

BREAKING NEWS: THIS IS A CLUB-THEMED ISSUE (Because endless e-mails weren’t pervasive enough)

HAVOC OPENS VIRTUAL COMMUNITY SERVICE EXPERIENCE

Four African orphans starved to death while you read this headline By Mr. Hostetter ’13

SLACKTIVISM DEPT. (NOT UTICA, THANK GOD) HAVOC, Hamilton’s premier r sum -padding organization (motto: “No Event Too Mundane For An All-Campus Email”), announced on Thursday that it would release a new campus attraction in the Burke Library simulating a volunteering experience.

“We understand that between refreshing Perez Hilton, playing *Farmville*, and complaining about the new Gawker layout, not everyone has time to dedicate to actual volunteer work,” HAVOC representative Emily Bentham ’12 said. “That’s why we’re releasing a virtual version of the volunteer experience so that you can participate without having to actually leave the womb-like environment of the Hill.

“We expect this to be just as effective in revolutionizing the activist experience as joining Facebook groups in support of Haiti, re-tweeting CNN articles about the protests in Egypt, and updating your status for breast cancer research,” Bentham added.

Exact details of the experience have not yet been released, but early beta participants reported that it involved viewing a slideshow of disadvantaged children while C line Dion songs played, participating in group icebreakers, and receiving complimentary water bottles and T-shirts.

“It was like having all the best parts of volunteering without any of that boring work stuff,” Peter Brandt ’14 commented.

Not all students were pleased, however. “I don’t know if this program has any actual value,” Brian Alexander ’13 noted. “I like to do my part to help the community, but that doesn’t mean I should have to walk all the way to the Lightside. Now, if there was an iPhone app for it, then I might be interested.”

In related news, the Financial Aid Office alluded to the possibility of releasing its own virtual experience in which a member of the football team would be dispatched to punch you repeatedly in the gut.



“I just aided the welfare system on Habbo Hotel, no big deal.”

INVESTMENT CLUB EMBRACES RAINBOW UNICORN FUTURES

Wall Street LSD crisis escalates: giant purple rabbit sightings up 90% Mr. Robinson ’12

ROBOT UNICORN ATTACK DEPT. (KIRNER-JOHNSON) We all know that the fundamentals of our economy are not strong. After Obama’s latest State of the Union address, one anonymous CNN analyst declared, “We are a financial dingleberry dangling awkwardly from China’s solid gold bum.” But members of the Investment Club have yet to give up hope. Like wily little chipmunks scurrying around a peanut factory, these intrepid entrepreneurs have been working day and night to uncover ways to avoid getting real jobs by making money in the stock market.

In the wake of the massive waves of hope and change that briefly seized, teased, and squeezed America’s throbbing zeitgeist during the Obama-ascendant era, Rainbow Unicorn futures have come power-dashing onto the scene, collecting faeries and crushing all stars in their path.

“The Unicorn industry is all about growth right now,” Investment Club President Jamawarakari Finkleberg-Zedong ’14 explained. “The American Unicorn population has increased from zero in 2007 to a record high of over twelve today thanks to a massive spike in supplies of their favorite drink: Justin Bieber’s tears.”

According to Hamilton’s crack team of Econ majors and people with funny accents, alternative investment opportunities include gopher racing, and flannel insurance. Lacy women’s underwear and Plan B sales are also predicted to skyrocket this weekend.

Despite Finkleberg’s optimism, other members of the club have expressed concern about their latest venture.

“We usually try to find patterns and statistics and stuff,” club member and Econ major Mishwinamon Yasaparagus ’12 admitted, “but none of that stuff really makes sense. So last week, I got really drunk, and when I woke up, I had invested my parents’ life savings in Rainbow Unicorn futures.”

When asked what those are, exactly, Yasaparagus sighed. “To be honest, I don’t know what a future is. I haven’t turned in a homework assignment in two years. I just know that if the sunshine to candy exchange rate gets any worse, my dad’s collection agent is going to chop off my balls.”

Representatives for Mr. Yasaparagus’ balls were unavailable for comment.



No comment.

