

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXI, ISSUE IX

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

APRIL 19, 2013

## HEARD YOU LIKE CONVOLUTED JOKES GO TOKE A HOLE IN THE OH! P'ZONE™ LAYER

### PLEDGE MASTER CONVERTS TO PACIFISM Spanks pledges with carnations in- stead of paddles

By Ms. Caswell '14

HORTICULTURE DEPT.

(THE PART OF THE GLEN YOU WOULD NEVER GO TO PAST SUNSET) Junior Pledge Master for notorious campus fraternity DIK, Jack B. Lowhard '14, was chosen for his position because of his particularly menacing characteristics. He's been known to make the burliest of freshman rushers cry, and it's even rumored he terrified a prospective student into drinking a whole Mad Dog at once while his parents looked on.

“Kid is crazy,” DIK brother Adam Williams '15 says. “I've seen him kill a squirrel with his bare hands and then eat it. Fur and all.” At a staggering 6'5” and 275lbs, Jack B. Lowhard is best known around campus for terrifying first years and kicking puppies.

So it came as a shock when last week, Lowhard publicly announced over Facebook that he was converting to pacifism.

Many questioned Lowhard, especially since technically pacifism isn't a religion and therefore doesn't require conversion. Nevertheless, suddenly he was spotted wearing flowers in his hair and sponsoring sing-a-longs in his dark Carnegie quad. His Hummer H3 now has “Make love, not war!” and “Coexist” stickers stamped over old blood-splattered “I BRAKE FOR NOTHING” stickers.

At first, DIK brothers thought Lowhard's new rosy disposition was due to some bad side effects from the acid they all dropped last weekend, but they agree that not even copious amounts of acid could account for such a drastic shift in personality. “He's started going to HEAG meetings,” brother Adam Mozule '15 whispered. “He's even

See “Pledge Master Pacifist” continued on back page.

### TIGER AT JUNGLE JUICE TURNS OUT TO NOT BE SUCH A GOOD IDEA

Amputees Club in the process of being formed

By Ms. Chappell '15

PHANTOM LIMB DEPT.

(UTICA EMERGENCY ROOM) Inspired by *Life of Pi* and the ever-popular Paws and Relax, Hamilton exchanged this year's Great Names speaker for a three-year-old Bengali Tiger named Harris, who stole the spotlight at Jungle Juice last Saturday.

“I really miss my cat, Snickers, so I jumped at the chance to spend some time with a kitty,” sighed Amy Dumasse '14. “But then we thought, why not make it all the more realistic? Let's get a tiger! Plus, pet therapy is really helpful for reducing stress,” Dumasse continued, waving the bloody stump of her left arm enthusiastically.

Students were thrilled about this addition to the evening's festivities and eagerly crowded around the animal, congratulating themselves for finally understanding what it's like to live in the Amazon.

Unfortunately, things took a turn for the violent when Harris discovered that thirty blackout freshmen are essentially indistinguishable from a herd of brain-damaged antelope.

“He hasn't had this much fun since we took him on a field trip to the Root preschool,” the tiger's handler reported while Harris happily gnawed on a sophomore's corpse in

the background.

The Health Center staff were shocked to find a line of bleeding, semiconscious students outside their doors on Monday morning. Never ones to freeze in a crisis, the nurses persevered in handing out condoms and cough drops to every maimed and limbless individual who stumbled across the doorstep.

Hamilton's administration is valiantly trying to make the best of the situation.



“Of course it's a bit of downer to begin the week with multiple student deaths, but we're very excited to announce that the class of 2017 will be able to enjoy the newly established Bundy Large Cat Sanctuary!” admissions officer Tabitha Gray said.

When asked if students will be expected to live in Bundy alongside Harris the Tiger, Res Life responded with a strong affirmative.

“We're thinking this can be the sophomore equivalent of the new Freshmen Experience program,” Housing Coordinator Ms. Tina Lyon explained.

“Freshmen will have the privilege of living in Carnegie, and sophomores will get to live in constant fear of permanent mutilation. Plus, it will teach valuable life skills, like to keep one's door locked at all times and to never make noise after sundown.”

### SEASON TURNS JUST IN TIME FOR ACCEPTED STUDENTS DAY

Man, this is going to be dumb if it's gross out when we print

By Mr. Johnson '14

SUSPICIOUS COINCIDENCES DEPT.

(THE GARDEN OF FUCKING EDEN, APPARENTLY) The majority of the student body was much relieved to awaken to a beautiful day Monday: bright, warm, and just perfect for outdoor bangin'.

To Environmental Studies major and future cashier Buzz Callahan '13, however, Monday represented the latest in a decades long mystery: why does the Pandora's box of bad weather our school is usually enveloped in let up once a year?

