

THE ADMINISTRATION FUCKED US ALL OVER
But it only got two points

PARENTS INFORM SON OF
DIVORCE OVER FAMILY
WEEKEND

Good news: gets two family weekends

By Mr. Paull '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,"

SEARCH PARTY STILL
LOOKING FOR STUDENT LOST
DURING OFF-THE-HILL
CHALLENGE

He's definitely winning.

By Ms. DeNoon '20

NOT WORTH THE T-SHIRT DEPT.

(PUDDLE OF FERMENTING APPLE CIDER)

Last Saturday, the campus took part in the Off-the-Hill challenge. Deemed a mild success, students enjoyed activities such as eating at the Cider Mill, buying ceramics, and marveling at the Central New York lifestyle. However, Campus Safety soon reported that Where S. Waldo '20 never returned from the challenge, and still remains somewhere off the Hill.

Three days after the challenge, Alex Miranda '20 noticed that the humanoid lump under the covers in his roommate's bed was not, in fact, his roommate refusing to *carpe diem*, but just Waldo's body pillow.

"To be honest, I told him that body pillow was weird as shit and going to get him into trouble," Miranda said. "After I saw that it wasn't him, I asked a Commons worker if he was staked out in the dining hall, but they just told me I couldn't put chocolate chips in the waffle maker. So, I mean, I tried to find him."

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 wanted 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 went 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."

Miranda eventually called it in to Campus Safety after brunch.

Will Odom, the officer in charge of the case, commented, "As to the nature of the disappearance, we still haven't ruled out foul play. College kids get up to sketchy shit when there's free food on the line."

Odom sent out a Doodle Poll to friends of the missing student to see when a search party could get together. Unfortunately, everyone had "things to do" until Thursday at 4:45 P.M., when three intrepid freshmen, Officer Odom, and Lily the Chapel Dog piled into a Zipcar to head down the Hill.

Once on the Clinton Green, one student started making a box trap loaded with a free t-shirt. The rest investigated a trail of Cider Mill donut crumbs heading towards Route 12B. Lily dug around a bit. After thirty minutes of effort, the crew returned back to the Hill.

"Maybe we didn't find him," one member of the search party said, "but we made an attempt and that's at least worth partial credit."



"Zoinks!"

WIPPMANN SNATCHED AT
INAUGURATION BY FUCKING
PTERODACTYL

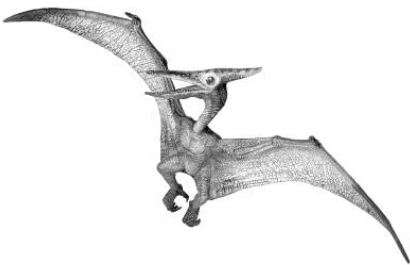
Still not officially the President

By Ms. Dickmeyer '19

ARCHAEOLOGY DEPT.

(UNDER THE FIELD HOUSE BLEACHERS)

On Saturday morning, the Hamilton community was shocked when, in the middle of President David Wipe-me'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.



Wanted: Dead or Fossilized

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, Wipmn attempted reasoning with the giant, prehistoric avian. The pterodactyl flew northward for sixty miles before slowing down and decreasing her altitude. "Eventually," Whiteman 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, Whirlmon and the pterodactyl made their way back to campus. While the pterodactyl found a cozy place to settle in behind the Rogers Glen, Wheepmun 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 us anything, it's that it doesn't make a difference."

In this issue: Parents, points, pterodactyls

FALLCOMING FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	Welcome  "Back in my day, five months ago..."	Back  85% chance your "trendy" Kirkland gear is actually from '72.	Assholes  High probability the Duel is worse than when you were a kid.

IT'S FALL; EVEN YOUR DEALER IS SELLING
PUMPKIN SPICE



See "Happy Halloweed," pg. 420

VOICEMAILS FROM MOM
You might want to call her back.



"Hey sweetie, your father and I need your room for fifteen minutes."

FAMILY WEEKEND
Confessions of a geographically-challenged senior
By Maurice Morrison '17

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 gotta 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

8:18 PM (8 minutes ago)

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

Phoned in with five fingers and a brace by Ms. Rinehart-Jones '20

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!

- 5. 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.
- 4. 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 ruffians. 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 conniptions when they see how often they misspell President Wipppppman's name.
- 2. 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 cancel the whole thing. But don't tell them everything at once. If they ask to see your room, claim you forgot your key 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.'"

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