

ALCOHOL TOWN HALL DRINKING GAME: One sip for ‘binge’, shotgun if there’s a good idea

TELEPORTATION DEVICE TO VT IS COMPLETED

Physical Plant really raising the bar

By Mr. Patteson ’13

WORMHOLES DEPT.

(KJ BASEMENT) Standing proudly under a “Teleportación!” banner in the KJ basement, President Stewart officially opened the Hamilton College Teleportation Terminal. The terminal serves at two locations, sending students from the KJ basement to the glory-holed men’s bathroom of the Village Tavern and vice versa.

“Hamilton’s Jitney service is but an unmanned rickshaw compared to the sheer power of this baby,” President Stewart said, caressing the machine.

Unfortunately, the development of the device was mired in scandal. The construction was projected to take two years but was delayed due to two egregious engineering errors.



This is a subtle NAFTA joke

The first occurred on October 21st of last year when 2,500 Mexican Nationals were found wandering aimlessly in

Root Glen. Sources say that in an effort to lower costs, the Administration had placed the terminal in a Ford Manufacturing Plant in Nuevo Leon, Mexico.

“One day I am putting brake pads on F-150’s, and the next day, Mrs. Nancy is making me brainstorm ways to dismantle Hamilton’s binge drinking culture,” Javier San Clemente, one of the plant’s workers, commented.

The second incident occurred during trial runs when an engineer’s miscalculation sent Nick O’Mallohan ’15 to Tickled and Tied™, a local S&M club. O’Mallohan added, “It looked and smelled like Bundy, but I was caught off guard by the abnormal amount of ball gags being used.”

The Village Tavern, the teleporter’s final destination, was chosen as an attempt to curb drunk driving and has received praise from many of the students. “It shows a great self-awareness that we use such technology in an effort to better help students get sloshed,” Violet Krumpus ’14 said. “Plus, I no longer need to buy a fake!”

The teleporter has met resistance from late night Jitney drivers. “I’m an overly optimistic person at heart, and being a Jitney driver was the only thing that made me fear for humanity,” Sally Skipton ’12 pouted. “Now I’ll never have that feeling again.”

The device will be open to students Thursday-Sunday, 24 hours a day.

When reminded of the several parts of campus kept snow-free by underground heaters, Scruffy just chuckled.

“Yeah, we realized that but, you know, it occurred to me that if we’re gonna have the campus be completely inaccessible, we might as well have it all match, eh? So we shut down all the heaters. And by shut down, I mean destroyed. And by destroyed, I mean left them as they are because they don’t even work anyways.”

Most students appear to be unfazed by the change. “At first, I was worried about how I was going to get to classes,” Lily Stewert ’12 remarked, “but then I realized I’ve already secured a post-graduation job, so fuck EVERYTHING.”

Frat brother and state-certified bro Ted Stinson ’13 was enthusiastic about the change. “I was bummed for about a second until my frat realized we can use pledges as sled dogs. Now, I’m getting to class five minutes early and getting all that time-consuming hazing done on the way!”

HAMILTON’S FIRST BABY BORN FROM CO-ED ROOMMATES

Next week: first co-ed housing cockfights

By Mr. Lavelle ’13

BABIES “R” Us DEPT.

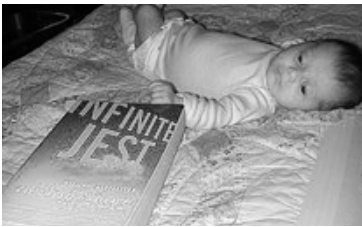
(MILBANK 17E) Last year marked a milestone in Hamilton history as co-ed housing became available to students on campus. This semester marks another milestone as Hamilton welcomes its first little bastard child borne of this policy. Alham Anderson-Lambooson, son of Max Anderson ’12 and Katelyn Lambooson ’14, resides with his parents in a Milbank double.

The room in question, where the proud parents live, study, and wallow in their Saturday morning crapulence, might be what one would expect: the beds have been pushed together and the crib pulls out from the bottom right-hand side of Lambooson’s desk.

“It’s so great having Al living here with us,” Lambooson admitted. “Today, we’re going to the Salvation Army to buy shirts for him and a tennis skirt for me for the Lax Pros and Tennis Ladies-of-the-Night party. Max and I are so excited—this is going to be Al’s first crawl!”

Al’s parents try to spend as much time as possible with the newborn and when they have class, they just close his crib until they return. Already, the doting parents are thinking about his future, trying to foster in Al a love for higher education and a predisposition for pedantry. “His favorite bedtime story is *Infinite Jest*,” Anderson whispered, a tear glistening in his eye.

