

DUE TO WARM WEATHER, COMMONS STRUGGLING TO STILL SERVE FRIES COLD

DISGRUNTLED PARTYGOERS CREATE “FOLLOW CAMPO AROUND” CRAWL

Donuts and pepperspray provided at every stop
By Ms. Rinehart-Jones '20
B.Y.O.B. DEPT.

(CAMPUS SAFETY OFFICE) This past Saturday, Campus Safety officers patrolling the Darkside for parties to shut down found that they weren't the only ones patrolling: a group of wayward students reportedly followed Campus Safety to every bust as part of a “Campo Crawl.”

Anna Rannells '19, the driving force behind the crawl, claims it came about by accident. “We were just party-hopping, you know, looking for somewhere to go, but every time we arrived, Campo had just gotten there first. By the third time it happened, we were like, let's just keep following Campo.”

The Campo Crawl, originally just Rannells and a few friends, was quickly joined by other disgruntled students looking for a place to party. “I got on at the fifth stop, which was some kid's room in South that got a noise complaint

CAREER CENTER HOSTS “NET-WORKING” EVENT FOR CLASS OF 2018

It's quite the catch
By Ms. Terhune '21
ALUMNI RELATIONS DEPT.

(SADOVE CENTER LECTURE HALL) As seniors pondering their future begin to realize that a degree in history offers limited career prospects, the Career Center has started to offer “net-working” workshops for the class of '18.

“It's not quite what I expected,” George Michael '18 said. “I went to one of the two-hour meetings and we spent the entire time weaving nets. We made drift nets, landing nets, bassinets, really any net you can think of.”

Michael, along with other seniors, initially found the workshops to be a “waste of Sadove space, like the Student Activities Office,” but eventually warmed up to them. Robert Smith '18 said, “I really came to believe in the power of nets. Not only did the Career Center interns

because he was playing the cello,” George Reed '18 said. “As soon as they started writing down the report, we all started chugging.” By the time the crawl reached its ninth and final stop, inside Frank Coots's office, it had grown to over fifty students.

Members of the administration are reportedly confused as to why Campo allowed the crawl to occur around them. When reached for comment, Coots explained, “The Campo Crawl was a large, boisterous, unregulated event during which many underage students consumed copious amounts of alcohol. Our policy is only to bust small gatherings of responsible, sober students enjoying each other's company in their private rooms, so the crawl did not fall under our jurisdiction. The students also taught me to play Slap Cup, which I find delightful.”

Some employees are not pleased at the precedent set by the crawl. One anonymous Campus Safety officer said, “I can't believe they can just follow us around and into buildings like that. Next they're going to do something crazy, like lock the basement of the Campus Safety Office.”

teach me how to create nets, but they taught me how to use them too. Now after graduation I can work on *Deadliest Catch* to pay off my hundreds of thousands of dollars in student debt.”

As the workshops began to rise in popularity, the Career Center looked to diversify its “net-works.” To appeal to all three of the classics majors on campus, the Career Center hired net-fighting instructor Megan “Megacles” Campbell.

“It wasn't uncommon to see a gladiator wield a net. In fact, a typical gladiator's motto was ‘If you can't catch these rope strands, you can't catch these hands. And if you're not catching hands, you're catching typhoid fever,’” Campbell shouted at a cluster of bewildered students.

Campbell also noted the success of the Career Center. “Without this gig, I'd just be playing online role-playing games, so I guess Hamilton is doing alright when it comes to finding people jobs. They're putting their endowment to good use.”

COMMUNIST IN YOUR GOV. CLASS LANDS SWEET GOLDMAN-SACHS GIG Thanks “Common Ground” for the inspiration

By Mr. Baize '18
CLASS TREASON DEPT.

