

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXVIII, ISSUE XII “Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.” DECEMBER 2, 2016

CCTV CAMERAS ARE JUST “SENIOR THESIS” Yeah, and the one-way mirror in my bathroom is an “Emerson Grant”

**BOY RAISED BY CROWS
DISCOVERED IN AVIARY**
Rumors swirl of squirrel boy in Root basement
By Mr. Letai '19

EMPTY NEST DEPT.
(IN THE RAFTERS) A recent expedition into the Crow Aviary behind the SCCT uncovered the existence of a young boy who has been living amongst the birds. The child was discovered when researchers noticed that someone had been opening the bags of birdseed during the night. Originally theorizing that the crows were developing opposable thumbs, the researchers instead discovered a young boy sleeping in a nest of twigs, wearing a loincloth made out of old copies of *The Topical*.

“We believe he’s been raised by the crows more or less since birth,” Ornithology Professor Jackie Dawson said. “When we built the aviary last year, the crows must have brought him with them.” The boy was even equipped with a satellite tag identifying him as specimen #43, which he wore as a stylish earring.

“I wish I could say I was surprised by the oversight,” Dawson said. “But ever since I started taking on Literature majors as interns, I’ve stopped expecting my researchers to be able to differentiate between species.”

In an attempt to socialize the boy, who learned

**STUDENT REALIZES CAMPUS
PUBLICATION IS SATIRICAL**
Media board extremely sorry it took you so long to notice
By Mx. Collins '19

ARE-MAKING-META-JOKES-ACCEPTABLE-YET-FAIN? DEPT.
(GETTING HOT AT THE PRINT SHOP) At exactly 3:06 P.M. during his “History of Post-Revolution Pre-Modern French Breadmaking” class on Thursday, student intellectual Dean Imwit '17 came to the realization that not all of the publications on Hamilton’s campus deal solely with facts. After exclaiming his epiphany to the rest of his class, he reportedly sprinted outside of Sadove to preach his news.

“*The Spectator* is fucking satire!” Imwit exclaimed during an exclusive interview. “I just hope people will realize the truth. It’s always been a joke. It’s a clever one too, camouflaging itself by looking like an actual newspaper and having pictures of real people and stuff. But everything is made up! That section called Sports? Sports aren’t

English from the labels on bags of birdseed and discarded beer bottles, the researchers have enrolled him as a student at Hamilton. This move has led to mixed reactions from the student community.

“Honestly, I love having him around,” Crow Boy’s new roommate, Ray Ventnor '19, said. “He’s great at snapping up all the popcorn I drop on the floor. He always starts singing really early in the morning, though. And I do have to keep him from trying to fly out the window.”

Others, such as Macy Buteo '18, are less enthusiastic. “He keeps trying to get everyone in the hall to sleep in the common room. Something about ‘roosting,’” Buteo complained. “Plus, some of my jewelry has gone missing lately, and I know crows like shiny objects.”

When when asked for cawment, Crow Boy was unresponsive, possibly due to the bracelet dangling from his mouth.

Most recently, Crow Boy was observed at the Study Abroad Office, filing an application requesting funding to “go south for the winter semester.”

Despite setbacks, researchers are confident he will adjust to college life. “It seems like only yesterday we were teaching him that humans aren’t as aerodynamic as he thought,” Dawson said. “But I guess you just have to let kids stretch their wings sometimes.”

real. Everyone knows that. The Opinion section? Nobody has opinions. We all believe the exact same things!”

A few students, however, have felt actively annoyed by these constant outbursts.

“Dude, nobody cares,” Pat Thetic '19 said. “Nobody reads it anyway. Nobody reads *any* of the publications. We just spend our time binge-drinking and watching *It’s Always Sunny in Philadelphia* on questionable streaming sites for entertainment.”

“This isn’t news to anyone,” Noel Etall '18, staff writer for *The Spectator*, claimed. “We’ve been doing this for years. We literally have in our description on the club website: ‘This publication is meant for entertainment purposes only, and should not be taken seriously.’”

When reached for comment, Media Board director Will Pumpnickelbaltowski '17 stated, “Oh my fucking God. Like we needed more joke publications. I’m glad we still have trusty news sources like the *Duel Observer* to report the facts.”

**SENIORS SCRAMBLE TO SECURE
SOULMATES**
Small fish in an even smaller pond
By Ms. Suder '18

ALUMNI RELATIONSHIPS DEPT.
(A SWEATY, PACKED CHAPEL) Confronted with the unquestionable reality that fifty percent of all Hamilton students meet their future spouse during their four years on the Hill, members of the class of 2017 who have squandered three of those years having unsatisfying hook ups and then crying late at night while uncomfortable roommates pretend not to hear, now see that they need to get their shit together, or else forever resign themselves to celibacy and/or free internet porn.

