

DUEL BACK IN PRINT, STILL NOT FUNNY
Also still anti-Geoscience

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS
MAJOR TERRIBLE AT INTER-
NATIONAL RELATIONSHIP
Semester in Hong Kong going poorly

By Mr. Steele '23 and Mr. Wilson '23
STUDYING BROADS DEPT.
(IN-COMPETENCE) Things ended poorly for Hank Kissinger '22 and Winnie Churchill '23 on Friday after a long battle to make a long distance relationship work. Kissinger, an International Relations major, was shocked at his own inability to relate internationally. Churchill was unsurprised, citing Kissinger as “tone deaf,” “obtuse,” and “only taking Arabic for the war crimes.” The breakup followed a relationship rife with miscommunication, dismissal, and an utter disregard for the clitoris. Commenting on the couple’s sexual life, Churchill said, “When I asked him to go down on me, he replied with ‘How can I eat you out when we’re only ten years away from feeling the effects of irreversible climate change?’ And it didn’t get better when he left for Hong Kong.” Kissinger blamed their long-distance sexual problems on a poor global infrastructure, though most

political scientists agree his issues stemmed from what the international relations community calls “being a total fuckwad.” Things were further complicated when Kissinger got himself into hot water while interning for the ambassador of Hong Kong. After asking the Prime Minister of Denmark if “that thang be farting,” he was promptly removed from the UN Assembly and asked not to return. He also put himself into jeopardy by proposing a “three-state solution,” which turned out to be a threesome with a Ukrainian prostitute. However, according to Kissinger, Churchill was not without blame. When asked about the relationship, Kissinger responded that “I always tend to look at things from a fair, impartial perspective, so I recognize there was fault on both sides here.” He went on to state the same about the Japanese dolphin-killing scandal, finding fault on both sides: the Japanese for slaughtering millions of dolphins for their meat and fins and the dolphins for being God’s greatest mistake. The last straw came when Kissinger joined ISIS “as a bit.” And also for their shared view that women shouldn’t be educated, but he downplayed that part of the interview.

HAMILTON REPUBLICANS
ENCOURAGE STUDENTS TO
VOTE IN NOV. 5 ELECTION
“It says so on Instagram.”

By Mr. Stringer '23
BOOTLICKING DEPT.
(THE POLLS) In an effort to get out the vote at Hamilton, Riley Bradington '22, president of Hamilton College Republicans, released a statement Thursday. “We at the Hamilton College Republicans believe in protecting the long-standing beliefs of this country. This is why we are encouraging all college students to vote in the upcoming presidential election on Nov. 5, 2020.” Bradington continued, “We recognize that there is some anxiety regarding voting in-person. The College Republicans encourage all registered voters to fill out their absentee ballots. Voters should not participate in mail-in voting, however, as this is an un-American ANTIFA scam that is entirely different from absentee voting. We have set up official ballot collection boxes all around campus. Students may drop their completed ballots in any of the black bins located next to the recycling stations in most of the dining halls, canopies, and other public spaces.” The College Republicans are even providing assistance to those students that are voting in-person. “The College Republicans will be operating a shuttle service to take voters to their local polling stations. We have one eight-person shuttle making trips to the Oneida county polling station for a small democracy fee of \$250. Alternatively, we have our free shuttle service providing one-way weekend service to an alternative polling site in Buffalo,” Bradington said.

STUDENTS SHOCKED BY THIRD
PARTY APPEARANCE AT HAMILTON
“This feels like the kind of joke a genie would pull.”

By Mr. Collins '24
CRUEL IRONY DEPT.
(GLENVIEW TRAILER PARK) The newly ascendant National Socialist American Workers’ Party, named after its European forebear, has enjoyed a stunning rise in US polls. Led by Hamilton alumnus Whitman “Whitey” Jones '38, a 12-year-old Finnish boy, and a wax statue of Oswald Mosley, the NSAWP is vying to occupy the forefront of American politics on a tried-and-true wave of populism and race-baiting. Recalling a particularly raucous orgy in the Glen back in his day, Jones sent a couple of party surrogates to establish a presence at his alma mater. Student reactions on Hamilton’s campus have been mixed. While wax-Mosley’s stiff moustache was a hit all around, many students have felt unsure about the party’s radical inclinations. “I just can’t see myself supporting them,” stammered William Reed '22, president and self-proclaimed God-Emperor of the Hamilton College Republicans. Flanked outside KJ by the organization’s two other members, Reed expressed his severe disappointment in the NSAWP’s lenient skull-shape-based immigration policy. Some of Hamilton’s resident leftists also expressed disdain for the NSAWP’s presence on cam-

