

THE DUEL OBSERVER

"Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself."

Volume I, Issue V

May 10, 2002

Class and Charter Day Spectacular (Don't try to drink this issue.)

SENIOR WEEK TRAINING BEGINS

By Mr. Keane '03

RISING-SENIOR-IN-TRAINING

(CLINTON, NY) At some lesser institutions, four years of a liberal arts education culminates in a degree. At Hamilton College, however, a rite of passage known as Senior Week is the capstone undergraduate experience.

This event brings with it certain responsibilities, and this year's senior class is not taking them lightly. *The Duel Observer* has learned that over 60% of '02ers have already begun training for Senior Week. The typical senior has begun conditioning for the two main events: drinking and hooking up.

Competitors in the drinking arena are in luck this year. The Senior Week Committee has arranged for the National Beer Pong League to hold tutorials at the Little Pub. Lessons on vomit-aiming and jitney-driver-harassing will be included.

For many participants, Senior Week is all about hooking up with that special someone who they have thought of as at least moderately cute for four years. To prepare for this challenge, students have reportedly been practicing their pick-up lines at local watering holes, and trying to cheapen their morals by lobbying for entrance into one of the Greek societies.

PRELIMINARY LIST OF STUDENTS RETURNING NEXT YEAR:

(as compiled by all-campus email)

1. Jason Hass

Prof's Fill-Out Student Evaluations

By Mr. Schwartz '02

(CLINTON, NY) In a surprising change to school policy, all professors will now be required to fill out student evaluations at the end of the semester. History professor Will Haden's comments for junior Amanda Hastle included such meaningful comments as "Yes, she had high participation." and other reiterations of the questions themselves.

Art professor Paula Roddes took a different approach, answering "ok" to all of the questions, even the ones at the end that relied on a 1 to 6 quantitative scale.

While most professors feel at ease with the evaluations, there was a feeling of nervousness on campus, as no student currently holds tenure.

Marco Polo Sick of Name Calling

By Mr. Schwartz '02

SWIMMER

(BARCELONA, SPAIN) For the fifth time in as many days, global explorer Marco Polo had to sit through hours of young kids shouting at him at his local swimming pool. "I just came for some relaxation after many months of bringing pasta back from China, and now this shit? I keep saying 'I'm over here? Can't you see me? Yeah, it's me, Marco Polo, the explorer?' But I guess those kids think they're having a bit of a joke". "It's weird though", he added, "only one kid shouts my first name, and the other ten shout my last name. I keep saying to the kid with his eyes closed 'do you have bad memory? It's Polo!', but then all he does is swim in my direction with his hands out". Mr. Polo plans to bring his complaints up to the Queen of Spain.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

RE: What is that shit bolted to the Diner?

The ritual goes like this: every time I pull an all-nighter in the studio, and see the sky start to get lighter, I walk out to the middle of minor field, lie down, and stare up at the sky as it turns from dark to day. One mild October morning I was out there completing the ritual, when a small ship swooped down from the freshly blue sky.

The ship was shaped like a basketball, and made out of basketball material. Long story short, the aliens were really into Sinatra, they kept talking about him, raving about how nothing sounded better than Sinatra, especially Sinatra with the capital singers, piped through the speakers of their house pods. Well, since I was interested, they showed me pictures, drawings, diagrams, and schematics of their house pods. I decided to build scaled down versions of these during a series of meditations on bending wood with my mind.

The aliens returned to help me shellac the pieces in an all night vigil. They fell in love with the taste of Utica Club. They had me go out to New Hartford and buy all the UC cases I could find at the all night supermarkets. Their taste in beer and music aside, I have a lot of respect for the design initiatives of those aliens. They have radical, radical thoughts. They were kind enough to share. Since Beinecke is so damn intergalactic, we talked about it, and decided that the side of the diner would be a sublime place to tack up the pods and confuse the hell out of passersby. Just be glad they don't pump out a constant low level ambient Sinatra. I sure am.

