山西大学体育学院

太拖认察光到沦是于

By Ms. Hester 13

DUEL OBSERVER

“Knoweth Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

February 22, 2013

STOP CALLING MY FOOD SLOW!
IT JUST NEEDS MORE TIME ON TESTS

DIK DECIDES TO THROW
“CAUCASIAN PARTY”

Literally zero members think to question this decision

By Ms. Yurkofsky '15

18508 DEPT.

(KJ CIRCLE) This past week, members of Hamilton College’s preeminent fraternity, DIK, began planning a party they hilariously decided to name “The Caucasian Party.” While many members of the Hamilton community have raised objections of this theme, DIK president Derek Wallace ‘13 sees no issue.

“It’s just a color!” Wallace exclaimed indignantly, while casually lifting up his shirt and rubbing his chest to Snapchat a picture of his erect nipple to some lucky recipient. After being informed that ‘Caucasian’ is not, in fact, a color, Wallace was unperturbed. “Whatever, bro. We’re not talking about some anthropology paper here. It’s a fucking dress code, so who gives a fuck?”

The invitation asks students to exclusively wear colors along the ‘Caucasian spectrum,’ which, the Duel’s research team has determined, is not actually a thing. However, the email defines it as ‘from Pasty Irish to Olive-toned Italian and everything in between.’

Although DIK Brothers insist that any race is welcome, many non-white students feel marginalized by the exclusivity of this theme. Wallace finds this absurd. “Between my Uncle Saxby and my DIK connections, I’m pretty much guaranteed to be a senator,” he said, trying and failing to raise one eyebrow, giving up, and rolling a joint. “You really think I can afford to piss off minority voters?”

While news of the party shocked and offended some students, in others it spurred good-natured mirth in the field of Tweet possibilities. Jasmine Rayson ‘15, known to many as @vaginosaurs93, reportedly learned of the party while checking her email mid-fellatio. Apparently, in her haste and excitement to left-handedly tweet “caucasian party wtf DIK #obamaawdlbeipissed,” Rayson gave what her boyfriend described as “the greatest head of all time,” so at least something positive came out of all this.

HAMILTON NO LONGER ACCREDITED DAYCARE

Middle States denies re-application

By Mr. Goebel '15

KNOW THYSELF DEPT.

(STEALING TOOTIE ROLLS FROM HEALTH CENTER) On a recent visit to Hamilton College, the Middle States Association for Colleges and Schools refused to re-accredit the school, citing the college’s environment as “no longer in line with our standards for daycares across the country.”

“When we last visited Hamilton ten years ago, its students enjoyed a carefree but educational lifestyle with little to no real responsibility,” Thomas Aceton, head of the visiting Middle States committee, explained. “But now… Do you believe that the dining hall staff doesn’t cut up the food they make before serving it? How can the youngsters be expected to know to cut it into smaller pieces before eating it? I’m amazed more haven’t choked to death.”

After the announcement, President Stewart reportedly received over 800 e-mails from parents, the subject line of each some variation of “Where is my tuition money going?” President Stewart defended the college in an open letter:

“We have always said that we hold your child’s tuition money going?!” President Stewart defended

The college in an open letter:

With a combination of structured and unstructured time, at Hamilton your children are nurtured, encouraged to develop as individuals who, hopefully, will someday become healthy, responsible young adults able to enter the real world and, with any luck, even wipe themselves without adult supervision.

“We have always said that we hold your child’s hand every step of the way, and we stand by that claim today. I think the Career Center is proof enough of that.”

Stewart went on to state her intentions to appeal the decision, citing plans to expand the Burke library’s all-night reading room into a full-fledged napping area complete with beds, soft blue blankets individually embroidered with each student’s initials, and an assortment of communal stuffed animals, including elephants, bears, and, of course, unicorns.

In this issue: Your My Our Anal Beads

Kid Shows Up at Outing Club with List of Potentially Gay Students

TRUE PRESIDENTIAL RECIPES FOR SUCCESS

Hoover says, “Nothing exemplifies outstanding leadership like a fearful, cowering workforce.”

See “Told to go take a hike,” pg. 8

Gay: Totally Not Gay:

90% chance she’s not using that extra chair.

High probability loneliness game of Connect 4

Who’s that lady sitting at the table?

