

WAIT, IS SOMETHING HAPPENING THIS WEEKEND?
The Duel completely blindsided

BICENTENNIAL
HIGHLIGHTS THAT
SOMEDAY, ALL OF US WILL
DIE AND ONLY A FEW
WILL BE REMEMBERED

Unforgiving sands of time remain unforgiving

By Mr. Sinton '13
THE OPPOSITE OF CHEERS DEPT.
(SOMEPLACE YOU USED TO LOVE WITH FRIENDS NOW GONE) The Bicentennial, heralded as a way to use cheap nostalgia to empty the wallets of apathetic alums, backfired today as everyone involved caught a brief and terrifying glimpse of the meaningless of their lives.

“The abyss stares back,” Sally May '12 sobbed, refreshing the Glen with her tears. “I just barely learned my suitemates’ names. Who will remember me? Will they bring flowers to my grave? Will they know I hate roses? WILL THEY?”

Many alums were embittered. Richard Guiseppe '98 remarked, “My World Politics degree couldn’t even get me to the oral portion of the Foreign Service exam. All I have in the world is Facebook friends, whiskey and at least a few more years of my daughter’s love.”

“I see these names—Wellin, Root, Bristol, Sadove—and I know mine will never be one of them,” Anya Pszczółczyn '83 added.

Paul Greenough P'14 was left speechless by the enormity of it all and rocked gently in the fetal position. Given a few minutes, he finally uttered, “Golf carts are the chariots of this dying civilization.”

However, others such as George Campbell '76, attempted optimism. “I’m stuck in a dead-end job at a hedge fund and just watched my marriage of twenty years fail.

“But, even though this all means nothing, I still remember that one time Johnny ripped a line of coke in the Sig house and then shot-gunned a UC. He puked on his own dick. It takes a lot to make me smile, but seriously, that did it. Maybe those little moments are the point of it all. Maybe memories are all we have. But maybe that’s ok.”

“SKETCHY-ASS” TOWNIE POSES
AS SOPHOMORE’S PARENT
And he smells like White Mystery. No, not like the Airheads

By Mr. Lanman '15
FREE CANDY VAN DEPT.
(BUILDING WITH ALL THE FREE SHIT AND SINGLE WOMEN) Standing out from the sea of nostalgic alumni and parents on the Hill for family weekend, a foreign figure skulked across campus. Local parasite Chaps P. Goode found his way onto campus for Bicentennial weekend, drawn to the “colorful signs,” “motor vehicles,” “scents of young life,” and inexplicably, the Dunham basement.

“He showed up Friday morning,” Tom Scott '13 said. “I’m sure most of us assumed he was a parent. Most parents assumed he was an alum. Most girls figured he was one of those old, sketchy townies from the VT. But no one knew for sure he was an imposter until he started shoving all the free stuff down his cargo pants.”

As the day progressed, Goode began weirding the shit out of students and visitors alike. “He followed me to class on Friday morning,” Saul Westin '14 said. “The guy started sniffing my neck and calling me ‘son.’

“He only left me alone when he ran off to steal things

STREAKERS LOOKING FORWARD
TO SHOWING THEIR JUNK TO OLD
PEOPLE AND SMALL CHILDREN ON
THE SAME WEEKEND

Nothing says “Hi Grandma!” like full-frontal nudity

By Ms. Chappell '15
PSYCHOANALYSIS DEPT.
(EVERYWHERE. ALL THE TIME) As Parents’ Weekend fast approaches, most students prepare for their families’ arrivals by stashing their porn and vodka under stacks of unopened textbooks.

Not so for streaking team extraordinaire, Hubert Humbert '13, who, in anticipation of meeting his roommate’s 12-year-old sister, stocked up on body wax and tanning oil. “I’m really excited to have a wider audience for my talents. Plus, I hear she’s really hot—I mean, adorable,” Humbert said.

Since joining the Streaking Team, Humbert and his compatriots have been awaiting the chance to expose themselves to three generations simultaneously. Not content with traumatizing Hamilton’s current students, Humbert has set his sights on permanently scarring as many alumni, parents, and siblings as possible.

like pens from Admissions, a shit ton of those mystery fruits from Commons...

