

STOP CALLING MY FOOD SLOW!
IT JUST NEEDS MORE TIME ON TESTS

STUDENT ONLY RECOGNIZES
FRIEND IN DIM PARTY
LIGHTING

Too drunk to recognize where she is

By Mr. Hostetter '13
KEYSTONE LIGHTING DEPT.
(DUNNO WHERE, MAN, I WAS WASTED)
Alice Roche '16 announced her realization last week that she has no idea what her friend Melissa White '16 looks like outside the splotchy light of a Bundy or Annex party.

“It’s crazy, because we’ve been through so much together, you know?” Roche said. “The time that bro puked on my thigh. The time she tripped and fell face-first into a keg. The time we got pushed together and ended up accidentally making out.”

The two met in the beer line at a Bundy party and became fast friends after discovering a surprising number of common interests: both own North Face jackets, find Ryan Gosling attractive, enjoy listening to Taylor Swift, and have, like, so much work.

“So I’m used to seeing her through an alcoholic haze, half in shadow, face caked with enough makeup to immobilize a hippopotamus,” Roche said. “But walking through KJ, sober, in bright lights? I wouldn’t know her from Fran Manfredi.”



“I’m a paraplegic!”

In fact, both girls have been lab partners in Biology for the last month and have yet to realize that they are fellow party-girls by night, despite the conversation they had during lab last Monday that was a word-for-word duplicate of a conversation they had the weekend before about the way cups get stuck together at Commons.

“What about it?” White said. “I’ve had that conversation, like, nine times. What kind of conversation are you going to have over thumping bass besides the kind where everyone already knows what everyone else is going to say?”

At press time, both girls were planning party themes for the next weekend that they assured the *Duel* were “So quirky. God, I’m such a weirdo.”

DIK DECIDES TO THROW
“CAUCASIAN PARTY”

Literally zero members think to question this decision

By Ms. Yurkofsky '15
1850S DEPT.
(KJ CIRCLE) This past week, members of Hamilton College’s preeminent fraternity, DIK, began planning a party they hilariously decided to name “The Caucasian Party.” While many members of the Hamilton community have raised objections at the inescapably racist undertones of this theme, DIK president Derek Wallace '13 sees no issue.

“It’s just a color!” Wallace exclaimed indignantly, while casually lifting up his shirt and rubbing his chest to Snapchat a picture of his erect nipple to some lucky recipient. After being informed that ‘Caucasian’ is not, in fact, a color, Wallace was unperturbed. “Whatever, bro. We’re not talking about some anthropology paper here. It’s a fucking dress code, so who gives a fuck?”

The invitation asks students to exclusively wear colors along the ‘Caucasian spectrum,’ which, the *Duel*’s research team has determined, is not actually a thing. However, the email defines it as ‘from

Pasty Irish to Olive-toned Italian and everything in between.’

Although DIK Brothers insist that any race is welcome, many non-white students feel margin-



The winners of the Caucasian Dance Off

alized by the exclusivity of this theme. Wallace finds this absurd. “Between my Uncle Saxby and my DIK connections, I’m pretty much guaranteed to be a senator,” he said, trying and failing to raise one eyebrow, giving up, and rolling a joint. “You really think I can afford to piss off minority voters?”

While news of the party shocked and offended some students, in others it spurred giddiness at the minefield of Tweet possibilities. Jasmine Rayson '15, known to many as @vagosaur93, reportedly learned of the party while checking her email mid-fellatio. Apparently, in her haste and excitement to left-handedly tweet “caucazn party wtf DIK #obamawldbepissed,” Rayson gave what her boyfriend described as “the greatest head of all time,” so at least something positive came out of all this.

HAMILTON NO LONGER
ACCREDITED DAYCARE

Middle States denies re-application

By Mr. Goebel '15
KNOW THYSELF DEPT.
(STEALING TOOTSIE ROLLS FROM HEALTH CENTER) On a recent visit to Hamilton College, the Middle States Association for Colleges and Schools refused to re-accredit the school, citing the college’s environment as “no longer in line with our standards for daycares across the country.”