- Ava Bromberg '02, Artist

THE DUEL CLASSIFIEDS

For Sale: Red and Black North Face Fleece.
Barely used, just acquired.

For Sale: Many bikes, all speeds.

For Sale: Assorted computer disks. Some include a thesis.

For Sale: Random food from suites.

NEW RECORD FOR DRUNKEN FALLS

By Ms. Gross '02

(CLINTON, NY) Kirsten Westerland '02, has broken Hamilton's all time record for both highest number and artistic quality of drunken falls. Westerland has been falling since her freshman year, back in the days of North Court. While well versed in the "on-the-ass-fall," she took drunken slides to new heights at Bundy Dining Hall sophomore year with her "gymnastic-split-then-into-a-generic-ass-fall," and infamous "flat-on-face-fall" of Chi Psi's Farm Party '00. When asked to comment, Westerland proclaimed, "Well, I used to pretend that these falls were a part of my dance repertoire and not due to enormous quantities of alcohol, but I finally came to embrace the talent that has set me apart from my peers and opened new doors for the future." (Westerland also holds the record for the most slurs of, "Screw you, asshole! I'm NOT DRUNK!")

Westerland broke Hamilton's drunken falls record at the Senior Formal. Unfortunately, the fall that tipped the scale was the generic "on-the-ass-fall". She celebrated this victory with several more stiff drinks.

The Duel Observer

DAVID GRANT SCHWARTZ
Editor-In-Chief
Technology Consultant
Key Grip

THOMAS MURPHY KEANE
Publisher
Layout Editor
Costume Consultant

JAMES LAWRENCE ROBBINS II
Managing Editor
Business Manager
Maitre'd

DAVID MATHEW PRIOR
Washington D.C. Bureau Chief

RUNNING BEAR
Indian-In-Chief

FRANK SINATRA
Chairman of the Board

Contributing Writers

Any Gross
Alastair Cairns
Ava Bromberg
Special Thanks to Kurt Mangold '02

Founded July XI, MDCCCIV

by
Sir David G. Schwartz
Thomas M. Keane '03
James L. Robbins II

FINE PRINT: The Duel Observer is a publication of the Hamilton College Media Board, and is published on opposing Fridays. The facts and opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily true or indicative of the staff's opinions. Any resemblance to persons, organizations, or institutions real or imagined, is unintended. Coincidences are coincidences.

Class and Charter Day Highlights

Class and Charter Day Schedule

8:00AM	Go to a friend's suite for morningtails.
9:00AM	Attend class, address Prof by first name.
10:00AM	Mid-Morningtails, Minor Field.
12:00PM	Ask for a Labatt at Pub Lunch.
12:05PM	Try again for a Labatt at Pub.
12:30PM	Remember you had to be at Chapel half hour ago.
12:33PM	Stumble into Chapel, play chopsticks on organ while girl /boyfriend receives award.
1:00PM	Flip-cup in South while waiting for all-campus picnic to begin.
1:45PM	Call Pub worker "Labatt-Nazi"
2:00PM	Attend picnic.
2:15PM	Apologize for throwing snow cone at Professor's children.
3:00PM	Go back to room, "take a nap".
8:00PM	Wake up, shotgun beer in lieu of dinner.
8:15PM	Make way to Bundy Party.
8:19PM	Realize party doesn't start until 10.
8:30PM	Look for cute sophomore in Bundy East.
8:35PM	"Cute" sophomore upgraded to "hot" after another beer.
9:45PM	Quit waiting for hot sophomore to come back to room.
10:00PM	Sneak in Bundy window for party, forgetting its too early.
10:01PM	Notice party is empty, claim to be looking for lost fleece.
10:15PM	Drink two warm 'Stones while waiting for keg to be tapped.
11:30PM	Try to walk downtown from party.
12:00AM	Pass out on Tobin's lawn.

