

CAMPo DECLARES WAR ON PARKED BUSES
How many points for a hit and run?

JUNIOR REALIZES SHE
KNOWS NO ONE ON CAMPUS
Sigh

By Ms. Wilson '14
NOT COOL ENOUGH TO STUDY ABROAD
DEPT.
(COMMONS) Lizzy Williams '15 returned to campus last week in a sea of over-enthusiastic first years to find she was completely friendless. Her friends had hopped on jet planes to study abroad (and try not to get lung cancer) in China or pursue DC internships at the Center for American Tooth Brushing Policy.

Williams arrived at the realization that she was a loner while moving into her dorm. “I had no one to help cart my shit up three flights of stairs. Real depressing,” she explained.

Williams says her loneliness has only gotten worse over the past week. “My best friend, Tracy, promised to Skype me every day from Tanzania,” she complained. “But she told me she

doesn't have consistent WiFi there. I know that betch is lying though. She uploaded an entire album of her romping with lions and tigers to Facebook yesterday.”

When asked what she is doing to cope with her newfound loner status, Williams confessed, “At first it was tough. I spent a lot of time wallowing over mint chocolate chip ice cream in Commons. Marge is probably my best friend right now.”

On the weekends, Williams has started hanging out with some of the faculty members. “Those professors get freaky on Friday nights,” she revealed. “When I'm hanging with them, we bust out a bottle of Cristal and Nancy makes it clap. Sometimes Joanie shows up. She is always a crowd pleaser with her tabletop blackout dance to ‘Get Lucky’ by Daft Punk.”

Williams says she is starting to get used to her new social status. “It's a little nice because now I don't have to worry about whether or not I should say hi to someone on Martin's Way.”

COMMONS PUSHES
“DATE NIGHT” WITH
INTIMATE TABLES FOR
Two
College couples find new outlet for
smugness

By Ms. Rice '15
CHEAPER THAN CHINA SEA DEPT.
(THAT ONE TABLE ON THE EAST
BALCONY) In a bold move to boost Hamilton students' romantic morale, Bon Appétit management unveiled a new seating plan at its flagship emporium, Soper Commons Café. The redesign features an unnavigable array of smaller “tables for two” to replace several of the dining hall's previous quadrilateral wood-and-Formica continents. Reviews from the Hamilton community earlier this week were mixed, with a large proportion just wanting to know where they could find a goddamn salt shaker.

“I think it's a great idea,” Oliver Watts '16 said of the new arrangement, as he and his significant other enjoyed a romantic meal on the east balcony, which commands a breathtaking view of post-practice athletes eating grilled chicken. “Before,” Watts continued, “the Tragedy of the Commons—heh, did you get that? I'm kind of an Econ



major—was that young couples like us would have to share a table with all these pathetic singles, and like, lonely randos. Now we can eat pasta together

Lady-and-the-Tramp-style in peace. Which is kinda hard on lasagna night, but still totally hot.”

Dean of Students Nancy Thompson is optimistic about the arrangement's potential impact on student life. “It's a wonderful opportunity for intelligent young adults with disposable income to come together and spawn prospective Hamilton students of comparable disposable income,” Dean Thompson said. “Plus, it makes Joanie's Open Hour look a little less humiliating.”

Some, like Lydia Potter '15, are not so sure about the changes. “I'm already under a lot of pressure from my parents to graduate with my MRS degree. And seeing all these happy people sharing their blue cake batter ice cream—it's just too much.”

MILBANK BEAR-KING SEIZES
FRESHMAN CLASS PRESIDENCY
Tears apart competition in hotly contested race

By Mr. Renero-Soulé '17
URSINE AFFAIRS DEPT.
(THAT REALLY TALL
TREE IN ROOT GLEN)
In an surprise move, the Class of 2017 elected as their class president Brown Bear '17, perhaps the most polarizing inclusion to this year's freshman class.* President Bear, who was the only Canadian student running for office, skillfully snatched the victory away from his rivals, most of whom were terrified to be running against (and from) such a grizzly candidate.

