

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXIV, ISSUE V

"Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself."

SEPTEMBER 26, 2014

WHEN WE WANT TO IMPRESS PEOPLE We pretend to be behind 'Squirrels of Hamilton College'

MOST INVOLVED STUDENT ONLY IN IT FOR THE FOOD

Diet consists mainly of Minar and brownies

By Ms. Rice '15

LISTSERV DEPT.

(STUDENT ACTIVITIES OFFICE) In the eternal struggle to accumulate résumé-ready extra-curriculars, Brandon Fisher '16 has them all beat. At the Fall 2014 Campus Life Open House, the junior joined the remaining three out of all 186 student organizations offered at Hamilton College. Asked what fuels his enthusiasm for campus activities, Fisher had a ready answer.

"It's all the free food, really," he said between bites of the Tex Mex he was enjoying, courtesy of Scandinavian Club. "At first I thought there was a catch, like maybe I had to learn to juggle or actually do random acts of kindness, but nope, these people just can't wait to give it away!"

Though Fisher acknowledges the abuse his inbox suffers as a result of being on the listservs of 186 organizations, he says the benefits outweigh the inconveniences.

"I haven't used my meal plan since freshman

orientation," Fisher said. "There's really no need when I can get a free meal with Hillel just by pretending to be Jewish."

As is to be expected of any involved college student, Fisher sometimes has trouble making time for his many campus activities.

"Sometimes I don't have time for both Pig Roast Club and Vegan and Animal Rights Club. I mean, I'm just booked solid," he said. He admits he may have to drop his membership with forty or fifty organizations once things ramp up. "I don't mind dropping Hamilton Hunger Games," he said. "I thought there might be some sort of eating contest, but it was just a day of running around outside in the cold."

Although he has successfully leeched thousands of dollars worth of food from Hamilton-funded organizations, Fisher worries some campus leaders might become suspicious of his modus operandi.

"Maybe it's because I've just come from a Hamilton Conspiracy Theorists meeting, but I think Club Ento was created solely to foil me."

HAMILTON COLLEGE TRUTHERS UNCOVER VEGAN CONSPIRACY

Desperately take up carnivore's crusade

By Mr. Hartel '18

PARSNIP PUSHERS DEPT.

(THE DARK SIDE) The darker side of vegetarianism has hit Hamilton College.

"Michelle Obama has infiltrated our school with her mind manipulating, fiber filled fruit!" Norman Chomsteine '15 screamed at students as they passed by McEwen Dining Hall last Thursday. Under Chomsteine's leadership, the Hamilton College Truthers have released a series of leaked emails from Bon Appétit Manager, Bertha Robinson, to President Joan Hinde Stewart regarding the dietary health of students.

McEwen Dining Hall is affectionately known by many as, "the only place on campus where the food has any taste." Much of this love for McEwen is directed at its Stem to Root center, where vegan food is artfully prepared with flavorful fusion tastes. Recent emails between Bertha Robinson and President Joan Hinde Stewart reveal President Stewart's gratitude for

the manager's hard work on the Stem to Root program. A recent e-mail reads, "Thank you, Bertha, for all of your hard work."

The Truthers have taken these emails as slightly different than their apparent message.

"Robinson is the maiden name of Michelle Obama, who is the wife of President Barack Obama, whose first name starts with a B, like Bertha, and there are five letters in Bertha's name which is two less than the number of letters in 'legumes,' which are vegetables, just like what Michelle Obama is pushing on the students who eat at McEwen!" reads the first half of page one of 548 by the Hamilton Truthers. The remaining 547 pages describe the conspiracy of the non-present Michelle Obama to infect the minds of Hamilton students with vegetables on campus.

Students have reacted with exasperation to the Truthers' latest theory. "Hamilton doesn't need another Commons-gate," Dedra Tiegue '16 said when asked about the Truthers.

"And my eyes hurt from the sun reflecting off of their aluminum foil hats," Werner Dehors '17 added. "Michelle Obama today, who will the Truthers uncover next to save Hamilton from vegetables?"

