

EXPOSED: FRESHMEN SCHEME TO ATTEND SR. HOUSING LOTTO
Please report unusually tall overcoats and wobbly midriffs

ACCEPTED STUDENTS
DISMAYED THAT HAMILTON IS
NOT LIKE *HAMILTON*
Not amazed and astonished

By Ms. Granoff ’18
SPRING AWAKENING NOT WOKE ENOUGH DEPT.
(GATHERED AROUND THE AL HAM STAT-
UE) This Monday, a crowd of accepted students de-
scended on the Hill, eager to discover whether they
were cut out for Hamilton’s academic rigor, intense
isolation, and nine straight months of weather as
perfect as that of accepted students’ day. A signifi-
cant number, however, were intensely confused by
the lack of 18th century dress, random bouts of hip-
hop, and the fact that the small campus is 75% white.
“Quite frankly, once I learned all the words to *Ham-
ilton*, the next step—coming here—was obvious. I wrote
my application essay on the sexual tension between Al-
exander Hamilton and John Laurens. I expected way
more wigs!” accepted student Tyler Wilson declared as
he searched for Yorktown on the campus map.

Another visitor to the campus, Maria Leckler,
was outraged that accepted students’ day did not in-
clude a single instance of students randomly burst-
ing into song. “I mean, this is Hamilton’s own college!
Don’t the people here know that?! It’s like they don’t
understand the holy ground upon which they walk!”

BLOCKING LOTTERY FINALLY
ERUPTS IN VIOLENCE
Survivors get suites, losers share hospital
rooms

By Mr. Letai ’19
BLOCK, DODGE, COUNTERATTACK DEPT.
(THE ANNEX) The Blocking Lottery unexpect-
edly devolved into a heated battle on Monday, when
ResLife announced that there were only two suites
left in Milbank. It is still unclear who threw the first
punch, but the assembled students were soon liter-
ally at each others’ throats.

The melee caused confusion among the students. “It
was intense,” Marsha Lawson ’17 said. “It was hard to
keep track of what was going on, really. I’m pretty sure I
choked out a girl in my econ class. But honestly, it might
have been my friend Lauren. My vision was a little blurry
after somebody threw a chai latte in my face.”

“Screams! Blood! Rage!” a shaken Dave Punchem
’18 exclaimed. “It was horrible! Somebody threw me
through a table while I was trying to pick a room. Some
of the history majors brought swords. I think I saw a

“She knows Alexander Hamilton never actually
came here, right? He was dead eight years before we
were incorporated. It certainly is quiet in uptown
Clinton, though. They were right about that,” nearby
history major Zachary Krazack ’16 responded.

“I don’t understand why all these kids are calling
me ‘sir,’” government professor Aaron Burwell said.
“Not to mention all the dirty looks.”

Nonetheless, the enthusiasm of the prospective
students could not be dampened. As the sun set, they
held a candlelight vigil for Angelica Schuyler, Hamil-
ton’s sister-in-law, in the graveyard, apparently unfazed
by the fact that her body is buried over 200 miles away.
The ceremony was interrupted by the streaking team.
Multiple prospective students could be heard arguing
over which of the streakers was Hercules Mulligan.

President Stewart complained of an endless succession
of prospective students demanding entrance to her office.
“They kept calling it ‘the room where it happens,’” Stewart
said. “Where what happens? My daily crossword puzzle?”

“Maybe they should have done some more re-
search before applying to our distinguished institu-
tion,” Monica Inzer said, when asked if she had any
comment in response to the numerous prospective
students who expressed this extreme disappoint-
ment. “We should see what we can do to capitalize
on this connection next year. We could call it Ham-
4Ham, or something.”

guy get eaten by a bear. I’m the only one from my suite
who made it out. I guess I’ll have a lot of living space.”

“There was this one guy, I think he was a sopho-
more, who just went wild. I saw him take down three
juniors with one hand and look for someone to fill the
double on Yik Yak with the other,” Jill Saul ’18 said.

Dean O’Mite ’18, the sophomore in question,
stated that “I didn’t even want to be in the blocking
lottery. I wanted to live in Bundy. But when I heard
about the fight, I couldn’t stay away.”

“In the heat of the moment, things happen, you
know?” Randy Paige ’17 said. “I can still hear that fresh-
man sputtering as I yanked his lanyard across his trachea.
But God forgive me, I’d do it all again.”

Witnesses say there was little effort by Campo
to break up the fight. No one from ResLife could
be reached for comment, but an anonymous source
claimed that ResLife told the campus authorities to
“let them enjoy the show.” Eventually, Fran Manfre-
do put a stop to the carnage after an innocent pass-
erby was struck by a bloodstained frisbee.