It’s not all poorly thought-out parties and post-modern doorstep novels, though. Al has already been EMT’d twice: once for falling off the rock swing, and another time when his father tried to quiet his colicky son with a shot of



Right before he goes in the drawer whiskey. “Luckily, he didn’t have to get transported, and they’re not including that statistic in the ‘weekend incidents’ report,” family friend Marcus Amidon ’12 sighed.

So, could Hamilton be celebrating the first co-ed housing wedding soon? “Well, we’re not dating,” Anderson confirmed. “I mean, I’m graduating at the end of the semester, and neither of us are looking for a commitment right now. We just like each other a lot.”

COLLEGE MAINTENANCE CREW ANNOUNCES ALL OF HAMILTON IS “SEASONAL USE ONLY”

Late September to early April is now apparently one season

By Mr. Johnson ’14

SNOW NEWS IS GOOD NEWS DEPT.

(ALL THINGS CONVENIENT) With a collective shrug and a single, “aw, fuck it,” the members of Hamilton’s maintenance staff responsible for clearing the snow proclaimed that they will no longer be plowing the following areas: Hamilton. In fact, the only area that will be cleared is Joanie’s private spot by Commons because “Oh God, Joanie, please don’t hurt us.”

“We’re still waiting for enough ‘Seasonal Use Only’ signs to come in, but when they do, we’re gonna get this campus plastered like a pledge on bid night,” one member of the maintenance staff, who referred to himself as Scruffy, proclaimed.

“I hear the whole ‘winter wonderland’ look is real in this year for the college scene,” he sighed. “Don’t major in outdoor décor, kids.”

In this issue: *Tricolon crescens* (of ‘shit’ jokes)

ESPORTS CLUB DEMANDS COVERAGE IN SPEC SPORTS SECTION



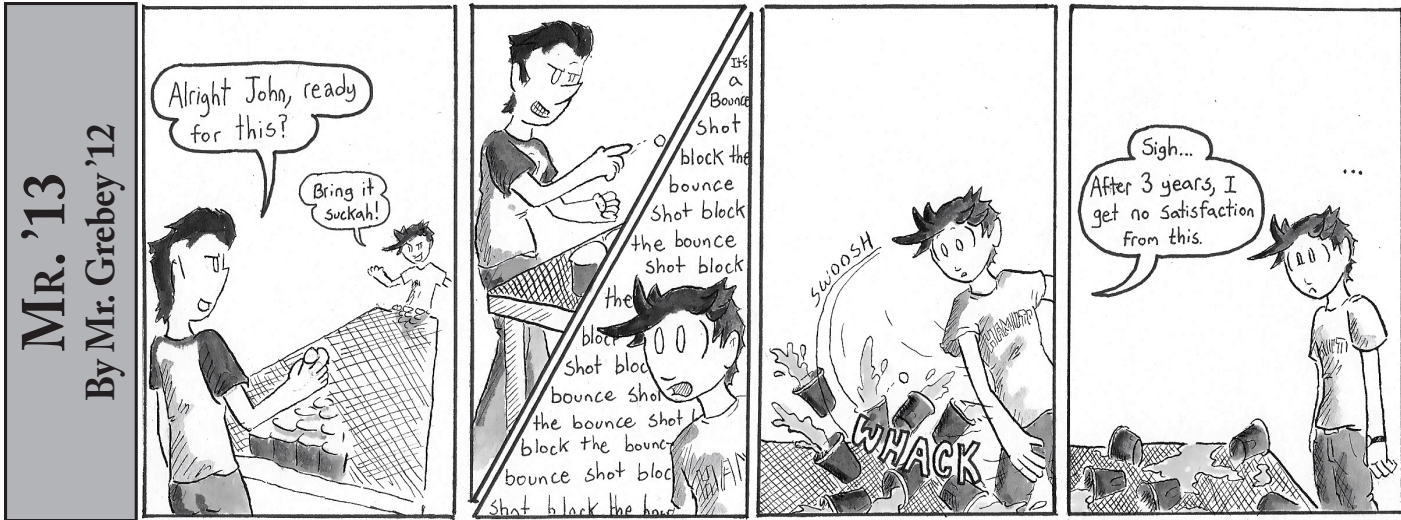
See, “Real sports respond, ‘please, take it!’” pg. 12

DUELFUCIUS CORNER



Duelfucius say: “A thesis on Edgar Allen Poe? That’s so *Raven*.”

