

HEY, LOOK OUTSIDE, IT’S SNOWING!
Oh wait, sorry, that’s next week

HURRICANE IRENE THE WORK OF HARDENED DIKS
Dean of Students pegs Greek society as root of “Bicentennial bloodfest”

By Mr. Lanman ’15
METEOROLOGY DEPT.
(KIRKLAND GLEN) Typically accustomed to snow and slip-related natural disasters on campus, Hamilton students were shocked when Hurricane Irene raged across the Hill last Sunday, leaving a trail of water, despair, and hunger for answers.

In response to the horrendous weather, Dean of Students Nancy Thompson condemned popular fraternity, Delta Iota Kappa, for the lasting damage caused by Irene. Dean Thompson expressed her disappointment in her 456th campus-wide email of 2011 on Monday:

“The destruction seen on the Hill this week is indescribable. My time here has led me to believe that such chaos and calamity is obviously the fault of Delta Iota Kappa. Their fraternity must be abolished!”

She added, “Not only has their horrific storm killed my dear friend, the Martin’s Way Cat, but it has also annihilated the morals of Wertimer students in a way that not even relocating the REAL program could do.”

The DIK brothers have been the targets of much criticism for decades, following their involvement in the Milbank riots of 1998, the Annex fire of 2003, and the unforgettable South furniture exodus of 2011.

DIK, however, denied their involvement in this particular case, calling Dean Thompson a conspiracy theorist looking to scapegoat Greek life.

“Greek life isn’t just about wrecking shit,” Matt Flatbrim ’13 said. “Greek life is about tradition and talking about being a part of Greek life. And just an FYI, Nancy, if we ever created a hurricane, it’d be called ‘Your Mom.’”

Flatbrim refused to elaborate further on the matter but later inquired as to whether or not watching gay porn with your boys really means that you’re gay.

DIK’s storied history with the Hamilton administration ensures that this debate will not be easy to settle. However, the frat’s initiative to test the biodegradability of Keystone empties on the Dunham quad may prove that they *do* care about the environment.



FRESHMEN ASPIRE TO BREAK EMT RECORDS
Students of 2015 reaching new heights as they hit the floor

By Ms. Chappell ’15
RESUSCITATION DEPT.
(DUNHAM, 3RD FLOOR) Driven by a bizarre desire to be the drunkest class on campus, the class of 2015 has proven itself a force to be reckoned with.

“I’ve never really excelled at anything before, but somewhere around my third blackout Friday night, I realized I had found my niche,” Trent Russell ’15 said.

“We’ve got shifts running from 8:00 PM to 5:00 AM, Thursday through Saturday, and we’ll throw in Wednesday if needed,” Sean Barrett ’15 added. “It’s all about efficiency. The more bodies, the better.” Barrett became teary and bowed his head. “It makes you think, you know?” he sighed. “This shit is so much bigger than us.”

Not to be outdone, the upperclassmen are firing back, devising new methods of mass self-mutilation. Rumor has it that the sophomores are undertaking construction of a meth lab in Bundy while members of the junior class were spotted at the school store stocking up on power strips and forks.

As of yet, there has been no confirmation as to whether the seniors will be making a comeback of their own. However, Holden Reginlas ’12 said, “We’ve recently placed orders for five tons of hermit crabs and duct tape, but that’s all I’m telling you.”



“Shrooooooooooms.”

While some students strive to make names for themselves through academic excellence, the class of 2015 has set its sights on ensuring that the EMTs earn those fancy jackets this year.

“Safety first, right?” Paige Turner ’15 screamed while clutching a Keystone. “We’re just making sure they stay in practice.” It’s hard to argue with such sound logic and unwavering determination when it is screamed from the back of an ambulance.

NEW LAUNDRY SERVICE
PROVIDES NOVEL WAY TO
WASTE MONEY

Plus, everyone thinks you’re a douche for paying for it
By Ms. Caswell ’14
CRITICALLY INANE DEPT.

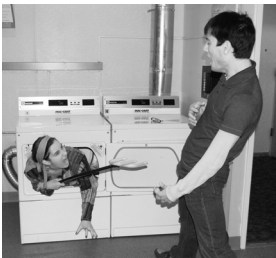
(YOUR MOM’S LAUNDRY ROOM) Because burning money was getting old (and to be honest, it kind of smelled funny), students now have a new way to deplete Daddy’s bank account: full service laundry. Hillfresh, Hamilton’s new, student-run laundry service, endorses the laziness of Hamilton’s wealthiest brats and boosts their already inflated superiority complex.

