

WAFFLE MAKER RETURNS FROM ABROAD  
Only Makes Crêpes Now

SENIOR MISTAKEN FOR FRESHMAN  
DECIDES TO GO WITH IT  
Ready to fucking ace the swim test

By Mr. Letai '19

TIME IS A FLAT CIRCLE DEPT.  
(KIRKLAND COTTAGE) Hamilton senior Matt O'Donnell recently decided to enroll as a freshman, following a case of mistaken identity.

“I look a lot younger when I shave,” O'Donnell explained. “So when I went to the registrar to ask about the commencement schedule, the lady there thought I was a freshman asking about classes. And honestly, it was nice to have someone sound so concerned about me for once.” O'Donnell reportedly chose not to correct the registrar, and instead allowed himself to be registered for a full schedule of classes for the fall 2019 semester.

“I'll make a great sophomore!” O'Donnell said when questioned about this choice. “I already know what's good at each dining hall, how to juke Campo, and how many Christmas lights is too many. Plus, I'm 22! I can buy booze!”

O'Donnell's friends are apparently unfazed by this development. “Sure, it's gonna suck not having him at commencement, but this is probably the best thing for him,” Sadie Laurence '19 said. “I'm pretty sure he was already failing half his classes, so

maybe this will be good for him. It's not like he's got anything lined up after graduation.”

O'Donnell has been telling everyone who will listen how excited he is to relive all his favorite Hamilton experiences, like celebrating one football victory a year, hiding from torrential hail in Diner, and getting lost in the Glen for 26 hours. When reminded that most of his friends would no longer be on campus, O'Donnell explained that he has already identified several freshmen who bear promising resemblances to his current senior friends. The freshmen in question were unavailable for comment, as they all coincidentally changed their cell phone numbers on the same day. O'Donnell, however, remains confident that they will be thrilled to change their hobbies, majors, and basic personalities in exchange for rides to Hannaford.

O'Donnell's collegiate regression is convenient for other reasons too. “I thought I would just live at home, but apparently my old room is taken by my mom's treadmill and my dad's stamp collection. So at least doing the housing lottery will give me some place to sleep,” O'Donnell said. However, recent reports indicate that O'Donnell was in fact unable to get a room, and has been placed on the housing waitlist along with most of the class of 2022. “It could be worse,” O'Donnell said, “at least sleeping on Minor Field keeps me safe from asbestos.”

UNFUCKABLE FRIEND HAS SEX  
In other news, pig flies out of frozen Hell

By Mr. Boudreau '20

CHASTE AND CHAFED DEPT.  
(A BUNDY SINGLE) The campus community was surprised to discover that Jeremy Goop '20, the guy everyone just assumed would die a virgin, got his dick wet for the very first time this week. Like, for real, no one knows what chain of events could have led to this unthinkable circumstance.

Overall, the reaction from the student body has ranged from abject horror to a strange sense of pride in Goop's achievement. “Honestly, good for him,” Goop's extremely-platonic friend Gwen Naismith '19 said. “I don't know who could have possibly done it, and I'm sure it was a hideous affair, but, like, I guess everyone does the devil's tango eventually.”

When reached for comment regarding his first trip to pound town, Goop, avoiding eye contact and trying not to blush, described the experience as

“Honestly not that big of a deal, I don't know what the fuss is all about.”

The news of Goop's recent whistle wetting has also caused quite the commotion in the horny singles community. “I'm in the middle of a crisis here!” an unkempt Izzy Lacey '21 exclaimed. “I was banking on Jeremy remaining involuntarily celibate so my perpetual loneliness wouldn't seem quite so pathetic. But if Goop can get pussy, why can't I?”

With Goop's virginity out the window, the question now remains of who will take up the mantle of the campus's most unfuckable dorkus. Leading contenders are Oskar Lippfinger '22, the guy who sits all alone at a big circle table in Commons all day, Lillian Suarez '20, the girl whose hair is always wet, and Travis Issanova '19 (he knows what he did).

According to the illegal virginity gambling circle that's run out of Dunham basement, payouts for these students are as high as 50:1, so place your bets now!

