

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XX, ISSUE V

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

SEPTEMBER 28, 2012

LOOKIN’ GOOD TODAY!

We’re sincerely trying to be nice in this issue...please don’t hate us.

STUDENT HOLDS ANOTHER HUMAN HAND, SHARES A BRIEF SMILE

Experiences moment of true fulfillment

By Mr. Sinton ’13

DEPARTMENT OF CONNECTIONS

(SOMEPLACE WARM AND SAFE) A palpable wave of brief but genuine intimacy sliced through the damp, boozy air last Thursday night, causing reports of mass spontaneous gasps and contagious happiness. Scientists who had taken the PsychStats course magically quantified the human experience with numbers and have concluded that the cause of this hubbub/trottercloutish mopsieism was none other than Jared Romero ’14.

Reached for comment, Jared informed us that it all started when he couldn’t figure out his 10th grade girlfriend was trying to give him a handjob. “I had no idea why she kept playing with my jeans! I was like, Jeez, Mary-Sue, take a chill pill. I’ll buy you your own zipper if you want, you’re getting me real worked up over here!”

With a weirdly forced wink he added, “Little did I know, she was trying to get me worked up,” and then jabbed this reporter gently with his elbow before looking suddenly very shy and nervous.

Dogged for almost half-a-decade by this adolescent failure, sources indicate Jared took refuge in science classes and the discovery of weed and alcohol. His friends insist that over the last two years, when lubricated by intoxication, Romero had hooked up with ample women, but did not indicate if the adjective referred to size or sum. References were also provided that he totally had sex freshman summer on some beach in Rochester and had received “at least π blowjays.”

However, after many semesters of secretly harboring a deep-seated loneliness and allegedly anachronistic hopes for commitment and monogamy, Romero’s dedication to being a legitimately kind person who cares about his friends paid off when Sally Proctor ’14 grabbed his hand while their friends watched *Parks & Recreation*.

“He’s really been there for me through this whole college thing,” Proctor explained. “I could feel his warmth and presence, and when I looked over at him, all cheery in his tired flannel and mismatched socks, well, it just felt right. I reached over and, in the words of Fergie, boom boom pow.”

Eyewitnesses say they also shared a knowing smile and briefly all was right with the world. Both involved parties denied they kissed or that this made them a couple, but agreed it was definitely something, and sometimes just knowing you have something is all you need.



“It’s better than death.”

GOVERNMENT FUNDS STUDY INTO HOW MAIL CENTER IS SO GOSHDARN NICE AND CHEERFUL ALL THE TIME

Scientists remain baffled.

By Ms. Bodzas ’16

DOESN’T EVEN FEEL LIKE AN ERRAND DEPT.

(HEART OF THE CAMPUS) Early last week, the Federal Government dispatched a three-person task force to discover just how the Hamilton College Mail Center maintains its absolutely affable service.

After preliminary reports from stodgy bureaucrat Martin Wilco, who praised the staff as “courteous and pleasant” and his experience as “spiritually uplifting,” the higher-ups demanded more observation. Wilco then swept a tear from his eye and assured the visiting social scientists that they were in for a “real treat.”

Dr. Ellis Smith, corporate psychologist and modern workplace scholar, shared early findings with *The Duel*. “Yesterday, we witnessed a student and employee coordinate a troubleshooting

session. The student supplied a HillCard and basic shipping information, and the employee eventually found the missing package and even threw in a Big Ol’ Smile™. Crisis averted and no evidence of stress for either party,” Smith recalled. He shook his head in disbelief. “Flawless. Hopefully someday the government can harness similar levelheadedness during calamity.”

Dr. Smith’s colleague, Dr. Rhonda Spitz, an etiquette expert and sociologist, emphasized the key role of eye-contact, pleasant greetings, and the lighthearted spring in the step of the Mail Center workers.

The government scientists had many hypotheses. Is it the postal training? Is it the polite, docile student body? Are there secret narcotics circulating in the mail office that the criminologist is missing? Or is it the simple joy of good company and efficient sorting habits, delivering everything from care packages to court summonses?

Research will continue, but as of today, it remains an unexplained scientific phenomenon—like the *aurora borealis* and why we can’t just let Pluto be a planet, the goodness nestled in the hearts of the Mail Center staff can never be explained.

winters in upstate New York during his visit as Hamilton’s 2012 Great Names speaker.

“Marge is simply one of the nicest people in the world. She may well be the second coming of Christ. Bless her,” he said.

Upon meeting Marge, the Pope was so impressed that he gave her a ride in the Popemobile (*Editor’s Note:* This is not a euphemism). He also let her wear his Pope



“You know, the bagels are actually pretty good.”

hat for the duration of his stay and suggested that she keep it as a souvenir. “She looked better in it anyway,” the Pope said with a wink.

“Ah, that Pope!” Marge later said, “Love him to death! Such a great guy. I hope he comes back.”

