**STUDENT LITERALLY SUCCOCATES ON UPPER MIDDLE CLASS VALUES**

Last words: “This is problematic”

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**GHOSTS OF ALUMNI PAST DECLARE, “STOP NAMING DINING HALLS AFTER US!”**

They’re back from the dead and wondering where the Pepsi went

By Mr. Burns ‘17

Boooooooooddddiiiiiiinnnns. Dooood. (THE SPECTRAL PLANE) Worried that their lasting legacies will be of dry chicken and stale rice, the ghosts of Hamilton College alumni Rob- ert McEwen and Alexander Soper have requested that their names be stripped from Hamilton’s dining halls. They delivered this message via a gentle breeze onto President Joan Hinde Stewart.

The final straw for the two came last week when the mashed potatoes in McEwen were slightly more starchy than usual and Commons ran out of sriracha onto President Joan Hinde Stewart.

“We were really excited at first!” Captain Shayna Johnson ‘15 explained. “We’d never been to Giant Mid- dle-of-Nowhere Mountain, and it was going to be our first time competing against Big Boulder!”

Sentiments changed once the team got off the bus. “Well, we started doing our warm up, you know, running slowly to prepare to run fast,” Johnson recalled. “Then, the men’s captain Lou was like, ‘Why the fuck are we gonna do this?’”

Captain of the men’s team, Lou Archer ‘15, downed a wig of his post-race drink of choice, a Gatorade, pro- tein powder, and Patron combo, and added, “Yeah, I just realized that we are literally putting our bodies through hell for no apparent reason. Why do people even do this racing thing? What is the purpose of competing against thy neighbor? What is the purpose of running fast? What is the purpose of life?”

His teammate, Ryan Gump ‘17, known for abilities to put down twenty McDonalds Big Macs in one sit- ting without gaining an ounce of fat, chimed in, “We realized its just society trying to put us in chains…or in Saucony sneakers.”

Members of the opposing team, Big Boulder, were shocked by the Hamilton team’s decision not to compete in the race. “They must be insane not to put themselves through the exhilarating feeling that your lungs are on fire while racing. And what about that wonderfully refreshing thought that you may never walk again the next day?” Big Boulder runner, Ian Inkle ‘16 said. “I mean, our course isn’t even that hard. There are only seven giant hills, a mud pit, a river crossing, the occasional rockslide, and that one bit with the rabid dogs chasing you.”

The Big Boulder coach was equally thrown. “We even went out and bought a chocolate chip cookie for the winner,” he said. “Who wouldn’t go through that tiny bit of work for the chance of winning a cookie?”

The Hamilton team simply veered away from the course during the warm up jog and ran the 200 miles back to Hamilton by the time Commons closed for dinner.

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**FRESHMAN CLEARLY JUST GONNA GET NAKED IN FRONT OF NEW ROOMMATE LIKE IT’S NO BIG DEAL**

Reveals the most private of parts

By Ms. Raeder ‘18

The Point of No Return Dept. (THE DIRTY D) This weekend, the entire campus was lit up with activity. Every residence hall was full of freshmen gussied up to wander around in search of their roommate like it’s no Big Roommate.

Marcus is not the first person to complain about this issue, which is something of a stickling point for many pairs of roommates. “I don’t know how to tell my roommate that seeing his dick out just makes me kind of nervous for him,” Jack Dorens ‘18 said.

The stories don’t end there. Another freshman, Josie Constantz ‘18, said, “One night I woke up and my room- mate was riling through her closet, which is right by my bed, naked from the waist up. I didn’t know what to do about how intently her areolas stared at me, so I just closed my eyes again.”

As a result of the complaints of several RA’s who don’t want to have to talk to students about “limiting their expo- sure,” the updated roommate contract for the 2015-2016 school year will include an extensive nudity measure.

“I know it’s uncomfortable to say exactly how long you can be expected to look at genitalia, especially if, like most of the freshman class, you’ve just crossed the line. In this issue: A lack of climate change

**SLOW FOOD STILL WAITING**

By Mr. Wilson ‘15

Athletic Dept. (UP IN THE WOODS) Last weekend the varsity men’s and women’s cross country teams arrived at the Giant Middle-of-Nowhere Mountain Invitational to compete in their five kilometer race against the notorious Big Boulder College team.