CAMPUS DEBATES WHETHER
STUDENT STUDYING ABROAD IS
AN ASSHOLE

Remains blissfully unaware
STDs UNRECOGNIZED IN THE U.S. DEPT.
By Mr. Burns ’17
(NOT THE PLACE WHERE PEOPLE WANT TO
HEAR ABOUT YOUR “LIFE-CHANGING EXPE-
RIENCE”) With Kevin Evans ’17 abroad, seemingly for
the sole intention of changing his profile picture every week,
the remaining College community has had the opportunity
to objectively evaluate his reputation. Just as they do for
professors who take a poorly-timed sabbatical, Hamilton’s
officially appointed Judges of Character (who have meet-
ings at the salad bar in Commons on Wednesdays) gathered
to conduct a trial to determine whether Evans will be wel-
comed back as a hero or ostracized as a pariah.

Evans is currently studying abroad in Liechtenstein,
which he chose for having a lit YikYak and having a na-
tional motto “smoke weed every day” (Google it). He
is remembered from last semester by several students as
being alternately “blond,” “no wait, not blond,” or “there.”
However, the ongoing deliberation of the Judges of Char-
acter paints a different picture of the Hamilton escapee.

“Kevin Evans? You should know this about him
before he comes back—he’s a pretentious prick,” Matt
Turner ’17 said while pouring vodka and Fanta into a
trashcan. “He talks way too much during class. Mean-
ing, he actually talks during class. Nerd.”

“He’s not that bad,” Turner’s friend Eugene Lerner
’18 said. “Although I think he did try to flirt with my
girlfriend two semesters ago...”

“And didn’t he cut in line in front of you at Diner
B?” asked Turner.

“Oh yeah!” Lerner said, crushing up his cup of Fanta and
vodka in anger. “Actually, forget I said anything nice about him.”

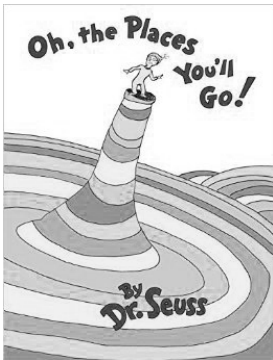
“People think he’s a nice guy, but Kevin Evans is
really a misogynistic pig,” said Amelia Bauer ’17, who
heard a secondhand account of something Evans may or
may not have said. “I’m really glad he’s gone. I hope he
stays in the ass crack between Switzerland and Austria.”

Even Johann Habanero ’17, Evans’ best friend for
three and a half years, has found his Diner fries salted with
tears in the wake of the ex-pat’s betrayal.

“He hasn’t Snapchatted me in a week AND he didn’t
pay me back for when we went out to Applebee’s on
Winter Break,” said Habanero. “Plus, it’s probably nice
where he is and it’s fucking snowing here. Fuck him.”
See “Rumors Hurt,” continued on the back page.

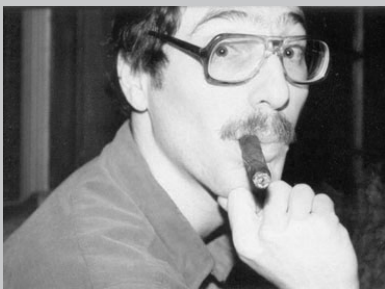
In this issue: Songs celebrating our great progenitor

