PARENTS ANNOYED BY STUDENTS’ LYING
Mothers ask: “Why is my kid obsessed with the capital of Lebanon?”
By Mr. Leubsdorf ’10

MORE TEXTBOOK MONEY PLEASE?
(HOME FRONT) Many parents are perplexed by their children’s attempts to hide aspects of their college lives that involve irresponsible activities such as boozing, blazing, and burning copies of Twilight, as asserting that they’ve “been there, done that.”

“Johnny told us that he spends his weekends studying,” Frank Walker P’11 said. “What bullshit! I don’t understand why he lies about that. I grew up in the ’70s. I did far crazier shit than anything he’s ever done, like vote for Richard Nixon.”

“My daughter told me she’s never drank alcohol or smoked pot,” Kristen Belvedere P’13 scoffed. “She Experimentin’ with Tricky Dick doesn’t think I’m a moron. I went to college too. I drank by all the time she spends on Farmville.

“I friended my daughter last week, and learned she seems very interested in agriculture, judging by the amount of Keystones Light and knitting,” the pledge admitted. “Next week, we have to do the keg at the Olympics-themed party...and I heard we also have to land a triple salchow.”

“Pledging is so much fun!!!! I don’t mind it at all!!!!” One freshman girl, who is Jennifer E. B. P’s 12 admitted.

“She seems very interested in agriculture, judging by her e-mails. We believe the system just be-cause it’s so much fun!!!!!” Oscar Slater, Director of Campus Safety, reported with a sigh of nostalgia.

“Pledging is so much fun!!!! I don’t mind it at all!!!!”

THE FUTURE Mrs. Ascher Roth

SORORITY PLEDGING GROWS OUT OF CONTROL
Lisa Mags sighs, swings from flask
By Ms. Riemer-Peltz ’12

CONFORMITY DEPT.
(THE DEANSBORO) As of last week, seven female Hamilton students have been reported as missing. The reason? “It’s pledging season,” Oscar Slater, Director of Campus Safety, reported with a sigh of nostalgia.

“My roommate has been leaving every morning at 5:30 AM with some kind of caged animal,” Rachel Bronstein ’13 commented about her roommate, who has begun pledging Tau Iota Tau. “There’s never been enough sunlight to identify it, but I know it’s there. It sounds like a combination of a werewolf and Betty White.”

One freshman girl, who is pledging Phi Sigma Sigma and wished to remain anonymous, reported that she had to carry various demeaning favors for her older sisters.

“I thought it was bad when they made us do their laundry, but now I have to clip toenails. Other people’s toenails,” the pledge admitted. “Next week, we have to work the leg at the Olympics-themed party...and I heard we also have to land a triple salchow.”

“Pledging is so much fun!!!! I don’t mind it at all!!!!” Chelsea Zimmerman ’13 said. After commenting, she attempted to roller skate across the newly grated bridge while carrying two buckets of water and one of the older sisters on her back. The attempt ended in what is known as “the wet sister pile-up.”

Girls that decided not to pledge reported their suspicions about their friends’ Greek affiliations.

“I just know my friend is pledging Kappa Omega Chi,” Sarah Peterson ’13 stated. “She technically can’t admit it, but it makes total sense.”

“She just got a job at the Mail Center, and everyone knows that all of the KOX sisters work there!”

“This year isn’t the worst so far, but it’s starting to get pretty bad,” Director Slater reported. “We’ve found girls camping out in the Glen which been out there for three weeks. When questioned, they didn’t answer because they’re not allowed to talk to anyone outside of the sorority unless they spoke Klingon.”

“What are they pledging, Phi Beta Dorka?” he added with an innocent giggle. “That’s the kind of wit that propelled me to the top of the Camp Po totem pole.”

In this issue: kvetching, as usual

CHINA SEA®
REJECTED FORTUNES
By Ms. Tomkin ’12

HEAG RELEASES RED MUGS

“Roast horse leg does NOT count as a cultural food for Nebraska.”

“In all of life’s most important facts, take time. Like orgasms.”

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See “More eco-friendly than Solo cups,” pg. 0
Mr. Hamilton Profile: Jimmy Harris ’11
(9th runner-up, named Miss Belligerent)
Represented: Kerfball
Hometown: Just Outside of Boston, MA
Quote: "What? Me in Mr. Hamilton? Jesus Christ, I am so hung-over."

Swimwear: Wore a revealing leopard print banana hammock, which did little to hide the massive erection he was unfortunately sporting.

