

Two Dozen Freshmen Ask Jesse McCartney To Buy Them Beer

STUDENT ASSEMBLY FUNDS INTER-LIBRARY LOAN SYSTEM FOR SEX TOYS

Lubricant to be requested separately

By Ms. Stevenson '19

DILDO DECIMAL SYSTEM DEPT.

(INSIDE A MOISTENED RETURN SLOT)

In response to the runaway success of Sex Positivity Week and the breathless pleas of those who partook, Student Assembly has unanimously agreed to fund a partnership between Burke Library and the Spencer's at Sangertown Square Mall in order to provide a rotating selection of sex toys for students to check out.

“Students in need will now be able to choose from a variety of silicone, plastic, and glass novelties, from motorized to inflatable, in a cost-efficient, environmentally responsible library setting,” program representative Clint Torres said.

“I think this is a huge step in accommodating an often underrepresented need on campus,” Rainleigh

Addams '18 said when asked about her extremely vocal support of the initiative. “It’s just like how the inter-library loan system provides accessibility to resources we don’t have on campus, except instead of a niche book, it’s a pleasant and fulfilling sexual experience. Which is something we definitely don’t have here.”

Initial designs for the program included sign-out sheets for the different toys, but that idea was scrapped after the papers kept becoming stained with assorted secretions in the frenzy to trade out vibrating light-up cock rings for novelty emoji-print anal beads. The toy cataloging system is now digitized, though Addams reports that the protective plastic keyboard covers now deemed necessary at library terminals are unfortunately on backorder.

“We’re looking forward to students holding each other accountable and treating this service as the privilege that it is,” Addams said, as a silver bullet vibrator went whizzing across the circulation desk like a mechanized slug.

security officers come into our office and ask for boxes of Sudafed. There must be a wicked cold or something going around the campo office.”

“I haven’t slept this semester,” an unnamed Campus Safety officer with pupils the size of nickels said. “I’m what Coots calls ‘quality control.’ It started out going to the Wallace Johnson attic every week or so, but then I kept asking for more and more shifts and now there are ants under my skin.”

“When our investigative reporting team went to Francis Coots’ office, we were unable to secure an interview,” Cormac McHaverford '19 of the Spectator said, “However, we were greeted by a skinny man in a beanie who kept yelling ‘bitch’ and a placard that read, ‘Campus Safety Director Francis Coots, AKA the danger.’”

“Somebody is supplying way more than I ever could,” a Babbitt drug dealer said. “This is more than just selling weed to my art history professor. There is some heavy stuff circulating around campus. Someone is running a huge operation here. I can’t compete. This is the plight of the small business owner in 2017.”

“We have seen a dramatic increase in Campus Safety’s budget for spinning rims and golden pitbull collars,” Laura Pollevich of the Hamilton Budget Committee said. “I am not quite sure what all of the new expenses are for. I asked Director Coots about the budgetary discrepancies and he responded with ‘Fuck you, I run this town.’ Strange.”

PROSPIE ACTUALLY PROSPECTOR Searching for nuggets of wisdom and gold

by Mr. Boudreau '20

GEMS AND MINERALS DEPT.

(SIUDA HOUSE) After volunteering to host a prospective student in his dorm room for the weekend, Aaron Piewright '21 was surprised on Friday to discover that the prospective student he was assigned to host was, in fact, not a scared high school senior, but a grizzled sixty-three-year-old prospector. The prospie, Horace W. Farnsworth, arrived at the admissions building packed with nothing but his trusty pickaxe, a pan, and a hankerin’ for discovery.

“I was going to do the usual prospective student stuff, take him to McEwen, try to convince him that Dunham isn’t trash,” Piewright said, “But all he’s interested in doing is panning for gold in the stream under the Martin’s Way bridge.”

“I jus’ know there’s gold in this here river! The problem is, I keep seein’ yellow, but it’s jus’ some worthless newspaper floatin’ down the river that don’t make no sense!” a frustrated Farnsworth said through his two rotting teeth while holding a crumpled Keystone can he “discovered.”