THINGS ASSHOLES WILL DO THIS WKND FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	Not a bed	Not a toilet	You really suck
	High probability you left your friend in a snow-bank, murderer	99% chance people are potty-trained before pledging	“You know where these Froot Loops would look great? Everywhere.”



HELP WANTED: HOCKEY TEAM TOWEL BOY

Many facial reconstruction surgeries later, due (in part) to an episode of friendly towel-whipping gone wrong, our old towel boy has “thrown in the towel,” so to speak, after three faithful years. (Wally, if you are reading this, the boys apologize for what went down...) Consequently, the hockey team is seeking a fresh-faced and nubile young man willing to ~~assume~~ step up to the position.

No prior experience is necessary, but applicants should be willing to tend to “odd jobs” around the locker room and must be perfectionists when it comes to handling all the inner folds.

And because of the intimate nature of the job, towel boy aspirants must be relaxed and comfortable around wet, strapping young men at the peak of their physical virility.

Compiled by Mr. Pappageorge '14

Responsibilities include:

1. Picking up beer.
2. Monitoring shower room shenanigans.
3. Ensuring the dryness of post-shower players at any cost. Any cost.
4. Being the less attractive wingman for parties.
5. Participating in team rituals such as the ‘jock strap headdress’.

Not sure if you are “man enough” for the job? No reason to be worried! Our training program is far more UPenn than Penn State. We will have you in top form in no time.

Please send a résumé and body shot to minimumwage-inthesage@hamilton.edu.

Sincerely,
Robert McGill
Men’s Hockey Head Coach
Hamilton College

Again, those who are not fresh-faced and nubile need not apply. Canadians preferred (for once).

200 MINUTES AT HAMILTON—A REAL LOOK INSIDE LIFE ON THE HILL

By Mr. Boudreau '14

The *Duel* is *always* looking to be the best publication on campus possible. So, we’re adapting the Alumni Review’s recent sentimental propaganda 200 Days at Hamilton. Unlike 200 Days, which featured students volunteering, students smiling, and the sun, we feel that 200 Minutes at Hamilton is a better representation of the typical life of an average student. Also, it’s a lot shorter. ‘Cause really, who wants to read something for 200 days straight?

10:45 am, Café Opus:

001-002: Turn on computer.

002-014: Check college email, Twitter, Facebook.

014-016: Mouth breathing.

016-067: Porn.

067-089: Post-porn cigarette.

089-094: Coughing fit.

094-110: Make some tea. Good thing you brought your own eco-friendly Chai mix! Get hot water and cup from Opus.

110-114: Immediately scald your tongue on said tea.

114-167: Expletives delivered at high volume.

167-169: Mouth breathing.

169-170: Realize that Opus charged you 25 cents for the paper cup you made your tea in.

170-173: Argue with the Opus employee that 25 cents for a cup is bullshit!

174-182: Physical altercation with barista, wrench quarter out of their filthy, socialist hands.

182-184: Mouth breathing.

184-185: Mouth bleeding.

185-186: Camp-po rolls in.

186.5: Run like shit.

189-191: Well deserved mouth breathing. Holy hell, that was close!

192-194: Camp-po closing in. Desperately fling your quarter at them, shouting “take it all, socialist pigs! You’re just weak, unthinking cogs in a system that manipulates you for its own ends!” Receive points.

195-200: Prepare yourself for a brunch with your entire History of Science class at your professor’s house. In honor of Sir Francis, she’s making Bacon and eggs.



“I remember when I watched porn in Opus.”

HAMILTON COLLEGE DOES



Compiled by Ms. Van Dusen '15

DRUNK ATHLETE OF THE WEEK

By Ms. Caswell '14

This week’s “Athlete of the Week” is our favorite diving team bench-warmer, Milton “Muff” Davis ’13.

Nickname: Muff

Class Year: 2013

Highlight of his career: Current 34-game beer-pong streak

Lowlight: Waking up at four a.m. in a Darkside suite wearing nothing but women’s underwear, an afro, glasses from New Year’s 2009, and singing

the theme song from *Robot Unicorn Attack* (Also qualifies as second highlight)

Personal Hero: Tucker Max

Favorite activity to do drunk: All of them

Best pickup line: “Sit on my face?”

Single or taken: “Never taken, always stirred.”

Dream girl: That movie is sooooo underrated

Accomplishment: Peeing on every academic building on campus

Trademark: Naked planking and nicknaming himself.

Number of times he’s been kicked in the nads: 12

Comments?
Complaints?
Recipes?

Email duel@hamilton.edu
Or find us on the interweb!
<http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/>

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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Editor-in-Chief/ I’m a loser, baby

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Editor-out-Chief/ Burnin’ down the trailer park

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