

HAMILTON BEGINS BICENTENNIAL YEAR!
College celebrates with relentless all-campus emails

CLASS OF 2015 EAGER TO TAKE
FIRST STEP INTO THE EXCITING
WORLD OF ALCOHOLISM

Crushing student debt thrown in to sweeten the deal
By Mr. Grebey '12

KEYSTONE LIGHT DEPT.
(HAMILTON COLLEGE) At the conclusion of a successful dry-week orientation week, the class of 2015 was more excited than ever to begin their college careers. Freshmen were anxious to start college classes, make friends, get mysterious rashes, and most importantly, get drunk on a nearly nightly basis for the next four years, thus setting a pattern for the rest of their lives.

“I’m looking forward to always having a good reason to be drinking and for it to be perfectly acceptable for the reason being just ‘college,” Sam Quentin ’15 said. “In college, AA is about nature, bonding, and inside jokes, and not about sad men admitting they have a problem before breaking into tears in the YMCA rec room.”

Most freshmen were woefully underprepared for what their lives would soon become.

AA LEADER APOLOGIZES TO
EVERYONE HE’S WRONGED
Daunting task still easier than attending a Bundy
party sober

By Mr. Kennedy '14
REDEMPTION DEPT.
(PEEPERS GIRL #6’S APARTMENT) While most leaders of Hamilton’s incredibly popular Adirondack Adventure program sought to violate every rule of dry week immediately following their return to campus, one senior leader set out to accomplish a far rarer objective: Jim Radison ’12 decided to make amends for all of his misdeeds during his three years on campus.

“I completed a truly life-changing experience during the AA program,” Radison said. “I know all of the incoming freshmen on the trip say the same thing—in fact, they won’t shut up about it—but I actually mean it.” He realized that he, along with most Hamilton students, was powerless over almost every vice imaginable after the program forced him to pretend to be a responsible student leader for an entire week. Ugh.

“After AA, I knew that a power greater than myself—most probably Indie Jillings—could restore me to sanity,”

“Hey—I drank my fair share in high school! I’m sure I can handle a Bundy party,” a boastful Greg Edison ’15 protested, referring to the two Mike’s Hard Cranberry Lemonades he had at his senior prom.

“I thought I was prepared,” sophomore Dan Doodlemeyer admitted, “but there’s no way I could’ve expected the shit we do. This college straight up wrecks motherfuckers.”

The Administration, having long since given up on making serious efforts to curtail the rampant drinking on campus, attempted to look on the bright side.

“Listen,” began tired administration spokesman John Nitterman Jr., “college is about learning; does it really matter if you’re learning complex economic theorems, or just learning exactly how many shots it’ll take before you vomit in your girlfriends mouth and pass out?”

When reached for comment, the livers of the class of 2012 were unable to respond, having been non-functioning since the Farm Party last year.

he explained. “When I humbly asked Indie to remove my shortcomings, he just sat there and looked at me doing nothing, and then licked himself. I felt so purified.”

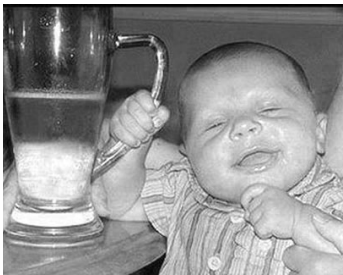
Following his ‘baptism,’ the spirited senior made rounds to every dorm on campus (and two apiece to Bundy East and West) to visit the students he hurt in each dorm. From schwasted suite shopping to identity theft, Radison knew he had a lot of ground to cover. To ensure his success, he recruited the help of some of his no-homo BFF’s.

Best friend and sponsor Weiss Mann ’12 had devoted himself to helping his homie. “I’m just glad to see someone on this campus give a shit,” Mann commented. “I mean, I figure missed moments for self-betterment are as common as ‘Hamilton Serves’ t-shirts and coke addictions.”

However, the road ahead for Radison is not without tribulation. After visiting the apartments of pretty much every single girl to have ever worked at Peepers, Radison began to realize the complexity of his task.

“This is a lot harder than getting drunk off cheap booze ever was...which, naturally, makes it a hell of a lot harder than any class in my communications major,” Radison noted. Still, he knew that the best path forward was the virtuous one.

“Plus,” he added, “the makeup sex with half the campus has been pretty fantastic.”



Rob Banner '15 on Wednesday



“Indie say, Jets take Pats by 10 in week 5.”

CASUAL FRIENDSHIPS
WITHER, DIE OVER
SUMMER FAMINE OF
INSIDE JOKES

Amnesty International calls viral YouTube videos “a godsend”
By Mr. Hostetter '13

SOBRIETY DEPT.
(YOUR NEWS FEED) Numerous Hamilton students came to the shocking realization over the summer that with no upcoming Bundy parties to discuss, no professors to complain about, and no more weird-guy-who-once-ate-his-shoelaces living down the hallway, they had nothing to actually talk about with their friends.