“Come on guys, this is pretty tasteless,” — Joan Rivers
“If I could speak, I still wouldn’t validate you.”

GRIN AND BARE IT

Continued from “Freshman Clearly Just...”

met your roommate, but it’s important to establish boundaries,” Meredith Bonham, campus sexual boundaries expert, stated. “Yes, roommates must complete every part of the roommate agreement. For a healthy roommate relationship, it’s important to get everything out in the open – whether to take shoes off in the doorway or just how much scrubbing is appropriate for a Wednesday afternoon.”

PHINEAS P. WURTERBOTTOM REVIEWS: WHCL SHOWS

Tidings, schoolchildren. It is I, your humble captain and academician, Phineas P. Wurterbottom. With grim gravity and profound disquiet, I write to declaim the state of that bygone, provincial medium of–oh, and I cringe as it is written–student radio.

Per my solemn Sunday ritual, I dozed my walking boots and made for the Kirkland Glen, hewing fast into the unempt savagery. I found myself deep in the dark, searching for revelations I myself did not entirely believe in. The moment was then upon me! An ivory scroll rode the wind. A verification of deliverance? No, it was only a dirty Excel document, into which cruel nature had carved its louche glyphs. And lo! My poor monocled eye discerned WHCL’s fall programming schedule.

I reeled and swooned. I had entered the Cavern of Misery and lost my way. These so-called programs are a fountain of sin. I direct my scorn first to the wretched program entitled, “The Screaming Ultraviolet Vibezone.” I was certain that my midnight meetings with one Mr. “Tricky Dick” Nixon spelled the last of those dirty hippies, but alas.

Woe indeed, for the Excel sheet was shot through with pastels denoting vile beats: Hip-Hop, Rock & Roll, Jazz! Primitive screeching out of the atavistic ooze! Argh! Courage friends, above this ravenous mob there!

Twas but a brief reprieve before I descended back to bedlam. I confronted the musical apocalypse without a proper proofing, the combined forces of meandering morals and screeches from “Swiggity Swag,” “Flow the European maestros.

‘As the days and nights become colder, we advise students to dress in layers in their residence halls, allowing energy and resources to be saved by pushing off the date at which boilers need be turned on. A series of emails have documented the progress of the initiative.

The Administration for Facilities and Planning has informed the student body of an informal initiative to maintain the integrity of the external building envelope by keeping windows and doors closed is the single most important item in conserving heating energy. Every day we can avoid turning on a heating system, we save a scarce resource from being used, and we reduce our impact on our planet.”

“Student complaints of incessant shivering and ‘I can see my breath while lying in bed’ have been noted, but as long as no internal mechanical damage has been sustained to plumbing systems of residence halls, urgent action cannot be justified.”

“Do not use the mass email service to spread blatant fallacies. Everyone knows that the first person to find out about free Diner Milkshakes would keep ordering until the surrounding five townships had run out of milk. No one is that altruistic.”

“_write for the Duel: ‘Cause screw those unfunny assfarts. That’s why.”

FRIDAY FIVE:

MASS E-MAILS YOU CANNOT SEND

By Mr. Wesley ’16

The ever-helpful Duel has compiled a list of emails you should really probably not send out to the student listserv. Learn from our mistakes.

5. Rager in Rogers: Any emails dictating potential activities that are against the campus rules of Hamilton College will not be tolerated. Also, no party in Rodgers is worth walking to unless it’s some real Project X style debauchery, complete with MDMA filled garden gnomes.

4. Streaking Team Meeting: Any emails planning or encouraging blatantly illegal activities will not be tolerated as such emails are a liability, and the planning of such events is illegal. Also we would like to remind everyone that streaking is a felony in all 50 states with the exception of a remote Inuit village in Alaska, where the average summer temperature doesn’t even break 20.

3. Diner Offers Free Milkshakes: Please do not use the mass email service to spread blatant fallacies. Everyone knows that the first person to find out about free Diner Milkshakes would keep ordering until the surrounding five townships had run out of milk. No one is that altruistic.

2. Hamilton’s Wine Cellar Open to Students: This email should not be sent for a couple reasons. First, it will create a mad rush to wherever our wine cellar is. Second, and more importantly, I want everyone to absolutely know that the fifth cobblestone below the bench in the old well next to Buttrick does not in any way open the wine cellar. I’m serious y’all. My continued ability to get drunk for free relies on that fact.


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