

WE STILL PRINT ON PAPER  
You’re welcome for the warm weather

FRESHMAN ACCIDENTALLY  
RUSHES BON APPÉTIT  
You can swipe in, but you can never leave

By Ms. Rinehart-Jones ’20  
FOOD DISSERVICE DEPT.  
(MARGE’S HOUSE) As Greek Society rushing season gets into full swing on the Hill, freshman Gordon Flay was shocked to find out that he had accidentally rushed the food and catering service, Bon Appétit.  
Flay, a Chemistry major from Oriskany Falls, NY, claims not to have realized he was attending events hosted by Bon Appétit until recently. “I know a lot of frats have, like, themes. I just saw all the personalized aprons and thought, ‘I guess Beta Alpha is really into food,’” Flay said while refilling the Fog-buster at Commons.

Flay attended many private Bon Appétit barbecues, bonfires, and dinner services, during which he was in charge of ensuring that the hot chocolate machine worked properly.  
“I’m not going to lie, we thought it was kind of weird that a rando was showing up to all of our Bon Appétit-only kickbacks,” an anonymous Commons

worker commented. “We thought he was a new Diner guy or something, but by the time we realized he was a student, it had been too long and we felt awkward kicking him out.”  
Flay realized his mistake after serving dinner to his friends at Commons. “I asked him why he was behind the pasta counter, and he said he was rushing Beta Alpha,” Flay’s roommate, Greg Harpie ’20, said. “I pointed to the multiple signs on and around the counter which said ‘Bon Appétit’ and then he kind of got it. I guess that explains why he’s been coming home at 11:30 P.M. smelling like black bean burgers.”  
Despite the mix-up, Bon Appétit is reluctant to let Flay go. “Look, if he can improperly cook a churro—and he definitely can—he’s one of us,” McEwen kitchen manager Chris Sacca said. “The fact that he’s a student, we’re a catering company, and we’re definitely not paying him, won’t change that.”  
Flay cited Marge’s notoriously riotous parties as his main reason for staying on, saying, “I’ve only seen one other person besides her throw a rager that lit, and they got shut down by the Feds ten minutes in. I’ve seen things no man should see. I think if I tried to leave I would need to go into witness protection.”

DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME  
MISCALCULATED, SPRING BREAK  
CANCELLED  
New report shows we done screwed up

By Mr. Fergusson ’20  
EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE DEPT.  
(THE I.S.S.) With the release of a NASA report on new habitable planets dominating the news in the realm of science, the media has neglected to cover a grave miscalculation in regards to Daylight Savings Time: the earth is literal weeks behind where it should be in orbit.  
In order to make up for it, the world will be skipping from March 10th straight to March 25th. “It’s quite unexpected,” Dean of Students Nancy Thompson said in a press conference. “What an odd coincidence that the jump lines up perfectly with our spring break. Really just quite wild. My apologies to any students who have already paid for travel home. I suggest Craigslist.”  
“I’m not surprised,” Astrophysics and Climatology double major Albert Currie ’18 said. “It is a bummer about the whole spring break thing, I was planning on going to Ibiza to start of my DJ career as MC AstroCloud.”

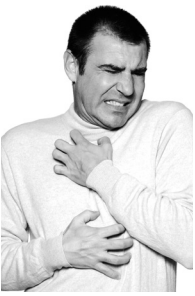

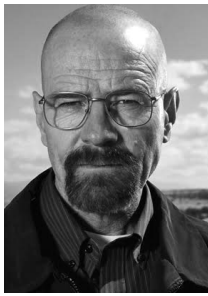
STUDENT’S “POLITICAL  
INCORRECTNESS” ACTUALLY JUST A  
COVER FOR BIGOTRY  
Student body dumbfounded by shocking revelation

By Ms. Barry ’19  
SMUGLY MISINFORMED DEPT.  
(PICKETING OUTSIDE THE DMC) The campus was left reeling this Tuesday after Francis Whitesman ’17 revealed on Twitter that his “edgy” and “politically incorrect” reputation was just a front for his blatant bigotry.  
“I just really hate minorities,” he tweeted. “They give me the heebie-jeebies.”  
Whitesman’s roommate, Khan Cerned ’17, was stunned by his tweets.  
“When Francis said he wasn’t ‘politically correct’ the first day I met him, I just figured he meant that he bluffed his way through all his poli-sci essays,” Cerned said. “I mean, he’s said some bigoted things, but he used such intellectual language to say them. How can you disagree with someone who uses ‘hegemony’ in a sentence?”  
Whitesman’s friend Una Ware ’17 commented, “I never thought Francis was that kind of person. I mean, one time he told me that he wasn’t homophobic, but he thought that gay people should choose to be straight. At first I thought that sounded homophobic, but he said he wasn’t, so obviously it’s not. But his tweet really went too far. It’s totally indefensible.”