Students Forget Class and Charter Day as It Happens

By Mr. Keane '03
(CLINTON, NY) Despite the Administration's best efforts to provide an entertaining and dignified end-of-the-year celebration, students continued their tradition of including Champaign and Jell-O shots as part of this complete breakfast. This disheartened campus officials who knew that their efforts in planning the day's activities would be in vain, as most of the campus would be too slammered to remember the fun they had. One sophomore was reportedly blacked-out before 11:00AM, though his friends insisted he was just a little under the weather. The joyous attitude throughout the day could be felt in the air, or smelt on two thirds of the students' breath. Students' livers were unavailable for comment.

Townies Looking Forward to Barbeque

By Mr. Keane '03
(MCEWEN QUAD) Residents of Clinton and the surrounding community are looking forward to a chance at what some locals are calling "free grub". The all-campus picnic planned for Class and Charter Day has long given Clinton's citizens a good reason to come up the hill, as the outdoor barbeque has traditionally become a free-for-all. Event planners have neglected, once again, to install a townie-proof fence system. "I sure do like me some good eatin', and them college boys really know how to do it.", commented Cletus Jenkins of College Street.

Freshman Drinks at Junior Level

By Mr. Schwartz '02

(RICHMOND, VA) Helen and Bob Ropert, parents of Pete Ropert '05, were pleasantly surprised to find out their freshman son drinks at a junior grade level. "While he was always advanced, we never thought he was this gifted", commented Helen. "Yes, that's my boy!" added Bob.

Pete started his drinking habits in the 8th grade, and eventually moved up to flip cup and quarters; 12th grade drinking skills while still in the 11th grade. As a freshman at Hamilton, Pete became easily acclimated to a skill set that now includes such talents as funneling and shotgunning. For next year, Pete is looking forward to the ever-difficult "power hour", and awaits the challenge.

IVCF to do Laundry in Mid East

By Mr. Schwartz '02

SPIN CYCLE EXPERT

(WASHINGTON, DC) Today, President Bush requested help in his constant peacemaking struggle in the Middle East from Hamilton's Inter Christian Varsity Fellowship. Members of the IVCF will be flown after graduation to Jerusalem, where they will set up laundry stations around the city, in hopes to, as President Bush said, "iron out any problems".

Advertising is already underway for this grueling task. Posters are set up all throughout the desert, and an email was sent out to the "allaraba@listserv.yassar.edu" mailing list. *The Duel Observer* met with the IVCF in order to hear their opinion of the mission. President Mary Thomas '03 was sure to point out that "people over there don't like stains or wrinkles. My crew and I have been preparing ourselves with extra bottles of stain stick and an extra iron", bringing their total number of irons up to one.

First-Year Student Still Relating Every Story to Gong-Show

By Mr. Robbins '05

(CLINTON, NY) Eric Donlin, first-year student, reportedly still relates every story to his gong-show performance during Feb-Fest. Eric, who performed Dashboard Confessional's "Screaming Infidelities" on an acoustic guitar, was "completely on the money that night," said his roommate, while using finger quotes.

Eric's action has gone far beyond reminiscing as practically every conversation he has includes an analogy to the performance. "I'm happy that he is so satisfied with the experience, but I don't see any relation between the performance and the Web Advisor mishap," said the Registrar. When asked about the situation, Eric's academic advisor added, "getting a score of 8 from the judges, in my opinion, is no reason to pick that section of Microeconomics." Eric's peers have yet to devise a solution, but Eric's roommate offered, "if he so much as mentions Cabaret, them's be fighting words."

ASK THE CHAIRMAN

Dear Frank,

Where are all them sluts on Martin's Way you've been talking about? Do they take bonus meals? I've got seven left!

- Kurt

Dear Kurt,

Those seven meals will feed thirty broods for a year! Them kittens are as thin as Sammy Davis Jr. was, rest in peace baby!

- Ol' Blue Eyes

Send your questions to Frank: duel@hamilton.edu

duel@hamilton.edu

From all the staff at *The Duel Observer*, thanks for your support and have a great summer.

No, really, we mean it.
Email us your summer journals.