

IT’S LIKE THE OPPOSITE OF A ROLLERCOASTER!  
(We don’t know what that means either.)

SOPHOMORE HAS TIME OF HIS LIFE AT PARTY  
The rest of his life will be meaningless in comparison

By Mr. Grebey ’12

TOO AWESOME A TIME, BRO DEPT. (MILBANK 44) Tim Gribble ’13 attended a Milbank party last weekend and drunkenly shouted that he, “had the best time of [his] life!” He was unaware of the truth in that statement.

The party started out as a pre-game session but quickly became what Campus Safety considers a “class-A rager.” Gribble reportedly achieved the perfect level of drunk, ran the beruit table, was the life of the party, and doomed the rest of his life to miserable mediocrity in comparison.

Tim’s girlfriend, Heather Wilson ’13, noticed a change in his behavior.



“He’s not interested in anything anymore. Last time we tried to bang, he looked at me for a few seconds and then mumbled about when everyone got naked at the party.”

Gribble’s friends were worried he would end up like others who peaked in college, such as Josh Connors ’09, a football star whose life lost all meaning after he graduated. Given that he was a “star” in a bad Division III program, this example is especially depressing.

Other friends tried to talk sense into Gribble.

“Listen, college is awesome,” Liz Roberts ’11 commented, “but you’re supposed to go out into the real world and do bigger and better things, otherwise you’re going to end up like that guy who still runs Trivia Night for the school, and that’s just sad\*.”

But they worked to no avail: Gribble no longer sees any beauty in a sunset.

In fact, ten years from now, when Gribble holds his newborn child for the first time, he will be unable to muster up any joy, having exhausted that emotion after he made that double overtime behind-the-back shot to win at beruit.

\*Editor’s note: just kidding, we love you, Paul!

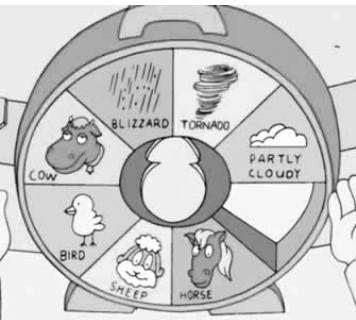
CRAZY TOWNIE FOUND  
OPERATING STOLEN WEATHER  
CONTROL MACHINE

Chinese government denies involvement

By Mr. Robinson ’12

WEATHER? DEPT. (CLINTON, NY) They said the weather could be predicted. They were dead wrong. Recently, highly improbable weather activity has baffled faculty, students, and migrating birds alike. Yesterday, a combined Camp Po and KPD task force finally found the cause of the meteorological madness: Clinton resident Thomas F. “Thomas” Parsley Jr.. Formerly suspected of cow tipping and several pizza-related felonies, he was arrested late in the night for possession of a sophisticated weather-control device.

“The machine was, like, pretty big and had all these buttons on it and stuff,” recent graduate and Chief Scientific Officer for the KPD Dolly Mattel ’10 explained. “At first, we didn’t know what it did, but we, like, took it apart with screwdrivers and stuff and



A model for the next generation weather machine by IKEA

found all these wires and things. And well, yeah. Also, we might have accidentally made it really cold outside... sorry.”

As part of the campus directive to stay green, what remains of the machine will be recycled into either a fully functioning scale model of KJ, an adorable sculpture of the Martin’s Way cat, or a sophisticated robotic combat suit for President Stewart.

In his formal post-arrest statement, Mr. Parsley explained, “And I woulda gotten away with it too, if it weren’t for those meddling kids and that dog!”

The news couldn’t have come at a better time. After suffering through over a week of weather almost as horrifying as Thom Yorke’s dancing, many students were about ready to give up.

“It was so nice one morning that I went out in shorts,” sad-looking freshman Peter Applebottoms ’13 volunteered. “The snow came when I was jogging by G-Road. My junk actually froze. I had to spend three days in the hospital.

“On the bright side, it was Rocky Horror weekend, so I still got to see a lot of my friends,” he added.

In light of Parsley’s arrest, the rainmaking charge against original suspects Fat Joe and Lil’ Wayne has been dropped.

CAMP PO OVERREACTS TO EVERYTHING, STUDENTS REACT BY OVERREACTING

“They’re like the Wal-Mart greeters of law enforcement!”

