

CLASS OF '18, YOUR JOB PROSPECTS ARE SCARIER THAN HALLOWEEN.

CAMPO CRACKS DOWN ON PARANORMAL ACTIVITY

Don't forget to attend social ghost training

By Mr. Letai '19

STUDENT AFTERLIFE DEPT.

(CAMPO PURGATORY) Director of Campus Safety Francis Coots announced on Wednesday that Campus Safety would be drastically increasing its anti-ghost measures.

“For too long, the people of Hamilton have lived in fear of vengeful spirits. I say no longer!” Coots said at a press conference. He went on to unveil Campus Safety’s arsenal of ghost-hunting weapons, including a bear trap baited with a six-pack of Keystone Fright, paid for by diverting funds from the new Health Center.

Coots cited an increase in student reports of haunting as the main reason for the new policy. “We’ve been getting a lot of tips telling us about unexplained moaning in practice rooms and on Minor Field. So far we haven’t found any phantasms, only students. But one look and you could tell something had scared the pants right off of them. And in some cases, all their other clothes too.”

STUDENT FINDS ALEXANDER HAMILTON’S HEAD IN ARCHIVES

It was filed between the *Federalist Papers* and Barbara’s lunch

By Ms. Terhune '21

SYNECDOCHE DEPT.

(BURKE’S SECRET TUNNELS) Megan Campbell '20 was conducting research using the archives last Wednesday night when she unexpectedly stumbled upon Alexander Hamilton’s head.

“I had gotten hungry when trying to get ahead on my research project, and so after asking the head archivist if he had any snacks, he sent me to his personal mini-fridge,” Campbell said. “I opened the fridge, and initially I didn’t notice that Alexander Hamilton was in there, but when I reached for one of the yogurts in the back, I accidentally brushed my fingers against one of his cold, decaying ears. He looked a lot whiter than when I saw him in the musical. Must be the lack of blood circulation.”

Coots requested students use the new haunting hotline to alert Campus Safety to “any instances of chain-rattling, chanting in Latin, or general poltergeistery.” Campus Safety will also distribute incense, garlic, and silver bullets outside dining halls.

Though the new initiative has yet to perform a successful exorcism, many students support it.

“I called the snitch-a-lich phone number when I found a puddle of ectoplasm in the hallway,” Walt Spengler '19 said. “It turned out to just be residue from my roommate’s Halloween hookup. In retrospect, I should have known when I tasted it.”

However, not all responses from the community have been positive. On Thursday morning, the door to WHCL became mysteriously locked, after which the station played “Fuck the Police” on loop. Later that day, “#SaveTheGhosts” appeared written in blood on the wall outside McEwen.

Coots is optimistic about the program’s future. “I’m a parent, so I know how frightening it can be when there’s a ghost in your closet. That’s why, effective immediately, all closets will be off limits. I understand this might be inconvenient, but it’s better to have a floor full of clothes than to be possessed by Elihu Root’s tortured soul.”

Charles Sonman, the head archivist, claimed that he did not know that the head was there, but after multiple interrogations, he decided that it would “cost [him] an arm and a leg” to keep denying any accusations. Coming clean, he said, “For a while it felt like I had nobody to talk to. Growing up, I had an interest in history and what people would call ‘daddy issues,’ so I decided to dig up my favorite Founding Father, Alexander Hamilton.” When asked how Hamilton’s head had not completely decomposed, Sonman replied, “I don’t know. I guess that’s what happens when your economic policies explicitly favor the wealthier classes and lessen the influence of the common man.”

While the authorities have the archives on lockdown, Hamilton’s head will be stored in the Commons freezer. That way someone will be able to keep an eye on him and, as one chef put it, “Commons is always looking for new ingredients to spice up the menu.”

DAVID WIPPMAN SEEKS FRIENDS FOR GROUP HALLOWEEN COSTUME

Doesn't want to be alone like last year

By Ms. Dickmeyer '19

CONNECTING WITH THE YOUTH DEPT.