The Duel staff would like to sincerely congratulate Marge in the wake of this tremendous accomplishment and wishes her the best as she continues to spread her message of joy and three square meals in this dark cruel world. She makes us like hugs.

MARGE GRANTED SAINTHOOD

Leapfrogs Oscar Romero, Orville Redenbacher, and Gandhi

Mr. Lanman ’15

VENERATION DEPT.

(COMMONS) Perhaps one of the nicest people in the world has at long last been recognized as a saint by nearly all religious institutions known to man.

“Ah, they didn’t have to do that,” Marge said with a familiar smile. “It’s nice and all, but being here—swiping these cards, seeing these great kids’ smiling faces day in and day out, hearing their stories, sharing mine—that’s the real honor.”

All communities religious and secular have heralded Marge’s new recognition. Leading figures of the Church of the Flying Spaghetti Monster expressed their congratulations, calling her “the closest thing to a God” they’ve ever encountered. Marge appreciated, but politely declined, their invitation to a special pasta séance at the Spaghetti Kettle.

In a major press release, Pope Benedict XVI expressed his profound reverence for Marge, with whom he shared a lovely conversation about snowy

In this issue: Pleasantry for the Peasantry

Last Night’s Hookup Greets You With a Smile



See “Round Two?” pg. Oh, Yes Please

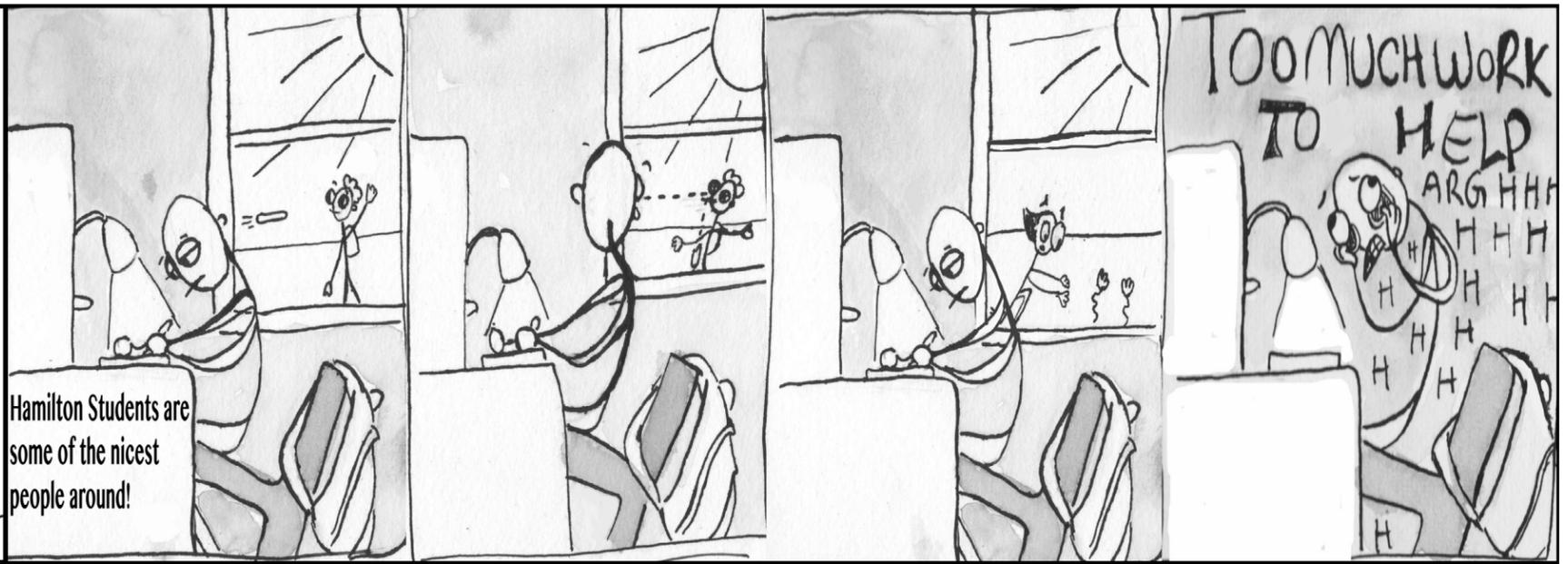
VENGEFUL SPIRIT OF KIRKLAND



“You will love my unshaven pussy and Mango Brie Panini.”

46 PEAKS FORECAST	BIG SLIDE	DIX	NIPPLE TOP
	Base Camp	King of the Hill	Top O’The Mtn.
100% Chance of Success.	High Probability of... Success.	“Success!”	

Hamilton Students are some of the nicest people around!



Ode to the Glen



Written by Ezra Pound '13

My dear, you are the most beautiful, it's true:

And since the day that first I was in you,
I've loved you like crazy,
It's all been so hazy—
Oh Glen, it is you whom I woo!

