

SENIOR WHO’S ATTENDED ROCKY HORROR PAST THREE YEARS FINALLY WATCHES IT

SCHWARZENEGGER-THEMED STRIPPER JOINS STAFF IN HIRING MIX-UP

“I need your clothes, your boots, and your motorcycle.” By Mr. Lannon ’22

ROBO-CKOCK DEPT. (HELP WANTED SECTION) A series of blood-curdling shrieks rattled Carnegie Residence Hall this past Tuesday, as lacrosse captain Jamie Monroe ’21 opened his sock drawer, only to find a small colony of mice nestled inside. Safely huddled under an anxiety blanket, Monroe took advantage of his team captain benefits package, dialing President Wippman on his personal number and demanding “the dire rodent issue” be addressed.

Twenty minutes later, Wippman was seen walking out of the library with *Rodents, Cockroaches, and Pesky Neighbors for Dummies*. He promptly sent out a campus-wide email, calmly stating, “Earlier this morning, a serious threat to this campus was brought to my attention. A student reported a suffocating pest problem on the North side of campus, and I have taken immediate executive action, hiring a top professional to resolve the issue.”

Later that afternoon, a handsome stranger rode

his motorcycle up to a welcoming party in front of Carn, clad in extremely tight jeans and a leather jacket, emblazoned with “The XXXTerminator.” He looked the dorm up and down before declaring to Wippman in a heavy Austrian accent, “This will not do. I am The XXXTerminator, and The XXXTerminator needs a venue. And a pole.” Wippman agreed to rent out Babbitt Pavilion, in hopes that it would provide a nice venue to teach the campus how to deal with pests.

When asked for a comment on the flashy new hire, Wippman remarked, “Honestly, I’m not quite sure what you’re supposed to do about mice. I normally offer them bits of cheese and wave to them, but the book said to hire an exterminator. I hired the best guy on Craigslist. I mean, someone even said he was the best two hours of their week, so he’s gotta be good.”

Administrators shot out a quick email, announcing the new hire’s presentation, with a note that it was BYORP (Bring Your Own Rope, not to be mixed up with Bring Your Own Rat Poison). At 7PM sharp, the XXXTerminator began twerking while proceeding to remove his clothes for the congregated audience, finishing the show with an exuberant, “Hasta la vista, baby!”

Monroe reported that since the administration-sponsored strip show, there’s been no sign of any mice in his room.

LEGACY STUDENTS FUCK ON GLEN BENCHES WHERE THEY WERE CONCEIVED

No comment on what C&C stands for this year By Mr. Nelson ’22

MATING SEASON DEPT. (ROOT GLEN PILLAR) Like the humble fig wasp or the majestic Atlantic salmon, the Hamilton legacy student community will spend Class and Charter Day returning to their ancestral breeding grounds in the Glen to spawn. In compliance with Andrew Jillings’ “no loss or gain of life” rule, the senior class must make up for its losses to asbestos, food truck-related dysentery, and transfers to actual Ivies before it can graduate. The duty to be fruitful and multiply has traditionally fallen to legacy students, who for some reason always want to use the same outdoor furniture where their parents made their great mistake. These students may lack the imagination necessary to strike out and create their own lives rather than coasting down the paths their ancestors took, but they want everyone to know that they also lack the imagination to find their own makeout spots. Scientists do not yet fully understand how legacies find their way back to the exact Adirondack chair where their usually anonymous fathers dished out the last mediocre three minutes of their Hamilton careers, nor what it is about C&C day that triggers this instinct.

Ecologists point out that the annual legacy run is a critical source of nutrients for many other species. “Only about sixteen percent of those horny, horny legacy students make it from the concert to the really prime benches and ivy patches, and that number is dropping every year,” Dr. Fischer of the Biology department reported. “The rest wind up as prey for the EMTs and magic mushroom merchants that line up for the annual C&C harvest. It may not be pretty, but it’s how nature works. Much like Light Siders having sex in the first place.”

