

DAVID WIPPMAN ADOPTS CHEEKY GINGER ORPHAN
FOR FAMILY WEEKEND

STUDENT INTRODUCED TO
NEW STEPMOTHER OVER
PARENTS’ WEEKEND

At least she’s age appropriate

By Mr. Paull ’20

FAMILY PLANNING DEPT.

(BURKE LIBRARY RENTALS) Brent Johnson ’20, who was surprised last year when his mother and father informed him they were getting divorced, was even more shocked this year when his father introduced him to his new stepmother.

“This is Tammy, your new mother,” Johnson’s father George said. “We met last year when me and the boys took my new Miata on a trip to Vegas. I saw this angel up on stage and fell in love instantly.”

“Please don’t call me Tammy, call me Mommy,” Tammy said as she pulled Johnson into a noticeably long hug. “And if there is one thing you need to know about Mommy, it’s that she always makes sure baby gets what he needs,” Tammy added, smoothing the wrinkles in her overly-tight denim jacket.

Johnson, who was under the impression that his divorced mother and father would both be coming to Hamilton, meekly responded, “Where’s Mom?”

GREEK LIFE PLEDGES NOW
REQUIRED TO TAKE ANCIENT
GREEK

“But Latin is so much more useful!”

By Ms. Naston ’20

ANCIENT CULTURAL APPROPRIATION DEPT.

(THE DUSTY ATTIC OF COUPER) Students pledging Greek organizations were shocked last week when their pledgemasters announced a new policy requiring inductees to enroll in Greek 110 for the spring semester.

“We usually would have said ‘Fuck whoever thought of frats, I just want to crack open a cold one with the boys,’” Johnny Ellis ’18, pledgemaster for ΔIK, said. “But this year, we really tried to think about the great civilization whose tradition we follow. We’re really going back to our roots,” he remarked, adjusting his toga, which is actually an ancient Roman garment.

“One day, I learned that the Greeks had cooler drinking games than us, so I thought that maybe we could learn more cool shit

“Well, Mom is right here,” George Johnson said, indicating Tammy, “but the former Mrs. Johnson took an unexpected trip to Italy. She’s probably eating spaghetti, drinking wine, and getting porked by any Giovanni she can find.”

“She’s not the classiest woman, from what I’ve heard,” Tammy interjected as she hocked a loogie onto Martin’s Way.

After leaving the acapella concert—where George Johnson was visibly fondling Tammy while swaying to the Buffers’ rendition of “Sexual Healing”—Johnson went back to his dorm and sat down, staring into space for a while.

“I don’t know why my life seems to fall to pieces every Parents’ Weekend,” Johnson lamented. “For once I would just like to take my parents to the Cider Mill and then run out of activities to do. Instead my dad goes and marries some random woman and my mom decides now is the time to *Eat Pray Love* herself to happiness.”

When asked how Johnson was handling the news, his roommate Keith Toboggan ’19 said: “Yeah, Brent seems pretty torn up about the whole thing. If I was him I wouldn’t be. Tammy is a grade-A MILF.”

about ancient Greeks if we knew their language,” Sam Brightwell ’18, president of ΔIK, explained. “I’m also learning that Greek dudes fucked a lot, which is rad.” When asked if ΔIK would be adopting pederasty, he declined to comment.

“I am thrilled,” Classics professor Julian Aristos said. “We’ve never seen such high enrollment. Most people didn’t know what the little red building next to South was, and now they’re going to be there three times a week. I’ll admit, forcing these kids to appreciate other departments is really satisfying, even if they only join frats so they can get away with committing sexual assault.”

Many pledges are not pleased. “We were all really surprised,” TIT pledge Kayleigh Wyndham ’20 said. “I mean, we thought it was over, but then the pledgemaster stood up and said, ‘Guess what, bitches? You thought that was hard? Get ready to learn more declension charts than you can count.’ We asked if we could just do blow or blow instead, but they said no.”

HAMILTON SWITCHES HILL CARDS
TO CHIP

Who even liked swiping anyway?

By Mr. Kelly ’21

TERRIBLE DECISIONS DEPT.

