WHERE ARE THE GODDAMNED LIDS?
Duel Observer, voice of the people

CAMPUS UP IN ARMS ABOUT DINER MENU
We’re going to vigil the shit out of this
By Ms. Wilkinson ’16

SOCIAL MOVEMENTS DEPT.
(THAL ONE SLIGHTLY WET BOOTH AT THE DINER)

At first, Davey Poll ’16 passionately and drunkenly voiced his distaste for the administration’s decision atop a Diner table. “First they came for Carnival, but I didn’t really care because I already had an awesome double in a Babbitt suite,” he yelled. “Then they came for my Diner B, and there was no one sober enough to speak for me.”

Although students are not sure exactly what the Diner changes consist of, one thing is clear: they’re ready stand in front of KJ for hours, in silence, as candle wax drips down their skin.

The vigil for the Diner is planned for Saturday at 11 pm, so that once all the wax melts, they can drown their pain in pancakes and waffles slathered in butter and sugar. Hopefully, when Hamilton students wake up on Sunday morning with waxy hands, they will remember their historic cause.

HAMILTON ADMITS FULL-GROWN BEAR TO INCREASE DIVERSITY
By Mr. Spinney ’16

Dean of Admissions Monica Inzer said the bear was admitted in order to “bring a new story to the campus.” Inzer also added with a perky smile that, “We thought Brown Bear was just his nickname at first, but lo and behold it was a real bear. Life’s funny like that.” The student body has yet to see the hilarity of the situation.

As of right now, the victor count is in the teens, mostly consisting of clueless freshmen and outdoor enthusiasts that wanted to see the creature in its natural habitat. HOC has actually begun offering excursions into the deserted dorm. Their current advertising slogan for the trips reads, “All the Danger of the Adirondacks at you until you give them more money.”

Hamilton students are known for their devotion to socially progressive causes, and the Diner alterations are no exception. Last weekend, Davey Poll ’16 passionately and drunkenly voiced his distaste for the administration’s decision atop a Diner table. “First they came for Carnival, but I didn’t really care because I already had an awesome double in a Babbitt suite,” he yelled. “Then they came for my Diner B, and there was no one sober enough to speak for me.”

Although students are not sure exactly what the Diner changes consist of, one thing is clear: they’re ready stand in front of KJ for hours, in silence, as candle wax drips down their hands and slowly burns their skin.

The vigil for the Diner is planned for Saturday at 11 pm, so that once all the wax melts, they can drown their pain in pancakes and waffles slathered in butter and sugar. Hopefully, when Hamilton students wake up on Sunday morning with waxy hands, they will remember their historic cause.

Without Any of the Peace and Quiet Bullshit.

Many freshmen, believing Adronack Adven-
ture to be a suitable alternative to any real wilderness training, have taken with living to the bear. One such student said, “After AA, life outside the woods just doesn’t seem right.” The entirety of the remaining student body responded by putting up signs outside the dorm reading, “You were only there for four days, calm the fuck down.”

Overall, the campus is sorely divided on whether the bear should stay or go. Samuel Tremarctos ’15, of the pro-bear contingent, said, “Bro, I may have lost an arm, but that bear is the best shotgunner I’ve ever seen.” On the other side of the argument was Amy Alurpoda ’16, who commented, “Is this even a fucking question?” A third party, calling themselves the Followers of the New Bear Order, have taken to worshipping the bear and sacrificing Vineyard Vines wearers to their almighty overlord, so we’re all pretty much screwed.

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DARKSIDE RESIDENTS PREPARE TO HAVE MAGICAL POWERS AT THE COMING OF THE FULL MOON

Students promise to rain blood down on Lighsider non-believers
By Ms. Burns ’17

WICCAN CONTROL DEPT.
(DARKSIDE) Friday night, Hamilton College students on the Kirkland side of campus made final preparations for the ascent of the lunar gods. The occasion was marked by the ceremonial sacrifice of a local villager followed by beer pong.

“This only comes once a month, so we have to make the most of it.” Lauren Brown ’16 said as she smothered her face in the blood of the innocent.

“This is almost as much fun as my improv troupe!”

Since 1968, when it was discovered that Kirkland College was built on an ancient American Indian burial ground, students living on the “dark side” have found themselves in possession of supernatural abilities for one night each month.

“I can’t wait to turn that girl in my psychology class into a panini press for my dorm!” Sasha Brooks ’15 said. “Glory be the lunar gods that grace us with their presence!”

In recent years, the College has cracked down on the use of magical powers on other students. Summoning the forces of the dark gods will now cost students one to two disciplinary points and a stern warning.