pus, concerned they might eat into democratic socialism’s core constituency of bitter young virginal white men. Douglas McGherkin '21, outraged at now only outnumbering political opponents 300-to-1 on campus, met with college President David “Doom Slayer” Wippman on Wednesday and demanded a new leftist magazine at Hamilton to counter the surging NSAWP. Wippman abjectly refused, on the grounds that “nobody reads or likes The Monitor anyway.” Other leftists were less worried about the new state of campus politics. Ernie Atteberry '24 was delighted to see another group on campus so eager to, as he put it, “own the libs.” Most students were ultimately disappointed with their new political option, put off by the surrogates’ refusal to stay in Dunham Hall due to its “apocalyptically filthy” living conditions. “When I said I wanted a third party, man, I didn’t mean one like this,” bemoaned Carla Puglianello '21, anxious that they wouldn’t nullify the \$125,000 in student debt she accrued studying Library Science. No students discussed the clear elephant in the room regarding the NSAWP’s actual policies, continuing a college-wide tradition of elephant hatred stemming from the Hamilton football team’s disastrous 91-0 loss to the Tufts in 1953. The NSAWP’s brief tenure at Hamilton ended yesterday when its surrogates tried to dine at Co-Op and were promptly curb-stomped.

“Our colleagues from the AHI will be assisting with these efforts. In accordance with their beliefs in small government and free elections, AHI fellows will closely accompany voters all the way into the polling booth to monitor the election and make sure nobody makes any mistakes filling out their ballots.” Bradington says he hopes these efforts will help heal a divided campus. “These are really scary times. Our civic leaders are being openly disagreed with by the liberal mob scientists, trying to sacrifice our freedoms for the sake of ‘containing the spread of a global pandemic’ and ‘preserving public health.’ Our police departments are being defunded, leaving them without the military grade body armor, tear gas, and taser shields necessary to defend officers from rabid U.S. citizens armed with plastic bottles and aluminum cans. Worst of all, radical ANTIFA mob leftists want you to pack up your room at the end of the term.”

In this issue: Stop pretending you killed Jenny Craig!

FIRE PITS 4 FRIENDS



These pits are direct descendents of California Wild Fires
See, “Glen House Sues Big Fire,”
pg. 451

Hamilton Health
Tip of the Week

Stand in line at the one Sadove Programming event this week with 175 of your closest friends. The free T-shirt (bought with your \$290) is totally worth it!

PUMPKIN CARVING FORECAST
9:00 PM 10:30 PM 11:59 PM
98% chance you won't fuck this gourd
Low probability anyone's watching
"Dude, I'm gonna fuck this gourd."

Zoom Transcript

Professor Glant: Alright guys, let’s get started. In these uncertain times it’s always difficult to kn[DING]

Alex Murphy ’23 and Janson Craig ’22: Professor your phone--*Professor your phone is on we couldn’t hear what you said.*

Professor Glant: Sorry about that. Can anyone tell me what the--

Pedro Kalinsky ’24: Wait guys can you hear me? Is anyone else having internet problems everyone has been frozen this whole time.

Jack Fredrickson ’21 and Grant Childers ’22: Pedro that’s just-- *Yo Pedro have you tried turning it off yeah* Pedro reconn--*try joining on your phone.*

Professor Glant: Okay okay settle down. Who can give me a recap of the reading? Yes Alex?

Alex Murphy ’23 and Alex Jefferson ’21: Well it--*I thought the--* Oh wait no Alex--*Oh sorry Alex do you--* Do you want to--*You go go--* No it’s fine you can--*Oh are you--* Yeah you go--*Ok well it um...wait sorry I forgot what I was going to say.*

Professor Glant: That’s okay. Hey hey wait Jen turn your camera on we need everyone here

Professor Glant forces all cameras and microphones on

Jen Stevenson ’21: Ugnggh yes oh my god yes fuck me John yes yes yes please---oh SHIT

Jen Stevenson signs off

Professor Glant: Was...who...what did I just see? Uh, huh, hmmm. Does, um, anyone want to pick up where we left off? Please? Madison?

Professor Glant: Madison your mic is off.

Madison Short ’22: Oh sorry. Well I thought the reading was really interesting when th--

Professor Glant: Hey kiddo mommy is doing class right now so please leave okay? Sorry guys Jackie walked in haha.

Kyle Fretter ’23 and Janson Craig ’22: Oh my god can--*Professor you have to show herrrrr*

Professor Glant: Not right now. Hold on everyone.

Professor Glant: Jackie c’mon time to go. Jooooohhhhhhhn. Come get Jackie.

Pedro Kalinsky ’24: Uhhh professor your mic is still on

John Glant: Sorry I wasn’t paying attention.

Professor Glant: John I fucking told you to handle this. Wait...why do you look so disheveled? Where have you been?

John Glant: I fucking told you I was gonna be busy right now.

Professor Glant: Oh? Busy? Busy...were you...with...Jen?

John Glant: I...