(LIGHTSIDE WELCOME CENTER) According to an expertly-polished LinkedIn update, a senior Government major who spent most of his Political Theory class last semester literally quoting Karl Marx from memory recently accepted a lucrative analyst position at Wall Street investment banking firm Goldman-Sachs. The senior, who had on numerous occasions called the financial system “an oppressive, unnecessary leech on society” and often spent Friday Diner B slurring his way to the conclusion that all bankers should be shot, begins work in a new Manhattan skyrise office next summer.

When reached for comment, the self-styled “radical” appeared defensive. “I mean on paper, I can see how you might say that I'm betraying everything I once claimed to stand for. But at the end of the day, you simply don't say no to world-renowned Wall Street investment banking firm Goldman-Sachs, to which I owe my future boatloads of cash and undying loyalty.”

His comrades-in-arms appeared generally forgiving of the move. “For sure, it was cool having him lead all of us into the exciting bubble of small-college socialism,” fresh convert Nenil Vladimirovich '21 explained. “And now he's been kind enough to show us that being a real revolutionary means dropping one's concern for the less privileged the second it gets in the way of personal advancement, especially when the people who come knocking represent such dope places to work.”

The controversial move is part of a series of developments that have in recent weeks rattled the façade of giving a shit so integral to the College's variety of extra-curricular activities. The top-secret NSA postings of the entire Conspiracy Theorists e-board fractured the college's aluminum-hat community, while the Vegan Club president's plans to open a trendy butcher shop have raised more than a few (pierced) eyebrows.

Administration officials largely shrugged when asked if they might bear any responsibility for the apparent disconnect between the school's dedication to pure intellectual curiosity and the narrow pragmatism of its student outcomes. “Hey, man, it's college. You should try these activities on like new hats, especially the ones that deal with drastically changing your outlook on society, before throwing them away,” the Director for Student Disillusionment suggested before interrupting, “now if you'll excuse me, the guy who founded HOC is sending some sweet sweet Exxon dollars our way, so we're launching a new global warming initiative in his honor.”

In this issue: Me, Rachel, Sports, and one other person

GRUESOME PLAYGROUND INJURIES



Sure, you scraped your knee, but what's REALLY gruesome is the reality that your parents don't love each other and never have.

See “Just a reminder” pg. 6

Choose Your Own Adventure!

Issue 6: You give in to your animal lust and jump on his body then and there. You wake up in your twin XL bed alone.
A. Drink to forget.

See issue 8

B. Take a walk on Martin's Way.
See issue 1

C. Check your Venmo account to see his deposit.

See issue 9

FALL FEST FORECAST	12 P.M.	1:30 P.M.	4 P.M.
	High probability you take one ceremonial libation too many.	40% chance unsold donuts used as burnt offerings.	Shown: participants in the first ever Off-the-Hill Challenge.

Forceful Entry: An Erotic Encounter with a Campo

I was sitting in my dorm room on a hot and humid laundry day, stripped down to nothing but a makeshift string light bralette and panties made from a canvas *Boyz in the Hood* movie poster. Unexpectedly, I heard a knock at the door.

“Wow,” I gasped, “I wonder who that could be?”

All of a sudden the door flung open with a bang, and in the doorway stood a burly Campo with his foot outstretched. My nubile body quivered with fear and excitement. What was this bad boy renegade officer going to do to me?

“We’ve received a complaint of overzealous orgasmic activity coming from this room,” the Campo said, breathing heavily.

“You can’t just barge in here without my consent, even if your ass does look like a honey baked ham in those blue slacks!” I replied after a sensuous gasp.

The Campo took no heed of my basic rights as a student in my own dorm and took a step closer to me. I could feel his barbecue breath on my neck as he approached even closer.

“Those string lights are a fire hazard. I’m going to have to remove them from your person,” he said as he tore off my bralette from my heaving bosom. “That underwear also appears to be in violation of the fire code,” he whispered as he slid my panties to the floor.

He picked me up like a sack of turnips and laid me on my bed. He then removed his belt that contained the essential tools of his trade: mace, flashlight, and baby aspirin in case his heart started to race if he saw any marijuana leaves. He then took off his pants and shirt and folded them neatly out of respect for his office.