“However, if students are going to use the power of the occult on their classmates, there’s not much we can do to stop them,” Dean of Students Nancy Thompson said. “It’s a Hamilton tradition. As long as students are safe, that’s what counts.”

Jonathan White ’14 agreed.

“It’s a fun way to cool down on the weekend,” he said as he levitated the Captain of the football team fifteen feet into the air. “Hail the lunar gods!”

Sarah Jacobs ’15, who was EMTed last year after being attacked by a pterodactyl conjured by a dark side student, concluded, “Those artsy kids are so weird.”

After leaving a trail of destruction in their wake on the north side of campus, Darkeide students headed to Diner B to grab milkshakes and count down until next month.

In this issue: Bears!

AHl PROTESTS LABOR DAY
See “Reaffirms commitment to wearing white pants out of season,” pg. 85

CHRISTIAN LEADERSHIP SOCIETY
PRESENTS THE FIRST ANNUAL ABSYNTH & ACID PARTY
When: Sunday September 15, 2013 at 8:30 PM
Where: Fourth Floor of the Chapel

LET'S SEE SOME FUCKING PROPHETS, YOU!
The Bundy Party

There is a time-tested tradition here at Hamilton College, and that’s navigating the Bundy Party. For those of you unfamiliar with a Bundy Party, it goes a little something like this: you arrive drunk. Don’t arrive sober. Just don’t do it. Ever. Drop your coat on the floor near the racks, because, let’s be honest, it’s probably a black North Face. At the end of the party either you will drunkenly take someone else’s by mistake, or someone else will drunkenly take yours by mistake (see the Daily Bull for details). By the time you get there, the dance floor will have split into two sections: the dark corner where strange things are happening, and the front of the room where there is a never-ending line for the keg. If you were sober, you would wonder why there was any beer left in the keg at all, considering most of it is on the floor. But you’re not sober, so you slip a couple times but continue with your fabulous dance moves. Don’t worry if you drunkenly make out with someone in a gorilla suit; no one else will remember the night either. Just have fun and roll with it!

Unearthed by Ms. Caswell ’14

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The Cry for Help

(Entry inscribed on the back of a Common’s cup, circa 2012, when they were normal sized)

Date: Unknown.

Time: It’s either dark out or I have finally gone blind.

This is my final attempt at human contact. I hoping that Admissions will see this desperate SOS and send help. I have been trapped in the construction site at the new theater for approximately three months. After a particularly rough Class and Charter Day, I recently mustered enough strength to raise my head from under the ground and call for help, but it was freshman move-in day and my frail body could not produce enough sound to compete with the overly enthusiastic orientation leaders yelling about ice cream and sounding their novelty emergency sirens. The good news is, if I am ever found, I have decided to become a biology major, as I am fascinated with the many organisms that have fed off of me these past few months. A colony of ants is surviving on my blood sugar alone, and I am now their leader. The bad news is, I have scurvy. ALSO THERE ARE WOLVES AT NIGHT. PLEASE SEND HEL- (message cut off)

Discovered by Ms. Van Dusen ’15

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PHINEAS P. WURTEBOTTOM

REVIEW PEOPLE FUCKING NEXT DOOR

Good day, plebes. It is I, your chief opinionateur, Phineas P. Wurtebottom, here to weigh in on a riling hallaloulo that recently took place in the suites.

Last Saturday evening, while perusing a fiery catalogue of feminine debauchery (Editor’s note: the strongest porrs our sorry eyes have ever seen.) my left ear happened upon a rather cacophonous uproar and baboonish banging in the room adjacent to Babbit 40C. Sex, my dear friends, sex!

Its manifold glories and trivial technique—its lugubrious rather cacophonous uproar and baboonish banging in the our sorry eyes have ever seen.)

The Bundy Party, it goes a little something like this: you arrive drunk. Don’t arrive sober. Just don’t do it. Ever. Drop your coat on the floor near the racks, because, let’s be honest, it’s probably a black North Face. At the end of the party either you will drunkenly take someone else’s by mistake, or someone else will drunkenly take yours by mistake (see the Daily Bull for details). By the time you get there, the dance floor will have split into two sections: the dark corner where strange things are happening, and the front of the room where there is a never-ending line for the keg. If you were sober, you would wonder why there was any beer left in the keg at all, considering most of it is on the floor. But you’re not sober, so you slip a couple times but continue with your fabulous dance moves. Don’t worry if you drunkenly make out with someone in a gorilla suit; no one else will remember the night either. Just have fun and roll with it!

Unearthed by Ms. Caswell ’14

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