“It's just not right, man,” Callahan shared in an exclusive interview. “Weather shouldn't just change for prospie day the way it does. Do you realize it's only ever snowed once on Accepted Students Day, in 1989? It was literally cotton candy.”

Through the classic investigative tool of alcoholic bribes, *The Duel* learned that there are actually a number of traditional ceremonies the administration goes through in order to bring about good weather.

“Well, they're all very simple, fun little things,” claimed

President Stewart. “Like, I'm not allowed to mention the weather at all that weekend, and the head of admissions walks around the flagpole in the morning, silly things like that. Oh, and the night before, we sacrifice a virgin.”

“It's really a bit antiquated, I suppose. We hogtie 'em, slice 'em with the goosequill weathervane, and leave 'em in the Glen. Did you all really not notice?” The president continued,



“The Satanic ritual will take place in Annex B”

“Why did you think membership has been dwindling in the Pinochle Club?”

“Oh and no, we don't know whom or what we're sacrificing to, though I've always suspected Indie; it'd explain his general disregard for human life, plus his forked tongue and third eye. I really don't know what the Jillingeses see in that dog.”

Students were by and large unfazed by the news that their fellows were being slain that the rest might thrive, the most common reason being, “Pffft, like any of us are even virgins, haha, yeah right, I totally bone like five times a day. A week? However much is normal, I bone that much.”

Even Callahan admitted that the change “really is nice after our terrible winters, and it sure makes hazing easier. You know what they say: April showers, ground-fucking empowers.”

### In this issue: Virgin Sacrifice

Podiums in Classrooms Actually Long  
Dormant Transformers



See “That's why nothing works in KJ” pg. 3

OLD PEOPLE REFLECTING ON  
SEX



“Wrinkles are just vaginas you didn't know existed twenty years ago.”

HOUSING FORECAST

9 A.M.

10 A.M.

11 A.M.

No. 2



High probability you have a thousand new friends!

No.106



.01% something goes wrong rooming with your significant other.

No. 550



“I've been forced to take refuge under the bridge.”



Caption Contest!  
Submit captions to [duel@hamilton.edu](mailto:duel@hamilton.edu)

## Tender Taps

Continued from "Pledge Master Pacifist"

pledged to go veg!" Mozule continued.

Pledges were thoroughly confused when at their most recent weekly spanking ritual, their tensed and tenderized buttocks' were not met with one of the usual assortment of paddles, floggers, belts, cat-o-nines, hairbrushes, or switches. Rather, they felt the light caress of a fragrant assortment of pansies, carnations, and long stemmed roses with the thorns cut off.

Each "ThankyousirmayIhaveanother?!" was even met with a rather jovial "You're welcome!" by Lowhard according to Trap.

When asked what caused this sudden shift, all Lowhard would say was, "I have seen the way of the Lord and am glad for it. Namaste," before gesturing with a strange series of hand movements and then returning to his morning yoga routine.

The shift is certainly strange, but stranger still are the increasing number of DIK brothers spotted growing their hair out long and running barefoot through the Glen. Even stranger: the sun is out, people are smiling and greeting each other warmly, and strangest of all, there seems to be no snow. We aren't saying it's all because of Jack B. Lowhard and his personality shift, but hey, a week ago it was snowing and a week ago Lowhard was still a ravenous prick. That's all we're saying.

## Erin Cambell

198 College Hill Road • Clinton NY 13323  
315-843-3895 • [nowimabelieber@hotmail.com](mailto:nowimabelieber@hotmail.com)

April 12, 2013

To Whom It May Concern:

Hear me out. I've been through a lot since my previous application (See: Erin Campell, Cover Letter March 2012. Most Improved's gotta count for something, right?). But let's get to business. Can we take a moment to appreciate my skill set? I am a top-notch paper stapler, water cooler gossip, and client phone call schmoozer.

I'm not qualified to do literally almost anything. I count on my fingers and usually tip absurdly high out of percentage-calculation anxiety. I still use the Paperclip office assistant on MS Word. One time I self-diagnosed a case of carpal tunnel on WebMD - ever since, I've been typing slower than my arthritic grandfather because precaution is so goshdarn important. In the past year, I've graduated to three-word responses to questions on the telephone, though awkward dismissals are still pretty prevalent if my conversation partner has an accent, PhD, or any seductive quality in their voice. I have a short term memory of about seven seconds if I'm sober, five if that was mediocre coffee, and three if it has to do with a Windows desktop or "mandatory meeting time and location."

I'm no stranger to rejection, on levels professional, personal, and spiritual. I get denied on a regular basis. The history department totally snubbed my thesis proposal on five occasions (Jimmy Carter was important, okay?) and one time Marge even rejected my HillCard for a quick Commons breakfast swipe. The boy on my floor I've been subtly hitting on all semester put the kibosh on things, in, well, his words: "Please just no."