SOPHOMORE WAITS TO CRAM  
EVERYTHING IN RIGHT BEFORE  
FINALS, INCLUDING  
ANCHOR BABY INTO WOMB  
Can't wait for alumni weekend, child support

By Mr. Case '21

SOCIAL SERVICES DEPT.  
(A KJ STUDY ROOM, LATE AT NIGHT) It's that time of year again, when students put off papers and studying until the last minute and procrastinate getting pregnant with their graduating boyfriend's child so he'll have a reason to visit. Likewise, Keira Lute '21, like any other college student, is struggling to motivate herself to get started on final projects early.

“Next week is going to really suck,” Lute said. “I have a ten-page philosophy paper on the horizon and I have to replace my birth control with skittles so my hormones are gonna be all out of whack. I'm so pissed at past me, what the hell was I thinking? Now I have to pull like three all nighters and find the time to steal some of Jeremy's urine for a fertility test, all before Wednesday.”

“Wait, what?” Jeremy Friar '19, Fulbright recipient and unsuspecting future father in a separate interview, said. “She said what?”

“I think that J and I can make it, I really do. It's not that I don't have faith in us. It's just, I'm going to Paris in the Spring, and he'll be teaching blind orphans how to make furniture all year, and I just want to be sure that we can be in this forever. He's just so perfect, and our baby will be so perfect he won't even care in the long run, he'll just be happy that I made the right decision for him. For me. For us.”

“Do I need a lawyer for this? Oh fuck oh fuck what are my parents going to say?” Friar said, growing confused and irrational.

“Ugh, I'm just frustrated that I put it off for so long. Now it's going to seem so forced. And I'm so swamped all day every day he'll probably have to pump one in me in between Orgo lab and my AHI meeting. It's not at all what I envisioned for Jason's conception.”

Jason is expected to arrive in January of 2020, right in time for Keira's Gamma formal which Jeremy has got to attend. You know, for the baby.

In this issue: The Scientific Method

THREE-MINUTE THESIS COMPETITION BECOMES THREE-SECOND THESIS COMPETITION

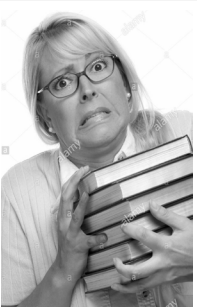




Presenters leave early to finish their theses  
See “I needed citations?” pg. 43

THE DUEL OBSERVER  
LECTURE SERIES PRESENTS

“Why We Forgot to Get You a Cake”

A talk by your friends on the first day of finals, which is incidentally your birthday

FINALS WEEK FORECAST	WEDNESDAY	FRIDAY	SUNDAY
	 90% chance you thought you had another day to study	 Low probability this hangover is gone before your oral presentation	 “Twenty pages? I thought it said two pages!”



# A Hamtrek Diary!

**9:00 AM:** The big race is finally here! I’m so excited to be a part of Hamtrek, our one and only triathlon! I don’t want to win, I just want to have fun!

**3:30 PM:** I just got to the pool to get ready for the swimming portion. Competition looks pretty good, and someone even brought a Golden Retriever! I really hope I can pet the dog after the swim, it’ll give me energy!

**4:22 PM:** So, the dog was a competitor? I wanna see the rules, but, oh well! Apparently he’s on the basketball team, and I guess he’s a really good swimmer too. I mean, you know, it’s kinda unfair that they let a dog race, but like I said, it isn’t about winning! I’m not upset!

**4:45 PM:** Now I’m at the biking part of the race. A few new faces here, I think the dog is on a three-person team. Looks like there’s a guy doing the biking on that team, but he’s on a unicycle? I mean... Hey, easy win for me!

**5:30 PM:** I’m writing an email to ask Hamtrek to disqualify this dog/unicycle team. First they let a dog do the swim portion, and then a dipshit on a unicycle outrides me? This dumbass-looking guy in overalls just rides past all of us, screw him! He probably had less drag than us on a unicycle, and less weight! Lance Armstrong probably gave him dope, cheating fu—

**5:45 PM:** Okay... I took a deep breath! I’m fine! I can still come back with the foot race! Looks like the runner for that one team is this weirdly tall girl, but I’ll be okay! I got this!