By Ms. Tomkin ’12

ROXANNE, DON’T YOU TURN ON THE RED AND BLUE LIGHTS DEPT.

(DUNHAM CIRCLE) Students have grown displeased with Campus Safety’s recent hike in security measures. Many feel as if the campus has gone from a happy-go-lucky world of sunshine and rainbows and beer fountains to the college version of *The Shawshank Redemption*.



“It’s pathetic,” Marcy Cleopatra ’11 commented. “Camp Po spent a half hour breaking into my Eells single with a jackhammer to tell me my music was playing too loud...which was pretty weird since I was just listening through my earphones.”

When asked to comment about their increased “security” measures at events such as suite parties, Bardo tournaments, and family gatherings, rookie Officer Barbrady came forth.

“It’s such a power trip, telling these kids—I mean, legal

adults—what to do,” he sneered. “Last week, I made a freshman girl run around a building without a jacket in negative temperatures because acting like an Annex bouncer is mad awesome.

“In retrospect,” he added, “I think she was saying something about how she had to get to her phone to call her family since her dad was in the hospital, but it was hard to pay attention ‘cause I just kept thinking about how pretty I looked in my uniform.”

While the heightened security is an understandable response to the violent crimes of last semester, students have begun to freak out about how Campus Safety officers are “treating their jobs like actual jobs instead of being the custodians to our mistakes” and “being like the Lamborghini that broke the camel’s back,” whatever that’s supposed to mean.

“Running around in your uniforms is not an excuse to act like an asshole when it’s not called for,” LAX bro Tim Doosh ’13 pointed out. “The only person around here who’s allowed to be an asshole is ME, and that’s because I’m so good at SPORTS!” Mr. Doosh then proceeded to make a bunch of guttural growling sounds reminiscent of the dinosaurs in *Jurassic Park*.

Director of Campus Safety Fred Manfrano was less than pleased with the allegations.

“Look, babysitting drunk college students wasn’t explicitly in the job description, so cut us some slack when we break up your parties or give you points or steal your cocaine. We need that shit to stay awake on weekend nights so we can break up even more of your parties and give you even more points. Jeez.”

In this issue: blatant lies!

CUTE ANIMALS SAYING TERRIBLE THINGS



Is Apartheid over?

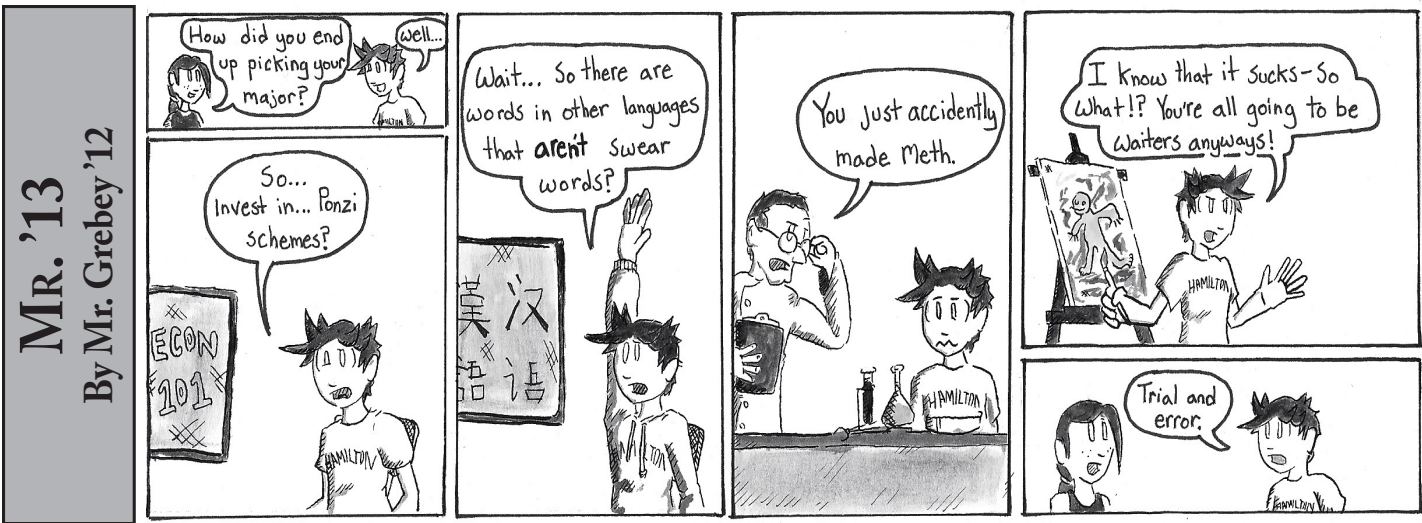
J. BIEBS TRIES TO BE 50 CENT



See, “Baby, baby, baby OWWW,” pg. 16 going on 17.

