

STUDENT FINDS ODD MESSAGE IN CARE PACKAGE “Please call me back.”

CATTLESTROPHIC PARADE ROCKS CAMPUS

Holy cow(s)!

By Mr. Lannon '22

SHAKE, CATTLE, AND ROLL DEPT.

(THE FARM) Hamilton students were startled awake this past Wednesday, as an unearthly mooing reverberated through campus, followed by the hours-long thunder of thousands of cows stampeding down the Hill. The stampede succeeded in impeding the vast majority of human foot traffic around campus. At 10:08 that morning, President Wippman sent out an email, declaring that campus was truly “cowed-in,” resulting in cancelled classes and events for the campus’ first ever “cow day.”

No one was happier about the stampede than Branson Meely '22, whose Honor Court hearing was cancelled entirely. According to Honor Court prosecutor Jackson Tremor '21, “Divine intervention was abolished back when we joined up with Kirkland, for separation of Church from institution laws or something, but Statute 614-C states that in the event of more than ten cows being on campus at once, the trial is moo-t in accordance with bovine intervention. Branson is a lucky bastard, but he’s off the hook.”

MELTING SNOW SAVES LOCAL DETECTIVE’S ASS

Can finally retire after solving cold case

By Mr. Wilson '23

SEEN TOO MUCH DEPT.

(MISSING-MINOR FIELD) Due to a fantastic combination of global climate change and normal weather patterns, the snow covering Hamilton’s campus has finally melted, revealing a number of long-lost objects. Local detective Mathias McCoughney was particularly relieved to hear that news. One object, the severed hand of a local girl, solved his cold case.

Between long sips of black coffee and longer flashbacks to the murder of his wife, McCoughghney has been working to solve the case of 15-year-old Clinton resident Chelsea Clinton. When asked about solving the case, he said, “Finally, I can take off this damn trench coat. It’s so gross, but in order to look grizzled and no-nonsense, we all know that you need to wear a beige trench coat. Anyway it smells like a dog toy got deep fried and sprinkled with pig

Since Wednesday’s stampede, there have been reports of mooing near the chapel, along with chanting and a hellish glow. When moving closer to investigate the noises, no one appeared to be on the scene. Instead, the words “Join Moocifer’s herd” were etched over and over again into the chapel floor next to a pentagram of milk bottles.

With the hope of steering students away from such troubling influences, the Agricultural and Religious Studies departments teamed up, plastering campus with posters depicting a flaming red cow. The posters proclaim, “Heed not the loose heifer’s call,” and “Protect thy soul from the hornèd bull.” Resident know-it-all Monica Walton '21 interjected, “Uh, not to rain on your stampede or anything, but all bulls have horns. And hooves. And tails. That one’s just red. No one’s going to recognize it from your poor description.” As if in response, a flaming portal promptly appeared, conjuring a blazing red bull, to which Walton simply said, “Oh. Actually...” before the bull chased her into the Glen.

In other events, the campus milkman was reported missing as of Thursday evening. The matter is still under College investigation, but authorities have ruled out any connection with the milk bottles littered outside the chapel at this time.

shit so that’s the main thing I’m worried about here. Also this fucking trauma beard is getting itchy.” When asked about the family, he said, “Oh, yeah she’s had a hook for a while; she’s been good. This coat, though...”

The hand was found nestled between a broken downstem from a novelty bong and this super cool rock. McCoughgheney spotted it on his customary mid-afternoon brooding stroll through the College’s campus. The sight of it interrupted his gripping and emotionally-turmoiled inner dialogue and threw off the day of sulking and self-loathing he had ahead of him. While it was not the first hand to be found on Hamilton’s campus, it does have the distinction of being the ugliest and least popular.

McCoughenhegheney is expected to address the local community shortly with a curt, professional briefing during which he will take a question where he waits way too long before answering, so there’s enough time for us to understand the depth of the closure he feels. He has already stated that he kept the rock.

STUDENT PLANNING SNAFU STAMPEDES STUDENTS

“No, not actual hippos, it’s a pun, like a hippocam—oh my god, RUN!”

