

ONION PARTY PLANNING COMMITTEE DROPS THE BALL
HOP OFF OUR TURF, ASSHOLES

FRESHMAN GOES TO
PRESIDENT STEWART’S OPEN
HOUR

...
By Mr. Johnson ’14
UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE DEPT.
(OPUS 2 / TWO/ II / DOS) Adorably naive fresh-
man Jerry Newman was stunned Monday morning
to discover an exciting announcement in his inbox.
Beneath a letter from Nancy Thompson regard-
ing the mass casualties following the Scandanavian
Club’s first Viking Raid party and above the Career
Center’s notice on the
upcoming “Careers in the
Drug Trade” panel, he’d
received an email inviting
him to an open hour with
President Stewart!

“It just seemed like
such a great opportunity,
establishing a relation-
ship with a person of
power on campus,” he
excitedly chirped, unaware that he would maybe see
Joanie once more before she handed him a diploma.
“I went in there knowing I was probably going to
have to fight through a crowd, but I was determined
to give her my two cents.”

Upon arriving, he was thrilled to see he had
somehow beaten the crowd, though he was disap-
pointed to find that after a sort-of-funny-but-are-
we-actually-joking conversation disparaging Bon
Appetit and a carefully-measured-in-boldness com-
ment about rising tuition, he had little else to say to
the college head. The rest of the hour was made up
of two breaks to use the bathroom, three discussions
of the week’s weather, and one heated discussion
about the ‘right way’ to read *The Daily Bull*.

“I really don’t know why students try to get
to know me while they’re here,” President Stew-
art claimed. “As soon as we ship him off to his
office temp job or his sojourn across Europe to
‘find himself,’ I’ll be chasing him down for alumni
gifts. Bitch can join the Peace Corps for all I care.
I’ll chase him to fucking Nigeria if it gets the en-
dowment another hundred bucks.

“And he made it damn hard to get my weekly
drug swap in,” Joanie said. “Dirty Jim had to toss
me the bag while the kid was getting an Opus
Magnum.”



STUDENT ACTUALLY CARES
HOW YOUR BREAK WAS

Nobody else gives a shit
By Mr. Snyder ’13
DEPT. OF “GREAT HOW ‘BOUT YOU?”
(MARTIN’S WAY) Scattered reports have been
heard across campus this past week of Michael Rich-
ter ’14, who apparantly expresses genuine interest in
your March vacation. According to sources, Richter
has approached both strangers and mild acquaintances
pursuing information about their break. Startlingly, he
has also asked multiple follow-up questions, includ-
ing, but not limited to, “How is your family?”, “Did
you travel anywhere?”, and, “Are you excited for the
rest of the semester?”

According to his close friends, Richter’s actions are
motivated neither by sarcasm nor a misguided attempt
to get pussy. Rather, they purport that he’s actually a
really nice guy and just wants to get to know you better.

Richter’s victims, however, are still perplexed. “I was
in a class with Richter once sophomore year,” Veronica
Norton ’13 said. “Yesterday we were both in the mail

center checking out boxes and he’s all like ‘Hi Veronica.’
And I’m like, ‘Don’t even try to hit on me, OK?’ But I’m
super nice so I say ‘Hi.’ And then he goes ‘How was your
break?’ And I’m trying to leave so I go ‘Great, thanks’ and
start to walk away. Now this is where it gets super weird.”
Norton shuddered at the memory. “I swear to God he
looks at me and says ‘Did you do anything fun?’ What?
Who says that? I’m like fuck off. What a creeper.”

Others were a little more accepting of Richter’s in-
quiries. Richter approached Arlo McGinty ’15 while
they were in line at Opus. “Richter is a really chill dude,”
McGinty said, “No one else wanted to hear about all
the tequila shots I did in Cabo, but Richter seemed re-
ally interested. By the time we got coffee, I was telling
him about my grandfather’s funeral over break.” Arlo
dabbed his eyes delicately. “Maybe we should smoke a
bowl later.”

Richter is relatively harmless, but will not hesitate
to ask your name if he forgets it. To avoid prolonged
interaction, try giving non-specific answers that will
not invite follow up questions. Or, if adventurous, you
may use him as your therapist.

