**TENSIONS RISE IN MILBANK 44**

Friendships ruined due to argument over ownership of leftover pizza  
By Mr. Grebey ’12
  April 23, 2010

**Based upon a true story dept.**

(MILBANK 44) Though the end of the school year is in sight, arguments between the six residents of Milbank 44 have reached new levels and passive aggressiveness has given way to outright shanking.

“They keep the suite disgusting,” Chris Finch ’11 snipped. “Because all our shot glasses are molded over, they’ve been taking shots by cupping their hands. I spent hours yesterday doing dishes after I went to get a mug for coffee and found it full of trash.”

His fellow suitemates put others at fault.

“Chris is a little bitch,” Tim Broman ’12 proclaimed. “Seriously, he’s worse than my room. Clean your room, pick up that trash, don’t do coke on the common room table, don’t taunt my little sister when she’s visiting, blah blah blah,” he said.

Jason Narmouth ’12, who lives in the suite’s double with Broman, complained, “He seizes me almost every night. It’s outrageous. I was fine with it at first but come on. I feel like a refugee on the common room couch. I wrote Amnesty International ‘cause I know they deal with stuff like this.”

“They sent me a letter back asking me to stop wasting their time with my petty problems, but that’s not the point.”

“I know this isn’t really a legitimate complaint,” George Howell ’11 said, “but one of these ashokes takes the foulest smelling dumps every day—it’s like a refugee on the common room couch. I wrote Amnesty International ‘cause I know they deal with stuff like this.”

Heather Wilson ’13, Tim’s girlfriend, noticed a change in his behavior.

“He’s not interested in anything anymore. Last time we tried to bang, he looked at me for a few seconds and then mumbled about when everyone got naked at the party.”

Gribble’s friends were worried he would end up like others who peaked in college, such as Josh Connors ’09, a football star whose life lost all meaning after he graduated. Given that he was a “star” in a bad Division III program, this example is especially depressing.

Other friends tried to talk sense into Gribble.

“Listen, college is awesome,” Liz Roberts ’11 commented, “but you’re supposed to go out into the real world and do bigger and better things, otherwise you’re going to end up like that guy who still runs Trivia Night for the school, and that’s just sad!”

But they worked to no avail. Gribble no longer sees any beauty in a sunset.

In fact, ten years from now, when Gribble holds his newborn child for the first time, he will be unable to muster up any joy, having exhausted that emotion after he made that double overtime behind-the-back shot to win at beruit.

*Editor’s note: just kidding, we love you, Paul!*

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**Sophomore Has Time of His Life at Party**

The rest of his life will be meaningless in comparison  
By Mr. Grebey ’12
  February 25, 2011

**Too awesome a time, bro Dept.**

(MILBANK 44) Tim Gribble ’13 attended a Milbank party last weekend and drunkenly shouted that he “had the best time of [his] life!” He was unaware of the truth in that statement.

The party started out as a pre-game session but quickly became what Campus Safety considers a “classic浴室 rager.” Gribble reportedly achieved the perfect level of drunk, ran the beruit table, was the life of the party, and doomed the rest of his life to miserable mediocrity in comparison.

Tim’s girlfriend, Heather Wilson ’13, noticed a change in his behavior.

“He’s not interested in anything anymore. Last time we tried to bang, he looked at me for a few seconds and then mumbled about when everyone got naked at the party.”

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**Drunken Students Steal the Library**

“If it isn’t firmly bolted to the ground, it’s free for the taking.”

By Mr. Grebey ’12
  April 8, 2011

**College is a scavenger hunt dept.**

(FORMER SITE OF THE LIBRARY) Students and faculty alike awoke last Sunday morning to find that the Burke Library, a longstanding fixture and eyecatcher on campus, had been stolen.

The culprits were the residents of Milbank 44, who currently have the library in their common room along with a sign for the KJ Auditorium, a shaft of pepperoni from McEwen, and former Dean of Faculty Joe Urgo.

Tim Broman ’12 was the brains behind this daring, drunken heist. “We were walking out of a rager in Carnegie,” Broman said, “when I walked by the library and thought that it would look good in my room next to my Dave Matthews Band poster.”

Broman and his friends were able to take the library to Milbank without incident. “We were really quiet when we did it though,” Broman added. “Y’know, cause it’s a library.”

One of Broman’s roommates, Don Duquesne ’12 added, “This is better than that time we went suite shopping and we stole that guy’s Mercedes.”

