

HAMILTON GOES GREEN!
Wippman Still On Hunt For CO3

HAMILTON BUSES IN THE AMISH
They’re not getting paid under the table
if they made the table

By Mr. Gallagher ’21
HAND-DRILL DEPT.
(KTSA WOODSHOP) With the term coming to a close, Hamilton students have noticed the empty singles and doubles of their residence halls filling up with surprising new neighbors: the Amish. “I was just trying to bust a nut six feet away from my girlfriend when I heard this loud banging from next door. Before I could put my sweats on, Ezekiel in Milbank 22E was peering through a hole in the wall at my quivering frame, hammer in hand,” whispered Stacey Abrahms ’22, who had an unfortunate first-hand experience with the overall-clad folk.

President David Wippman announced the new arrivals over the weekend, shortly after the weekly COVID-19 tallies. “As you know,” Wippman began, “many students have been chilling face with their homies unmasked, immediately getting expelled, and then punching holes in the wall when they get kicked off campus.”

Wippman opened his mouth to speak again when an onlooker rushed out and yelled, “Did you see Milbank 38C? I mean really, boys? The

Amish tried to cover it up with a mattress but we all know that baseball boy was definitely not chilling when he punched a hole in that wall.”

But the concerned student did not realize that just as they gave their statement, Hawthorne Eleizabel ’amish was churning a horse-fat based putty to plug the hole in Milbank 38. “It’s just an old trick I learned from MeeMaw,” Eleizabel commented. “I can talk to the microphones because I know the old ways.”

When asked for comment, the rest of the Amish ran from the sight of the microphone and proceeded to board up the walkway in the middle of KTSA with a horse stable. Having misjudged the architectural choice to be a hole in the foundation, they thanked God for it having stayed standing. “Idle hands are the devil’s playthings,” one of the workers shouted to another as he laid tar across the KJ solar panels.

In other news, the Men’s Hockey coach was seen shaking with unbridled enthusiasm at the thought of all the 23-year-old freshmen he could recruit. “Just look at these workworn bodies. Unless those hockey sticks have calculators in ’em, I have every right to destroy their Luddite frames,” Captain Clark shouted while helping the boys pour tar on the roof.

EMOCHA ADDS NEW KINSEY SCALE
QUESTION

Do ask, do tell
Mr. Wright-Schaner ’23 and Ms. Davidson ’23
WOMEN IN FLANNELS DEPT.

(ELLEN’S WIFE’S PORSCHE) Hamilton College students awoke on Friday morning to a shift in their daily routines. As many students diligently took their temperatures, they were shocked to find an additional question in their habitual emocha check-ins. After answering whether or not students had been in contact with someone with COVID-19 symptoms, the emocha app then asked where a student would rank themselves on the Alfred Kinsey Scale – a scale to determine one’s sexual orientation on a scale from one to six (one being exclusively heterosexual and six being exclusively homosexual).

Students who mark a four or above receive a yellow badge, as well as a text from the Hamilton College Health Center urging them to report symptoms of “gay wet dreams, frequent referencing to chairs as ‘her’ (e.g., ‘We love her!’), or living in the following dormitory halls: Keehn.” Students who mark below a four receive a green badge, a loaded rifle, and a copy of Ronald Reagan’s posthumous autobiography *AIDS? Boo! More Like BABES* in their mailboxes. The books and rifle are signed by Joel Olstein.

“I don’t understand why we didn’t do this earlier,” John Proctan ’22 said. “If you can get STIs from butt stuff, you can for sure get COVID from fucking another dude, like what?” Proctan then proceeded to kiss his wife and hit his kid. When asked about why gay women should also be subjected to quarantine, Proctan simply noted his contempt for Ellen Degeneres and left the Zoom call.

In response to the new emocha question, The Coalition for Justice & Democracy sent a petition to the campus, demanding emocha Health Inc. remove the question due to its inherent “homophobic” nature. The petition garnered a whopping seven signatures: a record number for Change.org according to our sources (our sources being FemBoi-Hunger Games TikTok). The Coalition has also raised the issue with the college administration, sending six whole emails to people that can definitely read.

While biking in his little boy bike shorts, David Wippman was approached by a reporter for *The Spectator*, who demanded (and maybe flirted?) for a response to emocha’s new policy. Wippman complied, stating, “Whatever safety precautions emocha Health Inc. suggests, Hamilton College will fully comply. For this reason, the entirety of the GSA will be queer-antined indefinitely.”

In the meantime, students are urged to answer this question as honestly as possible, so long as they don’t compromise the heterosexual agenda of the COVID-19 Task Force.

