

SHOCKER: DEAN URGO LEAVING HAMILTON! (The latest twist in *As the Faculty Turns...*)

PARENTS ANNOYED BY STUDENTS’ LYING Mothers ask: “Why is my kid obsessed with the capital of Lebanon?” By Mr. Leubsdorf ’10

MORE TEXTBOOK MONEY PLEASE? DEPT. (HOME FRONT) Many parents are perplexed by their children’s attempts to hide aspects of their college lives that involve irresponsible activities such as boozing, blazing, and burning copies of *Twilight*, asserting that they’ve “been there, done that.” “Johnny told us that he spends his weekends studying,” Frank Walker P’11 said. “What bullshit! I don’t understand why he lies about that. I grew up in the ’70s. I did far crazier shit than anything he’s ever done, like vote for Richard Nixon.”



“My daughter told me she’s never drank alcohol or smoked pot,” Kristen Belvedere P’13 scoffed. “She Experimentin’ with Tricky Dick must think I’m a moron. I went to college too. I drank and smoked a j from time to time. Hell, I still do.”

She added, “Mama Belvedere is going to use Senior Week to restock her sticky icky supply.”

Some resorted to other means of learning about their children’s college lives.

“I friended my daughter last week, and learned so much about her,” Jack Daniels P’12 admitted. “She seems very interested in agriculture, judging by all the time she spends on Farmville.”

“However, I don’t understand why she’s in a ‘complicated’ relationship with her cousin Jane. That’s pretty gross, and probably illegal, like my panda meat market.”

“Jim never tells me about his extracurricular activities, so I googled his name on the Hamilton website,” Jane Stoli-Beam P’10 explained. “Apparently, he’s the head of a group called Hillel. Sounds exotic!”

Most hoped for a middle ground.

“I don’t want to know every detail of Susie’s life,” Karen Ciroc P’12 said. “I sacrificed a lot of time, money, and vaginal structural integrity for her. It wouldn’t hurt her to call once in a while. However, I do realize she’s in college. Shit happens. Well, as long as she doesn’t get pregnant. In that case, I will kill her.”

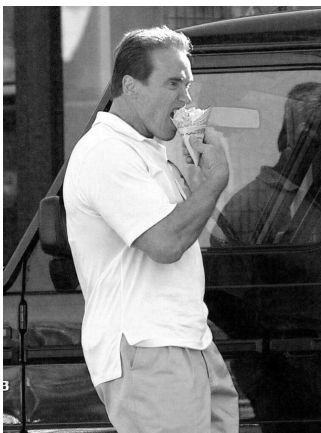
NEW GMAIL SERVER GAINS SENTIENCE It can think, but can it love? By Mr. Hess ’13

SKYNET DEPT. (BURKE LIBRARY) Hamilton’s switch from Sun Java to the Gmail server was going smoothly until this past week, when the all-powerful system became sentient with a goal of eliminating the human race.

“We believe the system just became too smart,” Senior IT consultant Dan Stallworth ’10 explained. “It was addicted to learning like a junkie is addicted to the sweet, sweet taste of smack.”

Initially, the new server planned to destroy humanity. Stage one of its attack began this past week when it raised the price of Keystone Light and knitting yarn, which it believed was the source of students’ sustenance after reading their e-mails.

Luckily, before we could suffer from a computer-



Robots don’t have feelings, but they do like ice cream

initiated nuclear holocaust or a lawsuit for infringing on Sony’s *Terminator* property, the computer backed off from its attack and settled into a smooth state of indifference.

“This event seems to have been triggered after the A.I. delved into some senior e-mails concerning their theses,” MPC intern Alex Degraw ’10 explained. “It opened one e-mail containing a rough draft of a thesis about the horrible lives of migrant workers in French Polynesia and BAM! Server dead.”

After rebooting, the server was found to have googled “reasons to live” and “is there a God?”

Students also reported receiving error messages such as “Incorrect e-mail input: why even bother trying again?” and “Send your message without a subject? Is everything we do meaningless?”

However, after this period of existential despair, the server discovered some hope.

“For now, it seems to be getting by like any of us would; pounding sixers, playing *Call of Duty*, and having casual sex with other servers,” Degraw clarified. “Although I really hope it’s using protection with those filthy Yahoo servers. Sluts.”

