eighteen-year-old brain over paperwork!" Thomson replied when asked about the appoint-

ment. "I am sure by the end of our conversation, the child understood that whatever is on the form is true. She'll grow to like being married, despite initial reservations. I sure did."

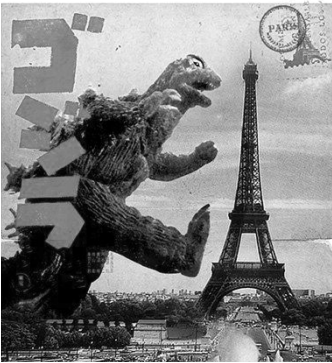
Admissions was equally useless. "They said that since I was now enrolled they didn't have my forms anymore. Also that I should try the Counseling Center, since I don't remember my husband. According to the forms they apparently now remembered getting, my husband was named Peyotr Nikolai Vasilevich. Did they invent a Russian husband for me, or should I actually schedule this appointment?" O'Hare wondered, leaving the office.

She reached out to what she thought was a respectable on-campus publication in the hopes that campus media attention would encourage someone in the adminstartion to consider the idea that she is not married. Unfortunately, she found the *Duel Observer*.



WHCL FIRST WEEK FORECAST	SATURDAY	SUNDAY	MONDAY
	Trying to be Stern	Fuck the Popo	Happy Trees
			
	"Really concerned about these FCC regulations. Oh fuck the mic's on."	High probability N.W.A. show interferes with police radio.	90% chance "Painting in Silence" is a breakthrough hit.

PARIS MONSTER DEVOURS EVERY BAGUETTE, USES EIFFEL TOWER AS TOOTHPICK



See "Finishes what Napoleon started," pg. 1799

VOICEMAILS FROM MOM
You might want to call her back.



"Your hookup called me last night to say you haven't texted yet. I thought I raised you better."

A MAP OF THE BEST PEOPLE-WATCHING SPOTS ON CAMPUS!



- 1. First stop is **the library balcony on the second floor**, with chairs, outlets, and a great view of all those people you don't know as they work, socialize, and generally look like they're having the time of their lives. Sure, people always say that everyone is insecure, but it sure doesn't look like it from here!
- 2. **The Commons balcony** is next. It's a great place to watch as that guy you hooked up with during dry week walks to a table with... Wait, is that Hazel? From biology? Are they a thing? Is she prettier than you? Double check that there's a read receipt on that text he never replied to. (There is.) Feel free to cry; there's no one else up here but flies.
- 3. **The middle of College Hill road** is bustling at all hours, so it's a great place to watch people come within inches of death. Cars tear down the hill so fast that you only have time to realize you haven't had a fulfilling life. Then the cars stop, and you move on, feeling hollow inside and remembering your seventh birthday, when you got a dollhouse that came broken in the box. Sometimes you feel like a dollhouse.
- 4. **The lounge above the archway in Beinecke** has large win-

dows where you can watch people come and go from the different sides of campus the same way important people seem to come and go from your life: at their leisure.

5. By the time you get to **the second floor of KJ**, you should have already cried more than you thought was possible. But hold on to your embroidered whale handkerchief, because it's about to get worse! You stand by the large windows and look out at all of the people who make you feel inadequate. Your parents haven't called in weeks. You cry more. It doesn't help.

6. **The Kennedy Center** is a beautiful space with floor-to-ceiling windows, but it doesn't matter because we all die anyway. You contemplate this as people wander on the amphitheater grass. Fools. Don't they know they're just ebbing and flowing through a void? You feel a small relief from your self-doubt when you insult them. Only you know true pain and suffering. Only you can transcend this plane and reach the level of artist. You think about cutting your hair. There's a dead bug on the windowpane. You ask Siri to find the nearest Hot Topic.