STUDENT WORKS REALLY,
REALLY HARD TO PERFECT
‘THRILLER’

He fails
By Mr. Hennigar ’14
ALL HE WANTS TO DO IS DANCE! DEPT.
(DEEP BENEATH LIST) The faculty, when they
aren’t gardening, getting shitfaced, or dressing in Kirk-
land College Masks and performing erotic animal
sacrifices, are known to sate their creepy-old-people
urges by casually torturing their students. Their latest
victim was Nigel Conrad ’15.

Conrad originally decided to register for Intro to
Dance Theory, Technique and Culture at a Bundy par-
ty while (according to eyewitness reports) impersonat-
ing a Wacky Waving Inflatable Tube Man. “I was just
trying to do ‘Thriller,’” he told *The Duel*, wiping tears
from his eyes. “But everyone was laughing at me...
That night, I vowed to master ‘Thriller’— or die trying.”

The sophomore promptly signed up for Profes-
sor Schadenfreude’s dance class, where he learned the
Dougie, Cha Cha Slide, and (yes) Gangnam Style,
among other timeless classics. Unfortunately, these
happy times ended when Nigel asked his professor if
‘Thriller’ would be covered. Schadenfreude, a corpulent
Swiss expatriate easily identified by his silver monocle,
exploded into a heated diatribe against the Michael

Jackson hit before storming out of the classroom.
Disillusioned by the Swiss’ fascist (like, I don’t
mean to overstate things, but a little bit German, if
you know what I mean) dance class, Conrad descend-



“Thrill her? I hardly even
know her!”

ed through the bowels of
List determined to con-
front his professor. Con-
rad found Schadenfreude
in his office: a hollowed
out V-2 rocket discovered
beneath the building’s
basement during Kirkland
College’s construction.

Schadenfreude, upon seeing Conrad enter his of-
fice, immediately launched into some unintelligible
bestial language apparently known as Swiss. Tired of
this elitist Swiss masquerading as a teacher, Conrad
challenged Schadenfreude to a dance off. But, like
Charles X Gustav’s reign, the competition didn’t last
long. Schadenfreude opened with a sultry revision
of an Eskimo folk dance that left Conrad helplessly
aroused and simultaneously ashamed.

Disgraced, the sophomore swore never to dance
again, burning his old ‘Thriller’ jacket in the Glen. Ni-
gel can now be identified by his new silver monocle,
and is currently enrolled in Professor Volksgemein-
schaft’s German class.

INTERNSHIP FORECAST

MARCH 18	MARCH 25	MARCH 31
Determination	Defeat	Destitute
High probability you don't know Photoshop.	75% chance that articulate fuck who requested you on LinkedIn got a job.	“Will sell organs for college credit.”