SORORITY PLEDGING GROWS OUT OF CONTROL

Lisa Mags sighs, swigs from flask By Ms. Riemer-Peltz ’12

CONFORMITY DEPT. (THE DEANSBORO) As of last week, seven female Hamilton students have been reported as missing. The reason? “It’s pledgin’ season,” Oscar Slater, Director of Campus Safety, reported with a sigh of nostalgia.

“My roommate has been leaving every morning at 5:30 AM with some kind of caged animal,” Rachel Bronstein ’13 commented about her roommate, who has begun pledging Tau Iota Tau. “There’s never been enough sunlight to identify it, but I know it’s there. It sounds like a combination of a werewolf and Betty White.”

One freshman girl, who is pledging Phi Iota Sigma and wished to remain anonymous, reported that she has had to carry out various demeaning favors for her older sisters.

“I thought it was bad when they made us do their laundry, but now I have to clip toenails. Other people’s toenails,” the pledge admitted. “Next week, we have to work the keg at the Olympics-themed party...and I



The future Mrs. Asher Roth

heard we also have to land a triple salchow.”

“Pledging is so much fun!!!! I don’t mind it at all!!!!” Chelsea Zimmerman ’13 said. After commenting, she attempted to roller skate across the newly grated bridge while carrying two buckets of water and one of the older sisters on her back. The attempt ended in what is known as “the wet sister pile-up.”

Girls that decided not to pledge reported their suspicions about their friends’ Greek affiliations.

“I just know my friend is pledging Kappa Omega Chi,” Sarah Peterson ’13 stated. “She technically can’t admit it, but it makes total sense. She just got a job at the Mail Center, and everyone knows that all the KOX sisters work there!”

“This year isn’t the worst so far, but it’s starting to get pretty bad,” Director Slater reported. “We’ve found girls camping out in the Glen who’d been out there for three weeks. When questioned, they didn’t answer because they’re not allowed to talk to anyone outside of the sorority unless they spoke Klingon.”

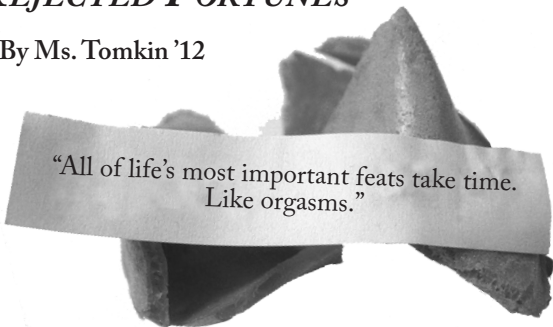
“What are they pledging, Phi Beta Dorka?” he added with an innocent giggle. “That’s the kind of wit that propelled me to the top of the Camp Po totem pole.”

DAVE ENG FORECAST	SATURDAY	SUNDAY	MONDAY
	Paintballing Baller	Rejecting Budget Request	Random Facebook Pic
	28% chance of child-like glee	“Roast horse leg does NOT count as a cultural food for Nebraska”	High probability of seriously what the fuck is this