By Ms. Adler '24

HIPAA DEPT.

(KTSA POND) To spice up the eternal boredom that is socially distanced college, CAB (Clowns Acting Brutal) advertised the upcoming virtual performance of Hippo Campus, a musical group known for their groovy tunes. However, in a planning mix-up to rival that of the Four Seasons Landscaping incident or even the *Because Hamilton* Campaign, instead of providing the students a chance to attend this virtual concert, Student Activities organized a herd of hippopotami to be brought onto campus.

“It’s a liberal arts school full of crazy rich kids. Why wouldn’t they want hippos?!” Jack O’Connor '21, the CAB (Certified Angus Beef) member responsible for bringing the hippos on campus said. Running gingerly from the enraged hippo, he continued, “I was like, sure, maybe that’s what the upper-middle-class is into these days! How was I supposed to know it was a mistake? I mean, anything is possibl-AAAGH!”

The hippopotami were filed as emotional support animals and brought onto campus early this afternoon. CAB (Captain Anne Bonny) members hoped to cover up their mistake by sending out an email entitled “Paws to Relax— sike, there’s no concert, enjoy these hippos, haha, we totally intended to do that!!!”

Problems arose when members of the fraternity of Heta-Pi-Omicron went skinny dipping in the KTSA pond, unaware that it had become a hippo hotbed. Several members of the fraternity had to be taken to the hospital, one of whom, Blake Nye '22, lost an arm. “When I tried to pet her, she just bit me,” Nye sobbed. “Tasha was never that mean on *The Backyardigans*. I feel lied to!”

On the hippopotami, Dean of Students Terry Martinez said, “We will be dealing with this as soon as we can, so expect the hippopotami to be around at least until the end of this semester. For self defense, we recommend that students keep marbles on hand to offer as a sacrifice to these hungry hungry hippopotami. Don’t give too many to one, though— I learned that the hard way and lost all of mine!”

In this issue: he learned something when he entered that panda...

BUFF & BLOOM



More like Buff & Gloom—I’ve got shingles.

See, “Shingle and ready to mingle,” pg. 1903

ON THIS DAY IN HILLSTORY

MARCH 25, 48 BCE

First tolles paid

MIDTERM FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	 88% chance you don't need to worry about the 8-page paper anyways	 High probability light week only applies to Light Siders	 “I’m way too busy to go to the gym, but I will wait 45 mins for Opus brunch”



# Vaccine Day Diary

Sat. March 20, 2021

9:26 AM - i am so goddamn hungover

9:28 AM - oH FUCK IT’S VACCINE DAY

10:06 AM - Still made it to the appointment basically on time! But now Lily and Ashley and Kaleigh are all ahead of me in line (ugh)

10:11 AM - Literally the entirety of Tumbling After is in line ahead of me now, how the fuck did they all meet the eligibility requirements? Doses should be saved for the people who really need the vaccine, like the Board of Trustees and me. I need it because my roommate’s dog has asthma and I have a doctor’s note to prove it. All the members of TA are really taking advantage of an already overburdened system. I should write something for *The Monitor* about this to get the truth out.

10:32 AM - I got a sparkly band aid!

11:07 AM - Dose one DONE (#PfizerGang) time to CELEBRATE. Gonna hug every single one of my homies and shotgun every single one of their beers. My roommate Josh is begging that I shotgun elsewhere since he’s in class right now. He doesn’t understand how great my sacrifice is and how great my reward should be.

11:40 AM - Three beers down, twenty-seven to go! Arm isn’t even that sore so I’m sure I’ve got literally nothing to worry about.

12:24 PM - Virus shmirus, amiright? Seven beers down, so a third of the 30-rack is gone. I don’t remember what the sexy National Guard officers said the vaccine side-effects would be, but I just burped so hard I almost puked.

1:01 PM - So is nausea a side-effect? Or dizziness? I couldn’t really taste the fifth shot I took, should I be worried?