(WAITING IN LINE AT COMMONS) Disaster struck campus after an administrative decision to switch all Hill Cards to use chip readers rather than the classic swipe. When students returned from Fall Break, they were met with an email letting them know that they were to receive a new Hill Card with chip capabilities. Lines at McEwen were reported to be upwards of 3 hours long.

“The long-ass lines aren’t the worst part of the switch,” Christopher Hopson ’19 said. “That came after, when the chip machine in Commons stopped working. Bright green duct tape covered the card hole with a sign taped to it saying ‘Chip reader doesn’t work. Please swipe.’”

Chad Brennington ’18, resident douchebag, said, “This is so fucking stupid. We had to wait in these lines all for nothing. I could be at the Rok right now. Classic.”

Other students were more pleased with the results. “I really don’t see a problem. I’m perfectly happy with the chip not working. I don’t care if it means less security,” Alex Johnson ’20 said, holding a Hill Card with the name “Christopher Hopson.”

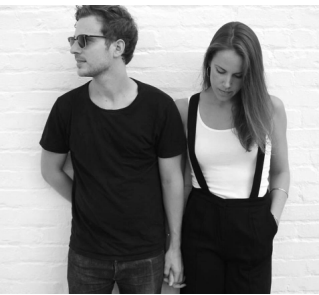
Meanwhile, across campus at McEwen, students are outraged at the time-wasting chip.

Jessica Brandt ’21 said, “This fucking chip makes me wait, like, a million hours longer to get my fucking quinoa. This is bullshit.” While the reader is not broken at McEwen, it takes about 6 seconds to get a student in, rather than the 3 everyone has become accustomed to. “Get your shit together Hamilton. Nobody has time for this. I can’t wait that long,” Jessica continued, standing twelfth in a line at Opus.

At the time of writing, the Diner workers are protesting the change by refusing to accept payment until the chip system is fixed. Students at the Diner are instead greeted with a sign reading “Take Some and Fuck Off” above a trough of chicken fingers and french fries. “I’ve never been served faster,” Jonathan Bell ’19 remarked, spraying crumbs all over himself. “I love the chip!”

In this issue: Why do baseball players wear their hats backwards?

COLIN & CAROLINE



Are they dating? Siblings? Cousins?
Or are they just an acoustic-folk duo?
See “the real C&C day” pg. 13

Choose Your
Own Adventure!

Issue 8: Campo bursts in.
“Drinking alone is not allowed!
Four points, bucko!”
A. Call the real cops.
See issue 12
B. Ask to join their ranks.
See issue 10
C. Play it cool and pretend to
be a shark. See issue 7

PUMPKIN-CARVING FORECAST

FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
65% chance your pumpkin looks ugly but makes a pretty good bong.	“It’s not a dick, it’s a rocket ship! Can’t you tell?”	High probability you lost because of the electoral college.

YOUR RECENTLY SEXUALLY ACTIVE ROOMMATE’S JOURNAL

SATURDAY, 11:30 PM

Oh yeaahhhhhhhh. I just totally got laid. It was everything I wanted it to be: no strings attached, she seems to be really into it, and I only cried once. I’m a fucking stud. This is everything college is supposed to be, complete with HPV and the anxiety-inducing realization that I’ll have to see her every day after being inside her. Rad.

THURSDAY, 2:30 PM

Oh shit. I feel like she’s way more into it than I am. She won’t stop texting me and she’s always looking for an excuse to hang out. I’d totally stop talking to her if dat mouf didn’t turn me into fucking jelly. It’s driving me insane. I’m not looking for anything serious, but fuck it, it’s the first time I’ve gotten any since my semester abroad. I’m only human.

FRIDAY, 2:30 AM

Dude, I am in way over my head. She literally followed me back to my room. She’s turning into such a stalker. She keeps texting me in Aramaic. Last night, I could swear I saw her in the corner of my room, but then she disappeared. She’s like a shadow. Fuck it, I’m going to bed, I need to stop talking to this girl.

SATURDAY, 9:00 AM

Um. Last night was... weird. I got lonely. It happens. So I called her and before I had even hung up she was on top of me. She lives in Carnegie. I live in Babbitt. How is that even possible?

I need to stop hooking up with her, but she literally succed out my soul. I’m fucking losing it, this girl terrifies me but it’s just too good. I can’t get away. I’m trapped by the insistence of my nut. Tragic.

