

WHERE ARE THE GODDAMNED LIDS?  
Duel Observer, voice of the people

CAMPUS UP IN ARMS ABOUT  
DINER MENU

We’re going to vigil the shit out of this

By Ms. Wilkinson ’16

SOCIAL MOVEMENTS DEPT.

(THAT ONE SLIGHTLY WET BOOTH AT THE DINER) After a failed attempt to protest the housing changes passed by the administration last year, students are once again outraged over adjustments to the Howard Diner’s menu. Hamiltonians returned from their summers looking forward to the familiar smell of grease, only to find their dreams charred like beef patties on a grill.

Rumors about the changes spread like wildfire across campus. Lilly Carn ’15 explained, “I think they’re making us pay, like, an extra \$15 for chicken tenders or something, and they’ve totally gotten rid of all the ice cream. It’s just gone.” Another student who preferred to remain anonymous (due to fear of the administration’s organic, locally-sourced torture dungeon located in the basement of McEwen) stated, “I heard that if you order French fries they’ll throw them



“Bonus this, asshole!”

at you until you give them more money.”

Hamilton students are known for their devotion to socially progressive causes, and the Diner alterations are no exception. Last weekend, Davey Poll ’16 passionately and drunkenly voiced his distaste for the administration’s decision atop a Diner table. “First they came for Carnegie, but I didn’t really care because I already had an awesome double in a Babbitt suite,” he yelled. “Then they came for my Diner B, and there was no one sober enough to speak for me.”

Although students are not sure exactly what the Diner changes consist of, one thing is clear: they are ready stand in front of KJ for hours, in silence, as candle wax drips down their hands and slowly burns their skin.

The vigil for the Diner is planned for Saturday at 11 pm, so that once all the wax melts, they can drown their pain in pancakes and waffles slathered in butter and sugar. Hopefully, when Hamilton students wake up on Sunday morning with waxy hands, pounding heads, and upset stomachs, they will remember their historic cause.

Without Any of the Peace and Quiet Bullshit.”

Many freshmen, believing Adirondack Adventure to be a suitable alternative to any real wilderness training, have taken to living with the bear. One such student said, “After AA, life outside the woods just doesn’t seem right.” The entirety of the remaining student body responded by putting up signs outside the dorm reading, “You were only there for four days, calm the fuck down.”

Overall, the campus is sorely divided on whether the bear should stay or go. Samuel Tremarcos ’15, of the pro-bear constituency, said, “Bro, I may have lost an arm, but that bear is the best shotgunner I’ve ever seen.” On the other side of the argument was Amy Ailurpoda ’16, who commented, “Is this even a fucking question?”

A third party, calling themselves the Followers of the New Bear Order, have taken to worshipping the bear and sacrificing Vineyard Vines wearers to their almighty overlord, so we’re all pretty much screwed.



DARKSIDE RESIDENTS PREPARE  
TO HAVE MAGICAL POWERS  
AT THE COMING OF THE FULL  
MOON

Students promise to rain blood down on Lightside non-believers

By Mr. Burns ’17

WICCAN CONTROL DEPT.

(DARKSIDE) Friday night, Hamilton College students on the Kirkland side of campus made final preparations for the ascent of the lunar gods. The occasion was marked by the ceremonial sacrifice of a local villager followed by beer pong.

“This only comes once a month, so we have to make the most of it!” Lauren Brown ’16 said as she smothered her face in the blood of the innocent. “This is almost as much fun as my improv troupe!”

Since 1968, when it was discovered that Kirkland College was built on an ancient American Indian burial ground, students living on the “dark side” have found themselves in possession of supernatural abilities for one night each month.

“I can’t wait to turn that girl in my psychology class into a panini press for my dorm!” Sasha Brooks ’15 said. “Glory be the lunar gods that grace us with their presence!”

In recent years, the College has cracked down on the use of magical powers on other students. Summoning the forces of the dark gods will now cost students one to two disciplinary points and a stern warning.

“However, if students are going to use the power of the occult on their classmates, there’s not much we can do to stop them,” Dean of Students Nancy Thompson said. “It’s a Hamilton tradition. As long as students are safe, that’s what counts.”

Jonathan White ’14 agreed.

“It’s a fun way to cool down on the weekend,” he said as he levitated the Captain of the football team fifteen feet into the air. “Hail the lunar gods!”

Sarah Jacobs ’15, who was EMTed last year after being attacked by a pterodactyl conjured by a dark side student, concluded, “Those artsy kids are so weird.”