2:17 PM - Boys……. bros……. everything is sore. I think the vaccine is kicking in. I also tried to go sledding down College Hill Road but there was no snow so I did a sick tumble for about 38 yards, might’ve slammed my head on the pavement.

3:47 PM - Are you allowed to swim after getting the vaccine? Lol I hope so because I just went swimming in the Little Pond and I’m PRETTY sure Frank Coots didn’t see me. Water temp in the pond was only 56 degrees (I know because I inhaled a bunch of it). My chest is tight now, from all that vaccine swirling in my lungs.

4:02 PM - Haha blaze it amiright?? Josh tried to tell me to slow down but I told him to remember the sacred words (“Saturdays Are For The Boys To Get Blasted At A Reasonable 6-10 Feet Distance, i.e. The Perfect Pong Table Length”) and he told me that I was breaking CDC guidelines with my very existence and also being a really inconvenient drunk (I needed help climbing up the really steep ramp to get into Commons because my muscles are SO sore because of the vaccine I got this morning and now Josh has the GALLSTONES to call me inconvenient??? I served my country this morning, Josh!! What have you done? EMTs aren’t real doctors, Josh, you can get off your high horse)

5:34 PM - Josh sat me down on my bed and put on *Survivor* so I guess I have to stay here until the episode is over. The 30-rack in the fridge is gone and the back-up-30-rack under my bed is also gone, so I think we really accomplished something today boys. And you know what that is? Saving Lives. Because I got the vaccine. I’m so noble.

5:59 PM - Good thing Josh gave me all these blankets because I am so chilly! Definitely getting a fever from that first vaccine dose. Definitely has nothing to do with the fact that I’m still wearing my pond-swimming clothes.

Received as a series of voice memos by Ms. Cavallino ’21

## This Idiot’s Still Wearing a Winter Coat

OH GUESS YOU DIDN’T CHECK THE WEATHER THIS MORNING, HUH BUB? YOU THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BE IN THE THIRTIES? PATHETIC. IT’S NOT. IT’S FIFTY DAMN DEGREES AND YOU’RE OUT HERE DRESSING LIKE YOU’RE LEADING A PACK OF 14 BULKY, THRIVING PUPS IN THE IDITAROD. WHAT THE HELL MAN. YOU’RE NOT THAT COOL, AND THIS ISN’T NEBRASKA.

OH YOU DID CHECK THE WEATHER BUT YOU FORGOT WHAT FIFTY DEGREES FEELS LIKE? WELL GUESS WHAT. IF YOU GOOGLE ‘WEATHER CLINTON NY’ IT SHOWS YOU PICTURES OF WHAT 50 DEGREES FEELS LIKE. IT FEELS LIKE SUN. THAT’S IT. YOU DON’T NEED A JACKET. YOU CAN’T GET YOUR TAN ON WHEN YOU’RE WEARING A BLAND, \$700 COAT THAT ALL YOUR BLAND FRIENDS ALSO WEAR. I BET YOU THINK SUNNY D GETS YOU ALL YOUR VITAMIN D, TOO. PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER.

AND GUESS WHAT. I BET UNDER THAT PLUSHY BIG UNSEXY NUMBER YOU GOT ON, YOU’RE COVERED IN SWEAT. AND NOT JUST ANY SWEAT…BUT SWEAT THAT STICKS TO THE BACK OF YOUR NECK WITH MORE DISCOMFORT THAN THAT FAKE HICKEY YOU GAVE YOURSELF IN TENTH GRADE. EFFING DISGUSTING.

AND IT’S NOT LIKE YOU CAN ESCAPE IT. IT’S NOT A JEAN JACKET OR A CARDIGAN. IT’S A LARGE ASS COAT YOUR PARENTS BOUGHT YOU TO MAKE UP FOR THE FACT THAT THEY’RE GETTING A DIVORCE. THERE’S NO SPACE FOR IT IN YOUR BACKPACK. WHEREVER YOU GO, YOU HAVE TO CARRY IT. KIND OF LIKE THOSE MEMORIES YOU HAVE OF YOUR MOM YELLING AT YOU IN THE MIDDLE OF YOUR ELEVENTH BIRTHDAY PARTY. (AND GUESS WHAT– YOU DESERVED IT.)