CAB BOOKS WENDY WILLIAMS
No one opens the door for Native New Yorker

By Ms. Batal ’23
A LIL’ VAMPIN DEPT.
(A SUPER DARK BASEMENT) On Thursday night, students waited anxiously to welcome performer Rico Nasty to Hamilton College via a virtual Zoom concert. Unfortunately, Ms. Nasty contacted the school at the last minute to inform them that she would have to postpone due to prior commitments and her hatred for the NESACs. Faced with harsh criticism from the student body over the cancellation, CAB was forced to act quickly.

“With only an hour until the event was set to begin, I was forced to call my Aunt Wendy and beg her to make an appearance,” CAB President Jason Williams ’21 stated. Williams is the nephew of beloved daytime television host and giant ankle owner Wendy Williams. “We believed that Ms. Williams was a great choice of artist due to her recent popularity on *The Masked Singer* and the fact that she is one of the most iconic artists of our time.”

When students logged on at 8:00 P.M., they were welcomed by Wendy Williams dressed in her iconic “Red Lips” costume from her performance on the singing competition. She greeted the audience with her famous “How You Doin’

catchphrase and then immediately began to sing. Students then stared in awe as Ms. Williams proceeded to perform her infamous cover of “Native New Yorker” for 30 straight minutes. “It was probably the most moving and beautiful thing I’d ever seen in my lifetime,” Camille Schmidt ’23 said.

After her performance, Ms. Williams proceeded to walk through her house opening every door to prove that no one opens the door for a native New Yorker. Halfway through this routine, her nephew Jason was forced to interject, and remind his aunt that she’s actually from New Jersey.

The best part of the Zoom concert turned out to be the Q&A session, wherein students asked Ms. Williams how she prepared for *The Masked Singer*. “I got off my couch, went to the studio, drank three bottles of wine, put the costume on, sat back on the couch, and tried to sing,” Williams said in her strong Jersey accent.

At the end of the session, students cheered in awe, some even crying. “She has just had such an immense cultural impact on the Hamilton community, and I can’t thank her enough,” Tracey Holden ’22 said through her sobs.

Before Ms. Williams left, she hinted at a December release of her cover of “Native New Yorker” on Spotify just in time for the holidays.

In this issue: Sport people: they get partied and bullied

ZOOM ADMISSIONS TOURS



Now you can cyberbully your tour guide!
See, “Most Disliked Vlogs of 2020,”
pg. 1812

	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
PACKING FORECAST			
	5% chance someone laughs at your “packing” joke	High probability you find your suite furniture under your bed	“My womanly hips can’t fit in this box! Neither can a single shirt.”

Hamilton Health
Tip of the Week

Pad your ass
with your extra
mask!

The Little Man in My Radiator Won't Stop Bullying Me

Nov. 2, 8:08 am

What's a guy gotta do to get a good night's sleep around here? Last night I woke up to a sharp tapping sound and faint singing from somewhere near my window. Probably that tone deaf jackass downstairs trying out his kettle drums again.

Nov. 3, 7:58 am

I heard it again last night, a bit louder. I figured I'd go outside and tell the smug bastard to quit jam-min' and start scrammin', but I couldn't find a soul. As I sat back down on my bed to go to sleep, I could've sworn I heard the singer's voice say, "Oof, ye fat fuck," but there wasn't anyone near me.

Nov. 4, 6:41 am

I must be going mad. There's a little man living in my radiator. I was shifting around, trying to fall asleep, and I let one rip, the kind that stays under the covers, only to hear some-one scream, "Do ye mind, ye jolly cavortin' mustelid??? It smells like ye just up an' killed a man an' left 'em ter rot fer a fortnight, then rubbed 'em over with shet out there! Ye no good scobberlotcher, I keep yer room warm an' this is what I get as payment!"

Nov. 4, 7:18 pm

He's a cruel patron. I was practicing my oboe for the concert next week, and he started cackling, only ever stopping to inform me that I sounded worse than a dying rabbit harmonizing with a jammed pencil sharpener and that my roommate leaving had nothing to do with COVID, but instead they just couldn't bear the god-awful sound.

Nov. 5, 2:11 am

I'm not sleeping tonight. It must be upwards of 100 degrees in here, and he keeps whispering, "Roast up, ye fat piggy. That little pig went ter the market, but this one stayed at home ter cook. Yer nice an' fat, the way I like 'em. Just the way I always like 'em."