Formal Wear: Wore a T-shirt and blue jeans, ranting semi-coherently about how he was his own man and wasn’t going to dress up like society told him to. He most memorably shouted: "You guys are Nazis, man! Damn Nazis!"

Talent: Sang Rick Astley’s “Never Gonna Give You Up." He received a negative reaction from the crowd, who complained that the joke was old and overplayed. Amidst the boosing he allegedly mentioned another "talent" that he couldn’t show off in public, before wondering at judge Deve Eng and muttering "call me."

Q&A: When asked what he would do with the Mr. Hamilton title if he won, Jimmy responded that he would devote himself to saving Africa, because "the Ethiopia blend is my favorite at Starbucks." After a period of stunned silence from the crowd, he added "and use the whole giving-a—shit—about-starving-people-thing to pick up chicks."

Judges’ Opinion: Jimmy was given a poor score from all of the judges, who described his performance as "totally lacking in talent," "an offense to my basic human rights," and "the worst thing I’ve seen since last year’s Mr. Hamilton pageant."

Compiled by Mr. Grebey ’12

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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ONLINE SURVEY-TAKERS LIKE YOU

I wish I could tell you some fantastic story about my crazy last Saturday. The problem is that I don’t remember them.

Dear Duel,

I am a pretty busy, important and obviously fucking awesome female upstander who mistakenly dabbled in a silly webcasting for a short time. At Rocky Horror, while speaking to a mutual friend, said yealding appeared in an ill-fitting lacy corset and mangy skirt complete with big mainy hanking boots and proceeded to "hide" from me behind the mutual friend, afraid that I was going to, I don’t know, have a cougar attack and jump his awkward party-over-clad bones. Message to awkward party youngin': sorry I freaked you out by being sexually upfront and wanting to bone and NOT being in love, but fear not, I have far better specimens to geyerly stalk then you. Please being yourself down a few notches accordingly.

-Anonymous, but available, couger

“Duel Survey: Real Rocky Horror Stories, Seriously.”

“It was two Rocky Horrors ago. I was a freshman dressed as a man—a woman, telling a friend of mine that I really wanted to expand my social circle. Later that night, I ran into a group of others, and in the sophisticated language of a senior Hamiltonian in ELS basement, she told me that I should ‘totally hook up with him.’ I’d like to say it was love at first sight, but it was more of a drunken indifference. However, he did look damn good in his heavy eyeliner and skin-tight, damn good in his heavy eyeliner and skin-tight, damn good in his heavy eyeliner and skin-tight, and I realized the answer to that question was yes. —Margaret Thatcher 13 (<— Reference to London, UK.)

“A drunk freshman called me a fag hag and then hit me on shamelessly. Apparently he thought we were close to hooking up, silly freshman. I was sober and there to be entertained, and all the other people were like lingerie clad monkeys. But just because you pay a nickel to see the monkey dance doesn’t mean you want to pet it.”

“Hmm ... Rocky Horror. I had a good time. I think—Amy.”

“I, a dude, wore a corset and eye makeup. Guys were grinding on me constantly.”

“Some guy danced up to me and tried to get me to hump his leg. I thought it was so stealthily avoided his advances so he danced downwards so that his face was level with my crotch. He looked up at me and said ‘is that freaky enough for you!’ and then... ran away.”

OUTSIDE-THE-BUBBLE NEWS

RHODE ISLAND!

Central Falls, Rhode Island

To improve education in a poverty-stricken, local high school, a school board voted to fire all of the teachers. Seriously.

THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD

Beijing, China

After thirteen years China’s Communist Party was level with my crotch. The prob was that I don’t remember them.

I wish I could tell you some fantastic story about my crazy last Saturday. The prob was that I don’t remember them.

Outside-the-Bubble News

Madeleine Albright totally judged you when you drunkenly admitted to identifying with Welcome To My Life by Sample Plan, Puy.

Words of Wisdom with Madeleine Albright

“Madeleine Albright totally judged you when you drunkenly admitted to identifying with Welcome To My Life by Sample Plan, Puy.”

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“My friend and I were taking in the whole wide world and were like lingerie clad monkeys. But just because you pay a nickel to see the monkey dance doesn’t mean you want to pet it.”

“I wish I could tell you some fantastic story about my crazy last Saturday. The problem is that I don’t remember them.

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Words of Wisdom with Madeleine Albright

“Madeleine Albright totally judged you when you drunkenly admitted to identifying with Welcome To My Life by Sample Plan, Puy.”

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Complaints?
Recipes?

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