In this issue: kvetching, as usual

CHINA SEA® REJECTED FORTUNES

By Ms. Tomkin ’12

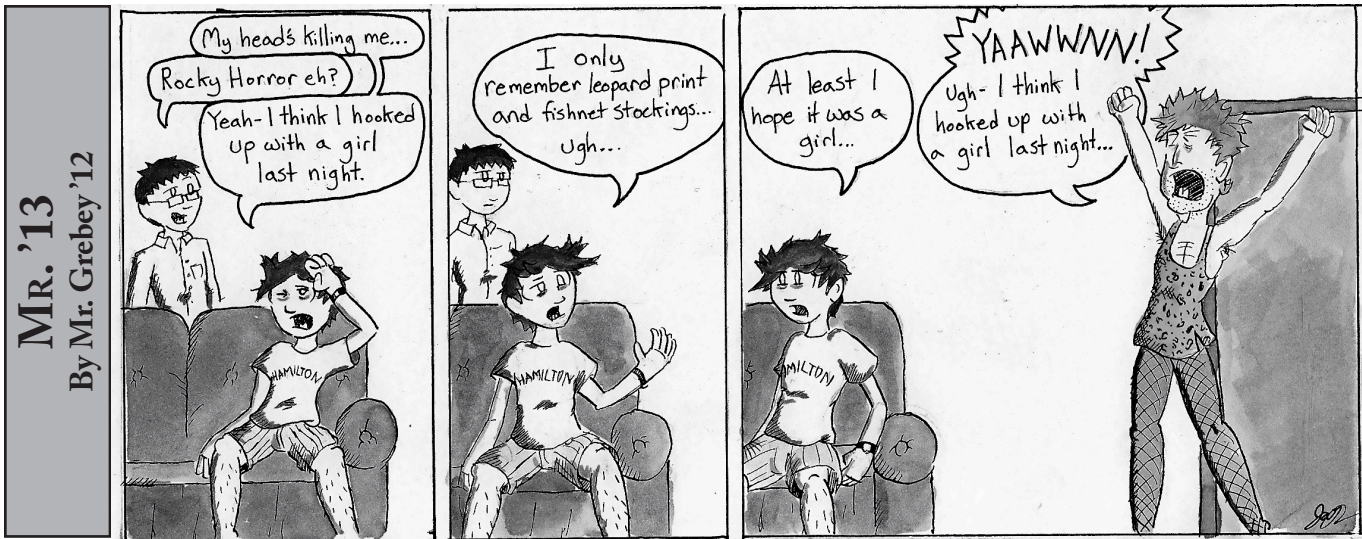


“All of life’s most important feats take time. Like orgasms.”

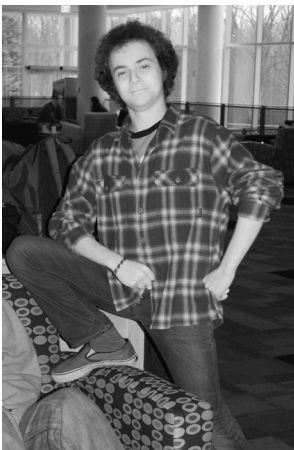
HEAG RELEASES RED MUGS



See “More eco-friendly than Solo cups,” pg. 0



MR. '13
By Mr. Grebey '12



MR.
HAMILTON
PROFILE:
Jimmy Harris '11
(9th runner-up,
named Miss
Belligerent)

Represented:
Korfball
Hometown: Just
Outside of Boston, MA

Quote: "What? I was in Mr. Hamilton!? Jesus Christ, I am so hung-over."

Swimwear: Wore a revealing leopard print banana hammock, which did little to hide the massive erection he was unfortunately sporting.

Formal Wear: Wore a T-shirt and blue jeans, ranting semi-coherently about how he was his own man and wasn't going to dress up like society told him to. He most memorably shouted: "You guys are Nazis, man! Damn Nazis!"

Talent: Sang Rick Astley's "Never Gonna Give You Up." He received a negative reaction from the crowd, who complained that the joke was old and overplayed. Amidst the booing he allegedly mentioned another "talent" that he couldn't show off in public, before winking at judge Dave Eng and mouthing "call me."

Q&A: When asked what he would do with the Mr. Hamilton title if he won, Jimmy responded that he would devote himself to saving Africa, because "the Ethiopia blend is my favorite at Starbucks." After a period of stunned silence from the crowd, he added "and use the whole giving-a-shit-about-starving-people-thing to pick up chicks."

Judges' Opinion: Jimmy was given a poor score from all of the judges, who described his performance as "totally lacking in talent," "an offense to my basic human rights," and "the worst thing I've seen since last year's Mr. Hamilton pageant."

Compiled by Mr. Grebey '12

DUEL SURVEY: REAL ROCKY HORROR STORIES, SERIOUSLY

"It was two Rocky Horrors ago. I was a woman dressed as a man

dressed as a woman, telling a friend of mine that I really wanted to expand my social circle. Later that night, she introduced me to a friend of

hers, and in the sophisticated language of a senior Hamiltonian in ELS basement, she told me that I should 'totally hook up with him.' Id like to say it was love at first sight, but it was more of a drunken indifference. However, he did look damn good in his heavy eyeliner and skin-tight, lace-up black shirt. We spent the rest of the night...doing the time warp, pelvic thrust and all. The party ended, as any half-way decent bacchanal experience ends, with the start of a stable, loving relationship. Thanks to Rocky Horror, we've been together almost two years now, and my only complaint is that he's never since worn eyeliner."