After leaving a trail of destruction in their wake on the north side of campus, Darkside students headed to Diner B to grab milkshakes and count down until next month.

HAMILTON ADMITS FULL-  
GROWN BEAR TO INCREASE  
DIVERSITY

Becomes King of Milbank

By Mr. Spinney ’16

CAMP HAMMY JUST GOT REAL DEPT.

(AN ODDLY QUIET MILBANK) During this weekend’s alcohol- and paraphernalia- induced debauchery, many students were aghast to realize that Milbank had been turned into the ugliest nature preserve of all time. It seems a bear, of the eat-your-face-off variety, has been admitted to the freshman class.

Dean of Admissions Monica Inzer said the bear was admitted in order to “bring a new story to the Hamilton campus.” Inzer also added with a perky smile that, “We thought Brown Bear was just his nickname at first, but lo and behold it was a real bear. Life’s funny like that.” The student body has yet to see the hilarity of the situation.

As of right now, the victim count is in the teens, mostly consisting of clueless freshmen and outdoor enthusiasts that wanted to see the creature in its natural habitat. HOC has actually begun offering excursions into the deserted dorm. Their current advertising slogan for the trips reads, “All the Danger of the Adirondacks

In this issue: Bears!

'20s ZOMBIE CASINO NITE FORECAST	10 PM	12 AM	2 AM
	Prohibition!	Zombies!	Aww, Vampires?
	100% chance this is a historically accurate party.	“At least the crowd looks more alive than Turning Stone.”	High probability they ruin everything.

AHI PROTESTS LABOR DAY



See “Reaffirms committment to wearing white pants out of season,” pg. 85

CHRISTIAN LEADERSHIP  
SOCIETY

Presents the first annual

ABSINTH & ACID  
PARTY

When: Sunday September 15, 2013 at 8:30 PM  
Where: Fourth Floor of the Chapel



LET'S SEE SOME FUCKING PROPHETS, YO!

THE ETERNAL OBSERVER

By Ms. Simons '16



Hi Professor, I was hoping you would sign this add/drop form

## REJECTED STUDENT JOURNAL ENTRIES

### The Bundy Party

There is a time-tested tradition here at Hamilton College, and that’s navigating the Bundy Party. For those of you unfamiliar with a Bundy Party, it goes a little something like this: you arrive drunk. Don’t arrive sober. Just don’t do it. Ever. Drop your coat on the floor near the racks, because, let’s be honest, it’s probably a black North Face. At the end of the party either you will drunkenly take someone else’s by mistake, or someone else will drunkenly take yours by mistake (see the Daily Bull for details). By the time you get there, the dance floor will have split into two sections: the dark corner where strange things are happening, and the front of the room where there is a never-ending line for the keg. If you were sober, you would wonder why there was any beer left in the keg at all, considering most of it is on the floor. But you’re not sober, so you slip a couple times but continue with your fabulous dance moves. Don’t worry if you drunkenly make out with someone in a gorilla suit; no one else will remember the night either. Just have fun and roll with it!

Unearthed by Ms. Caswell ’14

## PHINEAS P. WURTERBOTTOM REVIEWS PEOPLE FUCKING NEXT DOOR

Good day, plebes. It is I, your chief opinionateur, Phineas P. Wurterbottom, here to weigh in on a riling hullabaloo that recently took place in the suites.

Last Saturday evening, while perusing a fiery catalogue of feminine debauchery (*Editor’s note: The strangest porn our sorry eyes have ever seen.*) my left ear happened upon a rather cacophonous uproar and baboonish banging in the room adjacent to Babbitt 46C. Sex, my dear friends, sex! Its manifold glories and trivial technique—its lugubrious confusions and arrhythmic musicality—a symphonious sex act had befallen my ears!

I believe an alcoholic American poet once wrote, “This is the way the sex begins: not with a bang, but a whimper.” And so it was: it began with a duet of soft moans coupled with the gentle creaks of a lofted bedframe. This lilting prelude soon fell to a hush, followed by a scuffle of limbs, and the rip of a wrapper (“I think you put it on backwards,” one of them crooned). But then it began again. The tempo picked up.

## MY INTERNSHIP IN SHANGHAI: WHY I’M BETTER THAN YOU

From the desk of Blanche Vanderford ’16

This summer, while the rest of you were alternating between masturbating and watching reruns of *Duck Dynasty* (or maybe both at the same time), I was halfway around the world in Shanghai doing a super meaningful internship for a great non-profit company that charitably provides young children with work opportunities. No, it wasn’t a “sweatshop,” whatever that is. Why does everyone keep asking that? Here are just a few of the reasons why it made me a much better person than you:

- I didn’t get paid and neither did the children I employed.
- While you were sitting on your ass, I was gaining valuable work experience. You know that iPhone you use to watch porn? I supervised the kindergarteners who made it. The iPhone, not the porn.

