

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXVI, ISSUE II

"Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself."

SEPTEMBER 4, 2015

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NEW ROOMMATES REACH OUT-OF-HONOR COURT SETTLEMENT OVER VIOLATION OF ROOMMATE AGREEMENT SWAT team will no longer be necessary

By Ms. Suder '18

HOME-AWAY-FROM-HOMELAND SECURITY DEPT. (CRYING ALONE IN A SINGLE) Chaos struck campus last week when randomly paired roommates, Jared Japinko '19 and Hogan Clement '19, threatened legal action against each other over a violation of their recently signed roommate agreement.

The legally binding document stated that "...No roommate can use the items or supplies of the other without first receiving explicit permission." However, as Japinko claimed, Clement used his green, frog-shaped stapler to staple together a printed syllabus without asking, committing a theft of exactly one staple.

"Of course I noticed one was missing," Japinko said. "I weigh my stapler every time I use it."

An RA and two campo officers showed up at the North double in response to multiple complaints

of ear-shattering wails straight from the pits of hell. However, they failed to dampen the ire of the victim.

The next day, flyers were posted around campus displaying Clement's face with a red X over it, reading, "Worse than stepping on a lego." The boys brought their complaints to the Honor Court, taking the situation from a kerfuffle to a legal dispute.

"My parents own Kmart," Clement said. "I could have taken this all the way up to the Supreme Court."

The Honor Court, which receives an average of three cases a decade, was overwhelmed by the amount of work holding two trials at once would entail. Frank Hughes '16, who heads the court, begged the boys to take alternative action, lest he have to do paperwork or something.

After an intense two hours of debate, flanked by state troopers and with live coverage by MSNBC, the boys decided (including a thrilling round of arm wrestling followed by escalating "yo mamma" insults) that the original offense would be forgiven if the value of the staple was repaid. Clement wrote Japinko a check for exactly \$0.00027, and all was well.

YIKYAK BECOMES BASTION OF POSITIVITY

What a time to be alive and on anonymous social media

By Ms. Whitmer '18

HIDING BEHIND A TOUCHSCREEN DEPT.

(APS-HAMILTON) As Hamilton students returned to campus last week, many were surprised to find their go-to social media outlet filled with positive and encouraging posts.

Welcoming messages have flooded the app: "This campus is the best place to be your most authentic self. No judgment on this Hill! You're going to have an amazing semester!" and "So happy to be back on the Hill with all you beautiful souls! Come share a blondie at Commons. EVERYONE is welcome. I don't discriminate."

Alice Burgard '19 commented, "So far, my favorite thing about Hamilton is its YikYak users. Everyone is so nice and welcoming - more so than people ever are in real life!"

Gabe Fardale '16, who was abroad last semester, appeared to be significantly less thrilled. "Honestly, I feel robbed. When I'm pissed at my roommates for arranging their dirty socks in satanic designs all over the bathroom floor, where am I supposed to vent about that, now? Because I definitely will not be confronting them."

This shift in YikYak culture has even caused a buzz on the administrative side of campus.

"I unintentionally downloaded YikYak when I was attending Lollapalooza in Chicago this summer," Dean of Students Nancy Thompson commented. "I'm told the event was a big deal on The Snapchat. Anyway, I certainly didn't expect the Yaks posted at Hamilton to be any kinder than the horrific messages I saw at the festival. I think this shift truly emulates the understanding and respectful community that our campus fosters."

Last Thursday, a response to YikYak's positive spin went live. A first year student wrote, "It really takes a lot of time to come up with a positive Yak. I've been working on this post since I got back from my orientation trip at Cranberry Lake. I still haven't made it to a single one of my classes. Have an awesome year everyone!!!1!"

This post received several comments, a majority of which encouraged the student to visit the suggestion boards at the campus dining halls when he needed to "rant." Several YikYak users define these dining service suggestion cards as the "second-best outlet for their negativity."

Bon Appétit manager Reubon Haag declined to comment on the flurry of undeserved scorn heaped upon the dining halls in the beginning weeks of the semester.

FRESHMAN REALIZES NOT AT BOWDOIN

Reject rejects rejection

By Ms. Warren '18

NESCAC DISCERNMENT DEPT.

(NOT BRUNSWICK, MAINE) The many large "Hamilton College" signs on this campus as well as all the people wearing HC sweatshirts, tees and tank tops all became too much to ignore this week for Kyle Wilcox '19. The freshman was stunned to learn on Wednesday that he was not, in fact, a student at Bowdoin College.

"Middlebury was my first choice, obviously," Wilcox said. "They rejected my ass. So did Amherst. But I got into all the other NESCACs so making my decision was really harrowing. They're all so different, but I eventually decided on Bowdoin."