“The guy who lived next door to me last year sent me a Facebook message back in June,” David Wright ’14 said. “He asked me how my summer was, and I said it was fine. I asked him how his summer was, and he said it was fine. He asked me whether I was looking forward to the fall, and I said I was. I asked him whether he was looking forward to the fall, and he said he was.”

“Oh god, it was horrible,” Wright sobbed, burying his face in his hands.

Wright was not alone in his experience. Driven mad by the lack of conversation topics, many students reverted to a more primal form of communication: posting hilarious Youtube videos and animated gifs of kittens on each other’s Facebook walls.

“My roommate and I developed a nuanced system of communication consisting only of lolcats and Harry Potter memes,” said Penelope Bryant ’13. “We even stopped commenting on them after a while.”

Some students were forced to take desperate measures.

“I even tried logging onto Google+ a few times, just to see if there was anything to talk about there,” said Greg Underhill ’12. “But of course, the only thing anyone talks about on Google+ is Google+.”

At press time, the entire campus was holding its breath in hopes that Suzie Reynolds ’13 might puke her pants again this weekend, which experts say could provide several weeks’ worth of precious inside joke fodder.

In this issue: not nude photos

UTICA ERECTS ITS FIRST
TELEPHONE POLE



See, “Hamilton Serves a success” pg. 6

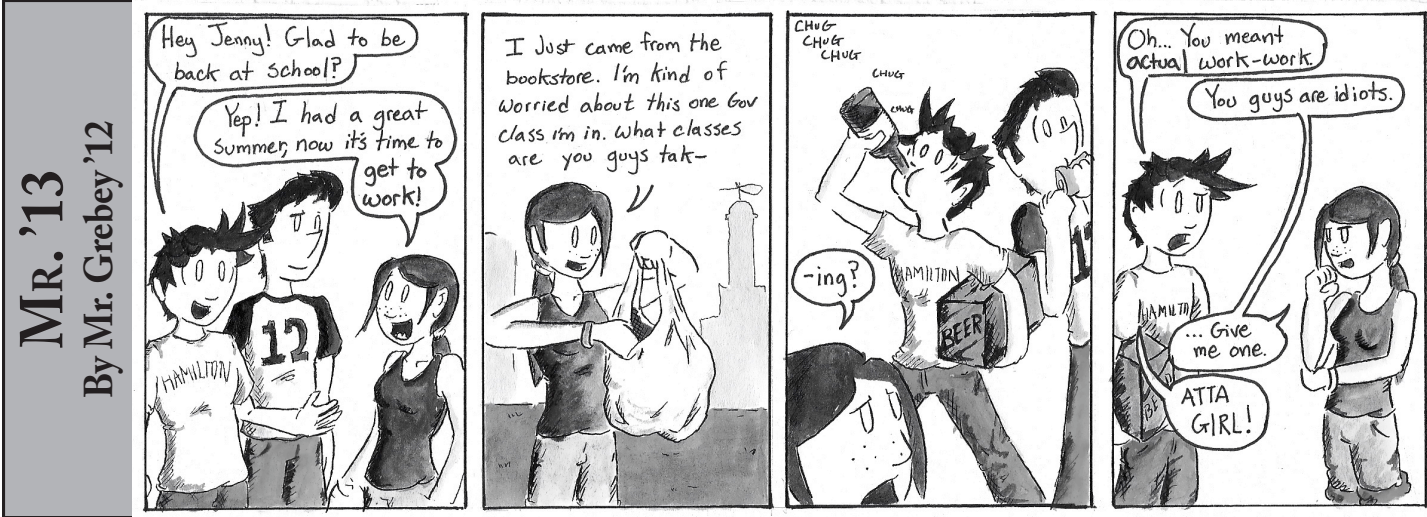
DO YOU LIKE GOING TO
MEETINGS?

Do you have a first name? Feel left out because you’re not an alcoholic?

COME WRITE
FOR THE DUEL!

Meet us in KJ 101 at 7:00 PM on Sunday, August 28. Because misery loves company.

FIRST PARTY FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	Milbank	Carnegie	Chapel
	 High probability Babbitt is still not Milbank	 “Wow, everyone here looks the same!”	 97% chance the blood of Christ tastes better than Franzia



ASSHOLE EDITORIAL: How My Summer Internship Gave Me A New Outlook On SLAVERY

At least sharecroppers didn't have to file anything

So, check it. All summer I've been working hardcore at this law firm, Dewy, Cheetum & Howe, where I thought it was gonna be all, like, wearing cool suits and getting chicks with my suave corporateness and

stories of helping free the innocent and shit. But bro, you don't even know. Corporate work is hard. Who knew working for rich white guys for no pay would be like the Jews building the pyramids?

But seriously, this was even worse. It would be all sunny out, and I had to stay inside and sit at this little desk. At least those plantation guys got to spend all day outside and probably had such a sick tan from all that sun. And I bet if bondmen wanted to chill outside and toss a disc, they totally could and no one would tell them to stop whining and answer the phone.