When asked why they wanted to steal these things in the first place, the Milbank 44 roommates were at a loss for an answer, although undiagnosed kleptomania is a likely cause.

Hamilton College has a long history of theft. The first instance dates back to the school’s establishment, when the founders stole a lot of Native American land. Hamilton was also implicit with the theft of Kirkland College, hundreds of thousands of dollars in tuition, and the innocence of Jessica Mintle ’14.

When asked about potential disciplinary action, campus spokesman John Nitterman Jr. remarked, “Getting a new library will be really expensive, but at least we don’t have to look at that ugly-ass carpet anymore. I’m calling this one a wash. Students see the color of vomit every weekend; they don’t need to see it during the week.”

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**Congratulations, James Grebey!**

Voted Best Stripper, Most Likely to Suffer Horrific Knee Pain

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**In this issue: the best drawings ever**

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**Rejected 2010**

**C&C Day T-Shirt**

Title: “Alexo Porcus in Repose”  
Artist: Mr. J. Atticus Grebey ’12  
Reason for Rejection: “All submissions must be (relatively) appropriate.”
The Fine Art of Penis Drawings
By Mr. Phineas P. Wurterbottom III
ELS Basement was once renowned for its collection of graffiti, which is arguably one of the most artistic forms of vandalism. Sadly, the reconstruction of the building has destroyed old favorites such as the Laxbot 3000 and a supposed gateway to the magical land of Narnia. Despite this, there is still a lot of great art that defaces campus buildings.

A common subject for college graffiti is the phallus. One such example can be found on the face of Henry Bowers ’14. Mr. Bowers passed out with his shoes on last weekend, and an artist took up a sharpie and used his face as a canvas. Notice how the shaft curves around the cheek and towards his mouth. Truly a terrific work of art. The level of detail in the vein running down the side is remarkable.

On the back of the library, there’s a chalk drawing of another shlong. This one features a mane of hair. The crazed, curvy lines of this pubic fro indicate a mastery of the medium and an aversion to man-scaping.

In Room C of Milbank 41, we can see that an anonymous prankster-artist has drawn large penises all over the occupant’s walls. Artists usually draw what they know, and in this case, this person knows only a severely malformed or diseased penis. This anonymous artist should get him-self to a clinic. A normal penis does not have testes that are that swollen and misshapen. You probably have gonorrhea, and I implore you to seek treatment.

Truly, the plethora of penises that decorate the campus speak to the diversity of the college. They’re all different mediums, styles, shapes, and colors. …Well, actually this is Hamilton we’re talking about, so they’re mostly white.

Mr. Wurterbottom will be taking a job as The Duel Observer’s resident art critic, as he is unable to find work anywhere else because he majored in art history and in this case, this person knows only a Phallic Object: Dressing up as a giant banana, giant hot dog, or even just a giant penis is always a hit. It’s just hilarious, and you’re in no way compensating for anything.

Frankenstein: You know that Frankenstein was the doctor’s name and not the monster, right? The monster is simply known as the creature. Get it right, please.

Potentious Douchebag: Just go around telling people that Frankenstein was the doctor and not the monster. You’ll make tons of friends.

Shit: Mean Girls had it right. Halloween is a time when people dress up like shit. You can’t go wrong with revealing lingere and some semblance of a theme, like a sexy nurse, sexy cat, or sexy prostitute. As an added bonus, Halloween is the only time of the year left when you can be a ‘ho without SJI running you out of town.

Phallic Object:

Hobo: The classic vag-abond of the American northeast is a very cheap and easy costume to wear. Simply throw on a mishmash of dirty and ill-fitting clothes. In other words, dress like beards do the other 364 days of the year.

Ghostface (from Scream): Every year someone wears this mask. They should stop. It’s not 1996 anymore. Plus, after the very lukewarm reception of Ghostface Killah’s concert last year, do you really want to choose that as your costume?

Phallic Object:

By Mr. Grebey ’12, February 5, 2010

What to Wear this Halloween
By Mr. Grebey ’12
October 30, 2009

Halloween is upon us once again, and while beer and sex have replaced candy, costumes are still a huge part of Halloween. Unfortunately, you won’t be able to dress up like The Dark Knight’s Joker or Sarah Palin this year. That’s in 2009. Instead, here are some costumes that can work… and several that can’t.

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