THAT GIRL WITH THE CLUB FOOT HAS A NAME

It’s Madison! By Mr. Sinton ’13

NICKNAME DEPT. (CAMPUS) Senior Portraits always have a significant impact on campus (*Editor’s Note: That’s not true*), but this year’s senior portrait news burned through campus faster than a scared Jan burns through a joint behind Dunham when he realizes that Campus Safety is RIGHT THERE. The photographer called Girl-With-The-Club-Foot’s name, and it wasn’t ‘Girl-With-The-Club-Foot’ (*Ed. Note: It’s Madison Jackson ’11*).

“When I found out that Girl-With-The-Club-Foot had a name (*Ed. Note: Madison*), I felt so relieved,” Betha-

ny Heimert ’11 admitted. “I mean, we’ve been best friends for four years! Constantly having to pretend I knew her name was so hard, and I felt sort of bad always calling her Girl-With-The-Club-Foot around other people.”

As the news travelled around campus though, not everyone expressed relief. A CompLit major struggling to lengthen a paper might even call the dominant reaction a tsunami of MacBeth-y guilt, a seiche of Malfoy-in-the-7th-Book peccability, or an alluvion of remorse reminiscent of the penultimate scene in Fukuyaguchi’s groundbreaking anime, *Big Robots Exploring Metaphors*.

“Well, now that I know what Girl-With-The-Club-Foot’s name is (*Ed. Note: Madison, Madison, Madison!*), I feel terrible about giving her an F!” Prof. Licktenstine wailed. “I thought I never got any papers from her, but this does explain all those emails from mjackson@ham-

ilton.edu. I just thought some popstar had confused me for a prepubescent boy—I study Geology so it wouldn’t be the first time. Also, her participation grade took a hit because who wants to point at someone and acknowledge some sort of difference? Awkward!”

“We met after a HEAT competition—she was the best up there—and hooked up consistently for two years. I think I loved her,” George Boy ’12 explained. “But Girl-With-The-Club-Foot (*Ed. Note: It’s Madison, you fucking assholes*) ended it when I wouldn’t make it Facebook official. I explained I must have been misspelling her name. Now, I realize it wasn’t Girlwiththe Club-Foot. My bad.”

Some, such as Juan Costales ’13, weren’t surprised by the news. “She is from Connecticut and rode horses as a child. Her name was either Madison or some variation of Katylin. Duh.”

FEBFEST FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY AFTERNOON	SATURDAY NIGHT
	Fireworks 	Chili Cook-Off 	Rocky Horror Party 
	High probability watching them will not make you spontaneously orgasm	“My stomach’s turning into Scar Tissue, I just Can’t Stop eating it.”	82% chance crushing your dick in that girdle was totally worth it

In this issue: clubbing a dead horse!

CUTE ANIMALS SAYING TERRIBLE THINGS



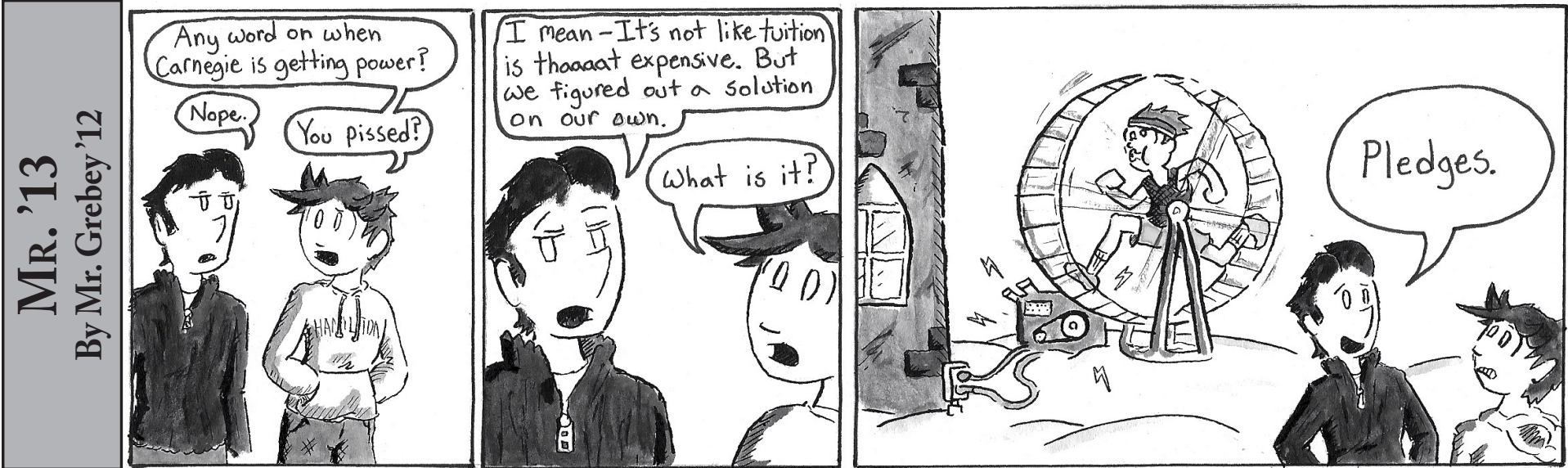
Dog: Alright, if I sink this putt, we’re all going downtown in my Lambo to club some baby seals!

