

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXXVIII, ISSUE VII “Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.” OCTOBER 22, 2021

Here’s Why All My Problems Are The New Dean’s Fault

SQUIRRELS RALLY FOR FUNDING HOC Officers protest proposal

By Mr. Chivily ’23
NUTTY EXPENDITURES DEPT.
(A GARBAGE CAN BESIDE COMMONS)
Squirrels left their nests across campus to petition Student Assembly for funding. Dozens of squirrels patiently stood in line to speak during public comment period, waiting for student union representatives to finish pontificating. “Listen, we squirrels have a hard time on campus. We have to avoid concussions from those falling nuts that look like tennis balls, drunk Econ bros who will run us over, and people who violate our privacy to post photos of us on Instagram,” squirrel representative Walnut Honeycomb ’22 said.

Despite the passionate remarks from many squirrel students, Student Assembly declined to give the squirrels funding, citing the Squirrel Students Association’s failure to complete the required hundreds of hours of training, thirty-seven forms, and eleven check-in meetings necessary to receive funding. “Listen, it sucks, but the rules are the rules. And besides, Student Assembly has more important things to focus on, like defaming students and

implementing my personal vanity projects,” Student Assembly President Flavius Ricimer ’23 said.
After the future ambulance chasers rejected their request, the squirrels appealed directly to Administration for funding. Gathering outside the President’s House, they politely asked President Wippman for the funding. Horrified at the thought of interacting with students on a personal level, President Wippman ordered Bon Appétit employees to chase the squirrels away, declaring that “any captured squirrels will be served at Commons as Impossible meat.”
Following the debacle, the Squirrel Students Association appealed directly to students for donations: “Listen, the squirrel community is the most vulnerable and diverse community on campus. We have rabid and non-rabid squirrels, squirrels that burrow, squirrels that fly, and squirrels that exclusively eat thrown-out pizza crusts,” Honeycomb said, tugging at the student body’s love for furry animals.
In response, many students chipped in money for their squirrel peers. “Our squirrel friends should have the best lives possible and get nuts more frequently. They may not be human, but they’re just like us: overworked, horny, and anxious,” said Justin Hart ’23.

BONES FROM MARTIN’S WAY SKELETON DISAPPEARING, PRES. WIPPMAN GROWING SUSPICIOUSLY LARGER

Milk does nothing for bone strength
By Mr. Weremchuk ’24
BONE APPETITE DEPT.
(ELEPHANT GRAVEYARD) Hamilton College’s favorite Martin’s Way Skeleton lost weight after several of its bones have gone missing. News of these disappearances caused great dismay in the Hamilton community, particularly among those who have become acquainted with the calcified bench-sitter, admiring its steadfast presence and radiant white bones. Speculation on who the perpetrator of this vertebrate vandalism might be has run amok, and some students are pointing fingers at President Wippman, citing a correlation between Wippman’s alleged increase in size and the bone disappearances.

“It’s no coincidence that Mr. Wippman’s femurs have grown considerably in both size and definition since the Skeleton started losing its bones,” Hugh Merus ’22 said passionately. Other students on campus replied with like vigor: “I’ve always admired Mr. Wippman for his stately features, but it seems like whenever I see him nowadays, he appears to be much more filled out than before. He looms over me now in the line at Commons, and the toes that I would once admire behind the shroud of his footwear now poke out, having overpowered his worldly accessories,” Pat Ella ’24 said. “I just can’t help but think that he’s the one taking those bones! Look, as someone who studies biology, I just can’t help but be on the side of the bones. There’s really something going on here with the bones, and I just can’t sit idly by while those fine bones go missing,” Bo N. Hur ’22 said assiduously while smacking his lips and chewing agar.

The plight of the Bone Man has become so salient that even those who do not usually pay attention to daily bone events have chimed in on the bone saga. “I’m telling you I’ve seen him!” (David Wippman) “I peer out of the window and see him skipping and hopping and singing some sort of tune that I can’t really hear very well through the KJ window while he licks his chops and approaches the skeleton directly,” a Facilities worker who asked to remain anonymous said. Whoever the perpetrator may be, it seems the time of their sly scheme may soon run out. Whether it’s a shower or a grower, a bone can only be hidden for so long.

