Students Shocked by How Right Nancy Thompson is All the Time.

Students were shocked by how right Nancy Thompson was about the current state of affairs on campus. Thompson, who is known for her sharp observations and insightful comments, predicted a series of events that have since unfolded, leaving her readers in awe.

"I told you so," Thompson proclaimed, referring to her earlier predictions about the direction of the campus. "I knew it was only a matter of time before everything went downhill.

"I'm glad you're all doing well," she added, "but I can't help but wonder when the inevitable will strike.

"I'm hoping we can avoid it altogether, but if not, it'll be interesting to see how we react.

"For now, let's focus on what we can control and try to keep things as normal as possible.

"Thank you for continuing to read my column. I hope it provides some comfort in these uncertain times.

"Remember, you can always count on me to provide a different perspective."

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Vengeful Spirit of Kirkland

"Wellin Museum? Finally, a building uglier than mine.

This year, the Kirkland Museum will be the backdrop for the annual Spirit of Kirkland celebration. This year, the event will feature a special guest appearance by the Vengeful Spirit of Kirkland. The Spirit is said to haunt the museum and is known for itsấm
golden glow and eerie presence.

"I hope you all enjoy the festival," said the Spirit, "but be prepared for some spooky encounters.

"Be sure to bring your cameras and your胆量."

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In this issue: Shitty Masonry

See "Decades of anger yield insight," pg. 17
PHINEAS P. WUTTERBOTTOM
SAMPLES SEVERAL
SUMPTUOUS SIPS

Greetings, Hamilton. I, Phineas P. Wutterbottom III, noted aesthete and accomplished critic, have returned after a long hiatus to critique (or en anglaise, “critique”) the new craze that has swept the McEwen dining hall—signs.

Banana, Carrot, and Saffron: A purgant bouquet, with very prominent overtones of douchiness and potassium. The texture and color were both reminiscent of sweet potato baby food, or what leaks out of me after a night at the Indian Café.

Crispy Mushroom, Potato, and Sage: A hearty sip, perhaps for a winter’s night, or as something to soak up the Keystone. The nickel-sized chunks of mushroom and sprigs of sage in this satisfying bellytimber present a choking aftertaste—it’s like Silent Disco in a glass!

Raspberry, Lime, Mud, and Vinegar: A fruity, intoxicating front end with a dirty and bitter aftertaste—it’s like Silent Disco in a glass!

After so much sip sampling, I was really rather famished, and a custom made sandwich would have really restored my frankly exhausted palette. You know—

Crispy Mushroom, Potato, and Sage

Banana, Carrot, and Saffron

But I couldn’t seem to find the chaps that used to make them. If you see them, please tell them that I am here, and will pay for them if they bring me a custom made sandwich with a pungent bouquet, with very prominent overtones of douchiness and potassium.

The Class of 2016 (all of it.)

Mr. '13 '12
By Mr. Greber '12

ASSHOLE EDITORIAL: I PAY 50K A YEAR TO BE HERE, I’M NOT GONNA CLEAN UP AFTER MYSELF

So I came to this realisation the other day that if I hadn’t left a half empty bottle of water on the table, I wouldn’t have had to wash it. It’s not like I’m the only one who doesn’t clean up after themselves, but I thought that coming to an elite “potted-ivy” institution would get me away from all of those negative vibes and that maybe the people who worked here would understand the value of a good day’s work—which I define as keeping me happy in whatever way I demand. Heck, even in ways I don’t demand! Just assume that they know it’s their job to clean up after me. Making food for me (sometimes even hand crafted in front of my face) and then doing my dishes for me and taking out my trash for me and sometimes even trying to make conversation with me while I’m waiting impatiently for my food or having to deal with my drunk self while trying to get Diner B. I mean really.

That’s nothing. I had to sit in an air conditioned cubicle for 6 hours a day this summer at a gratu- ing internship where my main job was to ensure that my boss got coffee at just the right temperature every hour. I know the meaning of hard work and having to bust your butt for a dollar. So you know what? I’m not cleaning up after myself anymore. Fuck that. I may have time to clean up after my stuﬀ. But I’m not going to. On purpose.

By Nicholas Jacoff ’13
Edited by Ms. Caswell ’14

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Contributors
DAVID BERNARD SNYDER
ADAM PATRICK GWILLIAM

Copy Editors
SARAH MCCOY BITTER
LILLIAN FRANCES MATTUGUE

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