President Bear ran on a simple platform: to include raw salmon in Diner B's menu (which caused a commotion with Darkside vegans) and to allow students to hibernate after Thanksgiving break. Surviving sources claim the latter point was highly popular amongst freshmen, many of whom are already planning to spend their hibernation in Cabo and other tropical hibernation resorts.



Surprisingly, President Bear's main support did not come from residents of his own dorm, Milbank. College officials have expressed worry that many students living in Milbank have been missing class, and the few who are attending class have seen a marked decrease in the quality of their written work, possibly due to loss of limbs. Dean Reynolds has expressed hope that President Bear's victory will “inspire other Milbank students to follow his example: that one can successfully balance academics with an active social life.”

Nevertheless, conservative students voiced their opposition to President Bear's victory. They claim that his victory is representative of the overall immigration problem in the US. “These Canadians are coming over here and taking away jobs from hard-working American bears,” Richard Trumbull '15, a vocal opponent of immigration reform, said. Meanwhile, international students are thrilled that they now have a strong and vicious roar voice in Student Assembly.

President Bear, who is a recruit for the wrestling team and a noted fan of Quentin Tarantino's films, was unavailable for further comment, but his campaign team assures the Duel Observer that his administration will be marked by improvements to the campus' bear-friendliness (current door handles are too weak for students with claws), and a sincere dedication to make full-body waxing available and accessible to even the most hirsute members of the Hamilton community.

**For a full account of President Bear's admission to Hamilton, please consult the article by Mr. Spinney '16 published in the previous issue of the Duel Observer.*

In this issue: We #14 MoFUCKAZZZ

PILLAGE OF CLINTON FORECAST	PHASE 1	PHASE 2	PHASE 3
	Get the beer!	Get the food!	Get the hell out!
	High probability our kegs will blot out the sun.	“Tonight we dine IN NOLA'S!”	30% chance Hannaford runs out of catapults.

ZOMBIE PLEDGES TERRORIZE CAMPUS



See “At least these ones will eat something,” pg. 21

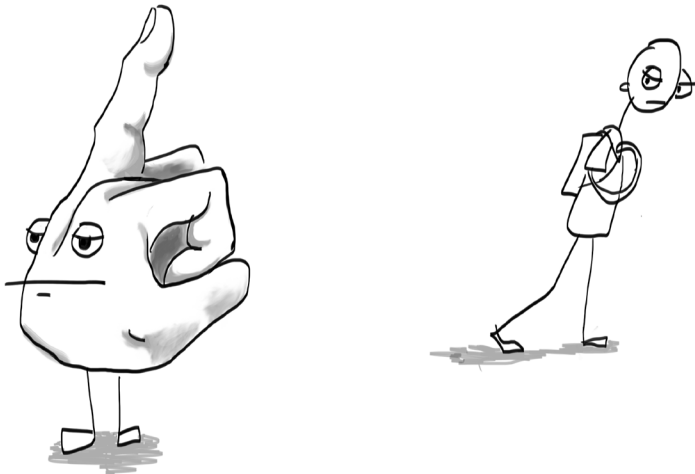
HAMILTON “HANGS OUT” FOR
GOOGLE STREETVIEW



See “Why would you give us advance warning?” pg. the Wall Street Journal for some reason



Just One of Those Days



THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JC

By Matthew Branston '17

"JC was here every day getting pu\$\$y. Maybe, too much. Then again there is no such thing as too much. Baby."—Room 300, McIntosh, Waffle Square 3 down, 2 to the left.

When I first read these words, they meant little to me—just the inane scribbblings of another wannabe playboy. But they echoed through my head the next day. There was something enchanting about the quaint, *urban* substitution of dollar signs for S's.

The next morning I spent several hours at ResLife reading up on him, then began to follow JC's trail through Hamilton. FACT: by his senior year, JC had been inside more than 65% of Hamilton, regardless of gender. Too few for such a stallion. Unfortunately, like most great men of his time, JC met his end at far too young an age. Tragically, he drowned to death in a vat of Keystone Light, searching for the funnel he had dropped. Contemporary historians who have studied JC's life (currently I'm the only one, but I am sure there will be others) compare his fate to that of another famous poet who was almost as skilled as JC: Edgar Allan Poe.