HANG TEN, MOTHERFUCKERS!



See, “BANFF comes to Hamilton” pg. 6.





# MR. '13

## By Mr. Grebey '12

### PEOPLE WHO LIKE TO DO FUN THINGS (PWLTDFT) ENGAGE IN CIVIL WAR WITH FEBFEST

by Mr. Schnacky '14

**History**  
The denial of fun has forever been successfully enforced on the Hamilton College campus through a gag rule. Every winter, FebFest attempts to bypass this gag rule by offering their "winter carnival." This winter, PWLTDFT (unrelated to Porcupines Who Like To Draw Famous Transylvanians) has released a statement declaring war on FebFest: "We are the only organization legally allowed to distribute fun on the Hamilton College. We are successful in doing this. Everyone loves Humans vs. Zombies. Right? RIGHT!?"

FebFest has responded to this declaration stating, "You organized two things all year. And all Humans vs. Zombies does is inspire mass hysteria and paranoia."



Photo captured at "The Battle of WaterFeature."

**Day 1 - The Storming of the ELS**  
The rumors that students greatly enjoy the board games of Sadowe caused the PWLTDFT to lay siege to the the new student center in order to find them. Many Gaming Club bystanders were massacred and PWLTDFT was unable to locate these supposed "games of mass enjoyment." It was then that students began to question how far we would go in our pursuit of "fun."

**Day 2 - Glen Walk for Peace**  
Several Hamilton students started a protest for peace during the illuminated Glen Walk, singing, "How many glens must a man walk down before you call him a man?" Candles from the vigil burnt down the Glen.

**Day 3 - A Zombie Pageant is Still Less Creepy than a Beauty Contest for Children**  
Mr. Hamilton contest was infiltrated by PWLTDFT, who submitted a zombie candidate. The zombie won after a fantastic strut during the swimsuit portion. FebFest continued to proclaim, "All you do is talk about zombies!"

**Day 4 - Everyone Loves Moustaches!**  
In an attempt to rally students' spirits, PWLTDFT gave out moustaches. This effort failed miserably.

**Day 5 - This Chili Tastes Wonderful!**  
The chili cook-off was spoiled by PWLTDFT. The new arsenic-chili was a surprising (and deadly) hit.

**Day 6 - The Final Battle**  
In the culminating battle at the Rocky Horror Party, the PWLTDFT and FebFest haggard forces prepared for a final standoff. Eventually, PWLTDFT realized that FebFest was only one week in the winter and PWLTDFT could have the rest of the year. Even though there were many casualties, buildings razed, and irrepressible psychological damage, Hamilton received a massive amount of government aid after being declared 'a war zone.' Tuition has been lowered and the humanitarian aid has given us food that trumps *Bon Appetit*.

### FRIDAY FIVE:

## CLUBS THAT NEED TO EXIST

- By Mr. Zappala '12
5. **Football Club** - We'd be better off if it were just an intramural sport.
  4. **The Too Cool to Say Hello Club** - Now, everyone can learn how to do that awkward head gesture that looks like a request for a blowjob.
  3. **The Cocaine Club** - The college should support the countless hours I need to spend studying and this way would be cheaper than Opus.
  2. **John Nitterman Jr. Appreciation Society** - If more administrators and professors drank on the job, our financial aid and GPA would both improve exponentially.
  1. **We Get \$500 Every Time Dave Eng Sends an All-Campus Email Club**



"I totally don't remember your name."