OOOOOH, IS IT GETTING HOTTER? PROBABLY BECAUSE YOU JUST GOT THE J&J VACCINE, YOU ONE-PUMP CHUMP. GOOD ON YOU FOR STOPPING THE SPREAD.

ALTHOUGH IT’S NOT LIKE ANYONE IS GOING TO WANT TO HANG OUT WITH YOU WITH ALL THAT B.O. EMANATING FROM THAT STANK COAT YOU GOT ON. DAMN. LEARN TO AIR YOURSELF OUT. I’D EVEN TAKE A MIDDLE SCHOOL LOCKER ROOM FILLED WITH AXE DEODORANT OVER WHATEVER YOU’VE GOT GOING ON. I CAN’T BELIEVE I STILL HAVE TO TEACH PEOPLE THIS SHIT. IT’S CALLED COMMON SENSE. IT’S CALLED MAKING USE OF THAT BIG DARK SIDE WINDOW OF YOURS AND SAYING TO YOURSELF, ‘HEY, THE SNOW HAS MELTED. MAYBE I DON’T MAKE A MISTAKE TODAY.’ FOR GODSSAKE.

MAYBE TOMORROW YOU TRY PUTTING ON YOUR BIG PERSON PANTIES AND WEARING SOMETHING MORE WEATHER-APPROPRIATE, YEAH? YOU KNOW WHAT? NEVERMIND. I DON’T KNOW WHY I EXPECT ANYTHING MORE THAN DISAPPOINTMENT FROM YOU.

but actually be careful it’s supposed to get a little chilly

Spoken to self by Ms. Terhune ’21

## WORST THESES IN HAMILTON HISTORY

*With the end of the academic year drawing ever closer, many of Hamilton’s seniors have found themselves frantically trying to piece together their thesis topics in time to graduate. In order to aid our soon-to-be alumni on their paths to being the best and brightest among a sea of dumb and dullest, we at the Office of Student Advising have assembled some of the worst theses in Hamilton’s history. While this list is not exhaustive, it should give all students an understanding of just how low we can go here on the Hill.*

**SOCIOLOGY** *The Effects of Having some Bald Ass Bitch Tell Me What To Do All Semester:* Yeah, what’s up now Professor?

**ART HISTORY** *Look at this shit I drew in Sixth Grade:* You’re going to tell me this shit doesn’t look EXACTLY like my dog Sparky?

**HISTORY** *Baddie or Bad-Guy:* An analysis of Stalin’s sex appeal in his rise to power.

**WORLD POLITICS** *Let’s see What Mexico can do with the DMZ.*

**PHYSICS** *I think Matthew McCacophany was Really Good in:* Interstellar.

**NEUROSCIENCE** *All this Neuroscience but you Still Wouldn’t Give Me Brain.*

**PHILOSOPHY** *Wait, has Joe Rogan Written a Self-Help Book Yet?*

**LITERATURE** *Examining Themes of Abandonment in Mary Shelley’s Frankenstein:* A Literature Feces.

**ITALIAN STUDIES** *I Makea the Pasta, I fail-a all of my classes*

**MATH** *I Found a New Number:* This Shit is Crazy. (It’s 8.5)

**INTERDISCIPLINARY** *I did Meth for a year, here’s what I learned:* I am no longer a student here.

**COMPUTER SCIENCE** *I Crafted an A.I. and Even It Won’t Fuck Me.*

**CLASSICS** *Classic Brent:* That Guy is so Fucking Funny.

**PSYCH** *Too Slow!* Haha, Got you Dumbass.

**WOMEN AND GENDER STUDIES** *I Don’t Know:* They Wouldn’t Talk to Me.

**CHEMISTRY** *I made that other dude’s:* Meth.

An analysis by Mr. Steele ’23

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