LETTER TO THE SPEC EDITOR

By Jimmy Lasworth '17

Who the fuck are you people and where am I?

Hello, Hamilton students, old and new! What a pleasure to make my way "up the Hill," as they say. As a freshman, it's thrilling to finally be immersed in this new atmosphere of like-minded, liberal-arts pursuance that we've all dreamed of. How great it is finally to find ourselves living and studying in dorms and dining halls we'd only seen on one hurried tour or in terrible video quality on some YouTube video. What a rush! We finally made it!

This being admitted, I still often feel the sudden shock of our uprooting quite clearly. One question resurfaces in my mind as you say "Hello!" to me on Martin's Way or in Commons. It's a pleasure to meet so many new people, especially those attracted to this fine institution for the same reasons I was, but I must ask.

Who the fuck are you? Do I know anything of value about any one of you people? Where am I? Is this how I'm supposed to feel? Does being perceived as inexperienced outweigh how *practical* using a tray is? Do I just

Tracking JC's progress, I explored his junior year double in Eells. More of my idol's poetry was proudly displayed here; carved into the plaster of the wall, a technique evocative of that of the ancient Roman poet Catullus. "*Raw-dogged it with Cici, gave her the shocker. Ayyyyy! Swag.*"

My next stop was Bundy. The very place where my mentor—no, my prophet—JC had met his end. Pushing my way through the waste deep detritus mound (a festively colorful mix of crushed Bud Lite Lime cans, lost clothing, and dried vomit), I was amazed to find that the vat in which is holiness himself perished remained. Peering within, I noticed faint scratching on the side. Well weathered, the original text was barely readable. However, a scholar is always prepared and I was able to recover a readable rubbing of the writing. "*Always wanted to drown in pussy, but 'Stone is pretty sick too. The harder they ball the harder they fall.*"

Goodnight, sweet prince. JC was truly a Renaissance man. He will go down in the history books. In his honor, I intend to change my major. Tomorrow I'll be starting my English studies, with a focus on frat-lit.

Found crumpled up in a ball by Mr. Herndon '17

ignore these questions or do they answer themselves?

Adjusting to life on campus and finding our respective places in this rich tapestry of collegiate activity is a gradual process. Being in such a new environment was a challenge by choice we were all thrilled to take. We get to discover more deeply what composes our personality and ideology in a communal exploration of self. That's simply magical! Yet I still feel the urge to scream with tormented fervor to the heavens that I don't know what composes the character or moral standing of any given person I look at. What the fuck is that?

Hamilton's location in the snug town of Clinton makes it ideal for absorbing the sleepy, peaceful hustling and bustling of a small town against the backdrop of a vibrant, raucous campus scene. I think. I really don't know what's going on.

Stolen by Mr. Ballmer '17



A CRY FOR DISCRIMINATION

Dear Journal,

I know this a weird thing to complain about, but I'm tired of being accepted for who I am. This week was the last straw.

On Monday I was a little upset about a bad grade, so when I got out of class, I kicked over a trashcan. Some kid shouted, "Way to fight the power man!" and the next thing I know, I'm hoisted up in the air by a few people and they start chanting my name.

When that was all over, I went to Commons and started setting piles of napkins on fire. At first people were shocked, but soon enough I had a crowd. People saw the balls of fire on my table and began chanting "Juggle!" as if I was putting on a show. Last time I checked, juggling, even with fire, was fucking lame.

Pissed off, I started drinking in KJ. "He's so brave," I kept hearing as students and faculty walked by, which only made me drink faster. By the time I left KJ I was sufficiently wasted and there was a candlelight vigil going on. I'm not proud of it but I crashed the vigil. I screamed KORN lyrics at the top of my lungs and tackled anyone with a candle.

The next day, the Spectator proclaimed me the 'Most Passionate Student of The Week' and praised me for making the vigil so memorable. JESUS! Since then, I've committed hate crimes (received a medal) and even started wearing Heelys (now Hamilton's favorite form of transportation). Is a little intolerance at a liberal arts college too much to ask for?

Sincerely,
Julian Marvel '16
Edited By Mr. Wagner '14



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