

Gotta Get Down on Friday
(It’s blowjob day)

MARCH MADNESS LEAVES
BAD TASTES IN MOUTHS
Campus Police fakes left, fakes right, con-
fiscates the J

Mr. Magaziner ’14

I DON’T WATCH COLLEGE BASKETBALL DEPT. (CAMPUS SAFETY) In what seems to be the biggest hoax since Obama’s American citizenship, Campus Safety Officer Robert Upchurch has been declared the winner of the campus-wide March Madness bracket tournament even though the Final Four have yet to play.

Upchurch, notorious for leaving six-packs of Keystone outside Dunham to catch freshmen drinking and seducing Nancy Thompson with his chest hair, organized the tournament. He claims to have picked Virginia Commonwealth



University to go to the NCAA championships.

Sources say that more than half the campus was involved in this bracket; with a \$10 buy-in, Upchurch’s subterfuge netted him roughly \$9,000, which is, like, SO MANY DONUTS!

Students were outraged all over campus. “This is such bullshit!” Kevin Squintte ’14 said. “He clearly made up his bracket and is running away with our money. This is more staged than the moon landing.”

Squintte later admitted that he couldn’t have won anyway after choosing Hamilton to go to the championships, unaware that they weren’t even in the NCAA tournament.

“I don’t know why you’re asking me my opinion about this. I know nothing about basketball. I think this is racist,” tall African-American student stated.

In response to the criticism, Upchurch responded, “Of course it’s legitimate; I’m no mall cop. Besides, if anyone wants to complain about me winning, I’ll just give them points for illegal gambling!

“It’s not like I’m spending all the money on Peeper’s door charges, hookers, and blow,” he added. “Well, that’s most of it. But with the rest, I’m gonna bribe Patrick Reynolds for a useless and superfluous title. Something like ‘Assistant Director of Student Activities.’”

SENIORS START “ONE HEART
WITH JAPAN” TO RAISE FUNDS,
BOOST RÉSUMÉ

Student body bandwagons, smokes pot

By Mr. Kennedy ’14

UNHELPFUL REACTIONS DEPT. (NEW FUKUSHIMA FAVELA, FORMERLY DUNHAM) Following the tragic disasters in Japan, students were eager to get back to the bubble that is Hamilton’s campus because they were tired of hearing about world events. However, unlike most occasions, seniors did something other than bitch about their theses.

Over break, the senior class took a rare break from their tequila shots and Tijuana heroin to organize a school-wide, candlelight vigil and protest.

“I can’t believe how badly the power plants are treating those poor Japanese people! So we’re all holding up candles all night to symbolize the lights they can’t use,” solemnly outraged protest vigil-ante Gina Manhattan ’11 shouted over the angry sobs of the crowd. The success of the event remains to be seen.

Still, a wave of senior initiatives began immediate-

How to help Japan

- 1. Go to a party dressed slutty
- 2. When a boy asks for your number grab his phone
- 3. Text “Redcross” to 90999

BOOM JUST GAVE JAPAN \$10.00

ly following the vigil. One especially involved student, Liza Wild ’11, blamed her recent Career Center appointment for her interest.

“They were pretty disappointed that my activities on campus included Busch League Beirut, J.V. streaking, and dealing shitty weed,” Wild commented. “I figure I’d up my game by making it look like I care. Plus, those Orientals around here were starting to think I was racist.”

Whatever caused the rash of involvement, its symptoms were clear. Across the Darkside, students were itching to establish solidarity (and other intangible concepts you probably haven’t heard of) with their Japanese brethren.

Even the Class of 2013 got involved, sending sunglasses to Fukushima so the locals could watch the fission blast they were partially hoping would occur so they could feel useful for once.

Students were excited about their work. “We’ve begun a weeklong initiative where each day has its own theme,” Sara Sunchild ’11 exclaimed. “Tomorrow is Tremor Tuesday, meaning we’ll break into everyone’s room and throw their shit everywhere. Forced empathy is so much fun!”

Students were not excited for Fallout Friday.

Some students were so shaken by the trauma of vacation that they had to seek help at the Counseling Center.

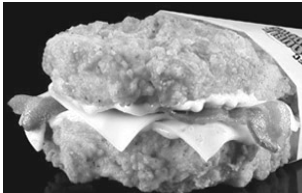
“Life off campus is hard,” pampered bitch Franklina Steinsteins ’12 whined. “On Tuesday, I asked a bank teller if he took Hill Card. He punched me in the face and took my wallet.”

