

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XVIII, ISSUE III

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

SEPTEMBER 9, 2011

Hydrofracking! Spectator informs *Duel*: not as kinky as it sounds

PARENTS COUNTING ON HAMILTON TO MAKE THEIR KIDS NOT SUCK

Plots foiled by anti-drug pushers at Late Nite events

By Ms. Murphy '15

MADE UP STATISTICS DEPT.

(EVENTS BARN) Hamilton students have noticed a remarkable phenomenon in recent weeks: the freshman class, lauded as the most selective class admitted in the college's two-hundred-year history, is by all accounts also its weirdest (See also: “Admissions Tries New Initiative to Foster Diversity While Still Avoiding Actual Diversity,” page 5).

“Every class has its group of freak shows who will walk away from a win on the BP table because they don't want to get too drunk—like that's even a thing,” Scott Walker '13 muttered. “But that's pretty standard. What's strange here is the concentration of responsible thinking in this one class. It's like parents are sending their social-reject kids to Hamilton as some kind of reverse rehab so they can absorb coolness off of the rest of us.”

Investigation has proved that this is indeed the case. Lisa Farber P'15 confirmed, “That's absolutely why we ignored our son's opinion and enrolled him at Hamilton. We're hoping that he'll wake up one morning on Martin's Way face down in a pool of his own vomit and realize that it's healthy to do what everyone else is doing!”

Her husband John Farber '84 was skeptical. “I got into a lot of shit during my days at Hamilton. I'm talking ultimate waffle showdowns up at



“If only my boy could grow up to be D-Day!”

the Observatory, if you catch my drift.” We don't. “But at this point, I don't know that anything could save that kid. Lisa hates to hear this, but he's too damn sensible.”

At this, Mrs. Farber sniffed back a tear. “It's my fault,” she claimed. “I'm the one who insisted on naming him Walter.”

See “Besides Birthday Blunt,” continued on back page.

STUDENT ACKNOWLEDGES 200TH CONSECUTIVE REJECTION IN 57 DAYS

Bros celebrate blue-ball-edness

By Mr. Hennigar '14

SO, DO YOU COME HERE OFTEN? DEPT.

(DUNHAM) Despite his perpetually popped collar, noted prowess on the beer pong table, and unparalleled Mike Tyson impression, Brian Atwood '14 was rejected by the 200th woman in 57 days last Saturday night.

“I just remember grindin' up on this girl at some suite party, and the next minute I had beer thrown in my face,” Atwood recalled. “One of my bros came up to me afterward and told me she was number 200. I think that makes me the coolest virgin ever!”

Atwood's best bro, Leonard Wright '14, had begun tallying the rejections this past summer.

“We were both working at a bowling alley in east Buffalo,” Leonard explained, “and one night he hit on seven MILFs at some kid's birthday party. I've been keeping track ever since.”

Atwood has been found hitting on women not

only at campus parties, but during his everyday routine, which has generally led him to basically freak people the fuck out.

“I was getting some coffee in Opus on Tuesday morning,” Jessica Aldridge '12 began, “and he was like, ‘Hey, how about I put some Folgers in your cup? With my penis?’”

Atwood's hook-up attempts are not limited to students either. Emily Johnson, Professor of History, claimed that Atwood showed her a scratch on his cheek and claimed it was a scar from the Gulf War and that kissing it “would take away the pain of my memories,” before adding, “We lost a lot of good men out there.”

At the congratulatory party thrown for him by his friends, Atwood left after about an hour, calling it a “Sausage-fest” before grabbing a water bottle filled with vodka in search of more women.

“I think tonight's the night,” he slurred. “I've gotta find that girl from Orientation. I think her name was Lisa Magnarelli.”



SCHOOL DOESN'T THINK TAYLOR DONATION RECOGNIZED ENOUGH

Replaces the word ‘science’ to honor the family

By Mr. Kennedy '14

LEXICON DEPT.

(SCIENCE I MEAN, TAYLOR CENTER) Acknowledging that nobody will actually call the Science Center “Taylor” (besides tour guides and maybe the Class of 2016), Hamilton administrative figures are reportedly considering replacing the word for science itself.

The rumors arose from an email survey (which one student actually opened) that contained troubling questions. The most notable one asked, “How much would you love it if we replaced the word ‘science’ with ‘Taylor?’” with options for response ranging from “I <3 Taylor,” to simply, “Yay!”

College President Joan Hinde Stewart could neither confirm nor deny the claims. When asked for comment on the bonfire of dictionaries in her office, she pretended not to understand English and closed the door.

Many students were concerned with this development. NeuroTaylor major James Cantrell '13 expressed serious qualms about the proposal. “Look, nobody

knows what my major is anyways, and it's hard enough bullshitting that a liberal arts degree is useful.”

Government major Steven Dawking '12 was glad for once that Hamilton found ‘Political Science’ too common a department name.