I think he carried a rug from Dunham around for a while, too, and those things are like a crabs clinic waiting room.”

The clusterfuck worsened as Westin’s actual father came to visit, finally exposing Goode’s scheme. Francis Westin '78 tried to greet his son with a hug, but Goode intervened violently.

“That crazy townie bit my goddamn arm,” Westin said post-attack, “and he kept yelling ‘DON’T TOUCH MY BOY, YUPPIE SCUM.’ I think I might have rabies.”

Rabid or not, Goode left most visitors foaming at the mouth in some sense, displaying unruly defense for his supposed “son” and everything he could stuff in his pants. However, the few Hamilton students hailing from Clinton were relatively unfazed by his arrival.

“We’re used to him,” Audrey Shelig '13 remarked as she watched Goode begin a speedy descent down the Hill, cackling maniacally with pockets full of free granola and dental dams. “Around here, we all call him ‘Dad.’”

Paul Petit '12, Captain of Hamilton’s Streaking Team, concurs. “We’re always looking for new heights to climb. That’s what defines this group: ambition,” Petit announced as his naked teammates rallied behind him. Armed with a dream and distorted self-confidence, Petit says that come Friday morning, the clothes are coming off for a solid thirty-six hours.

Other members of the team agreed. “I used to walk around naked when I visited my grandma at the nursing home, but the restraining order made things kind of difficult, so I’m really excited to reconnect with the old folks,” Matt Roberts '14 explained. “I’m super stoked to meet all the alums. Maybe I’ll even score a summer internship.”

The Career Center is thrilled at this new outlook, acknowledging that in the current job market, approaching future employers while wearing nothing but a backpack and running shoes may not be such a bad idea after all.

Such strategies are nothing if not pragmatic. Once again, Hamilton’s students dare to prove that with genitalia and determination, anything can be accomplished.



BICENTENNIAL FORECAST	1812	1912	2012
	Birth	Adulthood	Death
	High probability college kick-off involved meth and dueling	90% chance Centennial Party ruined by rogue iceberg	“At least we got that \$16 million donation before the 2012 apocalypse.”

In this issue: another 20th century disaster reference

DEAF/MUTE AWARENESS
LEAGUE FINDS SILENT DISCO
OFFENSIVE

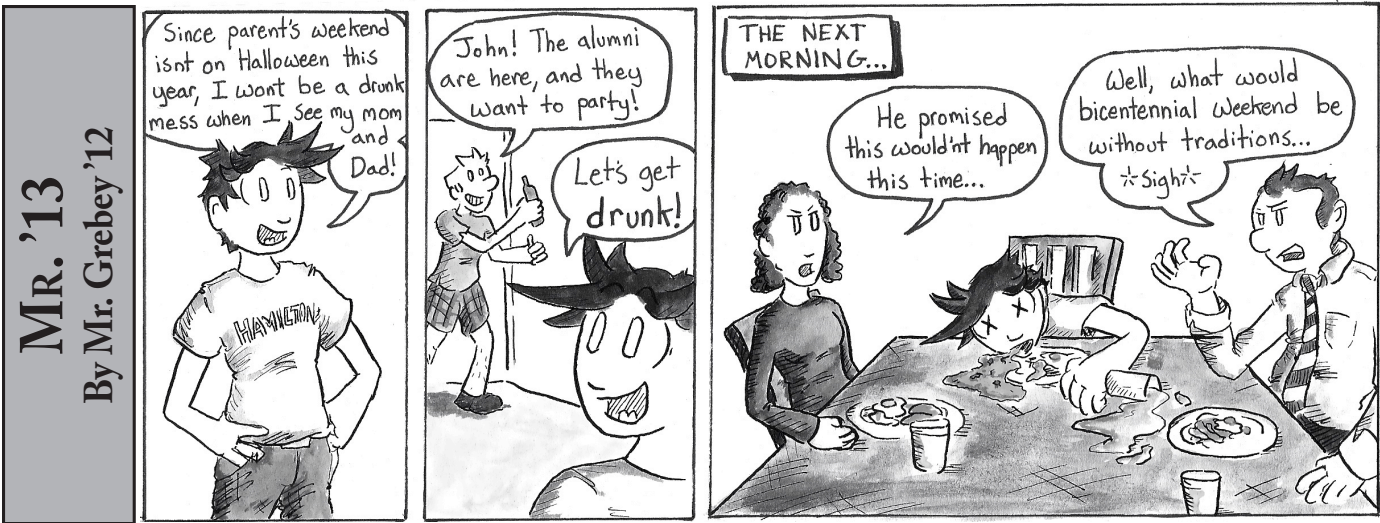


See, “Hellen Keller Speaks Out,” pg. Braille

DUELFUCIUS CORNER



Duelfucius say: “If you think children should be seen and not heard, then your porn stash is probably illegal.”



