

MILBANK FLOORS REDONE TO ALLOW FOR RISKY BUSINESS SOCK SLIDES

NO ONE FUCKS LIKE JUSTIN! He’s such a GOD! Man, I love college

By Mr. Case ’21
How DOPE IS THAT?? DEPT.
(FIRST FLOOR OF DUNHAM) The transition into college life has been especially fuckin’ crazy for Justin ’22, who has been laying pipe like he was born to do it ever since he returned from his sick backpacking trip!
Man, no one fucks like Justin. He’s such a legend.

“On Thursday night, Justin came back to our room in Dunham with his beautiful, silken hair all messy and I was like, ‘What happened, bro?’” Justin’s roommate, Austin Spiegelman ’22, said. “He just laughed to himself and was all like, ‘Don’t worry about it, man,’ ’cause he’s pretty dope and, like, plays stuff close to the chest and shit because he doesn’t feel emotionally connected to me in the kinda way that I think we are gonna be where he tells me about all the dope shit he’s been up to

and like maybe he had a hard day and needs a pep talk or we could watching a fuckin’ movie or some shit I don’t know, I just hope we achieve that kinda intimacy, ya know?

He tried to play it so cool like he does (he’s the man!!), but I fucking called him on it and said, ‘Yo you were totally having consensual sex, j-Dawg!’ And he said, like, ‘Yeah, maybe,’ in that suave, olive-toned voice of his and I went CRAZY, dude, like, that’s my fucking boy and he’s out here having safe, consensual sex with all kinds of girls! I was so amped for him.”

Following that night, Justin reportedly didn’t come back to his dorm room for three days in a row, and he was seen walking back across Martin’s Way at 6 AM on Saturday morning, like the stone-cold stud that he is. By Monday morning, Justin had received a positive chlamydia and gonorrhea test from the Health Center, which is just fucking sick whatever way you look at it.

ALEX JONES MOVES TO WHCL Replaces hour of lo-fi sirens and construction noise

By Mr. Kallus ’21 and Mr. Nelson ’22
DEEP STATE DEPT.
(SECURE BUNKER IN MINOR LOT) WHCL General Manager Bernard Haffler ’19 announced during his Monday night broadcast that, as part of its most recent drive to take listenership into the double digits, WHCL has offered to partner with conservative “truth journalist” Alex Jones following his removal from YouTube, Facebook, iTunes, and Spotify. The announcement comes as a surprise to many, who remember the College’s first encounter with Jones when the administration had asked him to moderate 2018’s Great Names Series discussion between Susan Rice and Condoleezza Rice. Jones declined, accusing the “Rice sisters” of “spraying radioactive isotopes from sex planes to create and steer groups of tornadoes.”

Jones accepted WHCL’s recent offer with enthusiasm, but he has expressed reservations about several aspects of campus life. “I have the Trustees’ documents where they

said they’re going to encourage homosexuality with chemicals aerosolized by the Kirner-Johnson water feature,” Jones claimed in an interview on Monday, continuing, “AAAHHH! YAAAHHH! WE KNOW WE’RE UNDER ATTACK! WE KNOW IT! WE’RE BREAKING THE CONDITIONING! WE’RE COMING FOR YOU, GLOBALISTS!” He also voiced concerns that neither the bookstore nor any campus dining option offers Ultimate Bone Broth, Survival Shield X-2, or Super Male Vitality.

Furthermore, Jones leveled accusations at some of the College’s senior administration after their failure to address the aforementioned issues, accusing President David Wippman of being “totally passive...a huge jellyfish slacker who looks like a fried egg in a chair...and walks like a demonic elf.”

“Jones’s presence serves to demonstrate our continued commitment to free speech,” Wippman replied in a statement on Tuesday. “Some are hesitant to give a platform to hate speech, but it’s WHCL. Who’s going to be listening?”

STUDENTS NOW REQUIRED TO HOLD HANDS ON CROSSWALK Running with scissors strongly discouraged

By Mx. Barry ’19
CROSSING GUARD DEPT.
(THE ROAD FROM FROGGER) After a record number of students were hit by cars last semester, campus officials have gone to great lengths to prevent further accidents. Students returning to campus will notice some important changes in safety procedures that involve crossing, driving on, or existing near roads.

Likewise, according to an all-campus email sent out by Dean of Roadways Sal Pheasant, “Students are no longer permitted to cross College Hill Road except in the crosswalk. While using the crosswalk, each student must hold hands with another student. In the event that a student is alone on one side of College Hill Road, the student must wait for another student to be present before crossing. Holding hands with faculty, parents, prospective students, or the guy who walks the dogs is also acceptable.”

Campus Safety has additionally teamed up with the Art Department to release a public service announcement about road safety. The PSA depicts the Al Ham mascot jauntily skipping across the crosswalk, only to be hit by an eighteen-wheeler. As the camera zooms in on the unchanging face of the downed mascot, text reading “Look both ways” overlays the screen. Student reactions to the video were mixed.

“I’m glad that the administration is taking an interest in our safety, but I feel like there were other ways they could have conveyed that message,” Maggie Silver ’21 said, as she eyed the crosswalk warily.

“It felt like I was watching an Al Ham snuff film,” Joey Grant ’19 said.

The administration has also announced that, from now on, students who run someone over will be given one point.