BREAKING NEWS: FRESHMEN CAN’T HOLD THEIR LIQUOR

Once seen it cannot be unseen
By Mr. Hayes ’25
DEPT. OF STUDENT SELF CONTROL
(DIRTY D) As the second half of the semester approaches, it has come to the attention of all students that freshmen, in fact, cannot hold their liquor. Upon investigation into the archives of Student Assembly, the volume of “boot” (in liters) emitted by the current Freshman class has reportedly tripled since the measurement was taken last fall with the Class of 2024. This phenomenon can be attributed to an astounding eighty-nine percent of the current freshman class who informed the College that their consumption of “the good stuff” is limited to “less than two-and-five-eighths of a sip of a watered-down White Claw every eight years.”
These statistics of student abstinence are remarkably high, thus it is a surprise that maintenance has found the contents of the stomachs of the Class of 2025 in more remarkable places than ever before. In an exclusive interview with Hunter Greenburg, a Facilities worker for Hamilton Col-


lege, he shared, “I am thoroughly astounded by the places that these damn kids relieve themselves. This year alone, I have seen varied quantities of boot on the map, boot in the shape of a smiley face on Martin’s Way, and boot sealing the KTSA entrance so tight that the Fallcoming amphitheater concert had to be canceled. I knew it was those ’25ers because it reeked of cheap vape smoke, sour Fireball, and desperation.”
Campus Safety has also fielded a record amount of hysterical freshmen inquiring about pressing charges against classmates who crash their “room parties” and steal their “alc,” just to watch it slip out of their hands and spill the precious liquid all over their shoebox room. In another interview with Lyndon Hall ’25, an occupant of one of these shoeboxes, he explained, between deep inhales of his dab pen, that “[I] have lived in the laundry room in Keehn for the better part of a week, throwing lit darts and Jolly Ranchers into the washing machines to try to mask the smell of 151 proof rum, bottom shelf rosé, and disgusting fucking freshman sweat.” He then acknowledged that he added a special, exclusively freshman touch to the Sarah Oppenheimer exhibit last Saturday.

In this issue: “I brought plates!”

FALL FEST FORECAST

12:00 PM	1:00 PM	3:34 PM
		
80% chance this is pre-COVID life you didn't miss	See: Fall Fest	“Where is my prize?”

CABARET




Like a talent show but without.
See, “Encore!” pg. 1881

Weekly Campus Construction Update

We planted a bunch of grass and a real big smooch on your forehead

OSHA Violation Count:
This one's for fire



NO HOGWARTS AT HAMILTON: HOES MAD

BRO, I LITERALLY DON'T UNDERSTAND. WE WENT TO BEES FOR THE APPS. I PAID LAST TIME WHEN SHE WASN'T THERE, SO I LET HER PAY THIS TIME. AM I GONNA GET IN THE WAY OF EQUAL PAY? NO. AM I GONNA GET IN THE WAY OF APPS? HELL NO. I EVEN LET HER DRIVE. OK, NOT DRIVE LIKE THE CAR, BUT I LET HER SIT IN THE PASSENGER SEAT, WHICH WAS A BIG DEAL FOR HER I ASSUME (WE DID NOT SPEAK IN THE CAR). FIRST SHE GOT MAD BCS I WANTED TO GET DINNER EARLY SO I WOULDN'T MISS THE PRE (APPLEPRE), AND THEN SHE GOT MAD BECAUSE I KEPT CALLING FORE-PLAY A PRE*. SHE DIDN'T EAT A LOT AT DINNER BUT ONLY BCS EVERY TIME SHE REACHED FOR THE NACHOS I SMACKED HER HAND. NACHO CHEESE, BITCH. I MEAN?? IT'S LITERALLY FUNNY.

