

BREAKING NEWS: IT’S CLASS AND CHARTER DAY! (Don’t drunk text your mom until Sunday)

NEWSFLASH: I’M ALREADY DRUNK! C&C day enforcement efforts about as effective as Whack-A-Mole By Ms. Adams ’12

TOO WASTED FOR ARTICLE FORMAT DEPT. (DUNHAM GREEN) Many campus officials believe the planned step-up in campus security for Class & Charter Day will lead to a more respectable, orderly celebration of the end of classes. “Someone should point out to the Administration that since it’s above 70° today, approximately 593% of the campus would be drunk anyway,” Adam Kates ’12 said. “The remaining 34% of students would currently be on some form of mind-altering substance, like that Percoset I sold Ben after I got my wisdom teeth removed, which he’s been popping like M&Ms.” The point is, our liberal arts curriculum has made us into very resourceful creatures. Rest assured, come C&C I will be making bad decisions and dancing excitedly to hipster music I don’t really even like. Campus Po shouldn’t try and stop the campus tradition, they should join in the fun! I wanna see Fran Manfredino doing him? her? thing on a Slip n’ Slide. “Some may call our lifestyles obnoxious or even unhealthy, but clearly they’ve never had the pleasure of tequila shots before sunrise, puking in Beineke at 3:00, and passing out by 5:00. Look, these are all Hamilton traditions,” Kates continued. “Like the colonial pig or banging in the KJ elevator. When you make me pour out my Keystone on Friday, I will briefly bemoan my 55 cent sunk cost, but I probs won’t be sad for too long.”



PICK A CAPTION!

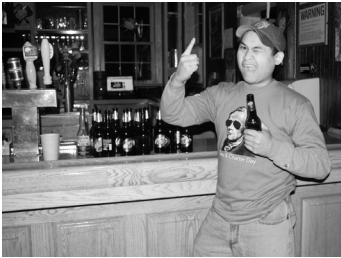
- 1. House Minority Leader John Boehner (R-OH) engorged with rage at student debauchery
- 2. Boehner stiffened in the face of student resistance
- 3. Boehner stood erect before the gaping maw of partisan opposition
- 4. Penis + suit = comedic gold!
- 5. [Insert your own...hehe, insert]

NEWSFLASH: I’M ALREADY DRUNK What, seeing double already?

By Ms. Ryder ’11 DITTO DEPT. (?) It’s 11AM. Do you know what you’re BAC is? After shotgunning that last beer behind the Campus Safety building, students, most importantly me, think I’m well past the driving limit if ya know what I mean. “I tequila-sunrised at 5:48 AM in a lawn chair on minor field, ass naked, throwing water balloons at campus po cars driving by,” Blesley Bryder ’11 said. “Don’t ask how I got so many, that’s another story for another day. By 6, I was sampling moonshine prepared by the boys next door. I think I’m blind in my left eye now, but I have no regrets.” I was craving some OJ to go with my André, so I went to Commons for breakfast. I mean, free mixers, duh! I spent the rest of the morning in class, sipping coconut rum out of a novelty snowman cup every time the Professor said “alcohol.” True, I finished Organic Chemistry last semester, but when I heard what they were doing in class I had to make a drinking game out of it. My point, and I do have one, is that C&C Day is a marathon, not a sprint. If this article is blurry, good job. If you can’t read this because you’re face down in a pile of dirty laundry, take the next hour off. Note: Ms. Ryder just remembered her dad reads The Duel online, and would like to clarify that she is spending her C&C Day performing sock puppet plays for the deaf.

ADMINISTRATION SPOKESMAN JOHN NITTERMAN FIRED! College hunts for new bullshit artist By Mr. Zappala ’12

GOOD DECISIONS DEPT. (PUB) After dodging several charges of serving alcohol to minors, lewd behavior, sexual harassment, illegal possession of a firearm, driving under the influence, and armed robbery, Spokesman John Nitterman has finally been fired for disrespecting Lisa Magnarelli’s mother at Trivia Night. John Nitterman submitted the following statement in his defense: “Saying ‘your mother’s a whore’ in a Scottish accent is just paying tribute to the SNL comic gold that is Sean Connery in ‘Celebrity Jeopardy.’ Now, if I said her mother had a nightly hankering