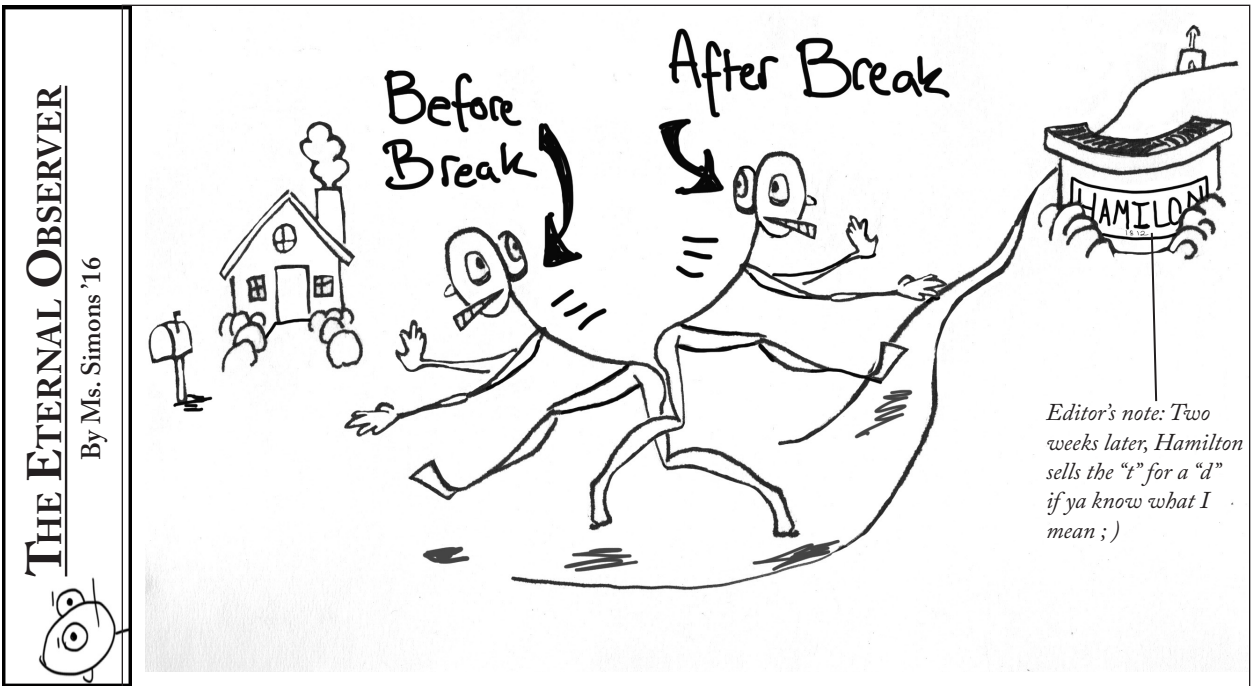
In this issue: Lies

Conservatives Find the Courage to
“Come Out” on Campus

See “In other oppression news, 5.4 million dead in
Congo since 1998,” pg. 7

TRUE PRESIDENTIAL
RECIPES FOR SUCCESS

Fashionista Andrew Johnson says, “Be like me.
Make your own clothes, you sass-less bitches.”



SPRING BREAK ACTIVITY TRANSLATION GUIDE

By Mr. Hostetter '13

It can sometimes be difficult to decipher your friends' bragging to figure out what they actually did over spring break. When your buddy tells you he spent his break having sex with a supermodel on a speedboat in Cancun, how much of that story is it safe to assume is exaggerated? *The Duel* is here to help with this translation guide.

“I saw some friends from high school.”

Translation: “I studiously avoided making eye contact with someone I was kinda sorta friends with in high school but we haven't talked in a long time and weren't close so it would be awkward to acknowledge them.”

“I hung out with my cat.”

Translation: “I followed my cat around the house, meowing at it until it finally clawed me across the face to get me to go away.”

“I visited some family.”

Translation: “I stayed in a house with my relatives while doing everything short of murder to avoid actually talking to them.”

“I spent the whole first week on the beach.”

Translation: “I went to the beach for a day and spent the whole time on Instagram taking enough pictures to make it look longer and better than it was.”

“I didn't do all that much.”

Translation: “I managed to go 72 hours without entering any room other than my bedroom, the kitchen, or the bathroom.”

“I got a lot of homework done.”

Translation: “I got a lot of masturbation done.”

“I volunteered at an inner-city shelter for Alternative Spring Break.”

Translation: “I worked for about four hours a day and spent the rest of the time getting drunk with some random people I'll never hang out with again.”



BACHELORETTE OF THE WEEK

Is that a shooting star? No, not at all. It's the *Duel's* very eligible Bachelorette of the Week, closet eggplant hoarder Darla “Taco Meat”Jerkovski. She's a physics major and a Libra. If you don't know the lethality of that combination, you've obviously never shared a night with Marie Curie.

Hometown: Raleigh, NC

Home on Campus: The Diner, obvs!!

Relationship Status: Still waiting for my Godot.

If you could be a love child of any two musicians who would you choose and why?

I would like to combine the singing ability of Mumford with the sexual prowess of his Sons. That's too clever. I'd like to inherit the ass of J Lo with the giant penis of Shaquille O'Neal (he has released an album). Then I could have pleasurable sex withmyself.

Turn on: The conveyor belt in McEwen

Turn off: Particularly tense games of Parcheesi

Thumbs Up: I greatly enjoy placing my left thumb up a well clenched asshole.

Thumbs down: Dykes in the Netherlands.

I can't live without: Virgin's blood and lamb placenta smoothie, administered twice daily.

Worst habit: Sudafed.

Greatest weakness: People who don't live up to their racial stereotypes.

Contact me if: You're really good at diagnosing rashes.

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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.

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Demographics of the Class of '17

By Mr. Gwilliam '15

