**ADMINISTRATION CANCELS PEACE PRIZE DEATH MATCH PLANS BORING PANEL DISCUSSION INSTEAD**

**LAID BACK SOPHOMORE’S GUITAR-LIKE THING TOTALLY ABOUT TO GET HIM SOME ASS ON THE DUNHAM QUAD**

It’s a banjo-lim...or is it a dobro? Or the key to your heart? By Mr. Wesley ’16

(EVERY GODDAMN CAMPUS IN SPRING) Last Thursday, freshmen leaving Dunham were treated to the dulcet tones of John Jacobi ‘Bergin ’15. The music, described by Bergin as “a disco, bluesgrass fusion with a touch of pop,” seemed well received by several freshman girls who were casually searching for him on Tinder.

Leah DeTolla ’16, when asked about her thoughts on his playing, responded enthusiastically saying, “I can’t even begin to understand how much talent playing an instrument like this takes.” She went on to cite the artistic vision and mysterious, free-spirited jumble of notes as reasons why she would totally buy the solo album he reportedly recorded, but left in his Bundy城堡.

Music major Courtney Schaffer ’14 was confused about the hype around the sophomore. “I don’t understand how tapping a tin can to a detuned guitar makes a new instrument, or how playing the same three notes can be called music,” Schaffer said. “His vocals sound like a confused, mentally challenged donkey covering ‘Call Me Maybe.’” She went on to complain about how his beard was grown to just the perfect length, “His vocals sound like a confused, mentally challenged donkey covering ‘Call Me Maybe.’”

John stated that he created ‘The Cacophonia’ to stick it to his Instrument Design professor, who had just kicked him out of the course for bringing a piss soaked carpet to class and shouting “The Dude will not abide!” when told to leave it outside. When asked how long he had been working on the instrument, he interjected saying, “This instrument is a she and she is named Leah after that really chill freshman chick, so you can direct your questions to her.” At last report, Leah had no comment.

**FRESHMAN TAKE OPEN Mic NIGHT AS OPPORTUNITY TO TALK ABOUT HIS FEELINGS**

Counseling department worried about growing competition

By Mr. Spinney ’16

I’m so sad, I’m so very very sad dept.

(A DARKENED OPUS 1) On Thursday night Hamilton hosted another installment of our campus’ most coveted event: Open Mic Night. Enthusiastic students entering were quoted as saying, “I feel like our campus is the only place that does this” and “This was such a creative idea! Why has nobody thought of it before?”

The night’s acts included like a shit ton of poetry, someone singing the latest Lana Del Rey song, and a Freshman attempting to be funny. At least, everybody thought he was trying to be funny.

When William Tuirello ’16 began his set with, “I’m going to tell you all a story,” everyone assumed he was going to be doing one of those story stand-up bits.

“I love Dane Cook,” said attendee Chad Richmond ’15, “so I thought it was just going to be a story with a lot of hilarious noises that didn’t really fit the scenario. God was I wrong.” For the next half hour, Tuirello re-galed the audience with tales of a normal, upper-middle class upbringing, with prep school and summers in Bermuda that he was quoted as calling, “just so damn hard.”

Senior Finally Finds Answer at the Bottom of the Bottle

Buys another bottle to double check, for science

By Ms. Browne ’13

Senioritis Dept.

(MINOR FIELD) In a glorious afternoon of day-drinking, one senior made an amazing discovery: there is, in fact, an answer at the bottom of the bottle. Driven nearly mad by thesis-related anxiety and desperation for any employment prospects for after graduation, Alex Leland ’13 was stunned, more than a few beers in, to discover that the meaning of life lay at the bottom of his Keystone Light.

The discovery induced a moment of Archimedes-like energy, in which Leland screamed “EUREKA!” to discover that the meaning of life lay at the bottom of the bottle, Senior Week is actually the most important week of college! CAMP HAMMY!”

In light of this momentous achievement, President Barack Obama issued a public statement thanking Leland for his hard work and dedication and recognizing him as a national hero. In addition, the village of Clinchburg has been recently been spotted holding a sign outside McEwen that reads, “PREP SCHOOL DIDN’T PREPARE ME FOR THE PAIN.” Needless to say, the diner has been very packed these last couple days.

With graduation about a month away, members of the class of 2013 are absolutely ecstatic. “All my problems are solved,” one anonymous senior exclaimed. “My plan to move into the Glen and binge drink my way to graduation will turn out to be the secret to my success!”

Katie Leisters ’13 added, “If the secret is at the bottom of the bottle, Senior Week is actually the most important week of college! CAMP HAMMY!”

“In other news, Tuirello has been recently been spotted holding a sign outside McEwen that reads, “PREP SCHOOL DIDN’T PREPARE ME FOR THE PAIN.” Needless to say, the diner has been very packed these last couple days.

In this issue: THE SUN

**FRESHMAN PICKS UP BILBO'S MITHRIL VEST AT CLOTHING SWAP**

**OLD PEOPLE REFLECTING ON SEX**

“"There it is."

"The good part of Alzheimer’s is thinking you’re having sex with a new woman every night. The bad part is EVERYTHING ELSE."

"I was just waiting for the punch line, but it never fucking came," said Ron Barston ’14, the Cafe Opus worker at the time. "It got so bad, that people started asking for whiskey and ‘the loudest fucking pita chips you have’ when they came up.”