Wilcox, a native of just outside of Boston, has been under the impression since May 1 that he matriculated at the small New England liberal arts college.

A heartbroken Wilcox mourned the education he could have had, sitting shiva in his South suite. "I had my heart set on 9:1 student-faculty ratios, an active campus communities and a versatile liberal arts education. Now what am I going to do?"

Due to the remoteness of both college's locations, Wilcox spent the month of August with no idea whether he was in the middle of nowhere Maine or the middle of nowhere central New York. "I was worried enough about not having anything to do in Brunswick. Now I find out I'm in Clinton, home of four boutiques and an ice cream shoppe," he sobbed into his lunch (which USA Today ranked several tiers below what he would have eaten at Bowdoin).

In just a few short weeks, Wilcox had begun to alienate his peers with his constant references to polar bears, lobster and something he called "required courses."

"We all know Kyle as the guy who always posted about Bowdoin in the Facebook group," Jessica Chen '19 said. "I thought he was being ironic or it was like a performance art piece."

An all-campus email from the Hamilton Chapel promptly responded to Wilcox's situation: "Our community accepts and celebrates the beliefs of all students, including those who believe they attend other schools."

However, Wilcox is feeling more at home at Hamilton by the day. Through a mouthful of Opus cookie, he said, "Ehhhh, who cares. I still get to have intellectual growth and alcoholism fostered in me, so I guess I'll be okay."

In this issue: New writers, new me

ACOUSTIC COFFEEHOUSE CAUSES SEPARATION ANXIETY



See "WIIIIIISSSEENNN!", pg. 17°36'33.4"S 177°02'22.9"E

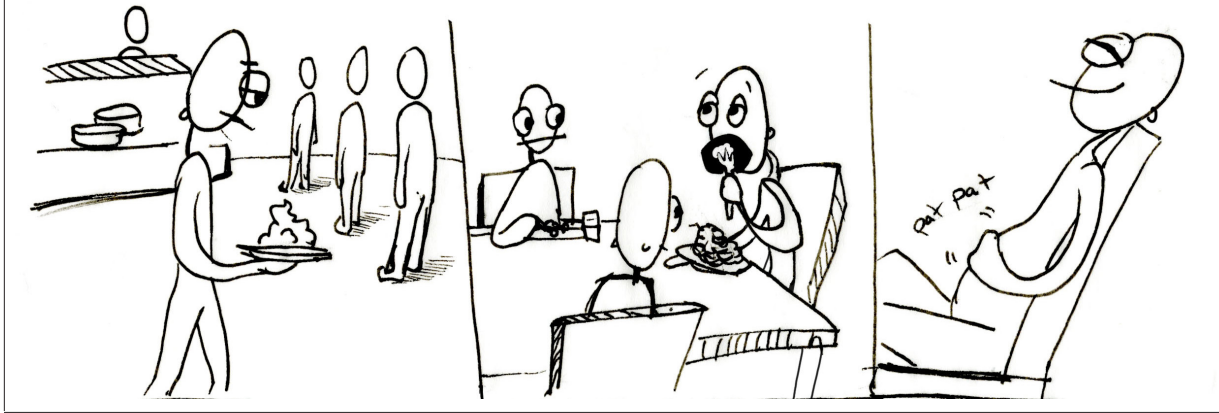
PUPPY PROPHET'S HARD TRUTH OF THE WEEK



College is a business.
You are a commodity.

FRESHMEN FRIENDSHIP FORECAST	1 ST MONDAY	2 ND SATURDAY	2 ND SUNDAY
	Like	Love	Eternity
Low propability there's a table left while the squad gets lunch.	80% chance tangled lanyards ruin first kiss.	"I just bought us matching headstones!"	

COMMONS: COMMONLY DELICIOUS! SATISFYING EVERYDAY



CONSPIRACY OF THE WEEK: ENGINEERS ARE ENGIN-HERE

I need to get this all down quickly because I might not have much time. They're probably already on my trail. I bet they made some kind of machine to track me with. That's the kind of thing they would do.

I'm talking about engineers—not the train kind. They're good people—One of them gave me a hat when I was little. No, I'm talking about Hamilton's dirty little secret—Engineering majors.

I can already hear your alarm: "But there is no engineering program at Hamilton! I've never met an Engineering major!"

Or have you? I used to think like that...before I noticed the signs. Just the other day, I was having trouble with a printer and this guy (with glasses, yet) came up and just fixed it. He was a student. When I realized I hadn't accidentally wandered into RPI, I was skeptical.