In this issue: Crazy Frog’s “visible penis and scrotum”

CLUB FAIR FORECAST

12 P.M.	1 P.M.	2 P.M.
Low probability anyone gains a genuine interest in a club here	High probability they’re just here for the candy	High probability you recognize your AA leader streaking

TWELFTH NIGHT

Making you question your sexuality since 1602

See “They don’t look THAT much alike,” pg. x2

BOOKSTORE DEAL

50% OFF SNAKE REPELLENT

JUSTIN DRANK TOO MANY 4LOKOS AND WON'T WAKE UP

Please, someone wake me up from this cruel nightmare. Justin, yes, Justin, the one who so daringly fucked and fucked some more during his first week at college, drank eight 4Lokos and is lying unresponsive in his Dunham double. Justin, with your silken hair. Justin, Juul-ripper extraordinaire. Justin, whose chiseled shoulders could carry the weight of the world, is lying there, unconscious and foaming slightly at the mouth.

How did it come to this, Justin? The night started with Justin boldly declaring he was going to drink every flavor of 4Loko. “How could this go wrong?” we all thought, remembering that time Justin fucked, but forgetting that even this Adonis was susceptible to alcohol poisoning.

Justin started with watermelon. “Tastes like a fucking orgasm feels. I would know, I’ve fucked,” Justin exclaimed as he crushed the can on his head. One Loko down. Then onto peach, which Justin pointed out looks like a nice ass if you’re horny enough. Two Lokos down. Upon sipping the sour apple, a faint blue tint appeared in Justin’s cheeks. Three Lokos down. “This fruit punch tastes aight,” Justin gurgled as he choked back vomit. Four Lokos down. Onto the strawberry lemonade and out came Justin’s repressed memory of wanting to dance ballet.

“That’s OK, Justin,” we cried. “Your masculinity is not defined by your interest in econ, cars, and fucking.” Five Lokos down. Then down Justin’s throat went 4Loko red, or as he put, “the ancient shaman’s blood that shall awaken the spirit of the cosmic lobster.” Six Lokos down. When he reached gold, we saw that this man was King Midas, capable of turning anything gold by fucking it. Seven Lokos down. Oh, Justin, why did you have to sip the Loko black? You could have stopped at seven, but in the two weeks we’ve known you, you’ve never backed down, especially when it comes to 4Lokos and fucking. Eight Lokos down.

Heavy lies the crown on the man who has it all, and Justin’s head sagged under that burden. Justin was a comet entering Hamilton’s atmosphere. Not even Joe DiMaggio fucked his first week at college. Justin couldn’t handle all that pressure, so he drank all the Lokos, and now look at him, possibly dead on the floor of Dunham. We aren’t going to call an EMT though, that’s for guys who don’t fuck.

Cried throughout the ages by Mr. Paull ’20

Think You’re Too Lit to Quit?

Do you...

- Want to connect to other people at Hamilton?
- Long to appreciate natural beauty?
- Wish to return to your youth when you enjoyed things other than drinking cheap booze in the Glen at 3:00 AM and when your parents still loved you?

Well, we have the program for you! Hamilton’s Orientation Program has teamed up with the Counseling Center to create a new trip: the Alcoholics Anonymous, or AA, experience. Unlike other orientation trips, all students can enroll in the AA program. This allows upperclassmen to pretend to be first-years who have yet to waste their parents money by binge drinking during finals week!

Hamilton’s AA program follows similar principles to those of traditional Alcoholics Anonymous programs, but Hamilton students hold the unique privilege of working past their addictions in the middle of the woods! With the swarms of bugs, daily five mile hikes, and a shortage of bathrooms, nobody’s going to care about withdrawal symptoms.

Alcoholics Anonymous programs often focus upon submitting to a higher power. At Hamilton’s AA program, members worship the truest sacred power of all; the Guiding Light, AKA the trip leader’s cell phone. During nights, group members admit their faults to the Guiding Light, allow it to remove their sins, and pray it will get enough GPS service to get the group out alive.

Hamilton’s AA program packs all the necessary steps to quit drinking forever in an exhilarating five days, thanks to Hamilton’s flexible and attentive mental health staff. Other schools like Colgate provide addiction care in air conditioned buildings, which certainly doesn’t build as much character as sleeping in the mud.

The new Hamilton AA trip occurs during Hamilton’s regular orientation trips. But unlike the other trips, participants stick together throughout the year and attend reunions at Babbitt frat parties.

For students interested in the trip, at least seven points are required. Bring a sleeping bag, water bottle, and a towel for when somebody inevitably vomits in the tent.



And you thought trips here couldn’t get any more disappointing.

Discovered in a Commons soup pot by Mr. McCarthy ’22

^{rejected} RED WEATHER: *Haikus from a Lost Freshman*

a whooping frat boy
leading his herd to diner
searching for fried hope

fluorescent waffles
chalky cement on all sides
how do I get out

where are all the forks
my butt is always chairless
and who is Ronnie?

roasted coffee beans
warm cookie crumbs dribble down
my slightly hairy chin

strangers everywhere
nothing familiar here
lonely, hungry, damp

a huge concrete maze
passed the same room three times now
i just need to print

At last- i see light
Oh wait no it’s just campo
why’d they give me points?

Discovered etched into walls by Ms. Dickmeyer ’19

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WRILEY HAMILTON NELSON
BENJAMIN PAUL KALLUS
ANDREW DOUGLAS MCCARTHY
DIANA SYDNEY BARRY
Copyeditors
CLAIRE NICHOLSON
SAMANTHA GABRIELLE KAPPAHN

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