MR. '13
By Mr. Grebey '12

OP-ED FROM A GRUMPY ALUMNUS: NO FRAT HOUSES IS HOMOPHOBIC!

Listen here, I know a lot has changed since I went to Hamilton. For starters, there are women now, which is more than what one alumnus with diabetes, four nagging ex-wives, and a spastic colon can deal with. But during my trip to the Hill to commemorate Hamilton's 200th year, I discovered the most shocking news of all—you spoiled brats have done away with fraternity housing! For a school that calls themselves “liberal,” how could they do something so homophobic? After all, where are fraternity brothers supposed to experiment with each other sexually?

Now, I've been told that fraternity housing has been abolished since the '90s, but if it's any consolation, I've spent the last 20 years trimming my ear hair and playing solitaire on my Windows 95, so excuse me if I'm a bit out of the loop. But the biggest joys I had at that school were being able to enter a room with my wang hanging out and get

LOVE LETTER TO HAMILTON, 20 YEARS LATER

My dearest Hamilton,

You're looking good, baby! Have you had work done? I swear, your Science Center is looking bigger and perkier than ever. And your Turf Field is so nicely trimmed now. I remember when you let yourself grow wild and free, you feisty thing.



Has it really been twenty years since we've been together? Gosh, it seems like only yesterday that I said goodbye. I lay inside of you, on the floor of the Dunham hallway, and whispered that it was time for me to move on. I tried to memorize the way you felt against my body, your warmth, and your pungent smell (don't worry, I was

into it). I swore I'd come again. And here I am.

Remember the plans I talked to you about, decently stoned, as I sat in the Glen? I was going to put whatever

FRIDAY FIVE: THINGS IN YOUR ROOM THAT (PROBABLY) WON'T CATCH FIRE

By Mr. Johnson '14

5. Brita (Water-Filtering) Pitcher

Except for the new altered filters students are using as primitive distilleries, this “college wine” made from Commons' fruit and Utica water is nauseatingly odorous and has half the alcohol per serving of a usual beer. Keystone sales are down 80%.

4. The Pot in Your Desk Drawer

Murphy's Law: anything that can go wrong will. The one thing in your room you DO want burning is inevitably so fireproof you could make a fireman's jacket out of it.

3. Duel Observer Brand Pet Rocks

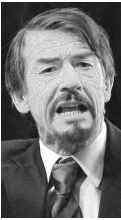
Student safety was on the forethought of our minds when we were choosing what to give away at the Student Activities Fair (the

complimented on the altitude of my boner, and spending my drunkenest nights snuggling with Bobby Wayans and letting him toe my junk with his freakishly tiny feet.

The point is, where are drunken frat boys going to discover the hidden joys of perineal stimulation or learn how to properly trim their pubic hair? Hell, half the reason I'm such a great lover with the ladies is because I learned from my frat brothers, and I must say, going down on a woman's lady parts isn't so bad when you've had about a tablespoon of Bobby Wayan's ejaculate sitting in the back of your throat.

I hate to preach to the choir, especially since you people are clearly not to be reasoned with. I mean, the names you chose for the houses are pathetic. “Wertimer” sounds like a disease, “Woolcott Co-Op” has too many o's in it, and “Skenandoa” doesn't sound very “white boy from Connecticut” to me.

Sincerely,
James Hurst-Lyons Wellington '58



Edited by Ms. Tomkin '12

money I made into beanie babies and pogs because I just knew that those things would hold their value forever. Babe, I don't know how to say this, but things didn't exactly work out the way I planned. I had to sell the beanie babies on Ebay for less than what it cost to ship them, but I'm holding out on the pogs. Now, my grandparents let me live in their apartment for free as long as I zip up Grammy's dresses and help Pap with his catheter.