RAS HOST FIRE SOCIAL TO PROMOTE SAFETY

Fight fire with fun (but mostly with fire)

By Mr. Riopelle '17

FIRE DEPT.

(ROOT ACADEMIC; ASBESTOS CEILINGS FTW) Concerned by the pervasive apathy towards fire safety amongst their advisees, resident advisors across campus decided earlier this week to make this year's round of fire safety checks a bit more exciting. In addition to the riveting annual room inspections, the RAs will host a fire themed social to draw more attention to the inflammatory issue.

The event will feature a fire-works display of questionable legality, a fire-themed menu—flambéed salads from Commons, flaming lemonade, just straight fire for the fire-eaters—and a dragon.

"Yeah, a dragon," Wertimer RA Josh Jenkins '17 said. "What? Oh, it's only a small one, don't worry."

"We want to make our message of fire safety memorable," Dunham RA Brandon Hue '16 said. "What's more memorable than a fire-dancer flipping from the balcony of the Barn?"

As their main attraction, the RAs have hired combustibles expert David Brommel to give a speech on unexpected sources of dorm fires.

"Brommel? The convicted arsonist?" nosy and overly concerned freshman Nicky Gates asked.

The RAs are convinced that the social will significantly cut down on fire safety violations in the upcoming year. "We realized that a one-time room check doesn't cut it anymore," Area Director Jennifer Robberts said. "We have to make people want to be fire-safe. For that to happen, we need to make fire fun."

Approached for comment, President Stewart gave the social her wholehearted support. "Do you know how much the Barn is insured for?" Stewart said. "Hell, let's give them Commons, too. And my car. I've had my eye on a new Lamborghini."

The Clinton Fire Department is the only group to have voiced concerns over the social. "Yeah, this might not be such a good idea," one fireman said. The event planners chose not to respond and instead taped over the smoke detector in the Barn.

"Yes, it's against the rules," Head RA Haley Kingston '16 said. "But we know what we're doing. We're the RAs."



"Anyone got a cig?"

In this issue: Your new bucket list.

SHAKEY GRAVES CONCERT OFFENDS SAN FRANCISCAN STUDENTS



See "I'm not saying anyone's at fault but..." pg. 6.0.

OUIJA BOARD OF THE OUIK



"Harry, I wanted to bang your mum."

— Severus Snape, Potions Master

	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
46 PEAKS FORECAST	44	45	45½
	98% chance AA didn't prepare you to solo bushwack.	High probability someone quotes Teddy Roosevelt.	"Do you mean Lost the TV show?"



Dear Ghostbusters,

My roommate is a demon. I don't mean that she's a bitch or anything, I mean that she is actually a creature from the underworld, complete with horns, talons, and bright red eyes. I'd never judge someone because of her appearance, so I just assumed that the talons were a fashion statement and the eyes were red because she spent a little too much time in the Glen every day. Then, when she started spitting fire after she got a D on her Ancient Mythology paper, I realized something was up.

I went to the discussion that Res Life had today about adjusting to life with a roommate, but it was just stupid shit about "learning to compromise" and "respecting boundaries." How are we supposed to "compromise" on whether or not it's okay to "decorate" by dripping blood down our walls? I don't care how many times she swears that it's "natural" and "part of her culture." Smearing bodily fluids above my bed is usually NEVER okay!

Of course, no one believes me when I tell them about her. When I asked Travis Hill how to handle it when your roommate's head spins 360 degrees and she starts mumbling phrases like "Yes, my overlord, I shall do your bidding" and "My corpse may rot but my spirit survives," he told me that if I wasn't going to take the meeting seriously, he would have to ask me to leave.

To top it all off, I forgot my Anthropology textbook today, so I had to stop by the room to pick it up, right during the time when she was supposed to be having a study group for her History of Religions class. Except, when I opened the door, the lights were off, the room was freezing, and she was sitting alone on the floor. So I'm all, "Oh, did you guys have to reschedule the study group?" and she's like, "Of course not. Everyone's here. Say hi, Beelzebub." I was like, fuck Darwin, religious studies wins this round.

