Parents Inform Son of Divorce Over Family Weekend

Good news: gets two family weekends
By Mr. Paul '20

Just in Time for Midterms Dept.
(OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL) George Johnson's first words to his son, Brent Johnson '20, on the first day of Family Weekend were, "Your mother and I are getting a divorce, she's keeping the last name though." Early reports stated Johnson's parents arrived in different cars, his mother driving the family Nissan Quest minivan and his father in a brand new 2016 red Mazda Miata. Johnson noticed that there was a copious amount of "Just for Men: Touch of Grey" hair product piled on the passenger seat of his father's new car.

"We just want you to know that we love you very much, and that it isn't your fault we are splitting up," the now Ms. Johnson said.

"But it is your fault that we stayed together," Mr. Johnson interjected.

Johnson was speechless, and a little regretful at having already booked his parents a couple's massage. "When asked why they waited until Family Weekend, Ms. Johnson replied, "We knew we needed a divorce pretty much since the pregnancy, but we always wanted to wait until he was out of high school. We didn't want to tell him right away, though. We wanted him to be able to settle into college life a little before we let him know."

While all the other parents were having happy reunions with their children, Johnson's parents were joyfully explaining what they thought would be welcome news to Johnson.

Johnson then got back up to his room, sat on his bed, and let out a heavy sigh. "I always thought they were happy," Johnson said.

When informed of this, Ms. Johnson remarked, "I'm not sure where he got that idea, we've always been somewhat miserable. He's not the brightest kid."

Wippmann Snatched at Inauguration by Fucking Pterodactyl

Still not officially the President
By Ms. Dickenseyer '19

Archaeology Dept.
(UNDER THE FIELD HOUSE BLEACHERS) On Saturday morning, the Hamilton community was shocked when, in the middle of President David Wippm's inauguration ceremony, a giant pterodactyl burst through the ceiling of the Field House, mistook his bald, shiny head for one of its eggs, snatched the almost-official President, and flew away.

The rest of the campus had no idea what to do. Dean of Students Nancy Thompson just stared slack-jawed at the gigantic hole the pterodactyl left in the ceiling. Residential Life Director Travis Hill found what remained of the microphone and asked everyone to "just calm down, these things happen all the time," while Dean of Faculty Margaret Gentry was found huddled in the corner with her staff, discussing whether Worcesterman was really the President since he technically never got inaugurated.

Soon after flying away from the Clinton area, Wippm attempted reasoning with the giant, prehistoric avian. The pterodactyl flew northward for sixty miles before slowing down and decreasing her altitude. "Eventually," White man said later in a press conference, he "broke down and sobbed, wishing that a stupid bird hadn't ruined my special day."

"I recited my inauguration speech to her, because I wanted at least someone to hear it," he said. "And that must have calmed her down enough to reason with me."

Eventually, Whirlmorn and the pterodactyl made their way back to campus. While the pterodactyl found a cozy place to settle in behind the Rogers Glen, Weep-mun resumed his Presidential duties of eating meals in Commons, pretending not to notice the camera always behind him, and asking random students their opinion on anything Hamilton-related. "No, I'm still not inaugurated," Washington said casually during lunch at Opus, "but if the months of August and September have taught me anything, it's that it doesn't make a difference."
Friday

Alright, pretending that I have class until 4:00 bought me some planning time before the parents arrive, so it’s time to seem like I actually have some knowledge of what there is to do in Central NY. This will be a work of bullshit artistry that’ll make my literature class look like a goddamn cakewalk. As for dinner, well, you’ve got love acting like I’ve had culinary experiences besides Chipotle and delivery in the last three years. I guess Tex-Mex might technically count, but there’s also a margarita-sized hole in my memory of whether or not they actually serve food there. Nola’s might be nice, if it weren’t expensive, definitely booked to all hell, and still recovering from the Wine Bar Incident of 2015. Maybe Yelp has the answers.

UPDATE: Yelp does not have the answers.

Saturday

Damn, a whole day to kill. I could probably salvage the morning with those stupid fucking organized campus events. I’ll take “Inauguration Campus and Community Picnic” over being exposed for the ignoramus that I am any day of the week. Afterwards, is Utica somewhere we could go? Does one simply walk around Utica? Where is Utica, exactly? Is it where they put the freshmen who don’t make it past midterms? Can I hide there instead of writing my thesis?