“Smashing these beers like I smashed Lisa’s mom last night”

for younger men, myself included, twice, I could see why Lisa might get upset.” After making the statement, John Nitterman mysteriously disappeared. It is rumored that he is being held in a basement somewhere just outside of Beijing or a cave deep in the Drakenberg Mountains of South Africa. Most likely, Nitterman is tied up in Magnarelli’s trunk. Meanwhile, the college is having trouble getting by while they search for a new spokesperson. “Currently, we have a serious problem,” President Joan Hinde Stewart stated. “I don’t associate with students, or as I like to call them, booze gremlins, and Dean Thompson refuses to deal with morons, putting her in the same position. And with Dean Urgo moving on, we really have no one to provide the smokescreen of rhetoric that distracts stu-

dents while we build our death ray.” Students didn’t seem to mind the lack of spokesperson. “Well if they can’t tell me I’m doing anything wrong, then I’m never doing anything wrong, right?” Nicholas Weber ’10 pointed out. “Guys, get the Slip n’ Slide into the Chapel, whip out the Skyy, and whip off the clothing!” “So the Administration can’t publicly admonish me if I sit on my Darkside ledge and piss on freshmen?” Freddy Kessler ’11 confirmed. “Score! Mikey, get the asparagus!” In a bind, the Administration is likely to take the candidate who was suggested to them by The Duel Observer, Jonathan Nitterman, John Nitterman’s twin brother. “He’s like his brother in everyway, and thus clearly the most qualified for the job,” Duel Observer Editor-in-Chief Will Leubsdorf ’10 explained. “Also, this means that we can keep making the same jokes, even though we clearly ran them into the fucking ground before I got here. Yay!”



Pwn’d that tap

Sidebar: Future Administration Targets

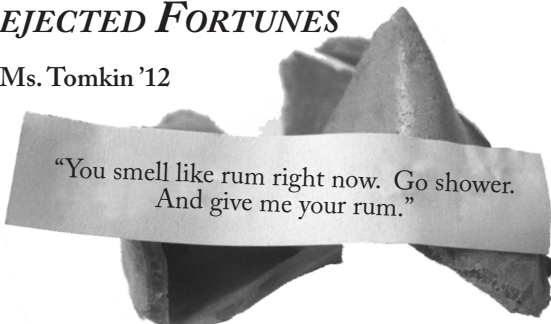
The Duel obtained a secret memo from John Nitterman prior to his disappearance showing the groups that the Administration will crackdown upon next to make Hamilton “safer,” aka lame like Colby.

- #1: TKE Reason: Forcing pledges to fight lightsaber duels, walk across embers of Mordor.
- #2: Amish Streaking Team Reason: Unwholesome exposure of ankles.
- #3: Ping-Pong Club Reason: Homoerotic undertones.
- #4: Sam Levensworth ’11 Reason: Ugly.
- #5: Cooking Club Reason: Their barley and mushroom soup gave Dean Joseph Urgo’s tummy ouchies.
- #6: Atheists, Agnostics, and Free-thinkers (AAF) Reason: Thinking is never free!
- #7: Babbitt 44 Reason: “Dunno, just cause?”

TODAY FORECAST	6:29 AM	12:01 PM	2:04-11 PM
	Sunrise	Commons Picnic	Memory Black Hole
	“For B-fast, vodka pancakes with Scotch, otherwise known as a Winston Churchill”	57% chance of drunkenly confessing crush to professor	“Where did I get this hickey? More importantly, why is it shaped like Abigail Adams?”

CHINA SEA® REJECTED FORTUNES

By Ms. Tomkin ’12



“You smell like rum right now. Go shower. And give me your rum.”

WORDS OF WISDOM WITH MADELEINE ALBRIGHT



“Madeline Albright knows that Class & Charter Day ’10 is gonna be even more fun than that time she took body shots off of a chained-up Slobodan Milosevic.”



YEAR-IN-REVIEW: Stories *The Duel* Should Have Covered More

Mr. Leubsdorf '10, *Afternoon Delight*

Not to be kicking a dead dino-horse here (since this publication fortunately died in September), but we should have emphasized the incredible shittiness of *Afternoon Delight* much much more. Reading it was the literary equivalent of having poop ground into my eyes by rabies-infected smurfs, although to be fair, poop is at least funny and not brazenly sexist. Smurfs, on the other hand...

Ms. Specht '11, *The Duel Staff Being Jerks*

I don't appreciate how the rest of *The Duel's* e-board makes fun of boyfriend by calling him General Burnside. It's true that he has luscious sideburns, talks in his sleep about Antietam, and will occasionally yell "Richmond or bust!" during sex, but he is a far nicer, smarter, and sexier person than any of the freak-os that work for this shit-rag, except for maybe Will Leubsdorf's jawline.



Ms. Tomkin '12, *Women are Objects*

I really wanted to publish an article entitled "101 Ways to Piss off The Womyn's Center," but Leubsy wouldn't let me because he said it wasn't "topical" enough. Um, what? Do you not realize that 52% of the people on campus are women? Well, 100% of the *Duel* staff are a bunch of fucking pussies. In that respect, here's a picture of me punching Susan B. Anthony in the face.