I WANTED TO ROLL THE WINDOWS DOWN ON THE RIDE BACK SO IT COULD BE A MOVIE, BUT SHE KEPT WORRYING THAT HER BABY BROTHER WOULD FLY OUT OF THE CAR, WHICH ONLY HAPPENED TWICE. I HAVE NO SOFT SPOT FOR BABIES; THEY HAVE ONE FOR ME, THOUGH. AFTER THE SECOND TIME HE FLEW OUT (CRINGE) HE WAS ALL LIKE "TAKE ME TO THE HOSPITAL," AND I WAS ALL LIKE, "NEXT TIME BUCKLE THE SEATBELT LIKE YOU MEAN IT, IDIOT." I WEAR MINE AROUND MY NECK SO MY EYES NEVER LEAVE THE ROAD AND MY ARMS STAY MOBILE. I ALSO WIPE BEFORE I SHIT.

I WAS GONNA DROP HER OFF AT BUNDY, BUT I FIGURED SHE NEEDED THE EXERCISE. SO I DROPPED HER AT NORTH LOT AND SAID "TAKE A LAP," BUT SHE DIDN'T JUMP OUT OF THE CAR. I EVEN SLOWED DOWN. I THEN DID WHAT ANYONE WOULD DO: THROW THE BABY OUT THE CAR AND YELL, "CATCH." SHE DIDN'T, BUT IT WAS GOOD TO FINALLY SEE HER HUSTLE.

I WAS LEAVING NORTH LOT (SHE WAS WALKING NEXT TO ME IG?). I ASK HER HOW HER DINNER WAS BCS IT'S STILL LITERALLY FUNNY, AND SHE SAYS, "I'M FINE," WHICH MEANS SHE'S FINE. SO I START WALKING AWAY, AND THEN SHE SAYS, "NO REALLY I'M FINE," SO I KNOW I'M GONNA GET SOME TONIGHT. AND THEN SHE GOES, "I THINK WE NEED TO TALK." THEY LOVE TALKING. I GO, "BABE, YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT YOU SPEAKING." "HOW DO YOU FEEL?" SHE ASKS. I EXPLAIN: "PASS." I ONLY LET HER TALK TO ME IF IT'S FAMILY FEUD RULES.

I WAS OUTSIDE MILBANK WHEN I PASSED A BUNCH OF— NO OFFENSIVE— FRUITS WHO WERE YELLING ABOUT HARRY POTTER OR SOMETHING. I WAS GOING TO GO UP AND ASK— JUST KIDDING. THEN THE ONE WITH THE HAIR SAID, "AREN'T YOU SO PISSED IT'S CANCELED?!! HOGWARTS AT HAMILTON WAS MY FAVORITE PRE-COVID TRADITION." YEA, YOU KNOW WHAT MINE WAS, LADY? GIVING PEOPLE COVID WHO DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT IT YET. CHECK YOUR PRIVILEGE. THE ONE NEXT TO HER ALSO WITH THE HAIR BUT LIKE KINDA UGLIER SAID, "NO REALLY, I'M FINE." AND THEN I REALIZED. NO HOGWARTS AT HAMILTON: HOES BE MAD.

I CALLED UP MY BROAD. SHE WAS CRYING ON THE OTHER END. I HAD ALWAYS IMAGINED THAT WOULD TURN ME ON BUT REALLY IT JUST MADE EVERYTHING SHE SAID SOUND GROSSER, GROSSER THAN USUAL. "I HEARD, AND I'M SORRY," I LIED (LOW KEY SIDE NOTE, THIS ACTING SHIT SO EASY IDK WHY SHE'S ALWAYS COMPLAINING ABOUT HER MAJOR). SHE SAID, "YOU MEAN IT?" AND I SAID, "YEA, SURE." THAT NIGHT, BEFORE I WENT TO SLEEP (MEGA NAP), I THANKED THOSE FREAKS FOR SHOWING ME WHAT'S UP. CHECK ON YOUR HOE. HOES MAD THESE DAYS.

