

NEWSFLASH: GIN AND MOLOTOV COCKTAILS!
(Because we *can* advertise alcohol and arson)

NEW CLASS AND CHARTER DAY POLICIES LEAD TO
PASSIVE RESISTANCE MOVEMENT

Related passive-aggressive resistance movement
falls apart due to infighting, general bitchiness

By Mr. Robinson '12

HOLIDAYS AND INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS DEPT.

(FASCIST ITALY) Dean of Students Nancy Thompson recently revealed that on this coming Class and Charter Day, “all campus policies remain in effect and will be enforced.” A resistance movement, Students Against Crushinglly/Totalitarian Administra-
tive Policies (SACTAP), was founded mere minutes after the all-campus email was sent.

“I believe...uhh...that the change we can believe in...like, uhh...can bring about peace in our times and stuff,” SACTAP President and presumably drunk philosophy major Reginald “the Reginator” Gandhi '10 slurred. “And I have a dream that there is no way to peace. Peace is the way. Peace and vodka.”

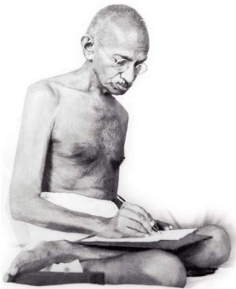
SACTAP has already organized a drink-in, which was followed by a puke-in and a sit-in (which turned out to be more of a slouch-in). Unfortunately, the management of the VT was neither impressed nor had any idea why everyone was getting especially shitfaced on a Tuesday.

Plans to carry out actual protests on campus were derailed by excessive drunk-
enness and short attention spans.

“Given the success of Silent Disco, we were going to lead a silent protest,” Co-
President Benny Thrillson '11 explained. “Unfortunately, we have no unified sense of rhythm and are easily distra—sorry, just got a text, we’re shotgunning in front of the Hamilton statue, gotta run!”

The majority of students have resigned themselves to the new fascist regime.
“I understand that the Administration has to do what it has to do,” Evan Evans '12 stated. “After all, there are almost as many EMT calls on C&C Day as there were for sub-free Root in the first week of school last year...which was well above five, for the record.

“My only complaint is that in the Student Assembly minutes, the first thing they said was that there would be no new policies, and the second thing they said was that only school provided water bottles would be allowed outside. Am I missing something here, or is Student Assembly just getting drunk without us?”



“I miss my Nalgene :(”

FRESHMEN ANNOYED ABOUT BEING FRESHMEN
Riots ensue over housing lottery system

By Mr. Zappala '12

SOMETHING NEW AND EXCITING DEPT.

(FANTASY ISLAND) After another typical corruption, strife, and despair-ridden housing lottery, the Class of 2013 has decided to put their collective foot down. However, their demands for change are no longer adorably naïve, but interminably obnoxious.

“Look, we know this has happened to freshmen for decades, but that doesn’t make it okay,” riot leader Peter Lamore '13 said. “Though we may still lack facial hair, we deserve to be treated like adults, not Jan Admits.”

“Everyone should be treated as equals and put in the same lottery,” Melissa Rowe '13 suggested. “We should also all get to register for classes at the same time. Oh, and everyone should get booze at the Pub, no one should have to pay tuition, it should never snow, and Joan Hinde Stewart should give everyone a ride on her unicorn.”

Still, several have made legitimate points.

“I’ve spent a year in a Dunham quad with three bros,” Francis Ado '13 complained, “all of whom vomited in my underwear drawer at least twice. I’ve earned a single in Eells.”



President Stewart, “Only I get to ride the unicorn!”

Upperclassmen, however, have their disagreee.

John Mellon '11 explained, “Try following up that Dunham quad with a split double in Bundy where the guy in the next room blasts Justin Bieber all day and has sex with his shrilling girlfriend that sounds suspiciously like Justin Bieber all day. Maybe then you’ll earn a single in Eells.”

Refusing to be swayed by logic, hordes of freshmen stormed ResLife and took several staff members and RAs hostage. Campus Safety quickly neutralized the threat, as the freshmen were small, poorly developed, weakened by too much Diner B, and, well...freshmen.

“Being an imbecile is just part of growing up,” spokesman John Nitterman explained. “It actually happens every year, but we don’t say anything because they need to learn a lesson for themselves: freshmen are not people too. That, and the housing lottery blows. And when the cretins are stuck up asshole sophomores, they’ll understand both these facts.”

GREEKS WIN THE BATTLE OF TROY
Nancy Thompson and Orlando Bloom are no
match for Brad Pitt

By Mr. Charman '13

DEAD HORSE DEPT.

(OUT IN THE OPEN AGAIN) Greek organizations at Hamilton have emerged from the wreckage of hell week in relatively good form, adorned with embroidered hats, sweatshirts and tattoos that are supposed to be a secret.