“Usually I’m not supposed to open any private storage containers, but I’ll make an exception for your box,” he said as he went down on me.

“Wow” I moaned, “This is some amazing oral sex you are giving me, but I want to feel that blue ribbon hog—not just the TipNow, but the whole thing.”

So he gave me that good dick, but it only lasted thirty seconds. I was surprised that he wasn’t able to last longer, so I asked him, “Why did you come so quickly?”

“As a sworn protector of safety, I must always come as quickly as I possibly can.”

“My hero,” I lustfully responded, thoroughly satisfied with the passionate stripping of my fourth amendment rights.

Written while eating a backwards “tuna sub” by Mr. Paull ’20

A Quick Check-in on a Beautiful Marriage: An Update on the Past

Two years ago, roommates of four years Steven Becker ’16 and Brendan Becker ’16 (née Johnson) were married due to a loophole in common law marriage laws. The *Duel Observer* reached out to this iconic alumni couple to ask about life after graduation and what it’s like to marry another alum.

“Life could have been a beautiful thing. With a law major and and economics major, we’ve done quite well for ourselves,” Steven stated. “You’d think with all this money and already 4 years of living together, getting through hard times like the body chocolate incident (don’t ask), we’d be happy with each other. We should have worked out all our issues by now! But with his being such a Darksider at heart and me being such a Lightsider at liver, we really struggle to get along. That and with the repeat of the body chocolate incident last Valentine’s Day (once again, don’t ask), we’re really struggling.”

Brendan, however, had a different perspective. “This thing has been a fucking trainwreck from the start,” he stated. “We already had issues as roommates, and then after we graduated we moved in together and things got worse. His messy living style made our house a dump, and I always have to clean it up. Then, since we were legally married, we figured may as well have a real wedding and thought that might help ease some tension.”

He then relayed the horrors of campus safety crashing the wedding to hand out points for open container. This, apparently, put the current administration under extreme duress, bringing President Wippman’s total points up to four and sending a letter home to his parents.

Observed voyeuristically by Mx. Collins ’19

Friday Five: IXs I Would Title

by Mr. Boudreau ’20

There’s been a lot of buzz in the news about this thing called Title IX. At first I thought it was a bunch of nerds demanding to know what the title of the ninth Star Wars movie will be, but it turns out that there are many deep rooted and complex issues regarding the number nine that need new names, so I took a shot at solving some.

5. Fast and Furious 9: Lots of people are debating what the title of the ninth installment of the “Vin Diesel punches cars” franchise should be. I submit *The Fast and the Asinine*. Dom has had one too many concussions, he can’t drive anymore, and now it’s even harder to understand what he’s saying. So, him and Tyrese just kinda dick around for 150 minutes, a la *Dumb and Dumber*.

4. The Nine Circles of Hell: You know, circles are just about the least intimidating shape. Maybe I would be a little scared of the realm of eternal torment if it was organized into scarier shapes. “The Nine Dodecahedrons” would really make me want to stay away from Hell almost as much as I avoid taking math classes.

3. September: I have a question. Why does the ninth month contain the Latin root for seven? I always knew those Romans were idiots. I propose then to change September to “Nineember.” And while we’re at it we can also have “Tenember” and “Elevenember” and “Twelveember” to make things less stupid.

2. The Supreme Court: My problem with the title of the nine most powerful judges in the universe is that their name isn’t a strong enough indicator of their status. Why not “The Awesome Court of Awesomeness” or “Ruth Bader Ginsburg and Her Eight Mediocre Friends?”

1. Betsy DeVos: I don’t really know who this lady is, but she is certainly a 9 out of 10 in my book. I don’t know if you’ll believe me though, because apparently my word doesn’t count as clear and convincing evidence.

Found taped to a bathroom wall by Mr. Boudreau ’20

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