But you, you're doing great! Everywhere I go, there are people making speeches about “the most competitive class yet,” blah, blah, blah. You know, it's a bit much. No matter where I look there are banners congratulating you. To be honest, it's starting to piss me off. I get it: you won the break up. No need to rub it in. You always were kind of a bitch like that, I'm just saying. You know what? Fuck you. I lied about the Science Center. It makes you look like you're trying too hard.

Also, you were my safety school.

Hope you die,
Jimmy McNulty '92

Edited by Ms. Yurkofsky '15

absolute lack of production costs didn't hurt either).

2. That Girl/Guy You Brought Back From the Bundy Party

Turns out the Delta Iota Kappa Jungle Juice they were soaked in was somehow flame-resistant. Warning: may cause burning sensation of a very different and longer lasting variety.

1. The Door to Your Room

Seriously though, you know when you have fire drills and they make you get out of your dorm room ASAP?

Don't do that until you feel the temperature of the door. first If there's a fire, stay put and hang a towel out your window; the door can withstand the fire long enough for help to see you and come get you. BECAUSE *THE DUEL CARES*.



Comments?	Email duel@hamilton.edu
Complaints?	Or find us on the interweb!
Recipes?	http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/

BIC3NT3NNIAL TW33TK3ND Or, Hamiltw33tz

@lamefreshman15 WHERE IS THE PARTY

@lamesophomore which side is the light side again?????

@ThatWeirdKid has anyone seen my pants? #stonecoldsober

@0vrPr0t3ct3d it's hamilton's birthday right? does anyone know how to make balloon animals? SEE MOM CLOWN CAMP WOULD HAVE BEEN SO USEFUL

@brosefstalin drunk. wasted. tipsy. shwasted. plastered. wrecked. sloppy. loaded. bombed. clobbered. giddy. hammered. plastered.

@brosefstalin inebriated as ffuuccccckkkkk. #howigotintohamilton

@Number1WillFerrellFan hahahahahahaha who put a cone on the Hamilton statue's head? #wasntme

@Number1WillFerrellFan #justkiddingitwas HAHA-HAHAHAHAH you guys. i'm hilarious.

@ieatmyfeelings whyyyyyyyyyy is the ice cream here sooooo goood???? #cantfintomyjeans #whitegirlproblems #SUING

@stillnotgettingany a window in south just winked at me. #isitsafe to have sex with a building?

@KEITHstone_smooth milbank has wayY more books than ir emember. rugby team learned t o read?

@KEITHstone_smooth is it jus tme or do freshmaen girls look more like librariens every year? Ii'd still hit it though #statutory

@KEITHstone_smooth never mind i'm actually in the library #oops #notthefirsttime

@HamiltonCollegeOfficial 200 yrs = 200 reasons to get CRUNK. #bicentennialweekend #illdrinktothat #white-girlwasted #oohhhhhhyeeaaaah #itzNITTERMANbitchez

@HamiltonCollegeOfficial Regarding the late night tagging of all buildings w/ the phrase “FUKK THA POLICE,” forensic experts say, “It was for sure

@HamiltonCollegeOfficial a fraternity. Also Hamilton College spokesperson John Nitterman Jr had absolutely nothing to do with it.”

Compiled by Ms. Murphy '15

THE DUEL OBSERVER

BRITTANY DAWN TOMKIN

Editor-in-Chief/ Samuel L.

WILLIAM CAMERON SINTON

Editor-outof-Town/ Andrew

JAKE CHRISTOPHER ZAPPALA

Managing Editor/ Thomas “Stonewall”

JOHN PATRICK KENNEDY

Layout Editor/ Michael

KATHERINE HELENE STILL

Photo Journalist/ Mississippi

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

The Boss

Senior Staff Writers

JAMES ATTICUS GREBEY

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

JOHN ANDREW CARLYSLE JOHNSON

Contributors

HANNAH CURTIS CHAPPELL

NATHANIEL BENEDICT LANMAN

SABRINA ESTHER YURKOFKY

MEGAN RIONA MURPHY

MADISON MALONE KIRCHER

Copy Editor

SARAH MCCOY BITHER

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.