Let's be real, nobody's reading this far, so this paragraph probably won't matter. Lkadsjflkfas fuck fuckadilly alksfjlasf yeah so um There's this one episode of *Rocket Power* where the kids build a fort in the sand dunes and then (I think) bigger kids take it over. The ocean, ultimately, reclaims it. My thoughts keep returning to this cartoon sand fort. I'm pretty sure I'm meant to find it post-grad, find that precious fort and live meaningfully until the ocean reclaims me, too. I'll find it. Not like I'll have anything cooler to do.

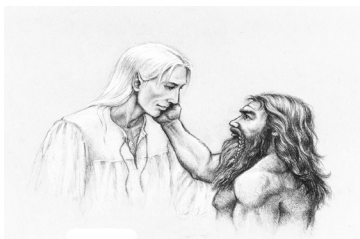
Sincerely,

Erin

Reviewed by Ms. Bodzas '16

## OUTSIDE THE BUBBLE NEWS

All the news with half the calories



Gimli shed a tear

### Auckland, New Zealand

On Wednesday, New Zealand became the thirteenth country to legalize gay marriage. New Zealanders rejoice, but none so much as Legolas and Gimli.

### Paris, France

French *mystique* research suggests that bras are unnecessary as an undergarment. Parisian breast correspondent and bra burner of late, John Boudreau '14, claims his tits have never been more supple or worldly.

Washington D.C., These United Fuckin' States Bitch Senate rejects Universal Background Checks because WHO IS OBAMA'S REAL FATHER???

### Florida, United States

Giant African land snails invade Florida taking revenge on American escargot entrepreneurs, preying on the elderly population, and feasting on rat shit. Don't worry, Florida law enforcement is on the case. As a local official notes, "We have a staff of 50 that's dedicated to nothing but snail hunting."

## EDITOR'S CORNER

### A true, fictional conversation

After contemplating the nature of existence and munching on one too many bread sticks, The Duel Observer sat down, stopped tweeting, and tried to have a serious conversation about boobs.

**Sabrina:** So I hate wearing a strapless bra. It has to be tight enough to hold itself up and other things too.

**Nate:** Ugh, you mean your...

**Sabrina:** Yes! Have you ever tried walking down stairs without a bra? You can get knocked out.

**James:** I feel that's a similar reason for my switch to boxer briefs.

**Nate:** That happens in *The Great Gatsby*. Woman gets hit by a car and Fitzgerald literally describes her tit "flapping" in the wind.

**John:** "The answer my friend, tits blowin' in the wind"

**Sirianna (from *The Spec*):** That's a good song!

**Sabrina:** When I hear the word titlating I always think of a tit flapping.

**John:** It's like a combination of tits and undulating.

**James:** What exactly does undulating mean?

**John:** Undulating is when something you don't like jiggles.

**Sabrina:** Have I ever shared the story of weighing my boobs? I feel like my boob weight shouldn't count. So I weigh them and subtract them from my weight.

**John:** I tried to weigh my junk but then I somehow lost weight.

**James:** It was probably because your junk was resting on the towel rack.

**Sabrina:** I had a fight with someone about how often you wash your towel.

**Nate:** You're supposed to wash your towels?

**John:** Moisture breeds bacteria.

**James:** My junk breeds bacteria.

**Nate:** What?

**James:** Sorry. That was off the cuff.



## THE DUEL OBSERVER

JOHN KEVIN BOUDREAU

*Editor-out-Chief/ The Warm Weather*

SABRINA ESTHER YURKOFSKY

*Interim Editor-in-Chief/ Girls in Short Shorts*

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*Editor-in-Leaf/ Men in Sundresses*

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*Layout Editor/ Pale as Fuck Legs*

WILLIAM CAMERON SINTON II

*Instagram Photo Journalist/ Atlas Shrugged Pt. 2*

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

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### Senior Staff Writers

JOHN PATRICK KENNEDY

JOHN ANDREW CARLYSLE JOHNSON

JAMES JOSEPH LAVELLE

COLIN NATHAN HOSTETTER

KATHERINE LOUISE JOYCE

### Staff Writers

J. ANDREW PHILLIP SCHNACKY

HANNAH CURTIS CHAPPELL

SARAH ALEXANDRA CASWELL

MICHAEL LOUIS DYER

ADAM PATRICK GWILLIAM

DAVID BENJAMIN SNYDER

NATHAN TAYLOR GOEBEL

### Contributors

ZOË BIGGE BODZAS

### Artistes

CHARLOTTE HINIKER SIMONS

### Copy Editors

SARAH MCCOY BITHER

LILLIAN FRANCES MCCULLOUGH

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