Bicentennial Highlights That Someday, All of Us Will Die and Only a Few Will Be Remembered

Unforgiving sands of time remain unforgiving

By Mr. Sinton ’13

The opposite of cheers Dept.

(SOMPLACE YOU USED TO LOVE WITH FRIENDS NOW GONE) The Bi-
centennial, heralded as a way to use cheap nostalgia to empty the wallets of apathetic alums, backfired today as everyone involved caught a brief and terrifying glimpse of the meaningless of their lives.

“The abyss stirs back,” Sally May ’12 sobbed, refreshing the Glen with her tears. “I just barely learned my suitemates’ names. Who will remember me? Will they bring flowers to my grave? Will they know I hate roses? WILL THEY?”

Many alums were embittered. Richard Guiseppe ’98 remarked, “My World Politics degree couldn’t even get me to the oral portion of the Foreign Service exam. All I have in the world is Facebook friends, whiskey and at least a few more years of my daughter’s love.”

“I see these names—Wellin, Root, Bristol, Sadove—and I know mine will never be one of them,” Anya Puzczolczyn ’83 added.

Paul Greenough ’14 was left speechless by the enormity of it all and roared gently in the fetal position. Given a few minutes, he finally uttered, “Golf carts are the chariot of this dying civilization.”

However, others such as George Campbell ’76, attempted optimism. “I’m stuck in a dead-end job at a hedge fund and just watched my marriage of twenty years fail.”

“But, even though this all means nothing, I still remember that one time Johnny ripped a line of coke in the Sig house and then shot-gunned a UC. He puked on his own dick. It takes a lot to make me smile, but seriously, that did it. Maybe those little moments are the point of it all. Maybe memories are all we have. But maybe that’s ok.”

Sketchy-Ass Townie Poses as Sophomore’s Parent

And he smells like White Mystery. No, not like the Airheads

By Mr. Launius ’15

Free Candy Van Dept.

(Building with all the free shit and single women) Standing out from the sea of nostalgic alumni and parents on the Hill for family weekend, a foreign figure skulked across campus. Local parasite Chaps P. Goode found his way onto campus for Bicentennial weekend, drawn to the “colorful signs,” “motor vehicles,” “scents of young life,” and inexplicably, the Dunham basement.

“He showed up Friday morning,” Tom Scott ’13 said. “I’m sure most of us assumed he was a parent. Most par-
ents assumed he was an alum. Most girls figured he was one of those old, sketchy townies from the VT. But no one knew for sure he was an imposter until he started shoving all the free stuff down his cargo pants.”

As the day progressed, Goode began wheeling the shit out of students and visitors alike. “He followed me to class on Friday morning,” Saul Westin ’14 said. “The guy started sniffing my neck and calling me ‘son.’”

“He only led me alone when he ran off to steal things like pens from Admis-
sions, a shit ton of those mystery fruits from Commons… I think he carried a rug from Dunham around for a while, too, and those things are like a crabs clinic waiting room.”

The clusterfuck worsened as Westin’s actual father came to visit, finally exposing Goode’s scheme. Francis Westin ’78 tried to greet his son with a hug, but Goode intervened violently.

“That crazy townie bit my goddamn arm,” Westin said post-attack, “and he kept yelling ‘DON’T TOUCH MY BOY, YUPPIE SPUM! I think I might have rabies.”

Rabid or not, Goode left most visitors foaming at the mouth in some sense, displaying unly defense for his supposed “son” and everything he could stuff in his pants. However, the few Hamilton students hailing from Clinton were relatively unfazed by his arrival.

“We’re used to him,” Audrey Shelig ’13 remarked as she watched Goode begin a speedy descent down the Hill, cackling maniacally with pockets full of free granola and dental dams. “Around here, we all call him ‘Dad.’”

Paul Petit ’12, Captain of Hamilton’s Streaking Team, concurs. “We’re always looking for new heights to climb. That’s what defines this group,” Petit announced as his nak-
ed teammates rallied behind him. Armed with a dream and distorted self-confidence, Petit says that come Friday morning, the clothes are coming off for a solid thirty-six hours.

Other members of the team agreed. “I used to walk around naked when I visited my grandma at the nursing home, but the restraining order made things kind of difficult, so I’m really excited to reconnect with the old folks,” Matt Roberts ’14 explained. “I’m super stoked to meet all the al-
ums. Maybe I’ll even score a summer internship.”

The Career Center is thrilled at this new outlook, ac-
knowledging that in the current job market, approaching future employers while wearing nothing but a backpack and running shoes may not be such a bad idea after all.

Such strategies are nothing if not pragmatic. Once again, Hamilton’s students date to prove that with geni-
talia and determination, anything can be accomplished.