Then, while I was trying to turn the TV on in my common room, some girl walked in, grabbed the remote, and bam! I was grateful, not only because I didn't have to miss *Say Yes to the Dress*, but because she accidentally showed me the truth. I mean, that remote had at least, like, eight buttons. Only one kind of person could have done that.

An engineer.

Found spinning on a record in the music library Mr. Letai '19

THE OFFICIAL, MANDATORY HAMILTON COLLEGE CAMPUS LIFE OPEN HOUSE DRINKING GAME!

Invented, tested, and recommended by Mr. Spinney '16

It's here, and nobody who has ever dreamed of getting to class across campus on time is happy about it. That's right, the Student Activities Open House is back like Grandma's bad cooking to clog the school's main traffic artery and shove extracurricular community down our throats. Oh also, you get to give your email to 1,000 strangers! Blargh.

To combat this, I have personally crafted and honed the perfect distraction to accompany such a long-winded and claustrophobic event: drinking. Below, are rules that should (must) be followed and will definitely make you the biggest hit at Hamilton (or lead you to climb to the top of Sadove and spew your love for Astronomy Club, along with McEwen's beet-raspberry-fennel-squash sip!)

Rules:

- 1 shot for every person that takes something from your booth and doesn't give you their email. I KNOW WHO YOU ARE AND YOU'RE THE WORST!
- Waterfall each time Martin's Way becomes impassible, not stopping until it clears or Mufasa dies in the stampede.
- Drink every time the Spectator newsie blows out your eardrum with this week's headline concerning which Kaitlin McCabe's newfound immortality.
- 1 shot every time HEAT gyrates in your general direction.
- Finish your drink if/when fencing club maims an innocent bystander.
- Take a shot if Role Playing Club rolls a seventeen and steals your Emerald Talon Wallet. -50 adult experience points.
- Take a shot for every freshman who naively signs up for Club Ento.
- Finish your drink, open another, finish that one when it dawns on you that this thing is 3 freaking hours in the sun with no shade.
- Take a shot every time the Scandinavian Club reapplies sunscreen.
- Take a shot for every email you receive from the clubs you signed up for. Every year. Until you graduate.

Recommended beverages to play with:

- Naughty Nancy - Equal parts everything from the top shelf of Nancy Thompson's office bar. Considered a breakfast cocktail.
- Last Year Everclear - President Stewart's newfound favorite drink consists of mixing 3 pts Everclear to 2 pts French white wine and is garnished with blueberries and an orange twist.
- Utica Club - perfect for that Upstate upset stomach we all cherish/suffer through every Saturday/Sunday/Wednesday/Friday morning. Also comes with a free foreclosure notice.

HOW TO DITCH A DRUNK

By Caitlyn Hax '17

We've all been there: you, leaning against the suite bar counter, beer in hand (the good kind, none of that Utica local-brewed sludge that tastes like bottled grass clippings). Him, leering over you, emitting the heady aroma of sweat and citrus Svedka, ten shots deep and asking for your number. Would that you could get through one weekend without some inebriated douchecanoe trying to woo you with his salmon shorts and 6-4 beer pong record!

Well listen up, ladies. I've done extensive research on the subject, and have developed several surefire strategies to ditch that drunk.

- Tell that lug you're already taken, whether it's true or not (though who are we kidding, does anyone actually date anymore?). He'll either immediately leave you alone in order to pursue more readily-available prey, or at least get distracted trying to find your beau to challenge him to a fight since you claimed he can bench "I don't know, like, 300 pounds or something. Is that a lot?"
- Look him dead in the eye and start bleating like a goat. Don't stop until he leaves.
- Grab his sweaty hands, and tell him how much you've always dreamt of a Hamilton College wedding. Begin excitedly explaining your color scheme and which a capella group you want to be the wedding singers. He'll be gone by the time you ask him his opinion on place settings.
- Google the symptoms of appendicitis. Tell your plastered pursuer that you don't feel so well. Get EMT'd to safety.
- Take his phone to "put your number in," and spend an appropriate amount of time doing something more productive, like texting his mom that he loves her, donating to the Red Cross, or putting a filter in his email account to block intramural underwater basket weaving emails.
- Challenge him to a round of beer pong. Crush the game and his spirit.
- Tell him you don't use your phone anymore because it reminds you of your ex. Begin crying when he says that doesn't make any sense. "That's what Craig used to say to me all the time!"
- Ghost that bro. Tell him the host just came back with a thirty-rack of Bud Light, and duck out while he's distracted. Leave the building. Unfriend him on Facebook. Disappear from the Hamilton College registry. Change your name, dye your hair, rent a Camaro, and drive across the border. Or just wear camo to the next party.

Shared on Facebook by Rachel Alatalo '18

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