The performance was halted when Tuirello pulled out a boom box and attempted to read the note from the end of The Breakfast Club.

This reporter attempted to reach out to Tuirello in order to get the true story behind his performance, but only received an email response saying, “I wish to be alone now. Tell my father he’s a dick.” The Duel Observer reached out to Mr. Tuirello with his son’s message and received a short email back:

“I know my son’s a real pain in the ass. He did the same thing when we sent him off to summer camp in the Catskills before his freshman year of high school. Said something about death marches or some shit. Just tell him to calm the fuck down and he’ll get over it in two weeks. How much money do I owe Joanie for this one?”

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PHINEAS P. WURTERBOTTOM REVIEWS SPRING FASHION

Good day, plebes! It is I, your sartorial arbiter Phineas P. Wurterbottom, here to ring in the world's rebirth by reviewing the latest spring fashions.

As Wordsworth once tweeted, “Spring is here! #yo-lo.” Indeed it is, dear William. On a few strolls over the Hill this past week, I took note of the prevailing styles permeating the Hamilton aesthetic. Mother Nature breathes deep, and the dress of her children teems with sass and inspiration.

Sunglasses (inside)
Many brutish men of bronze complexion sport protective eye-wear, complementing mesh tank tops and the like. Unless you're legally blind, eye protection stays where it's needed. If you are legally blind, I would love a chance to play with your adorable puppy.

Floral dresses
While whimsically reminiscent of the English pastoral, floral dresses still make you look like a grandma. Tally-ho, Mununa Wurterbottom!

Jorts
Though typically derided as a lazy choice of the impoverished and the socially inept, I find jean-shorts a refreshing rejection of the denim norm, legwear, and human dignity; this is doably so when the shorts are masterfully handcrafted from a previous beloved pair of pantaloons and dyed with the finest ketchup and mustard in the style known as 'cut offs.' Bravo!

Pashmina Shawl
The black plague—a dear friend to me for its annihilation of my bloodline's archival, the House of Sussex—is long gone. Yet some contagious neck rash must be circulating, for that's the only legitimate reason I can think of to be wearing these god-awful unnecessary scarves. A tidy aspect remains the only acceptable neck accessory for either (aside from a neckerchief, of course) (wait, and also cray-vats) (and also a tiny string of pearls for when you feel like dressing up like a beautiful lady).

Thick Eyebrows
Aesthetically the pinnacle of human style, it is rare to see them ever since the Woamn's Center started angrily throwing green apples at every man they caught wearing one.

What is ketchup? No, no, I know what it's made of. I formed that this is not the pub, he changed his order to a jell-o shot. Why are they called stovecakes? #DeepFriedInThought

P. Wurterbottom, here to ring in the world's rebirth by reviewing the latest spring fashions.

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LIVE-TWEETING DINER B
The Duel found these tweets on the Twitter account of an unnamed Diner employee, who decided to live-tweet his Diner B shift last weekend.

DinerKillsMe @Alain_at_DinerB 27 Apr
The amount of alcohol consumed on campus is directly proportional to the length of time before you hear the words “gender binary.”

DinerKillsMe @Alain_at_DinerB 27 Apr
Tonight’s same-sex to gender-binary time: 35 minutes. Record: 47 seconds—immediately after someone put a Madonna song on the jukebox.

DinerKillsMe @Alain_at_DinerB 27 Apr
The episode of barking the scent of frying oil permanently burned into my nostrils is that I can’t smell the alcoholic fumes on the students.

DinerKillsMe @Alain_at_DinerB 27 Apr
Why are they called fltagsque? They’re not jacked and they only flip if you throw them at people. #DeepFriedInTheBrain

DinerKillsMe @Alain_at_DinerB 27 Apr
One sense just tried to order a beer. When informed that this is not the pub, he changed his order to a jell-o shot.

DinerKillsMe @Alain_at_DinerB 27 Apr
Some guy is passed out in a booth and I’m not sure if he’s breathing, but I think the students will kill me if I stop cooking to check.

DinerKillsMe @Alain_at_DinerB 27 Apr
If you make pancakes on an open stovetop, shouldn’t they be called stovecakes? #DeepFriedInTheBrain

DinerKillsMe @Alain_at_DinerB 27 Apr
A girl just came in alone and got a pint of French vanilla, but that’s still less sad than the guy who waited 45 minutes for his French vanilla.

DinerKillsMe @Alain_at_DinerB 27 Apr
French vanilla is, however, the saddest flavor of ice cream. It just wants to be different from normal vanilla, but nobody notices and nobody cares.

DinerKillsMe @Alain_at_DinerB 27 Apr
What is ketchup? No, no, I know what it’s made of. I mean, what is it really, on a sociological level?

DinerKillsMe @Alain_at_DinerB 27 Apr
We’re done. I’m gonna go eat a bag of celery and cheap sparkling cider, in the hopes that a Diner B and an anti-Diner B will cancel out.

Retweeted by Mr. Hostetter ‘13

TIME IT TAKES TO DELETE AN EMAIL BY SUBJECT LINE
By Mr. Goebel ‘15

Comments?
Email duel@hamilton.edu
Complaints?
Or find us on the interweb!
Recipes?
http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/