BOOKSTORE ORDERS 497 COPIES OF *OH,*
THE PLACES YOU’LL GO


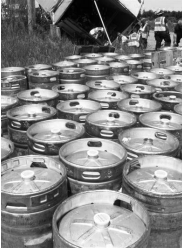



See “Stocks up on tissue boxes,” pg. 2016

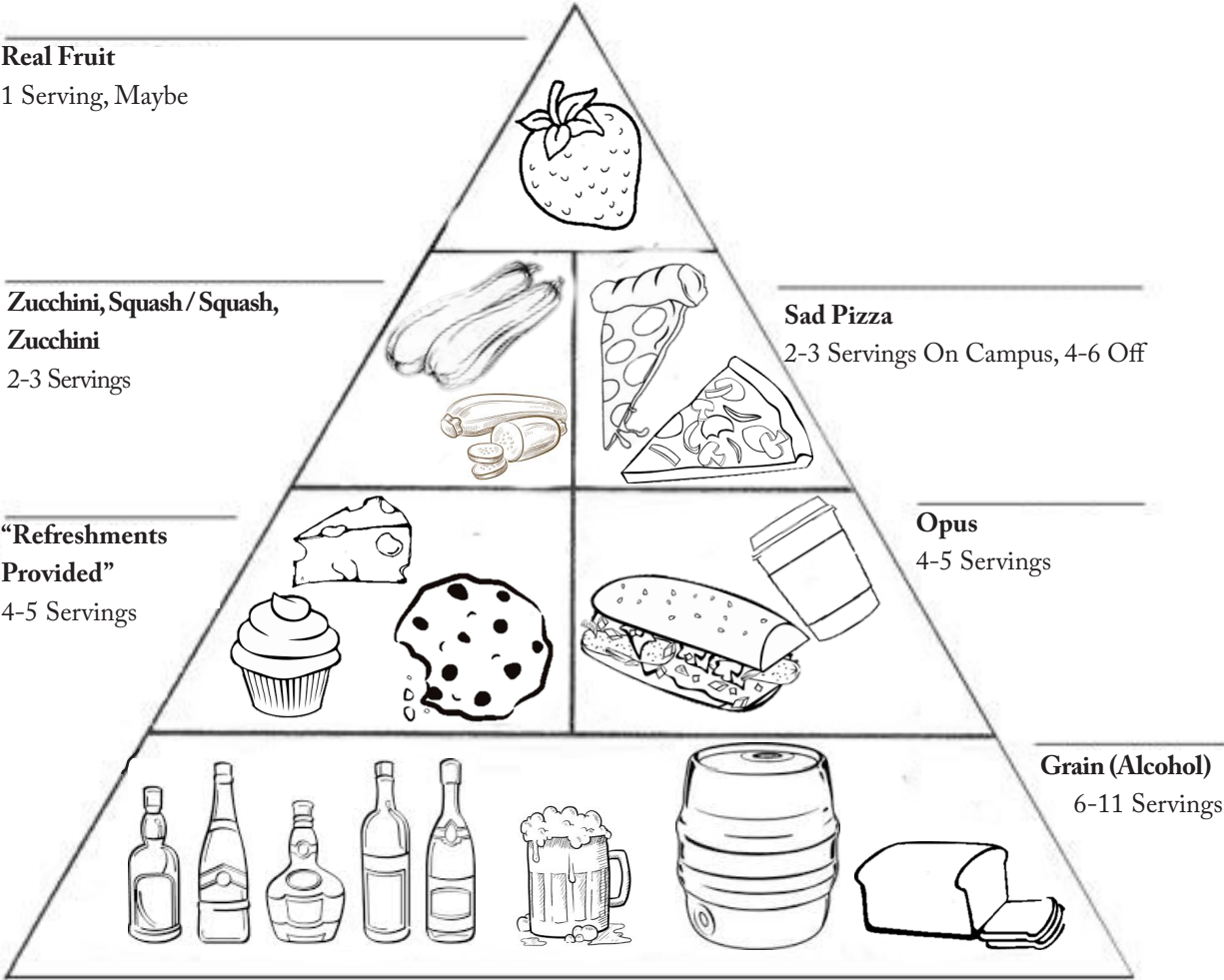
WHIPPMAN’S WITTICISMS
Real advice from someone we barely know



“Say ‘I love you’ only when you mean it, and howl
incoherently only when the Worm Moon is full.”

MUSIC FESTIVAL FORECAST	3 P.M.	5 P.M.	10 P.M.
	Not  High probability you’re compen- sating for miss- ing Coachella.	Quite  80% chance 0% of drinking stays in designated area.	Woodstock  “Who knew Grill- ing Club was a cover band?”

HAMILTON FOOD PYRAMID
Developed by Bon Appétit



Tested by Ms. Alatalo '18

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dear Duel Observer,

Things you need for a proper pit roast:

1. A pit—preferably 3 feet deep and about 1 foot larger than the thing you’re cooking in every direction
2. A pig (hopefully dead and locally sourced)
3. Stones to line the pit with and coals to fill it with
4. Burlap sacks to wrap the pig which has been cleaned and seasoned

Bury, come back after 12 hours and excavate to enjoy.