The Hamilton College Republicans Club, of which Whitesman ~~is~~ was an avid member, released an official statement regarding his tweet: “What the fuck, dude.”  
Over his years at Hamilton, Whitesman has publicly discussed original opinions such as “feminism ruined my dating life,” “trigger warnings are censorship; panic attacks aren’t disruptive to college classes,” and “why isn’t there a white history month?” Displaying a misunderstanding of homonyms, he has also campaigned to remove the word “liberal” from the phrase “liberal arts education.”  
When pressed for comment, Whitesman declined to discuss his tweets, instead directing the topic of conversation to the mason jar he was currently peeing in.  
“You see, I can’t use the dorm restrooms,” he said, zipping up his fly and screwing the lid back on the jar. “They’re gender neutral, which means that transgenders [sic] can enter and assail me with their poison spurs.”  
When it was suggested that trans people do not possess venomous spurs, and that he might instead be thinking of platypi, Whitesman said, “Your fallacious viewpoint is a clear repercussion of Liberal Indoctrination. Millennials are just too sensitive, with their ‘safe spaces’ and ‘genuine problems.’ Who’s going to condemn all the reverse racism I face?”  
Noah Kidding ’18, a student in Whitesman’s literature class, said: “Why is everyone so surprised by this? That guy was an asshole since day one.”

Students around campus have been left in a state of awe, not sure how to handle the lack of a chance to become what Professor Simons from the Psychology department describes as “mindless party animals.”  
“I just sometimes need a chance to get as sloppy as I get on the weekends on every weeknight, not just Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays,” as super senior Chad Billingson said.  
There is, however, a positive side effect to not heading to the Florida coast to party with Red-Foo of LMFAO fame.  
Amy James, Director of Community Outreach for the COOP, has just announced the cancellation of Alternative Spring Break. “The funds that were originally going to help support students to do outreach work for the two weeks have now been funneled into the Class and Charter fund.”  
The extra money will allow for an act of a higher prominence than the campus is used to. When asked for comment, T-Pain’s agent said, “He’s not availab—how did you get my personal number?”

In this issue: haste

DUEL OBSERVER WITHDRAWAL FORECAST	WEEK 1	WEEK 2	WEEK 3
			
	75% chance of breaking out in hysterical rash	Low probability of laughter, joy, purpose, God	“I need that blue stuff.”

Alternative to Alternative Spring Break  
Shave your head, become an ascetic monk



Talk to beetles, cut off your left foot, and finish your midterm comp lit paper  
See “Hello, my name is Elder...” pg. 2.10

Hamilton Alum of the Week:  
Haley Lynch, Class of ’17,  
Exiting Editor of the *Spectator*



MAJOR:  
PROPAGANDA  
SENIOR QUOTE: “I ALWAYS LOOKED TO THE *DUEL OBSERVER* FOR MY HARD-HITTING NEWS.”



REJECTED PUBLIC SPEAKING COMPETITION ENTRY

The Oral Communications Center’s ongoing annual public speaking competition is pitting Democrat against Republican, Whig against Tory, and Bolshevik against Menshevik. The following is a transcript of a speech that didn’t make the cut:

My friends, I am here to speak to you about the failure of American Democracy in an age when income inequality renders a few citizens aristocrats and sweeps the remainder out of sight. Each of us knows, in our hearts, that our rights and liberties stand in dire peril. To pre-serve them we must adopt radical means.

What we need is nothing short of a king, a great leader who will use his power to bend the knees of our emerging oligarchs. But no ordinary nimnoo will do for our monarch.

We need the Emperor, Napoleon Bonaparte.

Who better to lead us than the man who repaired the disastrous inflation of the French Revolution? Who better to ensure liberty and equality than the man who brought liberal poli-cies to Europe by the sword? Who better not to invade Russia, than the man who tried it once, and found out it didn’t work?

“But Napoleon is dead,” you say. How then can we make this man, this giant, our Emperor? The means are closer to hand than they might seem.

The procedure for cloning a man might require refinement, but it is not mere theory. Here at Hamilton College, we have access to the finest minds of our generation, and resources far exceeding the hokey lab I rigged up in Root basement. Given time and determination we can crack this biological riddle.