We started as friends,
But it never seemed to end.
Your shaded paths and gardens,
Really make me harden,
You damn sexy beast, you Glen.

I love to run through your trees,
And fondle your flowers, you tease!
But then winter came,
And I didn't again,

'Til spring returned with birds and the bees.

Nights we've spent under those starry skies,
Bow chica wow, what midnight surprise!
And though I know you hide stoners,
It only gives me greater boners,
To see them all with their red puffy eyes.

But here comes winter again,
And I hope you've liked what I've penned.
It's mostly crap, but hey—
What would you say
If I said marry me, Hamilton Glen?

Edited by Ms. Caswell '14

EPIC SMACKDOWN FACE OFF: LIGHT SIDE VS. DARK SIDE



Representing the Light Side, we have Jack Cavanaugh '16. Jack is pre-med, rows, and plays every intramural.

From the Dark Side, we have Michael Dyer '16, who is doing an interdisciplinary major analyzing vegan studies and philosophy through Woody Allen. He's a member of the Knitting with Hemp Club.

Today, these two will have a down and dirty debate to settle which side of campus is the best. Ready, set, FIGHT!

JC: I just wanted to start off this debate by saying that one of my favorite parts of campus is the walkway between KJ and McEwen, because whenever I walk past it, someone is singing and it makes me feel like the air is alive with music. It really brightens my day!

MD: Jack, that is quite wonderful. I'm always inspired by how many healthy, athletic bodies I see when I have class on the Light Side. I just know deep down in my heart that they all will live full, vigorous lives.

JC: We may seem fit, but our athleticism doesn't even compare to the Dark Sider's creativity and originality. I mean, it's so enlightening to see all of these artistic, colorful personalities juxtaposed with the gray concrete of the fascinating modern architecture. And don't even get me started on how fashionable it is over there! A trip to Minor is like a trip to Paris!

MD: Oh Jack, stop it! Light Siders have mega-fashion too! There's so much school spirit—"Hamilton" is printed on nearly every head, arm, butt and thigh! It's like a big "I love Hamilton" parade!

JC: Oh Mike, you're just too darned nice! Let's pledge our Dark Side/Light Side allegiance by trading beers and

telling each other our favorite part about the other side.

[Beverages are exchanged]

MD: [gently sips from Keystone Light]

Well, my favorite thing, other than the bumpin' Dunham social scene, is how the Chapel is lit up at night. When I walk past it, I'm reminded of what a beautiful and friendly place Hamilton is!

JC: [Shotguns PBR and stomps on the can] What a heartfelt sentiment! My favorite thing about the Dark Side, other than the sips at McEwen, is how all of the dorms have ginormo windows. There's so much sunshine all the time! It really helps illuminate the bright and sunny disposition we all have here at Hamilton.

So who has won this week's EPIC SMACKDOWN FACE-OFF!?!?!?

Everyone! :) Both sides are just fantastic!

By Mr. Cavanaugh '16 and Mr. Dyer '16



(TRYING NOT TO BE AN) ASSHOLE EDITORIAL: MOST GIRLS ON CAMPUS ARE RATHER PRETTY, AND GOOD HUMAN BEINGS

I came to a kind of harsh realization a couple of days ago: I think most girls on campus might be useful for more than their moderately lukewarm sexual organs. Hit me hard the first time, too.

It started when I went down to "Make a Difference Day" a couple of weeks ago to steal a free shirt and laugh at all the naive freshmen. Suddenly, I saw one that had the nicest set of, um, hips I've ever seen on someone so young, and I thought to myself, "Well, this'll be easier than finding flannel on the Dark Side," and put myself on her trip.

She blew my fucking socks off.

And no, not in that sense. I mean, she was the most interesting motherfucking human I've ever talked to. Modest and humble and kind but also motivated and hungry and all that touchy-feely shit. How is it possible that someone who was in *tenth fucking grade* when I passed out in the basement of the Co-op for the first time is so much cooler than me?

This shit continued for the rest of the week, too. I went to the diner last Wednesday after tequila-ing my way through another dumbfucking Economics of People Too Stupid to be Born Wealthy class to get my traditional mac-n-cheese, and then some stupid sorority girl in North Face and Bean boots in front of me snagged the last of it. And you know what she did when she realized?

She offered it to me.

And not in that fake-smile, 'yes of course you can have it (you worthless twatlicker)!' way, but in the genuine "I-actually-mean-this, I'll-just-grab-some-fries" way. I was in such shock I think I mumbled "I like pretty your skirt is color nice" before running to the tables outside ELS to try and save the worldview that was crumbling down around me. As I started to watch everyone who walked past, and I saw all the sundresses and the scarfs and the rompers I think I realized that maybe there was more to the other sex than bad Annex parties and awkward Sunday breakfasts. And then the girl with the hips walked by, and she gave me the cutest wink and wave I've ever seen.

I think I'm in love.

Fuck.

By Ares B. Real '13

Edited by Mr. Olsson '14

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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