“The clothing is really what it’s all about,” new DIK brother Matt Stafford '13 commented. “I realize that when you lie to your friends about what you are doing for nine weeks, you are bound to lose them all, but these sweatshirts are just so darn comfortable.”



[Insert tangentially-related Google image above]

Frats and sororities celebrated with their new brothers and sisters by spending quality time recounting the hilarious misery and torture (but not hazing) that took place over the pledging period.

“This year we decided to spice it up a little and have a themed hell week,” DTX President Robert Hoover '10 said. “The theme was Guantanamo Bay ‘Camp X-Ray,’ complete with water-boarding. This, of course, all took place outside the jurisdiction of Hamilton College.”

A new DTX brother remembered the incident differently.

“I have been diagnosed with post-traumatic stress disorder and prescribed a cocktail of pills that would put a smile on Edger Allen Poe’s face,” a rattled David Baird




'13 said. “The worst is that I’m not allowed to tell anybody what happened. Not even my psychiatrist.”

The campus was less than amused.

“There wasn’t one single all-campus party this weekend because the Greeks were so busy with their hell week. It’s the end of the semester, they should know I can’t afford beer anymore,” non-frat party bro Mark Chandler '11 raged. “And since I was out of Listerine and rubbing alcohol I ended up doing all my homework. What the fuck?”

Although Scooter Girl, The Flash, and people screaming bloody murder in the Glen will be sorely missed, the campus seems to be ready to move on.

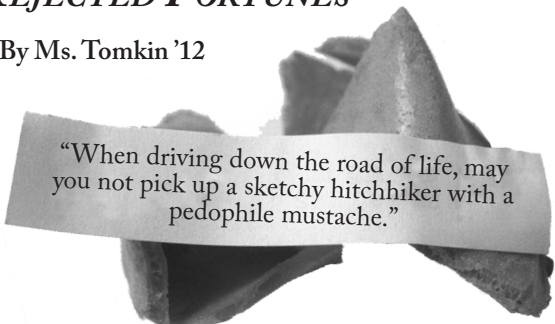
“The pledging antics did always put a smirk on my face,” Simon Creswell '12 recalled. “But now the campus needs to move on to more pressing issues, like getting *Space Jam* back on the Movie Channel.”

HAMMER FORECAST	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
	Hammer is Stolen  High probability of Nixon-style expletive-laden tirade	Search Parties  39% chance of search dogs mauling propies	Thief Found  “Here’s a hint: his name starts with ‘S’ and ends in ‘tephen Okin’.”

In this issue: boobies!

CHINA SEA®
REJECTED FORTUNES

By Ms. Tomkin '12



“When driving down the road of life, may you not pick up a sketchy hitchhiker with a pedophile mustache.”

HILARIOUS PICTURE TITLE



See more on hilarious title, pg. 8



SAMUEL KIRKLAND’S TWITTER DIARY

Compiled by Mr. Leubsdorf’10

Historians studying early 19th Century diaries have noticed that many entries are stylistically similar to tweets, except without the annoying name. Here are some examples of these entries, taken from Hamilton College founder Samuel Kirkland’s diary.

4/24/1813

Jonathon Wertimer doth complains about a sprained wrist. Me thinks he spends too much of every night bohning himself.

4/25/1813

Board of Trustees, esp. Gen. Steuben, harassing me about curriculum standards. I hit the bottle HARD.

4/26/1813

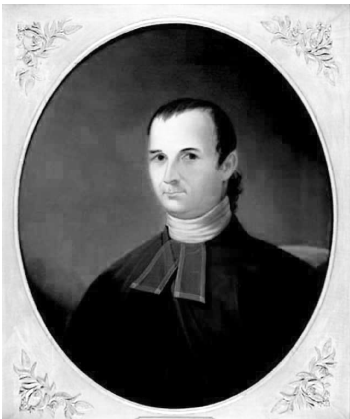
Campus is quiet, most students have gone to town, looking for female companionship and wine.

4/27/1813

The townsfolk came up with pitchforks, yelling slurs accusing us of witchcraft. Turned cannon on them. Grapeshot solves lots of problems.

4/28/1813

Students from Methodist Justice Initiative came to Open Hour to discuss campus climate. Spent all night with good friend rum.



4/20/1813: “Party in Buttrick. Party in my pants. Party party party alllll night.”

4/29/1813

Caught South residents engaging in backdoor intercourse. Poor Ethan Root was dressed like a saucy cow maiden. Weird.

5/1/1813

@Colgate: Your campus smelleth like farts.

5/2/1813

Wasted last night, posted a link and nasty comment on Phillip Bristol’s wall. He was upset that I defaced his room.

5/3/1813

Bristol keeps demanding I remove the iron link from his wall. Fuck him.

5/4/1813

Caught Greek societies shooting at pledges feet with muskets. Told them to continue; good for the froshes’ manliness.