Left on read by Ms. Davidson '23 and Mr. Steele '23

Board of Trustees Actually Very Fun and Cool... super chill hang

After years of wandering the desert, the lost Hamilton Flock has found its Shepherd(s). A tribe of wise men (and women) has appeared to give guidance to the confused herd of Clinton, NY. The well-intentioned but naive Hamilton College student body is *finally* beginning to realize that the Board of Trustees are actually super cool. Since time immemorial Hamilton students have either ignored the existence of the Trustees or dismissed them as "Old Rich People." One might imagine that the Board was perturbed by their reputation. This assumption is wrong. Multiple Trustees have reached out to The Duel, assuring us that they actually legit don't care what the student body, who are all basically children, think about them, but like actually. This clarification further establishes what we at The Duel already know: the Board of Trustees are total chillers. They just, damn. They just have such a good vibe.

The Board loves all the same music we the students do, from Tones and I to Camilla Caballllo to Russ. Their representative also emphasized to The Duel that they are "Really into memes~ Big Chungus, Obama, "T-Pose" and "Deez [redacted]." The Hamilton College Trustees also love to Send It like The Nelt Boys~ very cool and "gnar!" According to one Trustee: "man, when work is tough, I sit back with some reefer, just like a College Student. During our meeting with the Board, one Trustee winked multiple times while shouting that he "loves to Netflix and Chill." Each and every Trustee is a super fun hang. A few of them even bought us O'Douls and some "dank kush," which was in fact CBD flower.

Found in a riverbed by the Levant by Mr. Lieberman '23

Friday Five: Literary Monsters I Would Court

By Mr. Hern '24

Staying on the Hill, even more exhausted than we were before break because two days just isn't enough. Locked away in our ivory towers as we are, we have to find solace in our books. But that doesn't mean we have to be lonely! In fact, those same books you're tired of looking at can offer plenty of opportunities if you're willing to get a bit...adventurous. Here are five literary monsters that I would consider courting if given the chance.

5. Count Dracula. He's intelligent, he's handsome, he's wealthy. It's not hard to see the appeal of the Count. And, unlike some vampires I could name, he's not going to turn into a dust bunny if he's in the sun for too long. However, I'm pretty sure he would drink me like a Capri Sun at the first opportunity (#RespectThePouch).

4. Cthulhu. Most people say that even attempting this would drive me insane, but Cthulhu is just misunderstood! He's always saying cute little things like "The downfall of this universe is imminent, and when it is all over, only I shall remain." God, what a charmer! He's not the easiest to get a hold of, though. His phone number is written using numerals I can't observe lest I die instantly, and contacting him through other means is a long, arduous process involving multiple human sacrifices.

3. Frankenstein's monster. His quiet demeanor is often mistaken for a lack of intelligence on his part. In reality, Prometheus (as he prefers to be called) is extremely intelligent and well-read. The media is always talking about men who are tall, dark, and handsome, and you'd be hard-pressed to find someone taller or darker than him. The handsome part, though... I'm going to be honest, he needs some work. The permanently jaundiced look isn't doing it for me.

2. Wolfman. This one goes out to all the wolfmen, wolfwomen, and non-binary wolfpeople out there. What is a werewolf but a person-shaped wolf? Just like their animalistic counterparts, werewolves are very loyal once you've gotten to know them, and if they allow you into a pack, that means they consider you a member of the family. Also, you'll have to get rid of your silverware.

1. Godzilla. Really, there was no other way this was going to end. The other guys are chumps compared to the King of the Monsters. Godzilla is simply perfect boyfriend material. And I've got him all to myself! That's right, losers, I've got a hot date with Godzilla tonight and— hang on, I'm getting a call. Can you make this quick? I'm pretty busy right now. What do you mean Godzilla isn't real? We have a date tonight, we matched on Tinder and everything! I'm getting catfished? No, that's not— I wouldn't... Um, if you'd excuse me, dear readers, I'm going for a long walk. I've got to clear my head.

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