Alex Murphy ’23: Professor can you please turn your mic off--

Professor Glant: Oh my god. You were, weren’t you? Wait is she IN OUR HOUSE?!

John Glant: I think uhm...we..uh

Professor Glant: NO FUCKING WAY THIS IS HAPPENING RIGHT NOW.

Alex Murphy ’23: Um Professor can you--

Jack Frederickson ’21: Alex shut up let this happen. I need this.

Professor Glant: Get the fuck out. Oh my god I can’t believe this is real. No. No no no no just get the fuck out of my life you stupid CU[DING]

Meeting ended by host

Meeting script furiously transcribed by Mr. Kelly ’21

Journal Entry - October 20

After spending the day in a productive manner, yelling abuse at freshmen in Writing Center appointments, I decided to take a short nap before dinner. As I was welcomed into sleep’s warm embrace, I was coddled by my thick neck beard. But, alas! I overslept! It was 6:15PM! I woke up, threw my books into my backpack, and headed over to Commons, knowing that the mob of Lightsider athletes would be there with me. I went directly to the soup and salad bar section, and saw a delicious soup on the menu.

Yet, to my frustration, I would have to wait for soup. There was a line of basic white girls from Women’s Lacrosse, chatting like females are wont to do. I knew if I wanted soup, I would have to wait. The girl at the front of the line could not make up her mind. She spent so much time choosing the components of her salad. She fretted over grilled chicken versus tofu (which I always avoid, I’m not a SoyBoy), and whether she wanted raspberry vinaigrette or Italian dressing, acting like these were life-or-death decisions. She took thirty minutes to complete her salad!

When it was time for the second girl, she was utterly oblivious to this fact, and wouldn’t shut up about some econ-bro named Scott and his beach house in the Hamptons. I feel bad for that poor girl. Scott will forget about her within a fortnight, and I’ll say she deserved it!

Anyways, another twenty minutes went by before the second girl finally realized she was at the front of the line. And she was pickier than the first girl! She wanted some bizarre ingredients that were not available, and when the worker said he could not find any in Commons, she screamed at the man and threatened to call her father, who she claimed was a trustee. The workers at Commons drove to Hannaford to procure the ingredients to make the salad for her. The whole ordeal took an hour.

By that time I was starving and tired, and I asked the server for my precious soup. The server told me that Commons was closing for the night, and they couldn’t serve any more food. As I sulked back to my dorm, I noticed the second girl’s salad half-eaten in a recycling bin. My whole struggle for soup reached an inglorious end and was all in vain. I’ll post on Reddit about this whole affair later.

Found in a journal left in the library, covered in tears, by Mr. Chivily ’23

How I Got My Internship at Arby’s

A Journey of Self-Love

Know Thyself. Know Thy Meat.

Not to brag, but this beefy boy received his dream internship this summer. While I watched each of my peers lose their Summer 2020 internships to COV-ID-19, I landed a cushy internship at America’s finest sandwich chain: Arby’s—an experience that has forever changed my life.

The Arby’s interview process was grueling and selective, as it should be. “Do you wear deodorant?” the manager asked. “Yes,” I said. And just like that I was hired. I asked if they needed my résumé, which I drafted in the Explore Thyself 101 program, but my manager slapped it from my hand. She pointed to a voluptuous smoke-house brisket on the menu board: “No read words,” she hissed, “only pitchers.” I knew then that I had found my people.

I know unpaid internships can be tough for many Hamilton students. After my summer internship funding was reallocated to finance President Wippman’s Brazilian butt lift, Arby’s agreed to pay me in loaded curly fries. As a fringe benefit, I received volcanic diarrhea.

Fortunately, my Hamilton skill set matched the necessary requirements. I mastered the cash register quickly due to skills I acquired in my multivariable calc class. My clients kept me busy, demanding potato buns with their Beef n’ Cheddar, or extra ketchup in the bag, but Hamilton gave me the techniques I needed to meet these challenges. If I lacked the theoretical framework to pour a medium Mr. Pibb™, I simply pissed in the cup and moved on. I may not be some Deutsche Bank Chad, but I can make a mean French Dip & Swiss.

My career advisor told me to network, so I networked like a saucy lil LinkedIn thot. To get the interview, I was referred by a Hamilton Creative Writing alum, a freelance writer who sells salvia to school children. His estranged sister’s cellmate knew the manager, and just like that, I made the Hamilton connection.

Now I know not everyone can secure such a prestigious internship as Arby’s. Unless your daddy works there, it can be hard to get a foot in the door, and I get that. But don’t give up, my little cherubs. Because Hamilton helped foster my passion for fast food service, I’ve made great strides in my career path, and I know you can too. As the wise Arby once said, “We have the meats.” Now go see what your meat can do.

Found in a Career Center garbage can by Mr. Vincent ’22

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