

THIS ISSUE IS MADE OF 100% HEMP (Roll me.)

JOHN NITTERMAN JR. WINS MEN’S LACROSSE TEAM Sells it for really good cocaine

By Mr. Kennedy ’14

UNATHLETIC DEPT. (UTICA BACK ALLEY) The Hamilton Men’s Lacrosse team was frightened to discover they were now owned by alcoholic college spokesperson John Nitterman Jr. The change in ownership was finalized in a smoke-filled room where Joan Hinde Stewart, John Nitterman Jr., and a quorum of trustees sat for a fateful game of poker.

Eventually, once Stewart had already wagered the rest of her book ideas and the trustees got bored with gambling away our money, it was agreed to put up the lacrosse team instead. Nitterman won the hand with a pair of 3’s.

The drama of the day did not end there as Nitterman immediately sold the team to feared Utica drug dealer Escobar Montana in exchange for an eight ball of what one consumer described as, “I’m-going-to-stab-the-world-in-the-face-with-my-eyes!” cocaine.

When questioned about his motives for the trade, Nitterman seemed mostly unapologetic. “SERIOUSLY, WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?!” he laughed.

However, more helpful witnesses at the trade suggested that our college spokesperson was actually quite the shrewd businessman.

“Nitterman really pulled a fast one on that Utica guy,” LAX player Tony Danzuh ’13 said. “There’s no way our lacrosse team is worth anything.”

When asked what he planned to do with his newly acquired lacrosse team, Montana suggested that he might put them to work as part of his drug cartel to expand his labor force. Students around campus were confused about how this actually changed anything.

Many on the team seemed prepared for their new responsibilities. “Ya, I’ve been dealing coke since middle school. That was TOTALLY just practice for the hypothetical situation in which this happened,” douchebag and lifelong drug dealer Tim Broman ’12 explained. “And I’ll make more than \$18,000* in this new profession.”

“Totally,” teammate Marco Brolo ’11 added. “Besides, it’ll be nice to do something we’re good at for a change.”

*Average salary of a Major League Lacrosse Player**
**Yeah, it’s definitely the future of sports

HAMILTON COMMUNITY EXCITED FOR GREEN WEEK Students: lazy, happy, hungry, bloodshot

By Mr. Schnacky ’14

JOINT CUSTODY DEPT. (THE SECRET GARDEN IN YOUR CLOSET) With Green Week in full force, many students have caught onto the high that has been buzzing around campus by blazing through their school-work and inhaling the aroma of Green Week.

The environmental initiatives of Green Week have been especially popular this year. An increased number of students have volunteered at the Community Farm, spending their weekends getting burnt in the hot sun by helping out with weeding, sorting seeds, and removing the stems.

One devoted environmental activist, Bud Ganja ’11, even went so far as to start growing his own garden in his closet. He plans on selling his plants at a cheap price to students looking to “take the edge off” with some fresh produce.

“I especially love selling my plants during Green Week because everyone is so eager to help

STUDENTS EXPERIMENT WITH PLACEBO DRUGS Homeopaths beat them to that experience by centuries

By Mr. Hostetter ’13

SHITTY DEALERS DEPT. (BEHIND YOUR DORM) Having grown tired of the usual panoply of illicit drugs, the Hamilton student body has been swept up in a new craze: placebos. Students have been reportedly smoking oregano, snorting baby powder, and injecting themselves with brown sugar.

“It’s a totally new kind of high,” placebo enthusiast Patricia Hopkins ’12 said. “It’s like, when you’re on it, your mind is totally normal, and your body does exactly what you tell it to. It’s really wild.”

Brad Goodman ’13 also reported positive experiences with placebos. “The other day, my frat brothers and I all blasted some dubstep and popped, like, three Tums each,” Goodman said. “And, dude, it was like, I could just

out the environment and the economy by buying local produce. My favorites are my fresh-grown Purple Haze plums, my Sour Diesel lemons, and my fast-growing Pineapple Express.”