5/5/1813

Rum rum rum; it’s warm in my tummy!

5/6/1813

RT@AlHamFan Aaron Burr’s face looks like his dad was a Frenchman and his mom was a horse!!!

5/7/1813

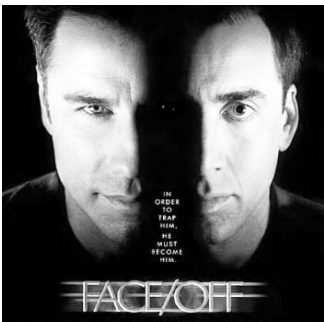
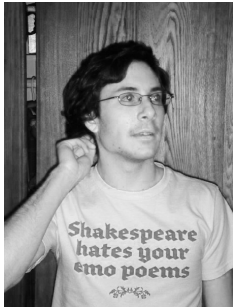
Faculty meetings sucketh. They all complain about budget cuts/being paid in chickens. Thank the Good Lord for the sage advice of Jay G. Williams.

5/8/1813

Class and Charter Day is da bomb! Slip ‘n Slide on G-Road rox!!!

Yes: Your elbow was totally over the table

By Joel Narmoth ’10



WAS TIM’S ELBOW OVER THE LINE?

Debate moderated by Mr. Grebey ’12

Joel: *Your elbow was totally over the table on that last shot, man. That cup doesn’t count. Don’t give me that look—you’ve been cheating all game. Yeah man, I said it.*

Tim: *What the hell are you talking about man? I haven’t been leaning at all. Do you see how much room there is between my elbow and the table?*

Joel: *Stop lying—you fucking suck at beruit and are making up for it by cheating! No wonder you’ve been on the table so long.*

Tim: *You’re full of shit, bro! You just suck at ruit. Stop trying to use these dumbass rules. It’s my room, so my house rules. Hitting the water cup doesn’t count for anything, it just means you got lucky at sucking.*

Joel: *Well at least my girlfriend isn’t carrying the team! And she sucks too!*

Tim: *Yo what the fuck? That’s not true! Whoever the hell she is, she’s not my girlfriend. I think her name starts with a “T.” You’ve been pissing me off all night. Do you wanna fight?!?*

Joel: *Your elbow violation typifies why Hamilton needs to abandon the open curriculum.*

Tim: *Oh yeah!? Well I... Wait, what?*

Joel: *Had you been forced to take an intro physics class, you would’ve developed the spatial skills to make a decent beruit shot.*

Tim: *Bro, what the hell are you talking about?*

Joel: *A well rounded curriculum is a hallmark of a liberal arts college, and Hamilton risks losing this by having no requirements, despite the apparent benefits of such a system.*

Tim: *Bro, we’re at an Annex party right now, I’m at least... one, two... eleven, twelve... a few beers deep. I have no idea what you’re talking about.*

Joel: *Well, when the open curriculum was implemented at Brown—look over there! Oh shit, I just made a bounce shot. Yeah, suck on that bitch.*

Nahhh: No way bro, you’re wrong

By Tim Broman ’12



FROM WHERE I SIT... Wally J House

By Agnes “Aggie” Lipitor

Edited by Ms. Ryder ’11

As I watched my roommate wave to me, tears rained down my cheeks. I was off to a place called “The Science Center” for the first time of the week and she was going to a land called “Kimer-Johnson.” Who knows when our paths would cross again? The very thought made me cry some more. Before we parted ways for good, she whispered, “beware the streakers, for they bare their junk for all to see, whether you want to see it or not.”

The people of Wally J are a simple folk. We enjoy our quiet corner of the world, especially watching the ritual doings of our resident Greeks. This is where I became familiar with the phrase, “thank you sir, may I have another.”

When I arrived at my destination, I felt I was on another planet—a planet where students rolled out of bed in pajama-pants and moseyed on into class. Everything was so different! The food, those lovely hippies that make the food, and people called “tour guides” leading students around. Needless to say, I was flabbergasted! Food, hippies, and tour guides never find their way to Wally J!

Then, out of the Glen came a joyful roar. Could it be? Air horns, silly masks and genitalia...it was the streaking team! The wild rumpus had arrived, and it was beautiful, nay, glorious! I so badly wanted to strip off my garments and join them, but then I heard my roommate’s words resonating in my head. I could not join them and shame my roommate forever.



Seriously where the fuck is Wally-J?

WORDS OF WISDOM WITH MADELEINE ALBRIGHT



“Madeleine Albright is not exactly a feminist, but I’d love to liberate me some big gazongas.”

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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FINE PRINT: *The Duel Observer* is a publication of the Hamilton College Media Board, and is published every Friday. The facts and opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily true or indicative of staff opinions. Any resemblance to persons, organizations, or institutions real or imagined, is purely coincidental. Coincidences are coincidences.