POWER OUTAGE FORECAST	HOUR 1		HOUR 3	HOUR 6
	Try To Fit In	Trite References		Triangle Shirtwaist
	50% chance the Lightside enjoys Arcade Fire more	High probability YOU ARE Afraid of the Dark		“Wait, smoke detectors don’t work with no power? Word.”





## YOUR ROCKY HORROR STORIES!

“I am, shall we say, the straightest-laced and casual type, never mind my passion for following the rules and being a perfect little goody two shoes. Well, I managed to shock just about everyone who knew me when I showed up in a PVC corset and skirt, fishnet, and 4 inch boots. I would dance up to a friend, start grinding up against them, they would go, “Hey, sweet, this hot chick is HOLY CHRIST ON A STICK IT’S -name redacted-”, I would laugh and move on to the next victim. For a Rocky Horror virgin in her 4th year, I would have to say it was mission accomplished.”

“I borrowed fishnets from my friend. Next thing I know, I’m at the annex and there’s a hole by the thigh. I take a picture of my thigh and send it to her, saying that I’m terribly sorry about it and that I’ll get her new a new pair of sultry fishnets. After about 30 minutes I see the ruined fishnets again and I have the same reaction. I snap a shot and send it to her. I kept on forgetting that I had sent her the image, so I’d send it again. This happened a total of 4 times. Thanks Rocky Horror.”



**“Didn’t eat dinner, pregamed too hard—passed out in babbitt around 10:30 after making out with two thirds of Duelly”**

***“This is a disgrace to the Hamilton Community.”***

**Noted. Didn’t even make it to the annex, but on the plus side I got a great night’s sleep. And in retrospect its probably a good thing that I didn’t make it into the public view.”**

**“I saw this guy in one of my classes making out with some girl. Fifteen minutes later I saw him getting beer and I walked up to him, looked at him straight in the eyes and said “You are such a fucking whore.” He looked at me, confused. Then I slurred “I saw you making out with that girl. You. Are. A. Whore.” I realized Monday morning he had been making out with his girlfriend. Oops.”**

“I got out of practice at 8 and returned to my Darkside double to find my entire hallway taking pictures in their weird outfits. I was horrified. I showered and got to the Light-side as quick as possible.”  
*\*Editor’s Note: Hab. Pussy.*

“So, I totally thought it was pirate themed. As a junior whose been to this party twice before, it was sort of embarrassing to show up in full pirate regalia.”

*“My rocky horror story: [Anonymous Duel Cartoonist] got punched in the balls!”*

## LESSER KNOWN WRITING PRIZES

By Mr. Magaziner ’14

### The Michael Scott Prize

Established by Paul Lieberstein ’89, this prize is awarded to the student that writes the most “That’s what she said” puns in an essay submitted to the Economics Department.

**Prize:** It’s big—trust me. That’s what she said.

**Comments:** If your hand starts to hurt, you can finish it orally. That’s what she said.

### The President’s Prize

This prize is awarded to the student who can write something more boring than Joan Hinde Stewart’s *The Enlightenment of Age: Women, Letters and Growing Old in Eighteenth-century France*.

**Prize:** Money amount equivalent to the revenue of President Stewart’s books. So, like... apparently a shit ton of money. It sells for £55 and is sold out on Amazon.com.

### The Pledge Captain Prize

This prize is awarded to the student (freshman pledge) who “willingly” writes the most coherent senior thesis for their Fraternity President, after downing ten beers.

**Prize:** Freedom from laundry duty for a week.

### The Dave Eng Prize

Established by the internet-famous Dave Eng, this prize is awarded to the student that writes and sends over 100 emails within a span of three days; the student must violate and abuse every Listserv rule.