School figures disagreed with the students. “No, it's totally cool to do this,” college spokesperson John Nitterman Jr. argued. “For instance, with my kids, I just substitute ‘poker’ with ‘work’ and ‘Daddy has to go to the loan shark to get money to repay his \$10,000 tab with Mr. Pimp for his hookers and blow’ with ‘it's nap time.’ It's perfectly reasonable.”

Linguistics *douchebag* theorist James Garblin was also excited. He believed that, eventually, all Hamilton students will learn to completely erase the word ‘science’ from their vocabulary in a way similar to how they've learned to replace ‘shit from Commons’ with ‘food.’

Leaked emails from president Stewart reveal that the college had previously considered taking over the Africana Studies Department and renaming it something that had no relation to the subject, but had decided doing so would be too much like colonialism and probably racist. The word ‘science’ was a much more politically correct target, and everyone should recognize that honorable sensitivity.

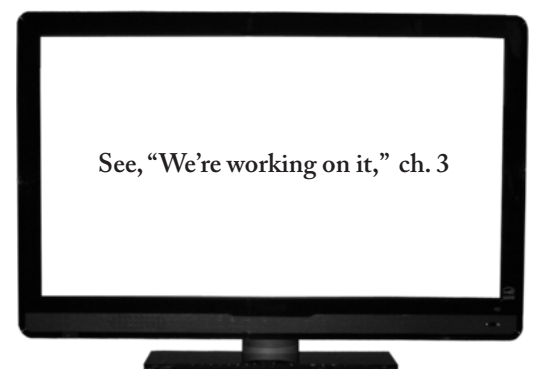
In this issue: STATE OF EMERGENCY



STUDENTS THINK CASEY ANTHONY IS “KIND OF A BITCH”



See, “Great Name Speaker?” pg. 147

MOVIE CHANNEL STILL BROKEN



FROSH ELECTION FORECAST	PRIMARIES	CONVENTION	ELECTION
	<p>Fliers</p>  <p>High probability nude photos on tables actually get you votes</p>	<p>Buttons</p>  <p>“Vote for me if you like slightly homoerotic campaigns!”</p>	<p>Zeppelin</p>  <p>72% chance your campaign pulls a Hindenburg and... kills 36 people?</p>



Continued from "Kids not Suck" on front page.

Inherited Alcoholism Deemed Best Gift Parents Can Give, Besides Birthday Blunt

But Walter Farber is no rarity. Of the 46 freshmen who chose Indiana Jones over a tipsy trek down the Hill last weekend, 43 said they had been forced to attend Hamilton by parents who see a cool college as one last chance to remove the blemish of

weirdness from their children. Even so, the students are uneager to jump on the alcoholism bandwagon.

"Thank God for Late Nite!" Elsie Winters '15 enthused. "Thanks to this, I'll never have to hook up with a stranger for Keystone just to have something to do on a Wednesday, like my mom did."

Winters' mother declined to comment, citing "a massive hangover from some night in 1993."

I GET MY BEST IDEAS AFTER AN EVENING SPENT AT CARNEGIE

A more-than-slightly-alcohol-induced Womyn's Studies Thesis Proposal

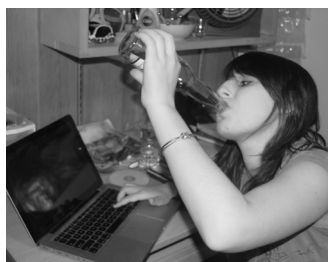
WHY WOMYN SHOULDN'T BE CRITICIZED FOR GETTING IT ON

For my senior thesis in Womyn's Studies, I intend to do a study, using myself as a test group, on why men can enjoy having anonymous sex but womyn like myself get a bad rep for waking up with my skirt around my waist in the bushes outside of Carnegie which like only happend twice. Oh crap, I spilled my keystone on the keyboard, lemme just wipe it ;phnjmmjb ;phohjipngea kvag

K so I got my idfea when Tony c alled me a slut tonight because I took my shirt off at the Babbitt party but like, I think that womyn should be asble to let it all hang out-without being criticized. I mean, cmon, boys show off their pecks and its liek oo so sexy but if I take off my shirt its like whhat a dirty ho! We shud have equality here, people! Those hairy ladies couldn't have gortten to their bras to burn them

with their shibrts on, now ckuld they? no Sir Ma'am!

Bycause womyn are totally going to be more powerful and more ryspected if they do what men do, right? Men voted, now we vote. Men were doctors, now womyn can be doctirs too. I say we don't sto pthis fight until we can grind up on some freshmyn, bring them home witout asking their nabme, and high five our friends over doughnuts in the morning without gerting called a sleezy hoe bag.



For m ythesis, I proposes to stumble around the dark side half naked and go hkme with anyone who will have me until I make it okay for the womyn of future generratins to enjoy shameful behavior as much as men do. Equislty doesnt stop with equal pay and suffrage, no sir, we wi;l fight this fight to theend! GYRLS RULE!