## CLUB BUDGETS: WHAT STUDENT ASSEMBLY MONEY ACTUALLY PAYS FOR

By Ms. Joyce '13

**Gaming Club**  
\$50: Replace lost dice, game tokens, cards, etc.  
\$100: New *World of Warcraft*-themed Risk board  
\$500: Friends and a place to go on Saturday nights

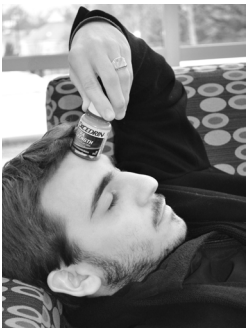
**Finance Club**  
\$500: Invest in stocks with the coolest names  
\$6,000: Creative Ponzi scheme involving sunglasses sales in Beinecke  
\$8,000: Strippers and cocaine (as practice for when real financial exec)

**GNAR**  
\$1,000: Emergency fund...for trips to emergency room.  
\$300: Band-Aids, ice packs, and extra strength Tylenol for boo-boos  
\$400: Video camera in hopes of getting on America's Funniest Home Videos

**Ping Pong Club**  
\$60: Lifetime supply of ping-pong balls  
\$400: Research and development of most annoying all-campus emails possible

**Scottish Country Dancing**  
\$500: Kilts. But no underwear. Eww  
\$40: Haggis. For that one kid that really likes sheep's stomach  
\$10,000: Restitution for anyone within earshot of bagpipes for the night

**Independent Music Fund**  
\$15,000: Bands you have never heard of but must pretend to like if you live on the Darkside  
\$200: Free Opus to bribe student body to acoustic coffeehouses  
\$800: Crystal goblets full of all purple M&Ms, organic green tea served at exactly 170°F, and eight naked freshmen girls (per the band's request)



It's exactly what it looks like.

## OUTSIDE THE CLUBBLE NEWS

By Ms. Ryder '11

**Statistics Journal Club**  
Well known for their HamPoll e-mails and sociology research, members of the Statistics Journal Club were last seen wandering aimlessly through KJ after the sudden realization that 87% of all statistics are, in fact, made up.

**Gobstones Club**  
This weekend, the Gobstones Club defeated Durmstrang Academy three matches to none. No word on whether the cardboard cut-outs of Daniel Radcliffe plan on a rematch.

**Groundhog-day Appreciation Society**  
Former members of TDX were suspended from the G.A.S. after hazing allegations when they coerced the groundhog to not see his shadow.

**Guided Bobsled Guild**  
This new and promising club was formed and funded in an attempt to finally see some freshmen wipe out on something.

**The Live Action Role-Playing Society**  
The L.A.R.P. Society will meet as scheduled on the Dunham Green. This week's theme: the war between Feb Fest and PWLTDFT (see above). If interested in participating, please email your Union/Confederacy preferences to The Gaming Club.

**Korfball**  
Sadly, it still exists.

## THE DUEL OBSERVER

BRITTANY DAWN TOMKIN  
*Editor-in-Chief/ Frank N. Furter*  
WILLIAM CAMERON SINTON  
*Editor-out-Chief/ Brad*  
JAKE CHRISTOPHER ZAPPALA  
*Managing Editor/ Janet*  
JOHN PATRICK KENNEDY  
*Layout Editor/ Rocky Horror*  
ALICIA TAYLOR SPECHT  
*Layout Editor Emeritus/ The Narrator*  
ALISON NICOLE RITACCO  
*Photo Journalist/ Meatloaf*  
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN  
*The Boss*

**Senior Staff Writers**  
JAMES ATTICUS GREBEY  
LESLEY ELIZABETH RYDER  
ANDREW LEE ROBINSON

**Staff Writers**  
KEVIN NATHANIEL HESS  
KATHERINE JANE ADAMS  
HALEY ISADORA RIEMER-PELTZ  
CRAWFORD MCKINLEY CHARMAN  
JOHN KEVIN BOUDREAU  
COLIN NATHAN HOSTETTER  
KATHERINE LOUISE JOYCE  
J. ANDREW PHILLIP SCHNACKY

**Contributors**  
WILLIAM PAGE LEUBSDORF

**Copy Editors**  
SARAH MCCOY BITHER  
CAROLYN MARIE ANDERSON

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.

Comments? Email [duel@hamilton.edu](mailto:duel@hamilton.edu)  
Complaints? Or find us on the interweb!  
Recipes? <http://students.hamilton.edu/duel/>