Most of the filthy-rich kids on campus have

either been paying someone else to do their laundry for years, sending it home on the weekends to Mommy (or Rosario), or bribing the new freshman down the hall to do it for them.

“Hillfresh is a program that we created to make the process of having someone else do your laundry seem more streamlined and less douchey,” Hillfresh spokesperson Andre Hennings ’12 claimed. “That, and it looks fantastic on my resume.”

Hillfresh offers you several different options according to your price range (though if you have a price range, you probably can’t afford it). The Sterling service will cost you \$534 and guarantees to get out the beer and semen stains from last weekend. Bronze will run you \$756 and gives the



“Looks like Rosario escaped my room again.”

added bonus of a one-of-a-kind laundry bag, hand woven by some kid down in Utica. The Diamond plan will simply go out and buy you an all-new, identical set of clothes. Prices are available upon request.

“It’s great!” Stacey Schmuck ’14 said of her newly purchased Bronze subscription. “Now I use the space underneath my bed where my old maid used to sleep for all the shoes that wouldn’t fit in my closet!”

Some expressed apathy towards the new addition to Hamilton cleanliness. Vinny Erdvine ’15 said, “You mean some people wear a piece of clothing more than once? Gross.”

Yet, some will always prefer the old-fashioned way of doing laundry. Joe Stoner ’12 was found sitting in front of his spin cycle, staring at the swirling pile of clothes. “Dude. You ever just want to be a shirt, man? I mean.....think about it.”

In this issue: click here to save the pandas!

IF WALLS COULD TALK






Mr. Harry Peanuts, Dunham Toilet: “Fuck freshmen. Seriously, fuck ‘em.”

CONSPIRACY THEORY OF THE WEEK!



See, “Daily Bull an Elaborate Viral Marketing Campaign for *National Treasure III*,” pg. 6

INJURY FORECAST	AUG.	SEPT.	OCT.
	<p>Ouch</p>  <p>High probability oversized pen finally fell on the BIC guy.</p>	<p>Super Ouch</p>  <p>“Cool! I’m being burned alive in a 1911 historical event!”</p>	<p>FOOTPOCALYPSE OWWWW!</p>  <p>34% chance Joanie never table dances on a Tiajuana bar again.</p>



OUTSIDE THE BUBBLE NEWS

All the news with half the calories

Yangon, Myanmar

The Myanmar government granted its citizens the freedom to be completely belligerent to the opposing team's fans within soccer stadiums. Meanwhile, Knicks games prove America is still the freest country in the world.

Prattsville, NY

New York state estimates suggested that the damage from Hurricane Irene could total nearly \$1 billion. Extensive flooding will tax the already sparse state resources. State officials are now suggesting "So... Irene? Kind of a greedy bitch."

Berlin, Germany

The city of Bonn, Germany instituted automated pay stations for prostitution taxes, enabling them to use a parking meter-esque device to obtain a nightly license. Star of David stations are to be installed on Sunday.

Austin, TX

On Wednesday, U.S. District Judge Sam Sparks struck down the provision of a Texas law requiring doctors to describe sonogram images to patients seeking abortions, while upholding that patients obtain a sonogram. Doctors still wishing to describe sonograms have resorted to Pictionary and charades.

Somewhere, Libya

Seif al-Islam el-Gaddafi, son of Libyan Col. Gaddafi, suggested Wednesday that the Loyalist leadership was fine (and dandy) and "drinking tea and coffee." His assistant reportedly added, "Tis merely a flesh wound!"

Washington, D.C.

President Barack Obama and Speaker of the House John Boehner clashed Wednesday over Boehner rejecting Obama's request to address a joint session of Congress during a scheduled Republican Presidential Debate. On a related note, Rep. Anthony Weiner is reportedly still upset that nobody wants to go to his party.

