

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLIV, ISSUE IV

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

SEPTEMBER 27, 2024

C.A.B. Announced B.O.B. for Fall Concert

PARKHURST REDUCES FOOD WASTE BY NOT FEEDING STUDENTS

Bundy asbestos walls turn out to be quite filling

By Ms. Mannes '26

CHEWING ON PLASTIC DEPT. (EVIL KITCHEN UNDER COMMONS) Amid Hamilton's quest to lower its carbon footprint and reduce waste, Parkhurst has introduced many novel ways to accomplish this goal. It first started with the green to-go boxes, the weighing (shaming) of food waste days, and the recent devastating loss of the paper cups.

However, according to Parkhurst's Environmental Coordinator Pamela Schuster, "We still end up with a lot of uneaten food at the end of the day." "We could start making better food, but that honestly sounds like a lot of work," Head Chef Pete explained while chewing on a cigar and watching Family Guy.

To address this growing issue, Parkhurst has turned to the extreme of just not providing food. "Yes, we are a contracted dining provider, but that doesn't mean we have to serve food," noted Schuster.

To fulfill their duty of providing a dining experience, Parkhurst began serving students plastic toy food in the dining halls. "We believe that the

communal aspect of dining is really important, and we wanted to keep that while still maintaining low levels of food waste," exclaimed Morris Helvetica, Community Liaison for Parkhurst.

Students are still expected to swipe in before entering the dining halls, and the price for the meal plan has not changed. "We're providing a service, and we should be paid for that," explained Schuster. "Plastic corn on the cob is much more expensive than you think."

To Hamilton's surprise, students still need to eat. "I'm so hungry I could eat a Groad horse," lamented senior Slop E. Joe '25. Students have resorted to grazing on the rugby field, fishing in the KJ water feature, and even going as far as foraging in Glenview for mushrooms.

Students who use Doordash or UberEats have been ordering catering from local restaurants. This has led to much more plastic overflowing the dorm trash cans and food waste. When asked about the wasteful effects that not feeding students has caused, Schuster responded, "we're not the ones creating the garbage. I don't care what these kids do outside of my dining halls. Our food waste has gone down by 100%, and our profits have increased by 85%. That's all that matters. If they're so hungry, they can just cook their own food." Seeing as this is Hamilton College the expectation that students will do anything for themselves is unrealistic. So, for the foreseeable future, the student body will be tea."

PARENTS WEEKEND SIRENS LINKED TO FOOTBALL PLAYER WHO THOUGHT HE COULD HANDLE YOUR MOM

He never stood a chance

By Mr. Hood '27

INSTANT LOSS DEPT.

(THE SCENE OF THE CRIME) It seems that following yet another devastating loss, Hamilton football team member Howie Feltersnatch '26 was looking for a win—the sort of win that could take his mind off being on perhaps the worst team the sport had ever seen. Although there was no shortage of drunk, pliable classmates, it seemed that tonight Feltersnatch wanted more. So, rather than head to the nearest party, he began to wander campus, looking for unattended moms.

When Feltersnatch was next seen, he had already met his doom. Found leaning against an exterior wall of the Wellin, his body was a ruin. His injuries include multiple pelvic fractures, catastrophic dehydration, soft tissue damage, and a missing nipple. Altogether, these have reduced Feltersnatch to a shell of his former self and will probably have a negligible impact on his football skills. Feltersnatch was unresponsive to first responders until his team captain, Luke Admadick '25, appeared on the scene with his usual wakeup ritual: whispered assurances of sex appeal and ball-handling skill into the injured player's ear.

Once Feltersnatch had been teased awake, he gave a chilling statement to *Duel* reporters on the scene. "I was feelin' pretty good, you know? The loss was just rolling off my shoulders, and I was looking forward to some finely aged pussy," Feltersnatch said through a film of tears that made it clear that the loss was not, in fact, rolling off his shoulders. "I saw this old lady right? Must've been at least 40. She was alone, and I came up to, you know, put the swag on her. Next thing I knew, I was up against the wall of the Wellin, and my nipple was 20 yards away."

Details have been omitted for the sake of decency, but Feltersnatch concluded his testimony with critical information: "she's still out there. I don't think she's even left campus. If you see a lovely older woman walking alone, *run for your life*."

The suspect, according to security footage and Feltersnatch's testimony, bears an alarming resemblance to your mom. In response to this, campus authorities ask: "Have you seen your mom? Do you know where she is? How is she doing? Have you called her?"

CAMPUS CELEBRATES THE 50TH ANNUAL FLOSSING OF THE BUNDYS

For legal reasons, I am not Stella Billman

By Ms. Stillman '27

THE BUNDY CRACK LOVERS DEPT. (THE BUNDY CRACK) Fifty years after its conception in 1974, the Flossing of the Bundys is still a reminder that all Hamilton students have one thing in common: they like to watch people get dragged through the crack. This year, however, the Flossing looked a little different.