Nov. 5, 6:19 am

My hands are too sweaty to open the door. My COVID thermometer gave out after the room hit 160. There's a neat pile of rosemary and thyme by my window and I think I can hear boiling water. It stew late. Goodbye cruel world, hello radiator man.

Picked off the quad grass by Mr. Lannon '22

Are You Stressed Out??? We're Curious!!!1!

Mail Post <mailto:mailpost@hamilton.edu>
to NOTICES-STUDENTS

12:09 PM (0 minutes ago)

Hiiiiiiii!!!!!! <3 How are you doing? How are you *really* doing?? Are you stressed at all??? (it's okay, there are no professors here, you can be honest with us, you can trust us, we still love you)

We know—we know!! This semester. This *crazy* semester! It's such a *~tough~* semester!!! so tough!! so inconveniencing!!!!!!! **UGH!!!!** it's rough, amirite?? Am I reading the room correctly???? Has this semester been rough for you too?? We feel like maybe it's been a bit rocky for a handful of members of our blessed and resilient (and also cute) Hamilton community. Our Hamily is going through a LOT right now, for so many non-specific reasons that we aren't going to address here at all, just all that malaise, yknow???! We don't want to get into all our own *personal* stuff here..... What a weird time!

Student Assembly has formed the Students Helping Undergrads Through the UnPrecedented

(SHUTUP) Committee to help calm **YOU** down (yes, you! you were always so tense, babe!) with some fun lil activities to help you *~destress~* because one additional task to help out a sociology major isn't going to *kill* you. and we want to know! tell us all about your mental health right now. it probably isn't that bad right? you tough cookie ;)

We just have one question for you: are you Stressed? (we also have several more questions that rephrase this question in academic and unintelligible ways that will look good on our graphs. We also want to know if you're still single because I haven't moved on yet either) We know you all feel ~really_ bad~ right now, so **PLEASE** take our neat little survey! tell us all about how *****not great***** you feel!!!1!!! help us to help you! We promise to be better than Student Activities at this!

If you complete the survey you're entered to win a \$1.06 opus gift card and half of a eucalyptus facemask from Target (the cooling tingly kind for your hot hot face)!

luv you hamily, keep kickin! <3
The Students of Sociology 109

Marked as read and deleted by Ms. Cavallino '21

Friday Five: Numbers on Campus

By Mr. Projansky '21

You know, ever since I watched Steve Kornacki break down and explain the mathematics of vote counting for me, I've been thinking a lot about numbers. They're literally everywhere, and Hamilton's campus is no exception. However, there are some numbers on campus that rise above the rest and have a special meaning to me and many others, and I thought I'd break down the top five numbers that bring us numberphiles joy.

5. 5. Five is kinda like the grandfather of numbers. Most people haven't seen him physically in a while, but he's always there when we look inside ourselves. Whenever I self reflect, I remember the five neurons inside my brain that are still working, executing basic functions and barely keeping me alive. Five neurons: working in a brain as smooth as a baby's bottom.

4. 0. My friends and I really like the number zero, because it's probably our most used number. From "Oh man I got a zero on that Probability Theory test" to "There are zero ghosts who haunt my ears in South 204 so don't look or they'll get mad," it's just a go-to. If you can't find it on campus for whatever reason, just think about your chances of post-Hamilton success!

3. X + 2 = 7. So this one's actually a fill in the blank! This one came up on my econ homework, where we're solving for how many watermelons Sally had before she bought two extra watermelons at Hannaford's. Now this silly goose is one of my favorites, but I need you guys to tell me for no other reason than participation. So just text me what it is, but make sure to explain how you did the calculation, because showing your work is really important and definitely not because I can't figure out this problem.

2. 421. You thought I was gonna do 420 didn't you? That's what they call "subverting expectations" and "leading you on," two things I learned how to do from my crush freshman year. I mean don't get me wrong, 420 is a good number that obviously reminds me of Bahram V's rise to the persian throne in 420AD, but 421AD was when Venice was (argued to have been) founded. I'd argue that 421 is thus more important, and I'm sure that all of my friends also see Dunham 421 and think about what *The New York Times* once said was "undoubtedly the most beautiful city built by man."

1. 1845. Who could forget 1845, the magic number signifying the year Elihu Root was born! Campus hero, Nobel Peace Prize winner, and founding father of the military industrial complex, this guy really did it all! I mean, kinda a Chad honestly, total broski. It's pretty easy to transform a country to a world power if your method relies on invading and colonizing everyone else, you know? He was in Sigma Phi (I'm sure he played a mean game of Die), and it was probably his hazing knowledge from Sigma Phi that helped him invent waterboarding.

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