“When we last visited Hamilton ten years ago, its students enjoyed a carefree but educational lifestyle with little to no real responsibility,” Thomas Acreton, head of the visiting Middle States committee, explained. “But now.... Can you believe that the dining hall staff doesn’t cut up the food they make before serving it? How can the youngsters be expected to know to cut it into smaller pieces before eating it? I’m amazed more haven’t choked to death.”

After the announcement, President Stewart reportedly received over 800 e-mails from parents, the

subject line of each some variation of “Where is my tuition money going?!” President Stewart defended the college in an open letter:

“With a combination of structured and unstructured time, at Hamilton your children are nurtured, even coddled, and encouraged to develop as individuals who, hopefully, will someday become healthy, responsible young adults able to enter the real world and, with any luck, even wipe themselves without adult supervision.

“We have always said that we hold your child’s hand every step of the way, and we stand by that claim today. I think the Career Center is proof enough of that.”

Stewart went on to state her intentions to appeal the decision, citing plans to expand the Burke library’s all-night reading room into a full-fledged napping area complete with beds, soft blue blankets individually embroidered with each student’s initials, and an assortment of communal stuffed animals, including elephants, bears, and, of course, unicorns.

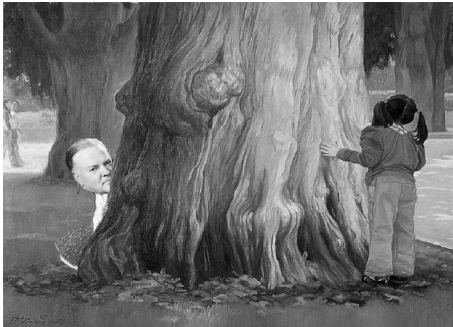
In this issue: Your My Our Anal Beads

Kid Shows Up at Outing Club with List
of Potentially Gay Students



See “Told to go take a hike,” pg. 8

TRUE PRESIDENTIAL
RECIPES FOR SUCCESS



Hoover says, “Nothing exemplifies outstanding leadership like a fearful, cowering workforce.”

OPEN HOUR FORECAST	1:03 P.M.	1:37 P.M.	1:57P.M.
	For	Ever	Alone
	90% chance she’s not using that extra chair.	High probability loneliest game of Connect 4	“Who’s that lady sitting at the table?”

THE ETERNAL OBSERVER

By Ms. Simons '16

“WHY IS EVERYONE AN ASSHOLE?!”

A newborn’s musings on life, discovery, and object permanence

Dear Everyone,

Damn, it’s bright out here! I mean one minute you’re all nice and cozy warm and about to start in on your fourth reading of *Fifty Shades of Grey* and the next you’re in some guy with a mask’s arms in a white room with huge florescent lights on you. And you know what he does first? He hits you square on the ass without even saying hello. Who does that? It was like when Christian first spanked Ana, but less mentally satisfying. I’m guessing colder too.

But anyway, what I really want to talk about is how no one on this planet seems to listen. I mean I’m sitting at home playing Stare At That Spot On The Ceiling or What Do My Fingers Taste Like when all of a sudden I get hungry so I call out, “Hey mom, can I please have a snack?” and she rushes in and asks if I need to be changed. No I do not need to be changed, I need a snack! If you asked me for a light I wouldn’t ask if you wanted a pineapple. Are you guys all this clueless?

Lastly, I have this friend Clark, he’s a polar bear, and he would like me to ask you folks to kindly stop royally screwing over his other polar bear friends. Sure, a couple of people have been mauled, and they’re really really sorry about that, but is that any reason to melt an entire region? I think instead we should build a massive polar bear hotel in Siberia with big igloo rooms and big igloo dance halls. Clark says polar bears love to dance. On any account, as someone who just got here OH MY GOD MY DAD JUST APPEARED OUT OF THIN AIR!

