

THE DUEL OBSERVER

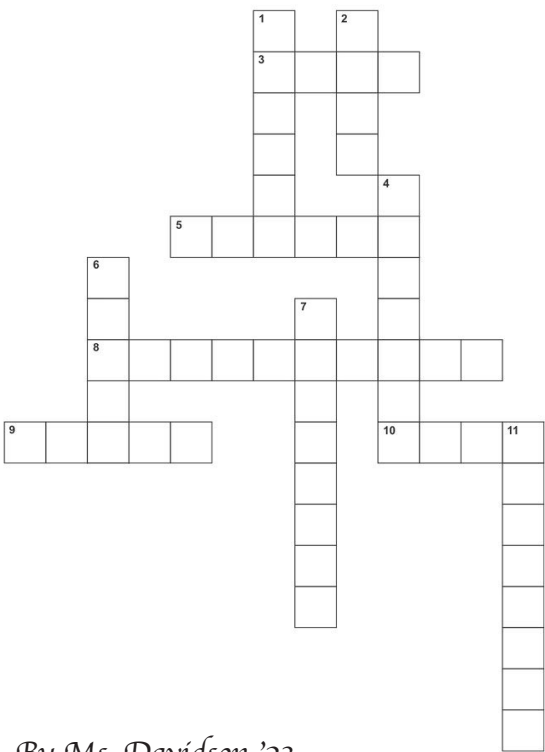
VOLUME XXXIX, ISSUE IV

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

FEBRUARY 18, 2022

Mail Center is Now Male Center: a Safe Space for Men

POST-VALENTINE’S DAY CROSSWORD



By Ms. Davidson ’23

DOWN

- 1. They’re romantic when spread on a bed
- 2. What to celebrate on Valentine’s Day
- 4. What a sudden rainstorm gives you
- 6. Young adults?
- 7. Lauryn Hill’s “Killing _____”
- 11. Marriage _____ Act

ACROSS

- 3. Roman god of love
- 5. What a candy heart may say
- 8. A romantic gesture, e.g.
- 9. Candles and roses have a good one
- 10. Bought in a dozen

FEBFEST WALRUS POACHED AS ESA; CULPRIT NOW SADDER THAN EVER

A heart-melting tail

By Ms. Miller ’22
NYS FISH AND GAME WARDEN’S DEPT.
(ON THE FLOOR, IN A PUDDLE) Those of us who have been at Hamilton for a while are no stranger to the wintry delights of FebFest, among them the iconic ice sculpture, which comes in a new form each year to cure our seasonal depression and make subzero wind-chill feel a little friendlier. Thus, students across campus were shocked to find this year’s iteration of the sculpture, adorable Wally J the Walrus, gone from his icy post earlier this week. “It was like, it was there, and then, it, like, wasn’t,” Mike Matthews ’23, member of Economics honor society ODE, President of his class, and self-proclaimed “short king/ski legend” said incredulously. “Super fucked up, man. Me and the boys were heading over to pay it our annual visit to smash it—uh, get smashed adjacent to it—and someone had beaten us there.” He was right: for the first time ever, the FebFest ice sculpture had indeed been saved from its usual death by aggression, and instead suffered a much, much worse fate.

Campus Safety discovered footage of Valen Thyme ’25 shuffling from the Beinecke Village complex to her room in Keehn with Wally in tow. “I know it wasn’t right, but I missed the deadline to register for an ESA and, well, I really needed some emotional support,” Ms. Thyme whimpered from behind a capacious sweater sleeve. “I was walking past Wally and I thought, ‘hey, I have always been attracted to the ice-cold types who say nothing in return--what if I brought him home with me?’ So I made him a little bed right next to my mini-fridge and tucked him in nice and warm. I even fed him some of my melatonin gummies. I talked to him all night about all my problems until I fell asleep, and I did feel emotionally supported! But when I woke up the next morning, Wally was gone—all that remained was a cold puddle in my carpet. Now I’m sadder than ever...and I have a wet carpet.”

The Hamilton points system has yet to institute a penalty for poaching, but Mr. Matthews ’23 hopes that justice will be served for Wally, “mostly because the boys said it was my turn to go on their shoulders and push it. I was looking forward to finally seeing what the tops of heads look like, bro!”

Seeking Approval for Satire Article

Theresa (Terry) Martinez (tmartine@hamilton.edu)

Seeking Approval for Satire Article|

Dear Ms. Dean Terry Martinez, Dean of Students, Hamilton College:

Good afternoon. I hope this email finds you well. I hope you are staying safe and healthy in these stressful, unprecedented times. I am grateful for your continued cooperation with students, faculty, and staffing shortages, but I am also grateful for Diner B.

I am writing on behalf of the Editorial Board of the College’s satire publication, *The Duel Observer*. *The Duel Observer* is an on-campus publication known for its light blue color and its placement on the dining hall tables. The dining halls are where students eat, and there are at least three of them on our campus.