“Well, I think it was a bank,” she added. “Looking back, I guess it might have been a barbershop, or a prison.”

In spite of its obvious shortcomings, school representatives maintain that Spring Break plays an important role.

“It is true that exposure to the outside world has been known to induce depression, anxiety, and chlamydia in students,” Assistant Dean of Assistant Deans Reggie Plumb-bottom explained, “but in defense of vacations, they are important practice for real life. Except in real life, there’s nothing to run back to but your thankless, dead-end job where you’re eternally surrounded by ignorant, entitled manchildren and every day is literally like straining your soul through a cheese grater. Hypothetically, I mean.”

*Hopefully not in the food.



I’m going on the 21 Double Down Diet when I graduate

STUDENTS REALIZE OVER
BREAK THAT THEY’RE
UNPREPARED FOR THE REAL
WORLD

Failure to negotiate basic tasks demoralize already jobless seniors

By Mr. Robinson ’12

SAD TRUTHS DEPT. (HAMILTON COLLEGE) Although life on the hill has a number of advantages, like easy access to vending machines and freshman girls, it comes at the terrible price of sheltering students from the harsh realities of upper-middle class life. As they filed back up the hill this past Sunday, many students faced not only unfortunate temperatures, but also the realization that they utterly lack the ability to function in a non-collegiate setting.

“Cooking is really hard,” avid complainer Billy Wonton ’11 admitted. “I tried really hard to learn to make Spanish food and all I have to show for it is a bunch of tough, dry chicken meat covered in salt and oil. I guess this is how it feels to be Bon Appétit.”

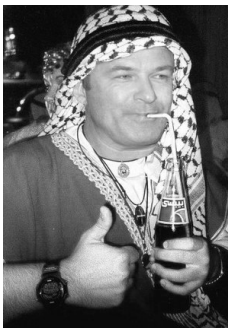
He added, “It feels like your grandma walking in on you masturbating.” (Or just shame.)

In this issue: fuck white people

CUTE ANIMALS SAYING TERRIBLE THINGS HE’LL 30 ROCK YOUR VILLAGE



“April Fools! I’m actually unattractive.”



See, “Colonel al-Ec Baldwinning” pg. 2 soon?

REBECCA BLACK FORECAST	FRIDAY		
	Front Seat	Back Seat	Furthest Back Seat
	100% chance Sunday comes after Saturday	High probability this guy also likes it in the back seat	“Wait, since when were Black jokes fair game?”



A LETTER TO THE EDITOR AND PUBLIC FROM A CONCERNED ALUMNUS

Dear *Duel Observer*,

In my more recent trips to The Hill, I have begun to take a gander at your publication. While I find your jokes trite and overused, I cannot deny that you are a widely read and enjoyed publication. For a while, I couldn't understand why. However, I recently realized that your success

stems from having a style of humor that is also a major pasttime of most Hamilton students: complaining.

This activity places first over both drinking and procrastinating in the daily lives of Hamilton students, and someone needs to set the record straight. *Duel Observer* and readers, your lives are not that hard.

For instance, Clinton, is not the coldest place in the universe. Yes, it's chilly, and yes, it snows in May. However, it is balmier than most Gulag retirement locations. And it's far better than the other extreme. Classrooms are cozy when it's cold out. Try imagining life at Hamilton in Death Valley-type conditions. If the heat stroke doesn't get you, the sun will eventually torch your fair, Northeastern complexion.

In addition, the cold gives you an excuse to cuddle up and get laid with members of the opposite sex, who, these days, are not only available at your own college, but now possibly in your own dorm room. You kids have no idea



"Bitches come to SubZero's room!"

what a good, subzero walk of shame looks like. Or feels like when she stole your knickers and britches.

As for your other complaints, like Keystone Light and Bundy, it's your own fault. You are willing to pay

\$50,000 for an "education," but won't go out and buy something that isn't the equivalent of filtered piss. I think, deep down, you enjoy it. Just like Bundy. Because, boys, you and I both know that if she could have seen your face that night, there is no way she would have gone home with you.

Sincerely,
Perciville M. Samuelson '44

Edited by Mr. Zappala '12

TYPICAL HAMILTON COLLEGE COVER LETTER

Dear Intern Coordinator for Cash4Gold.com,

Hello! My name is Alaina Euripides and I would like to apply for an internship with your prestigious business. I've always been interested in marketing, sales, smelting, and scamming people for cash, and I also like shiny things, so this internship is perfect for me. And I'm perfect for this internship because I'm beautiful only on the outside and my grammar is well.