**Prize:** Free pizza and wings at every *Jersey Shore* night.

## FRIDAY FIVE: MOVIE-THEMED PARTY MUSTS

By Mr. Zappala ’12

5. ***The Boondock Saints in Sadove Basement*** - If the the amount of booze consumed in the movie is a barometer for anything, this party will go stupidly well. Not to mention, it offers the chance to see what fun things you can do with rope...
4. ***Saving Private Ryan in the Hub*** - Shots will be served as often as they are fired in the film. Will likely devolve into the “EMT-ing Freshmen Ryan and all his friends” party.
3. ***Spiderman at Milbank 44*** - A great excuse for college students to make bad mixed drinks with cheap booze just ‘cause they have the word “spider” in them. Plus, if it works on Broadway, *Spiderman* can work anywhere. Oh, wait, it doesn’t.
2. ***Goodfellas at Bundy*** - Do I look like a clown? Do I amuse you? I mean, the answer’s probably yes. If you drank enough to come down to Bundy in the first place, you’ll probably even find Thumbs Up/Thumbs Down funny.
1. ***Avatar in the Annex*** - We can all dress up in barely anything, cover ourselves in make-up, and imitate aliens who get kinky with humans! It’s *Rocky Horror Picture Show* for those with a Smurf fetish.

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

## MY INTERVIEW THING

By Mr. Freer ’11

So, the editors asked I, Greg Freer ’11, to keep a timeline of my thoughts and actions during the day of my interview at the Syracuse Law Firm of Concord, Octon, Campbell, Krausstaufenowitzberg last Friday. So I frickin’ wrote it:

**1:00 A.M.** Druunnnkkkkkk at The Deansboro for some frat thing. That’s networking, bitchezzz.

**2:00 A.M.** I use the line “so, tomorrow I have an interview, but right now I’m inta-you.”

**2:02 A.M.** Rejection via bitch slap.

**3:00 A.M.—5:59 A.M.** Drunk. Asleep.

**6:04 A.M.** Hungover. Spend fifteen minutes scrubbing profanity off of my face that my roommate Topher drew on last night. I dress to impress: even my underwear is Vineyard Vines. Check flow in mirror: Tasty.

**7:00 A.M.—8:59 A.M.** Hop in the Audi to drive to the ‘Cuse for the interview. Since when does Utica have “traffic?”

**9:00 A.M.** Arrive at the office, give my name to the secretary. She’s bangin’. Mental note: get phone number at all costs.

**9:15 A.M.** Waiting. Re-read the same issue of *Cosmo* four times. Vomit in the potted plant. Twice. I’m not nervous; it’s just the beer talking. I swear.

**9:16 A.M.** Game time.

**9:30 A.M.** Bullshitting my résumé spectacularly. Thank you Oral Communication Center.

**9:45 A.M.** Question: “Describe a difficult time in your life.” Boom. Perfect answer: “My trust fund doesn’t mature until I’m twenty-five. It’s a daily struggle to buy enough beer to survive.”

**10:15 A.M.** “Discuss the diversity on your college’s campus.” I think I’m just going to ignore this one...

**11:00 A.M.** They take me out for a “power lunch.” If it’s anything like a power hour, I’m totally gonna nail the rest of this interview.

**12:00 P.M.** Bummer, just a normal lunch. Spill pasta sauce on my slacks. Flip out and throw water on the waiter. Somehow manage to play it off as “liberal arts quirkiness.” They eat it up.

**1:00 P.M.** Handshakes all around, pretty sure I killed it.

**1:02 P.M.** Me: “I just had my interview, and now I’m inta-you.” Secretary: “Tracy, 315-827-0931. I bite.” Knew that was a good line!

**1:03 P.M.** Begin shotgunning.

**2:30 P.M.** Finish shotgunning.

**2:58 P.M.** Make it home, leave beer cans in car.

Edited by Mr. Boudreau ’14

## THE DUEL OBSERVER

BRITTANY DAWN TOMKIN

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### Senior Staff Writers

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KATHERINE LOUISE JOYCE

J. ANDREW PHILLIP SCHNACKY

### Contributors

MICHAEL CHASE MAGAZINER

ASSORTED ROCKY HORROR-ITES

### Copy Editors

SARAH MCCOY BITHER

CAROLYN MARIE ANDERSON

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