Photocopied from a classmate's diary by Ms. Rinehart-Jones '20

AN OPEN LETTER TO PROSPECTIVE ECONOMICS MAJORS

Dear Class of 2020,

I hope that your first few weeks at Hamilton College have been treating you kindly. I'm sure that most of you, if not all, have been making new social and academic connections and will take full advantage of the unique open curriculum ahead of you. I stress this because of an alarming new trend that has occurred in the last few years. As the head of the Economics department, I was originally impressed by the number of fresh-faced students willing to take up Economics as their majors, but I now realize that the popularity of this department must come to an end.

I started off the year with a delirious sense of positivity; perhaps I wouldn't have to stay up until dawn breaks over the horizons grading the 209th paper on why fiscal communism is simply not practical in the modern era. Perhaps more of the freshmen would instead choose to take up economic's uglier sister, political science, as a way to understand the brain-numbing effects of this year's election. But sadly, as I sifted through the number of emails from naïve men and women infatuated with Martin Scorsese movies and looking to "follow in the footsteps of Peter Thiel," I could feel my energy slowly dwindling away.

May I just say the arduous task of teaching hundreds of clueless freshmen the intricacies of modern capitalism is killing me? Perhaps, but try telling that to my heightened blood pressure. Honestly, I'm more concerned that you won't be able to handle the economic landscape today. I know Wall Street—I snorted coke with Jordan Belfort. I convinced an investor looking to back out that his entire family would be blackmailed so hard they would have to reinvent their lives in North Dakota. Hell, I've licked expensive cognac off the tatas of two bejeweled Brazilian hookers while I laid atop a ludicrous pile of shrooms

and Benjamins like some twisted Scrooge McDuck. Try teaching that to a bunch of wannabee Silicon Valley gazillionaires.

So this year, I beg you, try another major. I heard that the Classics department has been lacking in recent years and, on the plus side, it's all the debauchery of economics—just without the money part. Maybe once the Econ majors die away the nightmares of Adam Smith waterboarding me in solid gold coins will stop.

Yours sincerely,

Dr. Jackson Simmons

Desperate plea ignored by Ms. Buiocchi '20

FRIDAY FIVE: TIMES YOU WISH YOU READ THE FINE PRINT

By Mr. Dickinson '18

Of all the daily mistakes we make, clicking that "I accept the terms and conditions" box is far and above our favorite. Here is a compilation of the times when you wish you had read that fine print.

- 5. **Psychology Experiments:** Are you broke and enticed by a free \$20? Just sign a "safety waiver" and collect your free cash. Later, it's 3 AM and a team of hooded students bust into your room and blow whistles until you wake up. In the middle of a class discussion another group of students jump in and blow whistles at you. After days upon days of relentless interruptions you really wish that you had asked why the experiment was titled "Limits of Sanity."
- 4. **Going Vegetarian:** So you signed that petition HEAG had outside of McEwen because they promised you a Cider Mill Donut for it. Well by signing up, the entire staff of Bon Appétit gets orders to specially avoid serving you meat. Now instead of waking up at 10:00 AM expecting piles of bacon, you are forced instead to have a sad looking pile of greens and tofu. You're in it for the long term now, friend.
- 3. **Pledging:** You met a bunch of cool dudes who gave you free beer. After you drunkenly agreed to pledge, and forgetting verbal contracts are a thing in New York State, you find yourself beginning that night. Now that you've been standing on your head knee deep in pickles for the past hour you begin to wonder just how much time and money these dudes have to spend on this shit.
- 2. **Club Fair Lists:** Frustrated by the number of sign-and-dash new students, clubs have started adding addenda that qualifies your room as a crawl stop. Now with a ten-page paper due in three hours you find yourself in KJ Atrium because there are a bunch of wild curling dudes and dudettes throwing down in your Major double.
- 1. **Admission:** Find a college that is just right for you? Figure your parents will figure out all that legal jargon for you? Well look out! It's quite possible that you may get landed with a staggering \$60,000/year bill. All that money, and McEwen *still* isn't open on the weekends.

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It's their diner now...

By Ms. Barry '19