Meanwhile, some students have decided to take further action in being earth-friendly by declaring the entire year ‘Green Week 2011.’ While all their plans seemed fairly reasonable, when they figured out they would need to create a proposal, Blaise Kronik ’13 responded while giggling, “We simply don’t have that sort of motivation, man. We can’t just go around ‘proposing’ things. We need to listen to the Earth.”

However, the campus Green Week movie did usher in some confusion when one individual realized no movie had actually been shown. Instead, the screensaver had been playing for two hours. When questioned about this, dilated pupil James Stoned ’12 stated, “If everyone looked at this, there’d be no war, man.”



Smoke tree everyday.

hear the music all around me. You know what I mean?”

Concerned about this trend, Campus Safety announced their intention to subject suspicious students to a placebo drug test. The test will include walking along a straight line, reciting the alphabet backwards, and refusing to belt the lyrics to “Don’t Stop Believing.”

Students who pass the tests will be subject to a penalty of five points for being under the influence of placebo drugs; students who fail the tests will be subject to the normal one to two point penalties of being under the influence of illegal drugs.

“This discrimination against placebo drug users is completely unfair,” Kurt Grenville ’11, representative of the student organization Smoke Watercress Everyday, whined. “We shouldn’t be treated as outcasts just because our activities go against our goody-two-shoes culture of meth and heroin.”

Grenville then proceeded to do a line of unidentified white powder off a black-and-white photocopy of a hooker’s ass and was heard grumbling, “God dammit, I think my fucking dealer cut this chalk dust with cocaine.”



Don’t take the blue ones!

In this issue: drug joke overdose

CUTE ANIMALS SAYING TERRIBLE THINGS






Escobar Montana: The new kush is \$60 for an eighth. Don’t try to lowball me, asshole.

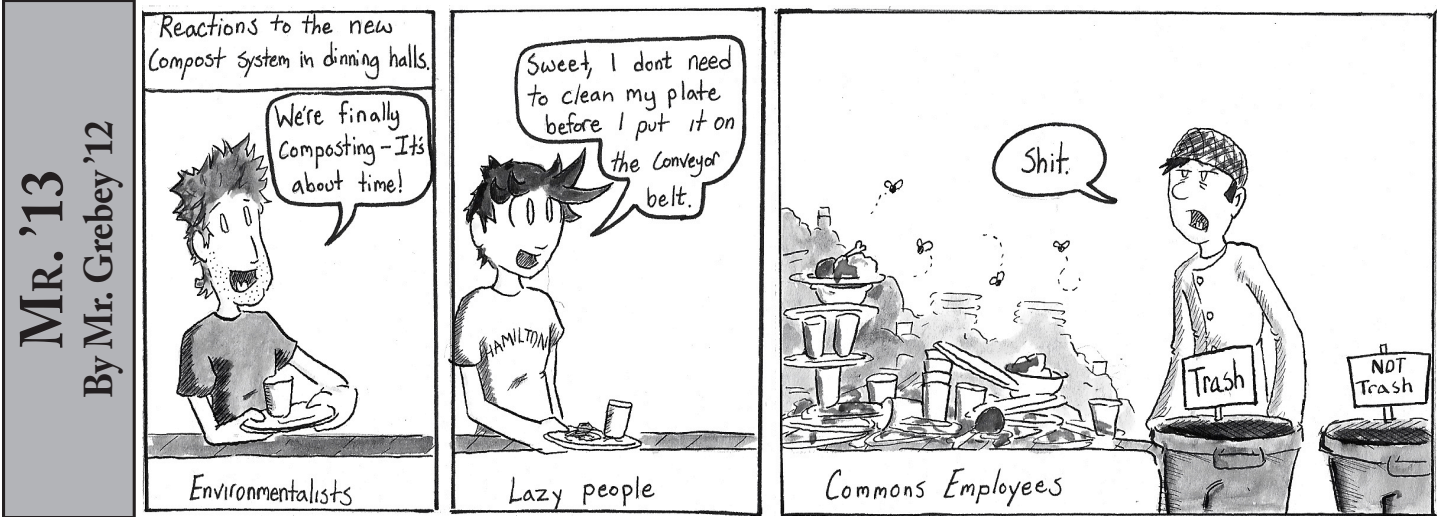
HACKYSACK SMURF FINDS MEANING IN DAILY BULL



See, “Like, what do we even know, man?” pg. dude, think about it.