Last summer, I had the opportunity to intern at my house as a daughter for my parents. My responsibilities included heating up soup for lunch, buying booze for my little brother, and testing the comfort of my couch by sitting on it for several hours a day. I also played a lot of Wii, so I have great hand-eye coordination. Although the internship didn't pay, I managed to finagle quite a bit of cash from my parents by making them each think that the other was abusing me.

Many of my experiences at Hamilton College have prepared me for an internship at your company because I like to find innovative ways to make money out

of nothing. I started "Cram and Scram," an organization that takes students unwanted items for free and sells it back to them, kind of like you guys do! I also dabble in selling marijuana and stealing Northfaces from Bundy to sell on Amazon. Also, in a past life, I was a food taster for Joseph Stalin.

I have not sent you a résumé because I'm just going to assume that I'll be hired, and I don't have a working phone service at the time since I didn't pay my bill (another easy way to save money!), so you'll just have to contact me via email. My address is ifuckedyourmomLOLbutreallyIdid@condomsR4squares.com.

I look forward to hearing from you!

Sincerely,
Alaina Euripides
Hamilton College Class of 2013

P.S.: I know you're not supposed to put post-scripts at the bottom of cover letters, but I just want you to know that if you don't choose me, I will curb-stomp you.

Edited by Ms. Tomkin '12

OUTSIDE THE BUBBLE NEWS

All the news with half the calories

Fukushima, Japan

Geologists studying the effects of the earthquake Tuesday were surprised to find a silver lining to its destruction. The tremors unearthed a dinosaur fossil revealing what could be the largest intact bone structure ever found. Still no iodine pills though.



It's *Gojirasaurus primordia*!!!

Newport Beach, California

Popular TV program *Arrested Development* will get its second chance on Fox Network starting this fall. The show was brought back due to popular demand and the fact that it's super fucking awesome.

Austin, Texas

As a measure to stop school shootings, the Texas State Legislature passed H.B. 3130, which allows students to carry concealed weapons in school in order to defend themselves from other students carrying concealed weapons in school. Stated Governor Perry, "I'm a firm believer in fighting semi-automatic fire with semi-automatic fire."

New York City, New York

Ke\$ha's record label, RCA Records, officially signed Rebecca Black on Friday, stating, "We really just want to kill the music industry," and upping their commitment to producing absolute drivel.

Washington, D.C.

President Barack Obama recently appointed Samuel L. Jackson to the position of Undersecretary to the Office of Faith-Based and Community Initiatives. Jackson accepted quickly, stating, "We just witnessed a miracle, and I want you to fucking acknowledge it!"

Clinton, NY

This week, several douchebags who write for *The Duel* sat in an office and made up a bunch of fake news stories for the "Outside the Bubble" segment. Assholes. We're really sorry about the *Arrested Development* joke, that was a low blow. April Fools?



"Bipartisanship, mothafucka! Do you speak it?"

AN OPEN LETTER TO BON APPÉTIT

Hi:

So, I just got back from a totally awesome two weeks at my family's beach house in Antigua, and I just wanted to say I'm a little confused. Right before I left, you guys featured "Flavors of the Caribbean" in McEwen. But when I got to Antigua, the food wasn't anything like what I ate here!

For one thing, there was like, a lot of fish. It seemed like all our personal chef ever served us was snapper or scallops or lobster. It was really gross and super unhealthy—fish swim in salt, did you know that? Totally not low-sodium. Maybe some chocolate frosting would have made it healthier. It works for your cookies.

I talked to our driver one day as he was taking me into town, and he said that normal Antiguan didn't eat lobster every day. Well, I thought, maybe Bon Appétit was right. Instead, he told me that most Antiguan eat a weird paste of cornmeal and okra. Did you guys serve that at all? If you did, I probably just had Lucky Charms for lunch that day.

The maid said she didn't even know what a mashed potato bar was—is that crazy or what? She thought it was a normal bar made of potatoes. Actually, can you guys do that?

Also, we didn't have Smoke & Roast every Thursday through Friday. Is Antigua the only country that doesn't do that?

I'm just a bit baffled, I guess. Everything we learn at college is true, and that extends to the food as well, right?

Anyway, keep up the good work!

Sincerely,
Lee Ward '12

Edited by Mr. Boudreau '14

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