In this issue: another 20th century disaster reference

Deaf/Mute Awareness League Finds Silent Disco Offensive

By Ms. Chappell ’15

Psychoanalysis Dept.

(Everywhere. All the Time) As Parents’ Weekend fast approaches, most students prepare for their families’ arrivals by stashing their porn and vodka under stacks of unopened textbooks.

Not so for streaking team extraordinaire, Hubert Hum-
bert ’13, who, in anticipation of meeting his roommate’s family, had set his sights on permanently scarring as many alums, parents, and siblings as possible.

“STREAKERS LOOKING FORWARD TO SHOWING THEIR JUNK TO OLD PEOPLE AND SMALL CHILDREN ON THE WEEKEND

Nothing says “Hi Grandma!” like full-frontal nudity

By Ms. Chappell ’15

Bicentennial Forecast

1812 Birth
1912 Adulthood
2012 Death

High probability that townie involved meth and dueling
90% chance Village Party ruined by rogue iceberg
“At least we got that $16 million donation before the 2012 apocalypse.”

See, “Hellen Keller Speaks Out,” pg. Braille

Duelfucius Corner

Duelfucius says: “If you think children should be seen and not heard, then your porn stash is probably illegal.”
op-ed from a grumpy alumnus: no frat houses is homophobic!

Listen here, I know a lot has changed since I went to Hamilton. For starters, there are women now, which is more than what one alumna with diabetes, four nagging ex-wives, and a spasitic colon can deal with. But during my trip to the Hill to commemerate Hamilton’s 200th year, I discovered the most shocking news of all—you spoiled brats have done away with fraternity housing! For a school that calls themselves “liberal,” how could they do something so homophobic? After all, where are fraternity brothers supposed to experiment with each other sexually?

Now, I’ve been told that fraternity housing has been aboli shed since the ‘90s, but if it’s any consolation, I’ve spent the last 10 years trimming my ear hair and playing solitaire on my Windows 95, so excuse me if I’m a bit out of the loop. But the biggest joys I had at that school were being on my Windows 95, so excuse me if I’m a bit out of the loop. But the biggest joys I had at that school were being

love letter to hamilton, 20 years later

My dearest Hamilton,

You’re looking good, baby! Have you had work done? I swear, the way you felt against me, when you let yourself grow wild and free, you feisty thing.

Sincerely,
James Hurst-Lyons-Wellington ’58

Edited by Ms. Tomkin ’12

I swore I’d come again. And here I am.

money I made into beanie babies and pogs because I just knew that those things would hold their value forever. Baby, don’t know how to say this, but things didn’t exactly work out the way I planned. I had to sell the beanie babies on eBay for less than what it cost to ship them to me, but I’m holding out on the pogs. Now, my grandparents let me live in their apartment for free as long as I zip up Grammy’s dresses and help Pop with his catheter.

But you, you’re doing great! Everywhere I go, there are people making speeches about “the most competitive class yet,” blah, blah, blah. You know, it’s a bit much. No one would interrupt you to tell you how are clearly not to be reasoned with. I mean, the names you chose for the houses are pathetic. “Wertimer” sounds like a disease, “Woolcott Co-Op” has too many “s” in it, and “Skenandoa” doesn’t sound very “white boy from Connecticut” to me.

Friday Five:

Things in Your Room That (Probably) Won’t Catch Fire

By Mr. Johnson ’14

1. Brita (Water-Filtering) Pitcher

Except for the new altered filters students use as primitive distilleries, this “college wine” made from Commons’ fruit and Utica water is nauseatingly odorous and has the alcohol per serving of a usual beer. Keystone sales are down 80%.

2. The Pot in Your Desk Drawer

Murphy’s Law: anything that can go wrong will. The one thing in your room you DO want burning is inevitably so fireproof you could make a fireman’s jacket out of it.

3. Duel Observer Brand Pet Rocks

Student safety was on the forefront of our minds when we were choosing what to give away at the Student Activities Fair (the

absolute lack of production costs didn’t hurt either).

2. That Girl/Guy You Brought Back From the Bandy Party

Turns out the Delta Iota Kappa Jungle Juice they were soaked in was somehow flame -resistant. Warning: may cause burning sensation of a very different and longer lasting variety.

1. The Door to Your Room

Seriously though, you know when you have fire drills and they make you get out of your dorm room ASAP? Don’t do that until you feel the temperature of the door first. If there’s a fire, stay put and hang a towel out your window; the door can withstand the fire long enough for help to see you and come get you.

Because the Duel cares.

Complaints?

Email duel@hamilton.edu

Or find us on the interweb!

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