MUNCHIES FORECAST

4:20	5:37	7:17
Nom  30% chance the line between tasty and adorable gets blurred	Nom Nom  “Ultimately, ultimate cheddar is totally better than totally ranch.”	McAWESOME  High probability YES!!!!



My Accepted Student's Day, or In Memoriam: My Sweet Virgin Eyes

By Richard Likker '15

8:15 Dad stops to get some coffee to stay awake. Caffeine is a drug, and I don't approve of him using it. Good thing no one does that in college.

9:30 What type of soda is Keystone Light, and why are there cans of it all over campus?

SUB-FREE FRIDAY FIVE: FUN THINGS TO DO IN KIRKLAND & ROOT

By Mr. Sinton '13

- Befriend an RA:** We've heard rumors they're nice people. Apparently.
- Be Quiet:** While the stoners are giggling and the wastoids are sobbing/loudly hooking up/both, try staring at a wall or not doing stuff. Don't worry, you're making the right choice.
- Remember Things:** Tired of bitches gettin' blackout and potheads who misplace everything? Stick it to them by remembering that your Hillcard is actually in your pocket and that last Friday you tried suggestion #4 for three hours and it was totally bitchin'.
- Cultivate A Totally Awesome Holier Than Thou Attitude:** Everyone is stressed about job opportunities in this economy! If you fancy a future as a Presbyterian minister, suburban housewife, or low-level college administrator, get to work telling everyone where you live as if it were an accomplishment and snitching about the vending machine trick. Dickhead.
- Bake Some Muffins Asbestos You Can:** All those Darksiders are ruining their lungs with cigarettes and inhaling super-heated THC, and they're cool. If you wanna be cool, you'll have to screw up those pretty, pink lungs, and *fast*. Social acceptance is only a quick trip to Bundy and a lifetime of debilitating coughs and cancers away.



Be cool, yo!

POINTS FROM THIS SEMESTER

By Ms. Joyce '13

Every semester, the Judicial Board assigns points to students who are caught doing illegal things and are unable to outrun Campus Safety. They then report their punishments at the end of the semester in an all-campus email. We at *The Duel*, using our investigatory skills (read: sexual favors), have managed to acquire a list of this semester's offenses so far.

1-3 points:

- *45 students received 1 point each for failing to discreetly hide their open containers behind their backs or place them on the ground when Camp Po came
- *14 students received 2 points each for underage drinking (detected by Campus Safety based on the use of Juicy-Juice and Sunny D as mixers)



No, seriously, don't smoke this.

- *3 students received 3 points each for owning bong/pipes that were too obviously shaped like drug paraphernalia instead of a random animal.

4-5 points:

- *5 students forgot to unplug their extension cords and remove their Jamaican-flag tapestries during fire inspection week and were assigned 4 points each. They were then assigned another 2 points for being too uncreative about their marijuana-related décor.
- *2 students who purchased better beer than Keystone Light were each assigned 4 points
- *1 student received 5 points for attempting to smoke the hemp granola in McEwen

6-10 points:

- *1 student received 7 points for bitch-slapping another student instead being a man and using an upper-cut to the jaw
- *1 student was assigned 6 points for finally destroying a Babbitt sofa beyond repair
- *1 student was suspended for one semester for copying his entire final from the professor's own book

DRUG TASTING

With Phineas P. Wurterbottom III

Hello again, loyal readers. It is I, your beloved guide to all things cultured. Having heard how well-received my wine tasting was, I've come back to review drugs. Drugs broaden your mind, and if you get busted and sent to prison because of them, your asshole too.