“I’ve had a few casual relationships, but they never really worked out,” Jackie Miller '17 said while swiping right on every single user that popped up on her Tinder. “But I was being too picky. I thought I had time and options. Turns out, I have neither of those things. I need to find my soulmate, like, now. It’s not like there are gonna be opportunities to meet and forge deep connections with people in the real world or anything.”

Engaged couple Rita Schwartz '17 and Billy McKennell '17 expressed relief about not having to participate in the desperate, sloppy speed dating sessions, also called Senior Pub Night.

“We might not be entirely compatible,” Schwartz admitted while patting her fiancé’s hand. “But it’s heartening to know that both of us are no longer obligated to pretend to be more interesting than we really are, because we’ve already entered into an agreement to a exclusive, eternal relationship in which we ruin each other’s lives forever. I mean, disagreeing on the child-to-snowmobile ratio in our future household is quite a steep hill to climb.”

“Maybe climbing that hill would be easier if we had a snowmobile,” McKennell muttered under his breath.

“Okay, so I know she’s not perfect,” Gavin Tellerman '17 said, clutching the hand of a life-sized inflatable sex doll wrapped in a glittery sarong, “but hear me out. Even while I’m searching for a life partner, I still need someone to embrace in the early hours of the morning when I tremble in fear at the undeniable truth that, despite our best efforts, we will all die alone. And maybe Candii here will turn out to be a good wingman when I go to the Pub tonight to meet a nice living, breathing girl. Either that, or a good rebound when things inevitably don’t work out.”

In this issue: mayhem

MONICA INZER UNVEILS NEW STUDENT BEDDING

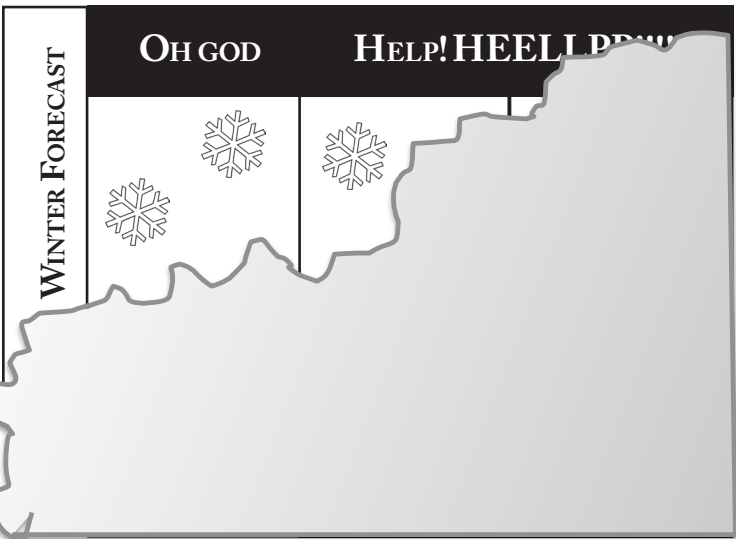


Made with the nails that periodically fall out of the walls of the Farmhouse
See “You should see the desks!” pg. 3 payments of \$19.95

VOICEMAILS FROM MOM
You might want to call her back.



“Hi Jojo, happy birthday! Don’t worry, there’s nothing sad about writing yourself a birthday message in the *Duel*.”



I SAVED A SEAT AT EVERY TABLE IN MCEWEN JUST TO SEE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN: A LAB REPORT

By Caroline Nuback ’18

Hypothesis:

If I place an object that appears to be a personal item on every single table in McEwen Dining Hall, then every student will believe someone called dibs on the tables and refuse to sit at any of them. What they will do next, I cannot fathom.

Methods:

- 1. Place a “personal item” on every table in McEwen at 4:30 PM.
- 2. From 4:30-8:00 PM, observe student behavior from strategic location (i.e. next to panini press, “wait-ing for the cheese to melt to the right consistency”).
- 3. Record the chaos that unfolds.

Materials:

- 10 iPhones
- 3 half-full paper cups
- 2 empty paper cups
- 1 apple with a bite taken out of it
- 1 pair of Apple headphones ™ with a bite taken out of it
- ½ pair of gloves
- 3 pieces of construction paper labeled “Art Thesis”
- 1 medium sized pile of crumbs
- 1 yoga mat dripping with perspiration
- 3 Hamilton baseball hats
- 2 Kirkland baseball hats
- 1 crumpled napkin (fresh)
- 1 crumpled napkin (about 3 days old)
- A single freshwater pearl
- 5 Club Ento stickers
- \$2.25 worth of Canadian coins
- The last will and testament of James Russell Lowell
- The inexplicable feeling that one is being watched
- A small cloud of mist

Results:

Though the first few participants looked at the “claimed” tables, then at the empty hot food lines, then back at the tables suspiciously, they nonetheless accepted the fact that every table was spoken for. Approx-imately 25% fell into a loop of putting a sandwich in the panini press (coming dangerously close to dislodg-ing the decoy panini, which was fast becoming more of a decoy piece of charcoal), trying and failing to find an empty table, then putting more meat in the sandwich and putting it back on the press. 20% of partici-pants left to find seats in Opus, promising the card swiper that they would bring their plates back up. <5% returned their plates. 54%, the largest group by far, seemed content standing and eating off of their plates, seemingly unconcerned that the students who “claimed” every table had not returned in an hour and half.