FRIDAY FIVE: QUESTIONS MOST OFTEN ASKED ON YAHOO ANSWERS (FROM DUNHAM)

By Mr. Magaziner '14 and Mr. Anesta '14

5. "Is anything nicknamed the 'Dogrun' safe for freshmen girls?"
Searched most frequently by freshman girls and dogs with computer skills
4. "Is there a beer cheaper than Keystone that doesn't taste any more like duck urine?"
Searched most frequently by the money-desperate pledges of DIK
3. "How do you have sex on a top bunk while your roommate is sleeping?"
Searched most frequently by your roommate
2. "Can I make a spoof from a Ramen cup and Easy Mac noodles?"
Searched most frequently by *The Duel* staff
1. "hOw durnk isz 2 dRukk?"
Searched most frequently by every dirty douchebag trying to stick it in (a.k.a. every Dunham guy)

Pacific Ocean

Dave Eng fucks a dolphin. More to come.



FACEOFF:

Is My Roommate Watching Me Sleep?

YAY

By Tommy McDooosen '15

Okay, fuck debating, there's no question about whether or not my roommate Rick is watching me sleep at night.

This is what happened the other night: I went to a Bundy Party, got freaky with a Darkside girl, went back to the dorm with two good reasons to shower, and BAM! He's awake, staring at me vacantly, a little drool on his mouth like he gets when Joanie walks by.

So, of course I'm freaked. I figure I'll go to bed and maybe he'll stop staring at me. Wrong move. I'm like, "Hey, I'm turning my desk light off," and he's like, "Oh, alright, I'll hit the room lights," and before I can protest, we're in the dark. "At least it's over," I thought. Then I turn over and HOLY FUCK HIS EYES ARE REFLECTING LIGHT LIKE A CAT'S.

So I turn around in bed and just try to relax and remember happier times going to sleep back home. I can almost feel my labrador, Scruffy, sniffing my hair as I drift off to sleep. In fact, I... I think I can feel it... and OH GOD HE'S SNIFFING ME, WHY IS HE SNIFFING ME?

At that point, I passed out from terror and woke in one piece in the morning, though I... I think my shirt was on inside out when I woke up...

Moderated by Mr. Johnson '14

NAY

By Richard Peepwood '15

I don't know what Thomas is talking about. I never watch him sleep.

Yes, I do tend to stay up later than him, but that's because I have insomnia; I recently went off my sleeping meds because they make me snore, and I would never want to make it hard for Thomas to sleep. Not ever. And besides, the voices have some great ideas. Especially involving Thomas.

And so yes, I do like to relax with the lights off. Is that such a crime? I happen to enjoy letting my thoughts wander as I listen to the crickets chirping, Melissa Aetheridge '13 over in Babbitt 24 getting some, Thomas's breathing slowing... I can almost smell the beer on him, maybe if I get just a bit closer...



"He smells like sweet pickles..." know, smell his hair a little bit.

But, you know, it's never about watching him sleep, the egotistical twat.

AN OPEN LETTER TO NANCY THOMPSON

Dear Dean Thompson,

This letter is a formal complaint regarding my college experience so far. Like, seriously, I haven't felt this deceived since the time when I was twelve and my mom told me we were going someplace that would change my life. I got all packed up and got ready to move to Hollywood, but she ended up taking me to get my uni-brow waxed off in a Korean salon (it totally was life-changing, but that's not the point).

The point is, Hamilton College is denying me the right to live like college students do in the movies.

Let's start with the basics. Parties here suck. I haven't even seen one eggplant bong and I've been here a week. No one has puked around me, let alone on me, and my Tide-to-Go pen is more of a virgin than the last guy who hit on me. And speaking of guys, College Prowler promised me grade "A" college hotties, like Drake Bell or Tobey Maguire or that one cute black guy from that black college movie. When that turned out to be a fat lie, I took your advice from freshman orientation and tried something new. But kissing a girl? Not as fun as Megan Fox makes it look.

Also, I wrote in my roommate survey that I like flavored lip-gloss and *Life According to Paris*. And I ended up with SUZY WONG. From CHINA. She knows, like, four words of English, and two of them are "penny loafers." I'm not a racist, I swear, but some gaps just can't be bridged.

As the Dean of Students, it's pretty much your job to make sure that college lives up to my expectations and stops sucking so hard. Otherwise, I'll be forced to sue for emotional turmoil resulting from broken dreams, or something.

Sincerely,
Amanda Sinclair '15

Edited by Ms. Murphy '15 and Ms. Yurkofsky '15

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