Hamilton College

Your Course Sucks

(please print)

Name

THE O

Term:

When do you think

Department Name

Course #

Reason

DROP

Being

101

I already have 3 classes

Sample

Engl

1

5

0

W

ADD

Signatures

Forged

Advisor

Return to Registrar's Office

### The Cry for Help

(Entry inscribed on the back of a Commons cup, circa 2012, when they were normal sized)

Date: Unknown.

Time: It’s either dark out or I have finally gone blind.

This is my final attempt at human contact. Hoping that Admissions will see this desperate SOS and send help. I have been trapped in the construction site at the new theater for approximately three months now after a particularly rough Class and Charter Day. I recently mustered enough strength to raise my head from underneath the ground and call for help, but it was freshman move-in day and my frail body could not produce enough sound to compete with the overly enthusiastic orientation leaders yelling about ice cream and sounding their novelty emergency sirens. The good news is, if I am ever found, I have decided to become a biology major, as I am fascinated with the many organisms that have fed off of me these past few months. A colony of ants is surviving on my blood sugar alone, and I am now their leader. The bad news is I have scurvy. ALSO THERE ARE WOLVES AT NIGHT PLEASE SEND HEL- (*message cut off.*)

Discovered by Ms. Van Dusen ’15

The passion brewed. A crescendo of cries—ah, how rabid and primal they became! I pressed my ear harder to the wall and the pounding became more searching, more purposeful. Like all good pieces of music, it ended regrettably soon.

But then, of course, the coda: the post-coital murmurs of sweet nothings. Though pillow talk has been puerile since my imperialist ancestors slew their first savages on the shores of the New World, I was particularly moved by this precious exchange. I couldn’t help but feel a part of the moment—as if my lovely neighbor came close to my ear and professed, “I think I hear someone breathing through the wall.” How enchanting!

In closing, let us draw from the wise counsel of the famed Elizabethan pornographer, Messr. Wilhelm Shunt: “The sounde resounds o’er thruste and pounce.” Sex need not be seen with the nude eye to be a truly magical act. I assure you, my dear readers, that such was confirmed by the lovemaking of my neighbor and her ripe suitor.

Phineas P. Wurterbottom holds a doctorate in physiognomy from the University of Kentstocking-at-Worcester’s Glen. He also holds balls of knitting yarn for his deaf

- During my one break a day I drank green tea. Everybody knows green tea is full of anti-oxygens that make you smarter and shit.
- The kids taught me some serious Confucian wisdom. My favorite quote: “Only once you live.”
- One of the older kids gave me a sweet tattoo of a Chinese character that says “dream”. It kind of looks like a dong actually... haha weird.

Obviously I’m really charitable and understand Chinese culture on a deep level, which is more than you can say. Those poor Chinese children needed jobs, and I helped them. The Career Center says it’s never too early to start getting work experience, so I really got the chance to change the world, one small weeping child at a time. What did you learn this summer? How to stare at a TV screen for thirty hours straight? That’s what I thought.

Excerpted from the Continental by Ms. Allen ’17

## FRESHMAN YEAR PICKUP LINES

“I live in Minor but this sex is gonna be Major.” (Evidently real!)

“I can think of a couple other ways for us to use that lanyard.”

--Ms. Eisler ’17

Say nothing. Stare awkwardly. When she finally speaks, sputter nervously and brandish your campus map.

--Ms. LaSon ’17

“Forget these team-building exercises. The best way to learn my name is to scream it.”

--Mr. Riopelle ’17

“Welcome to a liberal arts college. You know what they say about guys with big carbon footprints.”

“Hey girl, I’ve got a single in Milbank and I hear you have a suite tooth.”

“I like long walks through the Glen and making drunken mistakes. I was thinking you could help me with the latter.”

“Can’t wait for you to live in Bundy next year. I could watch you walk up the hill all day.”

--Mr. Wagner ’14

“Do you eat at McEwen? Cause you’re uncommonly good looking”

“Let’s just say this lanyard isn’t the only 12 inch thing in my pants right now”

--Mr. Glace ’16



grandmumma, and four Lyonnaise kittens as hostages in his wine cellar. He will write again for the Duel when “its peasantry of editors gets its shit together.”

Toned down by Mr. Lanman ’15

## THE DUEL OBSERVER

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