There were notable outliers. A group of three students approached the table with crumbs and inspected it closely. “Do you think someone is sitting here?” one participant asked. After what seemed like a lengthy debate, one student reached out to brush the crumbs away before pulling his hand back and saying, “But what if they’re coming back?!” before returning to the smoothie line for the fourth time. At 8:01 PM, one student yelled, “What is this, some kind of social experiment?” but was told Mcewen was closed.

Found behind the hot chocolate machine by Ms. Alatalo ’18

CAMPUS SAFETY INCIDENT REPORT: PARTY AT THE PRESIDENT’S HOUSE

11:03 P.M. Campus Safety received multiple calls from students in Bundy Dining Hall, claiming there was another party nearby with music so loud they could not hear the music in Bundy. Officer Berglund drove down hill to in-vestigate.

11:15 P.M. Officer Berglund learned the noise was coming from the President’s house. There were professors were all lined up for a giant slip and slide going down the driveway, and Officer Berglund could not drive up for fear of wiping out half the History department.

11:23 P.M. Officer Berglund knocked on the front door of the President’s house, and was greeted by the President. Berglund’s intention was to confirm proper IDs of everyone in the vicinity, but he was immediately pulled indoors. He observed three separate fountains of flowing alcohol, one with vodka, another with whiskey, and the third with Mad Dog. There were 1920s’ flappers dancing in the living room, and hundreds of professors wearing togas and bathing in the alcohol fountains.

11:45 P.M. Officer Berglund observed two hundred fireworks getting shot off in the President’s backyard. Berglund was prepared to assign points, but President Wippman handed him a glass to dip in the vodka fountain.

12:00 A.M. Officer Berglund had failed to report back to headquarters within the scheduled timeframe. Officer Snow went down the hill to investigate.

12:07 A.M. Officer Snow was distracted by the petting zoo in the basement.

12:57 A.M. Officer Snow had failed to report back to headquarters within the scheduled timeframe. Officer Lunzer went down the hill to investigate.

1:30 A.M. Officers Berglund, Snow, and Lunzer used Berglund’s walkie-talkie to contact headquarters. Transcript is as follows:

Uhh hey guys it’s us! Everything’s fine down here [Someone screams inco-herently into the walkie] don’t worry about coming down anymore, we’ve got it all covered. We asked the President to turn it down, but he said no. At least we tried.

Found shoved in the back of Campus Safety’s Incident Report filing cabinet by Ms. Dickmeyer ’19

DUEL OBSERVER GUIDE TO SECRET SANTA

Unsure of what to get that special someone this holiday season? Here’s the must-have holiday items for every person in your life, even the shitty ones:

For your significant other

Get him something that will cause him to groan “Oh,” followed by a heavy sigh. Then open your gift to find that oh fuck—he really took this shit seriously even though you’ve only been dating five months. You really fucked up here, Stacy.

For your significant other from high school

Hahahaha. Just kidding.

For last week’s hook-up

It’s the season of giving, so text them back this time. Give that dick pic a little holiday cheer with reindeer antlers and a Rudolph nose. Or if you’re Jewish, grab your friends and make a menorah of dicks, starring the surprisingly hung Eighth Night of Hannukah. She’ll love it! *Mazel tov!*

For your a capella friends

Make everyone’s holiday season better by tazing them every time they sing an “unconventional” rendition of “Sleigh Ride” in their “ugly”-but-actually-pretty-cute sweaters. Whether they’re a Buffer or a Tone or a Keytone, there’s nothing like 50,000 volts to make them run in terror every time they hear “Jingle Bells.” If that doesn’t work and they start singing Christmas rap, you know Krampus is a thing.

For your fraternity brothers or sorority sisters

Get something referencing something they did when they were drunk or high. Watch them laugh for five seconds and then never use the gift again.

For your real brothers and sisters

Wait to see if they got you something first.

For your “ironic” friends

If it’s not “fair trade,” they’re not going to like it. This is when you realize you should stop hanging out with them.

For your parents

Give them an apology for calling your aunt a racist, anti-Semitic fascist sympathizer at Thanksgiving. Then call your aunt a racist, anti-Semitic fascist sympathizer at Christmas.

For your friend who loves *Love Actually*

Wait outside their door with Bob Dylan cards and camp there until they realize how creepy that scene is and/or call the police.

For your drug dealer

Say something festicve during that awkward silence before you ask to buy weed. “Happy holidays” is probably a safe bet. You don’t know your drug dealer’s birthday, so you sure as shit don’t know his religion.

For those people you don’t know who still come to your

Christmas party

Blank stares.

For your friends on the *Duel Observer*

Alcohol to put in the egg nog.

Found on the Amazon Wish List of Brian Burns ’17

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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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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