**6:45 PM:** They don’t deserve the win. They don’t even deserve the free Ting’s after! That runner on the dog team was so tall because she was wearing stilts! I saw her take them off after; the little kid could barely walk! I don’t care if she was five, she shouldn’t get an advantage! This is a race! This is competition; this isn’t something you do for fun!

**7:00 PM:** I knocked the Ting’s out of that little girls hands. I was happy when she started sobbing, cheating little shit. I gotta go; I need that dog to teach me how to swim better.

Found stained with blood and tears by Mr. Projansky ’21

## LEAKED SENIOR WEEK SCHEDULE

### Monday, May 20th

*11:00 AM - Mandatory Drug Session #1: Fentanyl.* What are you, a bitch? Shoot up with the rest of your way cooler classmates because if you don’t you’re a fucking nerd.  
*3:45 PM - Dunham Tent Orgy.* After the copious amounts of drugs you’ll do, we’ll funnel everyone into the Dunham Tent for a nonstop fuckfest. Make sure to bring your bike pump!  
*6:30 PM - Just a Normal Banquet With No Ulterior Motives.* Promise! ;)

### Tuesday, May 21st

*2:30 AM - Vomlets.* We lied about the banquet. We know you miss your frat’s hazing process, so we’re here to let you relive it one last time! After all that food you ate last night, making you run hundreds of laps around Martin’s Way is sure to get the juices flowing!  
*5:45 PM - Sacrificial Lamb.* Walk around a circle of chairs until the music stops. Don’t be the one without a chair or you’ll be “out!” And by “out” we mean sacrificed to Xel’lotath, God of Judgement. You can run but he’ll catch us all eventually!

### Wednesday, May 22nd

*11:00 AM - Mandatory Drug Session #2: Pill Grab Bag.* We have a fun grab bag of all of the favorite unmarked pills: MDMA, Vicodin, Oxycodone, PCP, Femynor, and so much more! Take a handful and go nuts!  
*8:15 PM - Screening of You Rehearsing Your Thesis Presentation.* We found footage of you practicing your thesis and we’re proud to present all the fuck-ups and horrible, hilarious blunders, completely unedited! The one question that remains is why did you always do this naked?

### Thursday, May 23rd

*12:45 PM - Existential Crisis Council.* The point of this council is to remind all of you that even if you have some shitty job lined up (and that’s a big if for most of you), it won’t last and you’ll be left on your own to survive in this hellscape we call life.

### Friday, May 24th

*11:00 AM - Mandatory Drug Session #3: Krokodil.* Since you’re graduating, your life is essentially over, so fuck it, who cares if your skin rots off?  
*4:00 PM - Assignment of Points.* You motherfuckers did some fucked up shit this week, so Campo is going to give everyone all of the points you all earned for it. Like we’re talking a 75 point minimum for you freaks. Good luck graduating now!

Leaked to the general public by Mr. Kelly ’21

## Friday Five: Worst Tattoos To Get When You Graduate

By Mx. Stevenson ’19

*Look, I know we’re gonna miss this place, and I’m as sentimental of a bastard as they come, so I totally understand the urge to permanently brand your flesh with some tribute ink for ol’ Carissima here. But please, if you’re gonna do it, do better than this.*

**5. Your GPA (in Roman numerals).** This will not impress anyone in a job interview. Also, it’s generally fucked up to tat yourself with the abstract numerical value that you’ve come to believe embodies your value as a person. Plus, there’s way too much room for jokes about “3.2? What’s that a measurement of?”

**4. David Wippman’s signature.** We know he’s our daddy, but save the signature tribute for your actual father—plus, come on, there are much easier ways to forge checks than painstakingly copying the presidential scrawl off your wrist every time you overdraw.

**3. The footprint of every Hamiltone.** Uhh...people usually do this with, like, dead babies. Are you trying to look like you got curb stomped by a bunch of hobbits? Just get another botanical stick ’n poke and call it close enough.

**2. The feather quill on top of the Chapel.** Okay, I’m not gonna lie, I think this would actually be really cute and sweet, like on the sideboob. But Jesus, if *I’m* saying that, it should be a red flag for you. Live laugh love, bitch.

**1. Your student loan debt (in Roman numerals).** Pros: great admin callout; will be a hell of monument to your success when you finally pay it off. Cons: you’re gonna go into debt a second time because of how expensive a tattoo this fucking large would be.

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