Marijuana: Let us start with the classic. Weed has many great aspects to it: it helps you eat all your leftovers, makes Seth Ro-gen attractive, and makes you think of great ideas that would take too much work to actually do, but by God, you're going to talk about doing it! Best of all, it's only technically illegal.

Adderall: Also known as CrackLite©. Full disclosure, the only reason I was able to sit down and write this review at all was because of Adderall. You go to Hamilton, you understand.

Peyote: Used by many Native American tribes, Peyote will make you spirit-trip balls.

Meth: Great if you want to look 50 years older and wish you had fewer teeth. I've tried meth, and the results weren't pretty.



Glue: As a kid you probably ate glue. Now, you can sniff it, kill brain cells, and in doing so, drop down to the level of a Col-gate Student. I'm trying to see what other childhood arts and crafts can be used as a drug. So far, snorting glitter does nothing. Seems to work for Ke\$ha though.

Special K: A mediocre a capella group. Oh—you meant Ketamine! Veterinarians use that as an anesthetic, but if it's good enough for Fido, it's good enough for you.

Mr. Wutterbottom has a Ph.D in Classics and a lifelong ban from T.G.I. Friday's. He will return to write for The Duel once we forgive him for trying to make love to our layout editor while under the influence of all of the aforementioned drugs.

Edited by Mr. Grebey '12

10:15 I'm sitting in on a class when one student gets up and yells at the professor, "You vituperative charlatan! Thou art a wanton hussy of ill repute! I deserved an A on that paper!" and walks out. Who knew the students in Shakespearian Insults would be so eloquent!

10:17 The professor lights up a cigarette and keeps lecturing. When she notices one student is asleep, she puts the cigarette out. In his ear. College is tough, I guess.

11:15 Joan Hinde Stewart, the president of Hamilton College, is going to speak to us! Wow! When I come here, I'm going to attend her Open Hour every week!

12:00 I'm over on the "Dark Side" (it's a Star Wars reference, AWESOME), and I see two students sucking on a big glass flower vase. When I ask them what's in it, they say, "Pot." Well, duh, I got that, but I wanted to know what they put in the pot, so I sucked on the vase too. And let me tell you...

1:24 What are all these naked people running from? Is this the Phys. Ed requirement? Gosh, I'd better start now! Clothes off, party on!

1:40 We just got chased by Camp Po, and I got 8 points! That's good, right?

2:00 Some of my streaking friends invite me to a party, so I blow off Mom and Dad. College kids don't need parents.

2:15 I just did three lines of cocaine off the alligators in the Science Center! Another Hamilton College tradition completed!

3:42 Molly, who is a senior, tells me she can't get laid by anyone else on campus because the boys call her "grand-ma." So we hump on the rock swing, and then she gives me a sponge bath in the KJ water feature. What a great school!

Edited by Mr. Boudreau '14

THE DUEL OBSERVER

BRITTANY DAWN TOMKIN
Editor-in-Chief/ Blunt

WILLIAM CAMERON SINTON
Editor-out-Chief/ Apple

JAKE CHRISTOPHER ZAPPALA
Managing Editor/ Gravity Bong

JOHN PATRICK KENNEDY
Layout Editor/ Bubbler

ALICIA TAYLOR SPECHT
Layout Editor Emeritus/ Volcano

ALISON NICOLE RITACCO
Photo Journalist/ Hypodermic Syringe

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
The Boss

Senior Staff Writers

JAMES ATTICUS GREBEY
LESLEY ELIZABETH RYDER
ANDREW LEE ROBINSON

Staff Writers

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

Contributors

PHINEAS P. WURTERBOTTOM III

Copy Editor

SARAH MCCOY BITHER

Comments?
Complaints?
Recipes?

Email duel@hamilton.edu
Or find us on the interweb!
<http://students.hamilton.edu/duel/>

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.