The Duel Observer releases a new issue every Friday, and in each issue there are articles. On Sunday, the day of Rest, we meet in KJ (Kirner-Johnson) 102 at 7:00 PM to decide on pieces for the week. Usually, the Editorial Board is capable of deeming which headlines are off-limits and really funny. Last Sunday, I pitched an idea that the Board couldn’t deem appropriate or not. So, I am here to pitch to you, Ma’am:

Terry Martinez Eats Shit on Martin’s Way

Now, I’m sure you have questions. Martin’s Way is a bridge, deemed physically unsafe by over three students and mentally exhausting by anyone who walks across when Diner is open. “Eats Shit,” you see, is a common expression used by common folk like us, the hysterical and under-educated. This expression is a metaphor for slipping obviously and farcically, typically intensely so.

I, along with other *Duel Observer* staffers, thought the subverted contextualization of the phrase, along with the obvious and farcical image would pique the interest of our students—that is, if we were to publish the headline. We would never publish a piece before sought approval of the Dean of Students of Hamilton College. I hear she has a good sense of humor.

Please let us know if you grant us approval to print this headline and article.

Best,
3143236

Read over the shoulder by Ms. Davidson ’23

In this issue: it looks like a skunk...it's supposed to at least.

JEBFEST



First 69 people who show up get to clap. See, “Is he an alum? I thought he was an alum.” pg. 2016

Weekly Omelette Recipe

1. I don't care if it was the chicken or the egg; I come first



24 HOUR THEATER FORECAST

7:00 PM

8:30 AM

7:00 PM



Low probability your fanatic will translate well onstage



Cast Bonding



“The world is a stage, but so is the Filius Events Barn.”

Snenis, if you will



FINISH



GADZOOKS! MINE WENCH HATH CONCEIVED UPON YON FEAST
OF SAINT VALENTINE, THO' I'VE BEEN ON CRUSADE SINCE
YULETIDE

Howeth canneth it beith? Mine faithful wench, Tiffany of the House of Saunders, hath sent me an epistle thru' the Enchanted Web of Zuckerberg proclaiming the wond'rous news that she is with childe. I set down mine lance (six of noble King Richard's feet, should it mattereth) and sat me down upon the greene Earth to thank the LORD. He hath bless'd mine house with another spare childe to make up for the first seven whelping and breastfeeding mishaps of mine earlier wives. (My only remaining childe, William, is not long for the world, as he is as frail and weak as a Continental football player).

Furthermore, I allwayes wore mine sheepskin when carnally knowing my Tiffany 'fore I left. I understande not the ways of the womenfolke and their Eve-curs'd blood of fertillitie, but I believeth Tiffany conceiv'd on or about the Moste Erotic Feeste of Saint Valentine. Although I have pray'd most fervently, it seemeth not that I shall receive the heavenly tidings of the Second Coming, and I must begin to suspect the low-born and dishonourable Sir (had of the Horse Lance. He hath often attended mine table and express'd his desire to "stick his sword in yonder stone". When I return I shall challenge him in the face of heaven and shall feed Tiffany unto my hogs for her Judas-like infidelity.

Most faithfully yours,
Sir Davide of the Thin Arrowshaft



Post-Valentine's Day Crossword Answer Key	
DOWN	ACROSS
1. Petals	3. Eros
2. Love	5. U R sweet
4. Wet hair	8. Bubble bath
6. Babies	9. Scent
7. Me softly	10. Roses
11. Equality	

Four hundred and fifty? Did you just say you have four hundred and fifty different little animals that I can stuff, CAB? Woah, that's a lot. I have to take a breath, a moment to take it all in. And you're saying that there are different kinds of animals, it's not just cubs? Wow. That's great. Really great. You know what they say, "Every good cub needs a good stuff," so here are my top 5 recommendations.

4. Beans. I really like beans and I think that they'd be a great fit for my cub! I really like my bean bag chair at home and whenever I sit on it I always get that same satisfying smush :). I want to have a special relationship like that with my cub. Always so soft and mushy on the inside. Beans make me feel welcomed.

2. Ideas. I want my cub to be smart. I want my cub to know things about the world. When I visit my cub for the first time, I want our time together to be special. I want to bring my books, so that I can read to my cub. I want to tell my cub everything I know, and then to put my books inside my cub. Sew my books inside of my cub.

1. Love. Every Cub deserves to be loved. That's my motto and I stand by it. Every Cub deserves to be loved. And that's not just something I just say to people so that I can thumb my nose at them, I really think every Cub deserves to be loved. That's why I stuff my cub with love. Just like homemade pancakes, or knitted sweaters, or some little flowers. A sunny spring day that's just a little cold but not too cold and you can hang out with your dog in the park. Now that's what I'm talking about. I put all that love into my cub. Every ounce. Every fluid ounce. I stuff it all in my cub. Because I care! I care! And that's not something everyone can say these days.

FINE PRINT: *The Duel Observer* is a publication of the Hamilton College Media Board, and is published every Friday. The facts and opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily true or indicative of staff opinions. Any resemblance to persons, organizations, or institutions real or imagined, is purely coincidental. Coincidences are coincidences.

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