Your Welcome,

Local Pit Master Bobby “Medium Rare” Reynolds

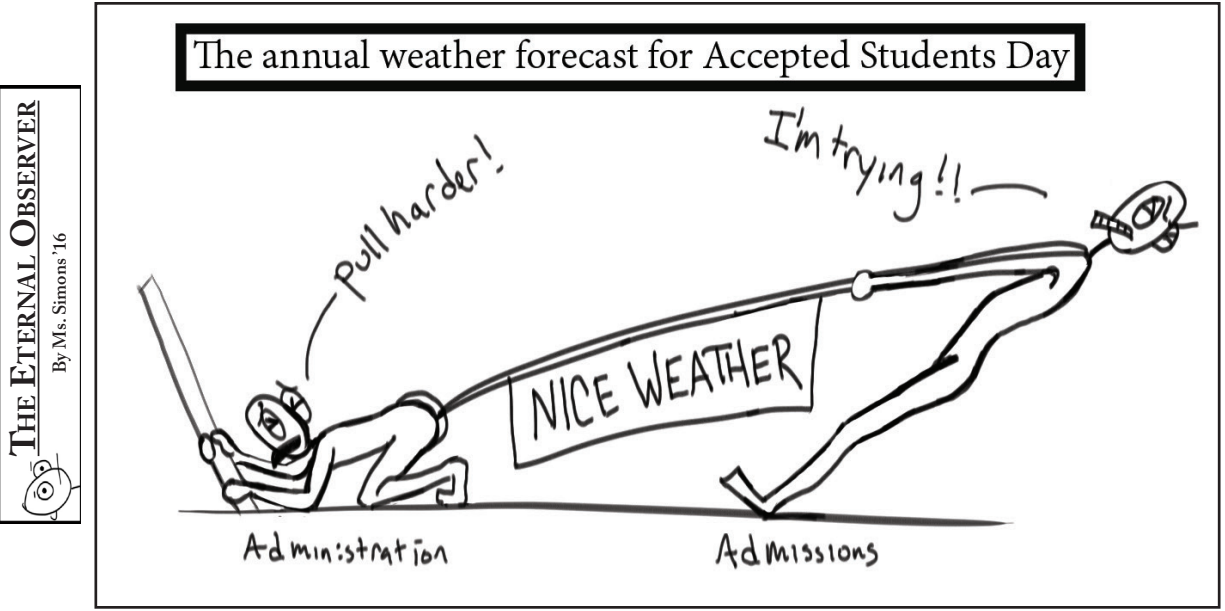
Dear Ed,

I tried reaching you a few times over the past day, but you seem to be busy. I would sincerely like to settle this dispute amicably as we are neighbors, but I really am having a hard time living with your truck wedged in my family room wall. I’m not going to comment on your alcoholism nor your treatment of my family as they pull in and out of the driveway, but I would like you to please contact me so we can get payment settled and deal with your accident without getting too much law enforcement involved. If you don’t respond to this within the next 24 hours I will have no choice but to call the cops and my lawyer, at which point I will have to mention your drinking habits especially around motor vehicles.

Sincerely,

Jerry Greenton

Spell-checked and censored by Mr. Wesley '16



RUMORS HURT
Continued from “Campus Debates Whether Student Studying Abroad Is an Asshole”

“This Kevin Evans character,” said Phineas P. Werter-bottom, the monocle-wearing tastemaker of Hamilton College, who has never met Evans. “I have absolutely no intention of giving him a chance when he comes back.”

Sources say Evans will likely be very surprised at how public opinion has shifted against him at Hamilton. For now, however, he is too busy having misadventures across the continent of Europe, which included taking a selfie of himself and a very surprised Pope Francis in the Vatican hot tubs.

FRIDAY FIVE: BETTER USES FOR THE KJ ATRIUM

By Mx. Collins '19

The KJ Atrium, a haven for humanities students drowning in homework, is an indispensable social space, work space, and place for the administration to hold aggressively inconvenient events for non-students. Here some better uses for it.

5. **Swimming Pool:** With strategically placed duct tape and time, the water feature will fill the atrium and turn it into a 15-foot pool perfect for practicing your reverse triple backflip in between Babbitt parties until Campo inevitably comes and reports you for skinny dipping in the (now overflowing) water feature.
4. **Bagpipe Practice Room:** Those tiny practise rooms under List are just too small for so much noise. The best space to practice is a nice open area, but enclosed enough to protect those precious pipes from the unpredictable elements. The atrium is the perfect space to toot out your blitz of jigs, and you even get a mostly willing audience!
2. **Mosh Pit:** Students need a place to release their aggression. Set to bands such as Nickelback, Dave Matthews Band, and One Direction, this pit would enable students to literally beat the shit out of each other without the prospect of getting points. Not only would this release all emotional tension in the student population, it would single handedly triple the profits from the Health Center, allowing it to become self-sufficient.
1. **Bar:** We need a place to darty in the middle of the week when it’s raining.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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