I would offer up the Cider Mill, but it’s in that weird place that’s definitely way too close to need Google Maps for but that I also still couldn’t find with a gun to my head. Maybe I could pretend that I’m not some kind of cinnamon-sugar-donut fiend, and instead act like I’ve “outgrown” the Cider Mill and that it’s “more of a freshman thing to do, honestly.” Let’s go with that. They never have to know.

Sunday

Ok, only brunch left to go. Play it cool. On the one hand, get across that Commons eggs that are less “wet” than just soggy are not gonna cut it. On the other hand, act indifferent enough about where to go that they don’t ask me for recommendations. Luckily for me, Hamilton is the best place to learn how to feign apathy so hard that it permeates your soul.

On the plus side, once the parents leave, I can finally stop pretending that my little gold-plated bubble extends past that road at the bottom of the hill with the weird traffic light.

Found tucked into an Admissions guidebook by Mr. Baize ‘18

A Statement From Hamilton’s Streaking Team

Harry Wood

to NOTICES-ALL

Dear members of the Hamilton community,

An allegation surrounding our organization have surfaced in recent weeks. In order to maintain the reputation of the Streaking Team, I have chosen to address the validity this allegation. I hope this can restore the mildly uncomfortable equilibrium we are so accustomed to.

The allegation is that certain members of the team have recently used pasties to avoid being entirely naked during a streaking event. I regret to inform you that this is true. We understand that this news is extremely disappointing, and we apologize to any people we may have offended by engaging in this shameful practice and hope to regain your trust in the future.

We have discovered upon investigation that the offending pasties were distributed by a member of our organization who identifies as a “never-nude” and who joined the team insidiously in order to propagate their belief system. Being unaware of this individual’s depraved ideology, we were unable to prevent them from corrupting several of our members. We have since permanently removed the individual responsible from the team and wish to publicly reaffirm our belief that a respectable streaking team must be fully nude during any streaking events. We will be more discerning with our membership in the future.

In this trying time, we request privacy from the Hamilton community. While the members of our organization have waived their rights to physical privacy, they have not waived their rights to emotional privacy. We have a saying for new recruits: “Show us your junk, not your feelings. Keep a stiff upper lip.” We hope you will allow us to uphold this motto now and in the future, and respect our metaphorical personal space.

Swing low, sweet chariots,

Harry Wood

Streaking Team Captain

Click here to Reply or Forward

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Or find us on the interweb!

Recipes?

http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/

Friday Five: Ways to Disappoint Your Parents

By Mr. Letai ’19

It’s Family Weekend, and you know what that means! Your parents will be here, ready to judge every aspect of your college life. But in order to get the most out of their visit, follow these simple steps to achieve maximum disappointment!

1. Don’t Clean Your Room. Don’t bother keeping neat. Let your empty beer bottles pile up in the corner as long as you like—’it’ll ensure your parents know why the only response they get when they text you is a barely coherent voicemail at 4 A.M. Let your trashcan overflow. Bury your roommate beneath a pile of candy wrappers and used tissues. And remember, laundry is totally optional as long as you have Febreze. When your parents walk in on that slovenly scene, they’ll be so aghast they might disown you on the spot.

2. Introduce Them To Your Professors. Nothing fills a parent with pride like a professor telling them what a brilliant delight their child is to have in class. Conversely, nothing fills a parent with shame like a Professor not recognizing their child because he hasn’t shown up to his 9 A.M. class once this semester. It’s even better if the professor can only remember you as “that kid who sleeps in the corner every day” or “the one with the ugly face.” Bonus points if the words “academic probation” come up in the conversation.

3. Hang Out With a Bad Crowd. Parents care who you associate with. So if you really want them to blow a fuse, fall in with a group of riffraff. The kind of people who don’t look both ways before crossing the street or leave their forks on the conveyor belt at Commons. Your parents will feel faint when they see your friends cut in line at the Diner and glare menacingly at innocent squirrels, and they’ll have convulsions when they see how often they misspell President Wippppman’s name.

4. Drop Out. Your parents are probably at least somewhat enthusiastic about you getting a college education, so to really throw them for a loop, just announce that you’re quitting the whole thing. But don’t tell them everything at once. If they ask to see your room, claim you forgot your keys and your roommate was kidnapped a week ago. When you can’t swipe at Commons, blame the Commies. If Campo tries to chase you down and throw you off the Hill, tell your parents the school has been infiltrated by...well, let’s stick with Commies. Then at the end of the day, break the news that you dropped out. Or, even worse, that you’re transferring to Colgate.

1. Write for the Duel Observer. “No child of mine is going to throw away their golden years writing half-assed satire!” As soon as we get home, I’m throwing away your copy of ‘A Modest Proposal.”