For some alumni families, underwhelming missionary in the Kirkland Glen car is more than a tradition, it’s a way of life. “My family has been selectively breeding our way towards the perfect Hamilton student for five generations now,” Gwen Cummins ’21 boasted, who manifests in our limited three-dimensional reality as an empty North Face jacket with an ass tattoo of the entire Opus menu. “My mother was conceived on the football field the night after the last time we won a game. Her grandfather, in turn, was the product of a Cricket ‘n’ Imperialism major hooking up with a local orphan labor heiress at the Econ department’s Death of Roosevelt Ball.” Cummins was expected to receive three points last year for littering the Glen House yard with the dried husks of five or six lax players, but walked free thanks to being the sister, cousin, and/or niece of every single top donor. Something like a smile crossed her quarter-zip when *The Duel* asked about her plans for the virtual concert this year. “Two more generations and the ritual will be complete.”

DEAD MEN FIGHT FOR “LARGEST DONATION” TITLE

The gifts that keep on giving By Ms. Adler ’24

THE GRATEFUL DEAD DEPT. (SIX FEET UNDER) As always, the most recent news on the Hill is all about that cash money. This year, Hamilton College can thank one of its sugar daddies, Keith Wellin ’50, deceased, for the most generous donation of all time: a whopping twenty-two million dollars that will be put towards the art education of our Dark Side eboys and girls. This donation is the largest the school has received since Edward Taylor ’46, also deceased, contributed sixteen million to the Biology stoners and Chemistry meth heads. Before Taylor’s donation, the title was once again held by Wellin with a donation of a paltry ten million dollars.

Following these two men from life into death, this rivalry of one-upmanship has impoverished the descendants of both families as children and grandchildren struggle to better each donation.

“It’s really embarrassing, honestly! Pop-pop put it in his will that we have to keep giving all of our money to this stupid school every time Wellin does. I mean, I’m here on financial aid!

I didn’t think we could sink that low!” Taylor Taylor ’22, Edward Taylor’s granddaughter, said. Directly after this statement, she burst into tears and was unable to comment further.

This rivalry has also had a significant impact on the Wellin family. “I mean, I think at this point it’s gone too far. Last week, we had to exhume Pawpaw and stage a duel against Mr. Taylor’s remains, *Weekend at Bernie’s* style. That’s got to cross a few lines!” Ellen Wellin ’23 complained.

This rivalry stems from the age-old argument—arts or smarts?—that every liberal arts college must face when forced to decide where to allocate funds. The conflict between these two benefactors has had a notable effect on the quality of the education that art and STEM students receive. As these two departments have gained power, more and more social sciences and humanities classes have been moved into the Glenview Trailer Park.

When asked to comment on the corpse combat for the reigning title of “Biggest Donor,” President Wippman, in the midst of a phone call about gold plating his private bathroom, said, “We’re just glad to have such loyalty from our alums, you know we really need the money for, like, programs and stuff— yes, I want gold leaf in the water tank, did I stutter?— sorry, what were we talking about?”

In this issue: “if u don’t wake up in a ditch somewhere and not know how u got there are u really living?”

HAMTREK FORECAST

RUN	BIKE	SWIM
80% chance the running club doesn't show up	High probability the Harley-Davidson jacket is impractical (but fabulous)	“Oh, so <i>this</i> is why they make us do the swim test”

WHCL BURNING TENT

Burning Man but with more rich college kid drugs (*really* shitty weed)
See, “Please don’t invite CAB,” p. 887

ON THIS DAY IN HILLSTORY

APRIL 30, 2012

Gender and sexuality unionize on campus

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Hamilton College

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Senior Week 2021 Schedule!!1

To get seniors excited about the last good days of their lives, we wanted to publish the schedule for the upcoming Senior Week (week = like 3 days). Hopefully this will give them the motivation to finish strong and encourage them to donate please.

Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Finals 2 Hope you've been studying biiiiiiiiitch! 10:00am-1:00pm	Hangover Helper Bright lights and loud noises galore! 8:00am-12:00pm	Senior Sacrifice Pick a god and pray 'cuz you're on your way 6:66am	Graduation Prep *NOTE* All students returning after yesterday's move out <u>MUST</u> complete a 24-hour quarantine 6:00am-3:00pm
Special WHCL Broadcast Tune in to hear your deepest, darkest secrets read out of your diary for all to hear 1:00pm-5:30pm	Billie Eilish Live Performance! [CANCELLED]	Plant In Memoriam For all the Buff and Bloom friends who didn't make it you fucking sickos 12:00pm-5:00pm	Solitary Confinement Maybe this will teach you little shits some goddamn respect 3:00pm-4:59pm
	Senior P.U.B. Come to the Little Pub to recieve your Public Unending Beating [MANDATORY] 6:00pm-8:00pm		
Potluck Dinner It's just the scraps from the dumpster behind Commons 5:30pm-8:00pm	Sample Text REMEMBER TO CHANGE BEFROE SENDING xx:xxam-xx:xxpm	HUGE ADMIN RAGER Thank god those losers are finally gone 5:00pm-3:00am	Commencement Commence these nuts lmao seriously tho get the fuck out 4:59pm-5:00pm

Hastily and poorly assembled in MS Paint by Mr. Kelly '21

C&C DAY COUPONS

HAMILTON COLLEGE

Class and Charter Day Coupon

3RD FLOOR

LIBRARY HANDJOB

ON US!

VALID DURING ALL HOURS 8/7

Present this coupon to a food truck vendor and be escorted to a world of your dreams at the Burke Library 3rd floor. Make sure to be extra quiet, it is the library after all!

HAMILTON COLLEGE

STAY IN DAVID WIPPMANS BATHROOM

EVER WONDER HOW A PRESIDENT POOPS?

VALID FROM 4AM TO 6AM. JUST DONT TELL DAVID 🐘

CLASS AND CHARTER DAY

DISCOUNT COUPON

➡➡➡

50% OFF

⬅⬅⬅

NICOTINE GUM AT CLIFS

www.hamiltoncollege.edu

Present this coupon at facilities management to get your

WET MOP

www.hamiltoncollege.edu

Friday Five:
Opus Replacements

By Mr. Wilson '23

The rumors surrounding Cafe Opus have troubled us as well. The Dark Side institution has been run by Larry for oh so many years as a front for hanging out with college students. The rights to the cafe, which serves coffee and music which Shazam can't quite recognize, may be sold off at the end of this year. The bespectacled and be-turtlenecked Opus-goers have come together to agree on who or what should run the space.

5. Arby's. If you're looking for something to capture the original indie coffeehouse, Arby's is a great option. It's probably a real place and not a money-laundering scheme by the last remaining Kennedy. Arby's might not be able to provide the comfort of a cafe, but combine their Half-Pound Roast Beef Sandwich® (which is just wafer-thin slices of beef piled as high as a fucking pint glass on a dry bun) with a double-shot oat milk dirty chai and you'll have one part of a balanced breakfast.

4. Three raccoons in a trench coat. Sure they don't have the greatest hygiene and have no conception of the English language, but they play some really underground stuff. It's a combination of scream-core, trash-grunge, police sirens, and Girl in Red. As for the trench coat, they got it at a thrift store. Well, in the alley behind a thrift store.

3. Idris Elba and a hot plate. I just feel like he could do it. He's got the muscle, he's got the face, he's got my arm pinned behind my back and my face pressed against a plate glass window and he's telling me my social security number. I just think we should give him a go at it.

2. Opus 0.5. We all know about and have never been to Opus 2, but what if Opus just downsized into Opus 0.5? No more milks, just straight espresso shots. Actually, never mind, just the beans and you have to eat 'em like Skittles. No more cookies, just some loose chocolate chips in the bean can. Each bean costs like \$1.74 and the baristas are paid with a stable relationship with a father figure (Larry if you're a senior and Vince if you're a junior or below). There is one chair and only the biggest tipper can sit in it.

1. Me. Put me in coach.

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Found in a Trustee Care Package by Mr. Gallagher '21