(YOUR FRONT DOOR) David Wippman announced this week that he is seeking candidates to join him in his first annual group Halloween costume.

“I am tired of spending Halloween dressed as characters that no one understands because the rest of the group isn’t there,” he said. “Last year I was Shaggy from Scooby Doo, but because I didn’t have the rest of the Scooby Doo gang with me, everyone thought I was just a creepy stoner driving around in a graffitied van, and they called the cops.”

Wippman plans to attend the Halloween parties in Major this weekend, and hopes to win at least one costume contest. This year’s possible group costume themes include: the Teletubbies (Wippman would be Tinky-Winky, of course), Snow White & the Seven Dwarves (Wippman would be Snow White, of course), and all of the presidents of Hamilton College (Wippman would be Wippman, of course).

“Requirements for joining his group costume include being at least six feet tall, having less than 1/8th inch of hair on your head, and having a passion for sewing and/or duct-taping,” President Wippman’s assistant to the assistant secretary, Carol Maters said. “If you are interested in applying to join President Wippman for the costume, please arrive promptly at 10:43 P.M. on Friday night in the basement of Root wearing a costume of your own creation for the audition. Auditions will consist of a ten minute monologue, an essay describing the motivations of your character, and singing Hamilton’s alma mater ‘Carissima’ to Wippman’s pet chinchillas.”






Reports say Nell is either going as Toto from *the Wizard of Oz* or the “Cash me Ousside” girl.

In this issue: “You know how the French are about tits.” “No Andy, how are the French about tits?”

HALLOWEEN TRADITION #45: RAISE ELIHU ROOT’S GHOST



By having sex in every building named Root in the order they were built  
See “Is that Martin Freeman?” pg. 1845

HALLOWEEN FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	 65% chance of accidentally becoming a couples costume	 High chance you can no longer differentiate between fake and real blood	 80% chance you're a zombie and Halloween hasn't even happened yet

Choose Your Own Adventure!

Issue 9: You're rich!

A. Invest all your money into gene editing research.  
See issue 7

B. With your newfound confidence, mouth off in front of a trustee.  
See issue 3

C. Take David Wippman out to dinner.  
See issue 6

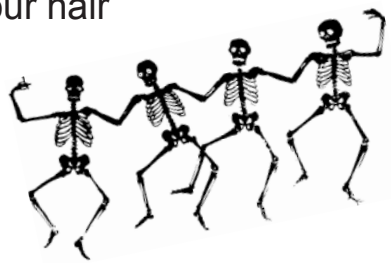
last minute HALLOWEEN COSTUME GUIDES

Want to seem clever and interesting while still looking like a snack this weekend? Fear not; the *Duel*’s staff drag mother has you covered!



- Put on suit jacket and wide tie
- Thoroughly gel and coif your hair
- Tastefully splatter on some fake blood
- Attach assorted cutlery and plates to self
- Be **Ted Bundy Dining Hall**

- Put on tan tunic and brown boots
- Grow or paint on a goatee and side part your hair
- Add blue lightsaber
- Attach assorted cutlery and plates to self
- Be **McEwan MacGregor**



- Make a poncho out of AstroTurf
- Paint on a sad frown and little tears
- Carry a cow stuffed animal
- Attach assorted cutlery and plates to self
- Be **The Tragedy Of The Commons**

- Put on a Hornets jersey
- Grow, like, a foot and a half
- Grab a basketball and the loudest speaker you can carry
- Attach assorted cutlery and plates to self
- Be **Dwight Howard Diner**

Submitted in lip liner by Ms. “Betty Cocker” Stevenson ’19

CONSPIRACY THEORY OF THE WEEK:  
Bon Appétit is trying to literally Hansel  
and Gretel entire student body

By Connor S. P. Racy ’18

Okay, this time I swear I have proof, guys. The dining services have a maniacal plan to gain infinite food at the price of a few breadcrumbs. At first I thought it was nothing—hell, everyone did. Then the disappearances started.