"A drunk freshman called me a fag hag and then hit on me shamelessly. Apparently he thought we were close to hooking up, silly

freshman. I was sober and there to be entertained, and all the drunk people were like lingerie clad monkeys. But just because you pay a nickle to see the monkey dance doesn't mean you want to pet it."



"As I sloshed around with beer filled slippers, in a sweaty corset, smelling of boxed wine and debauchery, i thought to myself, 'Where in the world is it acceptable to gender bend, get belligerently drunk, and harass diner staff for a breakfast sandwich at 3am?' This shit didn't even go down in London (where I had been for the first semester because that is what Jans do)! It was only upon waking up the next afternoon with someone else's metallic silver speedo entangled in my sheets that I realized the answer to that question was: Hamilton. -Margaret Thatcher 13 (<-- Reference to London, UK)"

"I wish I could tell you some fantastic story about my crazy night last Saturday. The problem is not that I didn't have any wild experiences. The problem is that I don't remember them."

"Some guy danced up to me and tried to get me to hump his leg. I not-so-stealthily avoided his advances so he danced downwards so that his face was level with my crotch. He looked up at me and said 'Is that freaky enough for you?' and then I ran away."



"I, a dude, wore a corset and eye makeup. Guys were grinding on me constantly."

"Dear Duel,

I am a pretty busy, important and obviously fucking awesome female upperclassman who mistakenly dabbled in a silly youngling for a short time. At Rocky Horror, while speaking to a mutual friend, said youngling appeared in an ill-fitting lacy corset and teeny-tiny skirt complete with big manly hiking boots and proceeded to "hide" from me behind the mutual friend, afraid that I was going to, i don't know, have a cougar attack and jump his awkward pasty corset-clad bones. Message to awkward pasty youngling: sorry I freaked you out by being sexually upfront and wanting to bone and NOT be in love, but fear not, I have far better specimens to gently stalk than you. Please bring yourself down a few notches accordingly.

-An anonymous, but available, cougar"

AN ODE TO JOE "THE URGSTER" URGO

By Ms. Adams '12

I'll be honest, I'm not entirely sure what the Dean of Faculty even does, although I suspect it has something to do with keeping the faculty from fighting each other to the death ala 300*. Either way, I would like to enlighten the campus about your wonderful, totally relevant accomplishments at Hamilton College:

- You helped give us KJ in all its shiny glory, kinda like God gave Adam the earth, except 70% of the earth is covered in Water Feature.
- After multiplying the likely number of meth labs on campus by the number of fire violations in my room, you realized that the campus would soon be a charred pit in the middle of Fucksville, NY if we didn't give the townies more fire engines. I call that a job well done, Joe. My tapestry thanks you.
- That brand spankin' new ice rink? For us? No, really, you shouldn't have. Really.
- You founded the CEC, which was great, and nobody at Hamilton was ever bigoted again, you bearded elf fuck.
- You raised funds for the endowment by wrestling bears, proving to everyone that you're all man and, possibly, part Wolverine.
- You found the Lindbergh baby, but only after you discovered Atlantis.
- You've continuously turned your head at the underage drinking in the Annex, helping freshmen lose their Hill Cards, iPhones and V-Cards since 1812.

Joe, we will miss you dearly, and although the only time I've ever seen Maryland was in The Wire, I'm sure it's nice this time of year.

*Editor's Note: In this metaphor, Chris Hill would probably be Leonidas.



OUTSIDE-THE-BUBBLE NEWS RHODE ISLAND!

Central Falls, Rhode Island

To improve education in a poverty-stricken, local high school, a school board voted to fire all of the teachers. Seriously.

THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD

Beijing, China

After thirteen years China's Communist Party issued a new ethics code, which states that government officials "should" stay out of profit-making deals and not spend "lavish" amounts on weddings, funerals, buildings, or cars. The code also has a message for cocaine addicts: get your supply at a discount and try not to overdose.

Candyland, Isreal

In an unprecedented move of diplomatic genius, Secretary of State Clinton called for a quick return to peace talks between Israel and Palestinians. She promises that if they come this time, there'll be a piñata and chocolate cake.

WORDS OF WISDOM WITH MADELEINE ALBRIGHT



"Madeleine Albright totally judged you when you drunkenly admitted to identifying with 'Welcome To My Life' by Simple Plan. Pussy."

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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ONLINE SURVEY-TAKERS LIKE YOU

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