Open Hour Forecast

1:03 p.m. 1:37 p.m. 1:57 p.m.
For Ever Alone

90% chance she’s not using that extra chair.
High probability loneliness game of Connect 4 Who’s that lady sitting at the table?
Dear Everyone,

Damn, it’s bright out here! I mean one minute you’re all nice and cozy and about to start in on your fourth reading of *Fifty Shades of Grey* and the next you’re in some guy with a mask’s arms in a white room with huge fluorescent lights on you. And you know what he does first? He hits you square on the ass without even saying hello. Who does that? It was like when Christian first spanked Ana, but less mentally satisfying. I’m guessing colder too.

But anyway, what I really want to talk about is how no one on this planet seems to listen. I mean I’m sitting at home playing *Slay At That Spot On The Ceiling* or *What Do My Fingers Taste Like* when all of a sudden I get hungry so I call out, “Hey mom, can I please have a snack?” and she rushes in and asks if I need to be changed. No I do not need to be changed, I need a snack! If you asked me for a light I wouldn’t ask if you wanted a pineapple. Are you guys all this clueless?

Lastly, I have this friend Clark, he’s a polar bear, and he would like me to ask you folks to kindly stop royally screwing over his other polar bear friends. Sure, a couple of people have been mauled, and they’re really really sorry about that, but is that any reason to melt an entire region? I think instead we should build a massive polar bear hotel in Siberia for all the bears to live, and see if that’s any better.

Sincerely,

Adam P. Sinclair, Hamilton Class of 2034

Transcribed by Collin Spinney ’16

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**Career Talk: Embezzlement!**

Do you love money, but don’t have the skills or the knowledge to earn it? Don’t worry!

If you’ve always had a knack for taking what doesn’t belong to you, throw off those handcuffs, clip on those cuffslinks, and come see the next Career Talk at the Hamilton Career Center!

**Contact the Hamilton Career Center for more details, or dial 1-800-TAKE-ALL.** By Mr. Swett ’16

Hamilton alum and local inmate #4501, John F. Dooley (AKA The Hamburger), will be this week’s guest speaker for Career Talk. He’ll tell interested students how he embezzled over $50 million in cash, and how you can too!

Hello Dearie!

Your mother was just telling me about this Rocky Whorey you’re going to and I simply had to write you about it. It sounds like such fun! All of the boys dress like girls to impress the girls, and all of the girls dress like strumpets to impress the boys, oh, I wish we had parties like that when I was your age. I also wish I could have gone to college when I was your age, then I might’ve supported myself and not have to get hitched to that piece of shit you call a grandpa and who knows where who we’d be! Well I don’t know where I would be, anyway, you probably wouldn’t exist. I know your father wouldn’t have, anyway, Holy Father knows I never wanted kids.

You know the whole thing reminds me a bit of your mother? I remember back when she first started dating your father, she would wear outfits like yours all the time! Of course it was a bit less fun for her, having to do it on weekdays, and having to keep tak-

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**Friday 5: Things not to bring up during your RA interview**

Compiled by Ms. Bodzas ’16

1. Passion for group massage therapy.

I want my floor to feel like a family. And a family that learns together buys essential oils together. Forget chair massages— we can assure Res Life that I’ll be able to knead the stress away any day of the week. Even, and especially at late night— you’ve got to be crazy to turn down a surprise midnight massage, am I right?

2. Creepily specific interest in Root kids.

A lot of people gloss over the fact that the Root kids are the heart and soul of this campus. They give us meaning. Without the Root kids, it’s like Hamilton itself has no substance. There’s something so alluring about the innocence and purity in Root— snagging sub-free freshmen and sophomores is probably my most wholesome pastime, if we want to be real. And don’t get me started about the Wertzmites— so secluded, so mysterious, so sexy.

3. If you look me up in federal census records, you probably won’t find anything.

Alternatively, look up my stage name.

4. I’m not technically a student.

Last semester, I accidentally audited what was either a documentary cinema studies class or a bunch of sophomores watching YouTube clips of furry animals and parkour in the Red Pit. I’ve been living under the bridge for a few weeks, which has been pretty chill, but I enjoy calm naps in the Opus ceiling hammocks.

5. When people talk, I only hear a low gurgling sound about 50% of the time.

My friends say I’m still really personable.

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