Also, I read somewhere that servants sometimes got to eat leftovers from the stuff they served. Man, I dished out a lot of Starbucks and bagels, and I didn't even get a lunch stipend. I slaved all day over that file cabinet after I ran out of things to do on Facebook, and all I got was a letter to help me get a different grueling job in the future. At least slaves didn't have to worry about skyrocketing unemployment rates, lucky bastards.

But I did get one thing out of this summer misery: a new chapter for my history thesis. "Plantation workers shouldn't bitch so much" will be a great segue between "Gladiators, I got bit by my cat once, do you see me crying?" and "You can't call a depression 'Great' until you have experienced staining your favorite pinny."

By Joseph Toolson '12

Edited by Ms. Lanzotti '14

PAINT RELATED OFFENSES IN HAMILTON HISTORY

By Mr. Robinson '12

Many members of the Hamilton community have expressed concern with the recent decision to ban room-painting, with some calling the rule "vomitrocious," and others accusing the administration of "Hitlerian" tendencies. However, it is a little known fact that Hamilton has a long and sordid history of paint-related tragedies. In light of recent research, this policy change will assuredly make much more sense and definitely not seem really stupid.

January 1804: A jealous Burr disciple named Alistair Featherspiff snuck onto the grounds of our beloved college, which was then referred to as the Hamilton-Oneida Academy, or "theoneidaacademy," an Oneida word which means "white-man-brainwashing center with lackluster psychology department." Armed only with a can of red paint, he proceeded to deface both of the academy's buildings with portraits of Alexander Hamilton riding goats (Hamilton detested goats because they are filthy and ate his parents). To avenge this slight, Hamilton got shot and died.

July 1863: Deeply disturbed by the Emancipation Proclamation and its wide-reaching consequences, re: their ability to be utter shits, a group of Kappa Kappa Kappa bros banded together to paint the entire fitness center with Confederate flags and penises shaped like Robert E. Lee. Unfortunately, on their way to commit the crime, they walked across a large bed of hot coals and burned to death. The college was going to exact revenge, but it was just too funny.

1923: "Witholdin" Caulfield '24 painted his room a puce of the most garish kind and then burned himself to death in a fit of ennui. They say that Babbitt 24 is still haunted by his screams, but that's just a big phony lie to cover up the fact that Melissa Aetheridge '13 is a screamer.

1956: The year of the Great Flood, freshman Freddie Fishsticks painted the entire library the color of the sky, making it effectively invisible to the student body. No one noticed for three days due to excessive opium consumption, but apparently, a few people got upset because they couldn't read books or something.

1971: Overenthusiastic hippies painted themselves all the colors of the rainbow after watching the classic musical/biblical romp, *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*. They all died of lead poisoning.

So as you can see, it completely makes sense to levy \$700 fines against people for wanting to paint their rooms like they have for years because paint is evil and must be stopped. And ResLife is totally cool. (Do I get a loft now?)



*Ironically, Hitler was a vegetarian who would definitely have painted his dorm room. Just not well enough to get into art school.

FRIDAY FIVE: THE ACTUAL SUMMER CONSTRUCTION UPDATES

By Ms. Tomkin '12

- 5. Keehn, Milbank & Babbitt Residence Halls:** There's no noticeable change in the bathrooms and kitchenettes. We were totally gonna do the renovations and stuff, but instead we got high, threw a Babbitt sofa out the window, and then lit it on fire. With our minds. It was awesome.
- 4. Carnegie Residence Hall:** Renovation of the bathrooms. The remaining work is limited to the "basement" area where the contractor has to connect the "piping" to the "heat exchanger" and "boiler." This is a joke about anal sex.
- 3. Fertilizing:** This is really just our fancy way of saying "putting piles of cow shit next to plants so they grow faster."
- 2. Martin's Way Bridge:** The bridge is now made of concrete, mainly so that when you fall and hit your head on it during the winter season, you'll die on impact instead of just bleeding profusely.
- 1. Ruth & Elmer Wellin Museum:** We have resumed our work digging a giant hole in the center of campus, inspired by a Bosnian mass grave circa 1992.

How We All SPENT DRY WEEK

By Mr. Boudreau '14

RAs



45% - Paperwork
45% - Fun Sucking
10% - Robo-tripping (cough syrup isn't technically alcoholic)

OLs



85% - Drinking
13% - Bullshitting
2% - Shitting

FRESHMEN



25% - Getting lost
14% - Saying "Tolles Pavillion"
6% - Sobbing relentlessly
10% - Sobbing hopelessly
9% - Getting lanyards caught on things
20% - Nervous laughter
15.6% - Getting hit on by *The Duel* staff
.4% - Losing virginity

LISA MAGNARELLI



50% - Amphetamines
50% - Nervous Breakdowns

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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