So, yeah. That was the last straw. She's not just insane, she's an honest to god demon. I tried to give her the benefit of the doubt. I thought maybe international students just have different customs, but I checked, and the Republic of Interdimensions is so not a real place.

Please advise,

Miranda Anderson

Intercepted from the Mail Center by Ms. LaSon '17

CONVERSATION WITH THE EDITORS

Sabrina: We can just fake it.

Collin: Do you really think she'd care?

Nate: SHE WOULD CARE.

Sabrina: But I'm hungry! Why don't we just order her something we think she'd like?

Collin: I don't know...Zoe pretty much only eats cheese.

Andrew From the Spec: [walks over and complains about being busy]

Andrew From the Spec: Wait, why are you typing that?

Collin: We're all tired [Editor's note: Pledging season]. Everything's just work and sleep and work and sleep and work and sleep and then you die. That's life. Nate, can you look at this poem for me?

Nate: I can.

Sabrina: Ah! Zoe finally responded!

Zoe [via text]: WHAT IS GIOS IS THAT SUBS I AM DEALING WITH A SMALL CRISIS IF ITS SUBS CAN I HAVE CHEESE AND MAYO IF ITS ITALIAN CAN I HAVE LIKE ZITI OR PENNE OR SOMETHING

Sabrina: I'm just gonna order her spaghetti.

Nate: Collin, I found the poem to be a bit obtuse, but ultimately accessible. The salient naked grandma conceit engineered a trenchant critique of the post-Nabokovian deconstructionist canon. [weeps]

Sabrina: You are literally the worst.

Sabrina: [apologizes profusely]

Collin: Can we use memes in this issue?

Sabrina: Only if we create them ourselves.

Collin: But does anyone actually create a meme? Aren't they socially constructed?

Nate: In the beginning, the Flying Spaghetti Monster created the neckbeard and the meme.

Collin: I find neckbeards to be culturally appropriative.

Sabrina: From what culture?

Collin: Mordor.

Zoe: Can we get back to work?

Nate, Collin, and Sabrina: When the fuck did you get here?

Sabrina: How do you feel about spaghetti?

Zoe: I'm not against it on principle.

Nate: Vomit on his sweater already, Mom's spaghetti. OK, Duel issue. Working. Yes.

FRIDAY FIVE: ANNOTATED INJURY REPORT

By Ms. Wilson '15

Campus Safety Officer Paul put together his report on all injuries incurred by students after 10 pm on Saturday night. It was a busy night.

5. **Student attempts to crowd surf Bundy party:** Freshman, Male, 6'2". Believing he was at a Third Eye Blind concert, student attempted to jump into the crowd. Crowd surfing attempt failed, and three freshman girls are now recovering with broken arms and legs.
4. **Student scales Milbank while shouting, "This is my Everest!":** Senior, Male, 5'8". Lost his key, climbed up to his room on the third floor. Got distracted by *He's Just Not that Into You* playing on the second floor. Fell. Ended up with a slightly fractured hip.
3. **Student tries to scuba dive in KJ water feature:** Sophomore, Female, 5'2". Spent seven hours exploring the bottom of the one-foot deep pool. Didn't quite have her land legs back when she got out of the water feature, and she tripped over one of her flippers and hit her head.
2. **Student goes dumpster diving for Diner hash browns:** Junior, Female, 5'6". With no bonuses left, student decided she could not live without hash browns at 1:00 am (*Editor's Note: Fucking true*). She dug through the trash, and ended up eating something unidentifiable and moldy. Result: a nasty case of food poisoning.
1. **Student goes for gold leaping over, or rather into, crosswalk barricades:** Freshman, Male, 5'11". Student sprinted from Martin's Way toward the stone crosswalk barricades. After crashing balls first into the short stone pillar, student reportedly whispered, "I was just practicing the pirouette we learned in Martial Arts and Dance." Student immediately rushed to the hospital.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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