First it was just here and there... a student misses classes a couple days in a row. Then the smell from the woods. Then the large amount of breadcrumbs coating the paths of the glen. Marge herself has been leading tours of blindfolded students to the Glen only to return alone, pretending nothing has happened. This could be amnesia, or a game, or it could be a major ploy by Bon Appétit to control the world. It was only a matter of time before someone figured something out, and that someone has always been and probably will always be me.

The Bon Appétit corporation has been leading students out to the Glen to die, giving them only a single half baguette and some fucking yellow squash (they put it in everything they make, so why not homicide too?). These students are taken to a shack in the Glen suspiciously labeled “Gluten Free,” where I’m positive they are being fattened up, slaughtered, and their meat is put into the soup at the soup bar. That’s right, that wasn’t god damn chicken last week, that was your roommate Todd.

The world must know. The evil must be destroyed. Tear down your local Bon Appétit. Carry holy water on you at all times to make sure you can melt any witches putting students in soup that you might find. We shall burn down this gingerbread house of lies.

Found underneath a Commons table by Mx. Collins ’19

Friday Five: Signs Your  
Roommate is a Racist

by Mr. Case ’21

*Have you found a white sheet with eyeholes in your roommate’s closet? It might not be a Halloween costume! Here’s how to recognize the scariest thing of all: racism.*

**5. They say/do racist things.** It’s hard to really define what they’re doing wrong, but it just feels... charged. They argue that *Straight Outta Compton* should have won the Oscar every time you bring any non-white friends to your room. You hear them muttering “where’d those three million votes go, huh?” in their sleep. You’ve heard them say, “I have an uncle in the INS, you better be careful,” to one of the service dogs when the handler wasn’t looking.

**4. They keep Nazi paraphernalia in the room.** They say they played Rolf in their high school production of *The Sound of Music*, and the uniform is just a memento. They say their copy of *Mein Kampf* is for a Fascist Literature class. But you just don’t believe them. Also, you don’t really want to say anything because it’d be awkward, and that framed picture of Eva Braun really ties the dorm room together.

**3. They are white.** This is always a pretty good tip off. Yes, anyone can be racist, it’s not just a white thing. That being said, white people are very good at it. The whites have been perennial racism champs since 2000 BC, and they don’t show signs of stopping their streak. General Manager David Duke is bringing immense racist talent to the franchise, snapping up the entire White House and half of Charleston, SC.

**2. They chew with their mouths open.** I actually have no evidence for this one, but fuck people who do that.

**1. They use Axe Body Spray.** Some people are in college, and are at least 18, yet they still wear Axe. These people can vote. This is America. Everyone has the right to a fair judgement, and to equality of opportunity. That being said, everyone who uses Axe Body Spray is a racist. You might ask me to prove this point, to which I would respond: are there any studies that prove that all racist people DON’T use Axe Body Spray? I rest my case. If you are offended by this last statement, try using a deodorant that doesn’t make you smell like prepubescent fear boners in the locker room of a junior high, you racist piece of shit.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

RACHEL MARIE ALATALO  
*Editor-in-Chief/ Frankenstein*

ANDREW ANTHONY LETAI  
*Editor-out-Chief/ Bride of Frankenstein*

DIANA SARAH SUDER  
*Managing Editor/ “No Frankenstein is the doctor not the monster”*

JOSEPHINE STELLA GRACE RINEHART-JONES  
*Layout Editor/ Frankenstein’s weird neighbor*

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN  
*The Boss*

Senior Staff Writers

KIRSTY RITA WARREN  
LAURA DEANNE WHITMER  
EMILY GRANOFF  
IAN ULYSSES BAIZE

Staff Writers

ANDREA MARIE DICKMEYER  
AARON CURTIS COLLINS  
ALEXANDER MACALLAN FERGUSON  
GRAHAM LEITER PAULL  
NOELANI MARIA STEVENSON  
TYLER A BOUDREAU

Contributors

PETER JUDSON CASE  
MAJESTIC RENÉE TERHUNE

Copyeditors

CLAIRE NICHOLSON

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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