“I guess I could take him to sit in on my geology class,” Piewright said, “But I don’t know if he’ll be interested in differential weathering; I think he only cares about finding gold. Also, I don’t think any mineral deposits have ever been found around Clinton.”

Farnsworth was also reportedly very excited at the prospect of rushing at Hamilton. “I ‘member the ol’ days of rushin’ for gold in California. I sure hope these Greek fellers are as keen on diggin’ as my pals back in the day.”

Reports say that the brothers of Delta Iota Kappa were highly receptive to the prospie. “Dude, I love Horace! He’s jacked from swinging that pickaxe all day, and the dude drinks like nine bottles of whiskey every night!” Derek Nader '19 said.

Overall, the overnight visit was considered a great success by Farnsworth. “There may not be no gold at this here school,” the prospie said, “But my new friends at DIK helped me discover sump’n better than all the rare minerals in the world: Vineyard Vines.”

LOCKED SOCIAL SPACES REPURPOSED BY CAMPUS SAFETY

Unrelated: Meth usage skyrockets

By Mr. Case '21

UNORIGINAL PLOT LINE DEPT.

(WHERE PEOPLE USED TO GET SHIT-FACED) This fall, Hamilton students were astonished to discover that the Co-Op basement as well as many other social spaces have been locked. This week, Lisa Spagelcheck '18 made an impassioned speech to the Student Assembly on the subject: “Apparently Campus Safety’s list of newfound fetishes is growing. The newest addition: locking doors. New Campus Safety director Frank “The Crank” Coots has, locked the Co-Op and Eels basements, as well as the attic of Wallace Johnson. As a representative of the student body, I demand to know: why the fuck do they keep these doors locked?”

“I have no idea what is going on in there,” Vincent McCormick '19, a Co-Op resident, said. “Sometimes late at night I hear the sound of the door to the basement being unlocked. Sometimes I hear muffled shouts, and the faint smell of ether and cat urine spreads throughout the house.”

The Co-Op is not the only place where reports of strange late night occurrences have surfaced. “We keep on running out of Sudafed at the health center,” an unnamed source in the College health department said. “On any given day we have about eight or ten campus

In this issue: shrinkage

WELCOME JESSE MCCARTNEY



Your favorite member of the Rolling Stones See “Take on Me,” pg. Blink-182

Choose Your Own Adventure!

Issue 7: You are a shark.

A. Suffocate, because you are a shark. See issue 13

B. Evolve lungs. See issue 11

C. Try to take a bite out of David Wippman. See issue 3

HVZ FORECAST	MONDAY	WEDNESDAY	FRIDAY
	High probability you've actually been the OZ this whole time.	"Wait, that's not how this game works."	100% chance Andy wins.

Café Opus Application

Name _____
Date of Application _____
Date of Applicant’s Eventual Death _____
Class Year _____
Dark Side Dorm _____
Phone (cell and burner) _____
Email _____
Blood Type _____
Number of Piercings _____

Relevant Work Experience (anything involving cash registers, food preparation, crime scene cleanup, heavy machinery, or unarmed combat):

Which cheese do you most strongly identify with? _____
Where on campus would you dispose of a dead body? _____
Desired Salary (for work in café) _____
Desired Salary (for government contracts) _____
Are you now, or have you ever been, a member of the capitalist party? Y / N
Can you supply your own hooded cloak? Y / N
Have you come to terms with your own fragile mortality? Y / N
How many cups of chai have you consumed in the past 24 hours? _____
How long have you been vegan? _____
How many elements can you identify by scent? _____
References (collegiate) _____
References (ecclesiastical) _____
How do you feel about 2% milk? _____

Filled out by Mr. Letai ’19

rejected
^ RED WEATHER SUBMISSIONS

Through My Eyes

By Softboy Sam

The smell of the half drained PBR
Drifts through my patchy facial hair.
i think of Ginsberg
And i model myself in his image,
Except i am straight,
Like Hemmingway.
i see through the cracks
In society
As only i can.
So, why don’t you believe me
When i say:
“A body is just a body?”
Let me photograph you
Naked.

A Portrait of the Artist Before and During Fall

By Softboy Sam



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Tastefully censored by Mr. Paull ’20