Sincerely,

Adam P. Sinclair, Hamilton Class of 2034

Transcribed by Collin Spinney ’16

Career Talk:Embezzlement!

Do you love money, but don’t have the skills or the knowledge to earn it?

Don’t worry!

If you’ve always had a knack for taking what doesn’t belong to you, throw off those handcuffs, clip on those cufflinks, and come see the next Career Talk at the Hamilton Career Center!

Contact the Hamilton Career Center for more details, or dial 1-800-TAKE-ALL By Mr. Swett ’16

Editor’s Note: One of our writers found this letter from someone’s grandma mistakenly put in his mailbox. Rather than send it back, we thought we’d publish it. We figure it’s unethical, but it saves us time having to write stuff, so it’s okay.

Hello Dearie!

Your mother was just telling me about this Rocky Whorey you’re going to and I simply had to write you about it. It sounds like such fun! All of the boys dressing like girls to impress the girls, and all of the girls dressing like strumpets to impress the boys, oh, I wish we had parties like that when I was your age. I also wish I could have gone to college when I was your age, then I might’ve supported myself and not have to get hitched to that piece a’ shit you call a grandpa and who knows where we’d be! Well I don’t know where I would be, anyway, you probably wouldn’t exist. I know your father wouldn’t have, anyway, Holy Father knows I never wanted kids.

Hamilton alum and local inmate #4501, John F. Doorly (AKA The Hamburglar), will be this week’s guest speaker for Career Talk. He’ll tell interested students how he embezzled over \$50 million in cash, and how you can too!

ing them off and on, but at least she got paid for it! It is funny though, her dressing like a harlot so she could pay to get through college to earn a degree to pay for you to go to college so you could dress like a harlot! Well, you know what they say about history and repeating itself and the South rising again and death coming to every Yankee before our bloodthirst is sated, ho ho ho.

Well, I hope you go and have fun dear, but make sure you look your best! As your mother learned, it might be just when you’re naked but for dirty lingerie that you meet the love of your life.

Well, the love of like a decade or two, anyway. How long did it last? Well, I’m sure you know.

I’ve got to go now, dear. Phil’s got the massage oil heated, and he gets ever so cranky waiting for me to start lubing him up. That’s one thing you learn as you get older dearie, sometimes it’s good to dress like a whore, but it’s always a good idea to screw like one. Enjoy the buttercream cookies!

Love,

Grandma

Editor’s Note: The cookies were delicious.

Found by Mr. Johnson ’14

FRIDAY 5: THINGS NOT TO BRING UP DURING YOUR RA INTERVIEW

Compiled By Ms. Bodzas ’16

- 1. Passion for group massage therapy.**

I want my floor to feel like a family. And a family that learns together buys essential oils together. Forget chair massages- I can assure Res Life that I’ll be able to knead the stress away any day of the week. Even, and especially, late at night—you’ve got to be crazy to turn down a surprise midnight massage, am I right?

Snake Massage Sunday!
- 2. Creepily specific interest in Root kids.**

A lot of people glaze over the fact that the Root kids are the heart and soul of this campus. They give us meaning. Without the Root kids, it’s like Hamilton itself has no substance. There’s something so alluring about the innocence and purity in Root- snuggling sub-free freshman and sophomores is probably my most wholesome pastime, if we want to be real. And don’t get me started about the Wertimites—so secluded, so mysterious, so sexy.
- 3. If you look me up in federal census records, you probably won’t find anything.**

Alternatively, look up my stage name.
- 4. I’m not technically a student.**

Last semester, I accidentally audited what was either a documentary cinema studies class or a bunch of sophomores watching YouTube clips of baby animals and parkour in the Red Pit. I’ve been living under the bridge for a few weeks, which has been pretty chill, but I enjoy calm naps in the Opus ceiling hammocks.
- 5. When people talk, I only hear a low gurgling sound about 50% of the time.**

My friends say I’m still really personable.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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