In conclusion, none of this realky matters since I'm leik way more into chicks.

Edited by Ms. Lanzotti '14

FRESHMAN FAILS TO REALIZE FUTILITY OF GYM ROUTINE

By Mr. Roberts '15

Freshman Tom McGee has been regularly working out, unaware that he will, in fact, only go to the gym three more times this year. In this issue, we will analyze Tom's downfall from fitness junkie to junk food guzzler.

Saturday 8/20 – The first day of freshman orientation, when Tom first laid his eyes on the Blood Fitness Center. For a brief moment, Tom understood love at first sight. "I've never seen a facility like this; man, I'll go to the gym everyday." Naturally, this statement was ignored because 480 out of 481 students in the Class of 2015 also made this statement (William Johnson '15 being the odd man out).

Wednesday 8/24 – Tom keeps up his impressive streak of gym appearances. His new friends actually believe he is a gym buff.

Thursday 8/25 – First day of classes. Tom shits his pants due to the workload. Now that he actually has work to do, he forgets to make his way to the gym. All throughout campus, a universal sigh of relief is heard. "People were starting to get worried he was too legit to quit, but once he missed that first day, we knew it was the beginning of the end," Sam Jones '15 said.

Friday 8/26 – Despite the doubters, Tom makes his way back to the gym asserting, "This is the new me."

Sunday 8/28 – McGee fails to make it to gym, claiming the hurricane kept him indoors. "Bullshit," expert in the field William Jones '12 reported. "I've heard that excuse at least 43 times; there's no way he's going back in that gym." Jones was clearly still disgruntled by the cycling craze of '08 collapsing due to an unexpected cold front.

Wednesday 8/31 – McGee is still not seen in the fitness center, due to injury this time. He claims to have a sore back from too much lifting. Health Center declares injury is more likely lack of testicles.

Saturday 9/3 – Dorm mates wonder who he is trying to fool at this point, saying, "Every once in a while he walks into the common room sweating as if he just got back from a run, but we're pretty sure he's just jacking off in his room."

Wednesday 9/7 – Dean of Students Nancy Thompson worries for him, stating, "We've seen his old Facebook photos. We've seen Tommy-Two-Chins. At this point, we're fearing a relapse."

Thursday 9/8 – When approached by administrative officials, Tom McGee responds that he is indeed doing fine because he has chosen to eat healthy instead of working out, "Starting tomorrow of course."



"This is my kind of Jim."

Comments? Email duel@hamilton.edu
Complaints? Or find us on the interweb!
Recipes? <http://students.hamilton.edu/duel/>

HAMILTON COLLEGE BUCKET LIST

By Mr. Robinson '12

Knowing that it can be hard to stay on task at a college with an open curriculum and hoping to help confused freshmen in need, I asked several of my friends to share their personal Hamilton bucket lists with The Duel for publication. When I was done throwing up, I edited together some of the most interesting entries. Enjoy responsibly.

1. Drink with Joanie
2. Puke on Joanie
3. Apologize for puking on Joanie
4. Fill super soaker with gin, douse unsuspecting Wertimites
5. Bungee jump off bridge (note: use short cord, aim for less rocky area)
6. Moonwalk across graduation stage
7. Hook up in KJ elevator
8. Have orgy in KJ elevator
9. Apologize to everyone involved in orgy in KJ elevator
10. Steal Bon Appetit chef's outfit, covertly prepare edible chicken
11. Order bacon with every possible diner meal
12. Play a full game of beer pong on the roof of every academic building
13. Sex in the meditation room
14. Sex in the fireplace lounge
15. Watch meditation room and fireplace lounge have sex with each other
16. Discover secret catacombs beneath the school
17. Pee in secret catacombs beneath the school
18. Take a class taught by Professor Ambrose
19. Take a class taught by the Asian kid from *The Goonies*
20. Body shots off Fran Manfredo (Fran is a woman, right?)
21. Join an a capella group
22. Start an a capella group mocking a capella groups
23. Mock people who start an a capella group mocking a capella groups
24. Submit half-assed feature disguised as a bucket list to mildly respectable publication
25. Become so meta you explode
26. Profit!



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BRITTANY DAWN TOMKIN
Editor-in-Chief/ Super Mario Bros. Theme

WILLIAM CAMERON SINTON
Editor-outof-Town/ Vibrate

JAKE CHRISTOPHER ZAPPALA
Managing Editor/ I Touch Myself

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KATHERINE HELENE STILL
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Contributors
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MATTHEW CHRISTIAN HENNIGAR
MEGAN RIONA MURPHY
JOHN ANDREW CARLYSLE JOHNSON
CHRISTOPHER DANIEL LEPRE
NATHANIEL BENEDICT LANMAN
HANNAH CURTIS CHAPPELL
LOGAN GEORGE ROBERTS

Copy Editor
SARAH MCCOY BITHER

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