Which leaves only the genetic sample to collect. It is already almost within our grasp. When Napoleon first died, the medical examiner performing the autopsy took certain liber-ties with his corpse, removing and preserving, among other things, the great man’s penis. This implement now rests in the possession of one John Lattimer, resident of New Jersey. A short drive and some creative bargaining are all that is necessary to acquire the sample we need.


And so, the fate of our nation rests in our hands. Any distance is not too far to cross; any barrier is not too high to climb. We will have Napoleon, or we’ll have Trump. Thank you, and God bless Hamilton College.

Actually delivered in real life (no, really) by Mr. Brett ‘17

INTERNAL THEATRE DEPT. MEMO RE: GRANT FUNDING


Inbox x








Connie Stoughland

to THEATRE-FACULTY



8:18 PM (8 minutes ago)





Hi all,

Hope everyone’s week has been better than Warren Beatty’s!

I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but we need to schedule a meeting this week to discuss some guidelines for approving grant funding. I was reviewing the numbers this past week and we really need to start taking a harder line on what we can finance. I understand your desire to support the needs of your students, but we have to consider our budget constraints (not to mention our reputation). Frankly, I have to ask if you’re actually reading the proposals you’ve been sending through. Just on Tuesday, I had to process half a dozen approved applications, which included:

- Two senior majors requesting financing for “sixteen rotisserie chickens, one (1) Froot Loop™ (red flavor) (ABSOLUTELY NO APPLE JACKS), and a ¼ scale model of Jerusalem circa 1712” for the purpose of staging “an exploration of conventions in archaic Macedonian theatre via vaudeville”
- Five students claiming to represent an organization called “The Avant-Guardians” who provided reimbursement receipts for “fifteen yards of authentic Viking-age rope, a fully functioning Port-a-Potty, and literally just a lot of gin” for “Hub-party Greek tragedy”
- A junior Bio-Theatre concentrator who requested funding for acquiring “porcupines (tamed), porcupine carriers, porcupine food, and pork rinds (also tamed),” with a note attached that said only “PORKY BALLET”
- A check made out (in crayon) for \$11,542 to a student named “Grant Funding”

I understand your enthusiasm for unique displays of the craft, but we need to exercise discre-tion when it comes to putting our money and department name on something like, for example, a four-hour live performance installation that consists solely of a spilled Diner milkshake melt-ing and re-solidifying (which I denied).

Stuff like this is the reason that public arts funding is the first to go.

Let me know what times work.

Thanks,  
Connie

P.S. If the neon orange string bikini that was left on the bank of Little Pond is yours, please come claim it as soon as possible, preferably under cover of darkness.



Click here to Reply or Forward

Dramatically reenacted by Mr. Stevenson ’19

FRIDAY FIVE: THINGS YOU DIDN’T KNOW YOU COULD DO WITH YOUR HILL CARD

By Mr. Letai ’19

Everyone has a Hill Card. You use it to enter your dorm, swipe for meals, and cut lines of blow at Ferg parties. But there are many applications of the Hill Card that most stu-dents don’t know about.

5. **Summon the ghost of Elihu Root.** You’ll need a few friends for this one, but it’s tons of fun. Just put five Hill Cards in a pentagram and place a copy of the college charter in the center. After a few minutes, the disembodied spirit of Elihu Root will arise and explain his opinions on early 20th century foreign policy and brag about his Nobel Prize.

4. **Access the Situation Room.** Simply present your Hill Card to any Secret Service agent and they will escort you to the high-stakes nerve center of our government. There is always an extra seat around the conference table reserved for a Hamilton student. It’s the perfect chance to put your insight from Intro to Political Theory into action. If you have a Pub ID, you can even access the open bar and nuclear launch codes.

3. **Access the Situation’s Room.** If you’re a reality TV fan, you can also pay a visit to Mike “The Situation” Sorrentino. His bedroom on *Jersey Shore* was outfitted with a Hill Card scanner in 2012 as part of a joint college bicentennial celebration and series finale watch party. Hamilton students are encouraged to drop by anytime they like if they’re in need of sage advice or a quick spray-tan.

2. **High-Stakes Gambling.** You can put your all campus dollars to use in the underground Hill Card gambling ring in the tunnels under KJ. You can play poker for Euphoria or partake in some bonus swipe blackjack. If you’re really feeling lucky, you can enter the X-treme Housing Lottery—the winners get extra Hill Cards and room keys, and the losers get to sleep in the Glen for the rest of the year.

1. **Reuse It.** Hill Cards are, surprisingly, entirely reusable. Rather than just throwing your card away after one swipe like most people, savvy students know that you can actually use your Hill Card multiple times. No need to walk to Bristol for a new card after every meal—just keep your card and you’ve got a full semester of meals in your pocket.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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