Mr. Sinton '13, *Professor Christopher Hill*

Winning-the-prestigious-Pushcart-award aside, I'm apparently paying \$50,000 so that the academics who lecture me are forced to split their time between office hours, lesson plans and vomiting dense prose into a journal no one will ever read. Because when Hamilton College

says Liberal Arts, it really means, "reclusive research university." How could I have forgotten?

Mr. Grebey '12, *Cornell University*

Everyone knows that sometimes Hamilton can seem pretty miserable. Those times are collectively known as "winter." *The Duel* should've run an exposé in order to help students look on the bright side; at least nobody at Hamilton killed themselves by jumping off the Martin's Way Bridge. It must be tough to be universally regarded as "the worst Ivy by a considerable margin."

Mr. Robinson '12, *Lack of Offensive Party Themes*

It really irks me that you can't throw parties with offensive names anymore. Old classics like "_____ and Hos", and "Kick a Ginger Night" have been abandoned for fear of candle-lit retribution and/or public humiliation. We should have posted weekly party name suggestions to exploit our invulnerability, as we could suggest anything (except Kristallnacht.: Bundy Edition. That would be bad).

Mr. Charman '13, *Controversies Generally*

To say that the campus controversies we covered this year were newsworthy is a pure testament to how incredibly uneventful life is on the Hill. *Duel* staffers orchestrated 'Wallet-gate' so we could justify having a blue weekly paper that 'satirizes weekly life at Hamilton' (*Duel Observer* Manifesto, pg. 2593, article IV, paragraph 3). It's no wonder that Passion Pit canceled on us after being told that yes, we were in fact serious that we wanted them to come to Clinton, NY. With that being said we break the first real story of the year: **Passion Pit Cancels C&C Day.**

BLOG-OF-THE-WEEK: HammeredHamiltonStudents.com, May 7th Entry

By Clintonian Leading Investigations of Transgressors*

Edited by Ms. O'Brien '13

For eighteen long years I have put up with the drunken mayhem, and I will no longer remain silent. I am done with students urinating on my porch, screaming rowdy versions of "Sweet Caroline" outside of my house, picking my daffodils, and throwing herpies-ridden Solo cups on my lawn.

For those new to my blog, I live right down the Hill from Hamilton College (I fear disclosing other information will bring me personal harm and even more Commons chicken shoved in my mailbox) and I use this as a forum to share with the rest of the world my terrifying experiences in dealing with "tomorrow's CEO's" and alcoholics.

If any students are reading this, you should know that I take solace daily in the fact that you are doing more damage to your livers than you can ever do to my property. But now to my current plan (insert maniacal laughter)...

I will collect the thousands of beer cans viciously thrown on my lawn each night. Instead of turning them into protective armor as I have in the past (I'm running out of closet-space for my armor anyway), I will deposit them at Hannafords, and save up money for additional protection devices. I've made myself a little reward sheet, outlining the major stepping-stones of can collection; 1,000 cans till I can buy a security alarm. 13,000 cans till I can buy an acid spraying sprinkler system. 3,170,060 cans until I can buy a three-and-a-half-headed guard dog. My abode will be an unassailable fortress. And as for me, I will be so damn badass.

*Editor's Note: Get it? It spells out clit!



"I took this total wastoid... and threw it on the ground!"

SPECIAL THANKS:

To our hilarious and amazing staff, who made *The Duel Observer* the best publication on campus.

To my predecessors Ben Lee '07 and Rae Arnold '08, who taught me most of what I know about editing.



Stage 2: Anger

To our patient and good-humored Layout Editor Alicia Specht '11, an invaluable voice of reason and normality.

To my successors Brit-tany Tomkin '12 and Chip Sinton '13, who will take *The Duel* to new heights.



Stage 4: Depression

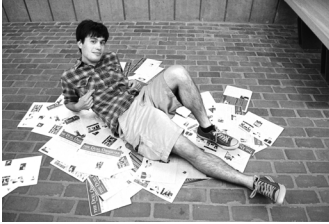
-Mr. Leubsdorf '10,
Editor-in-Chief



Stage 1: Denial

To Ashley Stagner '09, Lesley Ryder '11, Zac Haluza '11, Tom Yarnell '10, and Matt Linden '08, my first group of writers, who shaped *The Duel* you see today just as much as I did.

To our Managing Editor Jake Zappala '12, the rock of *The Duel*, which is kinda like being the Rock of Gibraltar, except Jake isn't owned by Britain... yet.



Stage 3: Sexy Bargaining

To Lisa Magnarelli, the patron saint of/living martyr for campus media.

To the Print Shop, the unsung hero behind every Hamilton publication.

And lastly, to our readers, a constant source of inspiration. After 2.5 years as



Stage 5: Denial...again

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