TUESDAY, 2:30 PM

This is really fucking bad man. I skipped my econ class to go hook up with her in a KJ bathroom. I can’t stop thinking about her. I haven’t eaten in days. I took a bite of an apple yesterday and my tooth came out. I went to the doctor and apparently I have syphilis-induced scurvy. WHAT THE FUCK DOES THAT EVEN MEAN?

God I need her. Brb.

FRIDAY, 4:30 AM

Tits tits tits tits tits tits tits tits tits tits.

Aaaaaaaaaagghh
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Hahahahaahhahhaahahahahhahaahahaahahhah

Pried from the very stiff hand of his roommate by Mr. Case ’21

A Note on Last Issue

Hello all,

Last week, we published a comic featuring an image of Tiananmen Square. By drawing what we saw as a clearly over-exaggerated comparison between the event in the image and Campus Safety shutting down parties, we intended on emphasizing how trivial our campus concerns can be in comparison to events off the Hill.

However, concerned students reached out to us, letting us know that our use of the comic was inappropriate and offensive. While our intentions were neither to trivialize the historical event nor to harm readers, that does not change the negative impact it had on some members of our community. On behalf of all of the editors of the Duel, we apologize for publishing an insensitive comic. We love that satire allows us to push boundaries, but it should always punch up, not punch down.

We would also like to thank the students that came forward to draw our attention to the issue. Without outspoken readers like them, we would not be able to learn from our mistakes and improve our publication. We remind our readers that should they find one of our pieces to be inappropriate or offensive, they can reach out to our Editor-in-Chief or Editor-out-Chief, listed below, to bring it to our attention and discuss next steps.

The students that came forward to speak with us have created a statement they have asked us to share, explaining the cultural importance the image has for them and the inappropriateness of the comic:

“Known as the Tiananmen Square Tank Man picture, the picture used is a photo of the Tiananmen Square Massacre, a forcefully suppressed student-led protest for freedom in China. In 1989, what started as a national movement turned into a massacre where hundreds of protestors died fighting for democracy, freedom of the press, and freedom of speech.

In the meme, the man labeled “me, a harmless varsity athlete holding PBRS in each hand” was a student just like us. He faced off with government tanks and was willing to sacrifice his life for a cause he believed in. His fate is unknown even to this very day, but he was probably executed or had to flee the country. The stain on the ground labeled “vomit” was probably blood from protestors. The Tiananmen Square protests and massacre remains a politically charged and controversial topic in China even today.”

Thank you, and apologies,
The Duel

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Friday Five: Careers Hamilton Actually Prepares You For

by Mr. Letai ’19

As a liberal arts college, Hamilton strives to produce well-rounded graduates. But if you’re worried you haven’t gotten enough industry-specific training, fear not; here are some jobs you’re qualified for without even knowing it!

5. Mountaineer. We’ve all made the hike up and down the hill. Climbing steep inclines is part of life at Hamilton, and we all have the calves to prove it. On top of that, spending a year at Hamilton exposes you to long durations of rain, snow, and cold winds. Leading an intrepid group up Everest will be easy compared to walking to class from Bundy in the snow.

4. Arborist. Hamilton may not provide the necessary training to be a full-fledged Tree Physician, but one walk through the Glen is all you need to know more about trees than the average shrub jockey. As soon as you let slip that you’ve been within licking distance of the biggest Norway spruce in America, you’ll have everyone else in the interview waiting room green with more than just chlorophyll.

3. Donut Taster. After four years at Hamilton, you’ll be an expert in one thing: Cider Mill donuts. This might not seem like a marketable skill, but the Cider Mill actually employs dozens of donut tasters a year. They lost the recipe for their donuts years ago, and have just sort of been giving it their best guess ever since. Be warned, the job is not without risk—three donut tasters died from apple seed overdose during the “entire apple donut” movement in 2006.

2. Professional Cup-Stacker. How many times have you grappled with stuck cups at Commons? Cup-stacking is just pulling apart cups in reverse. The muscle memory is all there. The crowds will be wowed when you manage to not only stack 50 cups in record time, but also reveal that you brought your own fork.

1. Economist. Econ is a good, sensible major, you know? You should at least check out an intro course to see if you like it. Not that there’s anything wrong with majoring in medieval dance studies, but don’t you want job security?

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