First, hill cards were scanned upon entering the Bundy Crack to ensure every student attended: any student who did not attend faced expulsion. Once everyone arrived, the two candidates for the Flossing were announced by SGA president Hostin D. Ehvent '25. "Our two candidates this year are *drum roll* Shud B. Supherin '26 and Defnott Abowt-Sumwun '25!" Many gasps were heard throughout the crowd.

Ehvent then told the audience the wrongdoings of each candidate. "Mx. Supherin was spotted in the glen holding a bloody knife near three dead bodies." The Crack rumbled with passion. "And Mr. Abowt-Sumwun stated that *The Duel Observer* has written about the Bundy Crack 'too many times.' He said this to staff writer and crack enthusiast Stella Billman '27. He crushed

her dreams of writing about her beloved crevice!" The crowd began chanting "Bundy Crack! Bundy Crack!"

Typically, after the wrongdoings of each student are read, students in the crowd would each pick up a stone and throw it at the candidate they would most like to see get flossed. This year, however, this was deemed unnecessary. "Not once have I seen Hamilton so unified," Chris Card, Dean of students, told *The Duel Observer*.

Promptly, the flossing began. Abowt-Sumwun was first tarred and feathered by members of *The Duel Observer*. He was then tied onto a large rope named The Bundy Thong by the sailing team. Once it was confirmed that Abowt-Sumwun was secure on the Thong, he was hoisted to the Bundy Crack's entrance by two campo officers. On the other side of the Thong, every athlete stood.

The crowd held its breath. "Get ready, get set... pull!" Ehvent screeched. At that moment, the athletes began pulling on the rope as hard as they could. Abowt-Sumwun was flossed through the crack in a record 12.37 seconds and left with a record high of 16 bones broken and 27 more fractured. Abowt-Sumwun is currently being monitored at the health center, where students have been giving him cards wishing him a recovery just as speedy as his journey through the crack. It's rumored that once Abowt-Sumwun is discharged, for the first time ever, SGA will host two flossings in one year—Defnott will be the only candidate.

In this issue: Indesign fails us

TEPPER IN HEAT



This is real. See, "He won a real Chuck-E-Cheese breakdancing contest." pg. 11.

WEEKLY WARNING Mcewen Clams



AMERICARES FORECAST

LAST WEEK 7PM 10PM



"Best \$48 ever spent!"



"I can totally pass as Mclovin"



"Worst \$48 ever spent!"

A Diagnosis of Your Sex Life From Your Downstairs Neighbor Who Can Hear You Fucking

Oh, my dear sweet upstairs neighbor, how I enjoy that I have never seen your face nor heard your voice. I don’t know who you are, and I’d love to keep it that way. Sadly, there seems to be one thing getting in the way of our beautiful relationship... YOU WON’T STOP FUCKNG!

Now, I understand that sex is a good thing. Trust me I’m very sex-positive. Just ask my middle school sex-ed teacher! I was a teacher’s pet, got straight A’s, and loads of extra credit... wink (and no, freaks, it’s not what you think, I simply had to write a thirty-page thesis on all the different ways I pleased your mother last night, Slurpy Style). But this shit has been going on for too long. Do you understand the amount of plaster I’ve choked on in the middle of the night due to the earthquake-level vibrations shaking the ceiling loose? My room looks like a god-damn cocaine factory! However, this isn’t just for my sake, it’s for yours too. You see, there are a couple of things I’ve noticed from your nightly escapades that I think you need to know.

Firstly, your pace needs some work. The squeaks coming from your room are so irregular that I think you might need a metronome for the bedroom. Seriously, the rhythm is giving that opening guitar riff from that one *Weezer* song repeatedly while the enthusiasm sounds like my depressed family singing *Happy Birthday* to my 652-year-old grandma who’s honestly such a bitch and just won’t die. How are you supposed to pleasure anyone if there isn’t a good 1, 2, *Cha-Cha-Cha* that you can get down to, Slurpy Style?

Secondly, I fear that you might have a religion issue. I keep hearing the phrase “Oh God” over and over again, but babe, God is definitely ignoring whatever sinful shit you got going on. Although, if there’s a Noah’s Ark part two, you’d probably be the top candidate; if only you weren’t a lesbian, I think. I mean, I doubt that any man could pull multiple all-nighters without a single refractory period. So yeah, God’s not coming for you.

Finally, my diagnosis: It’s cancer. It has to be. I may not be a medical professional, but my dad is! And even though he never gave me the sex talk, he did say that I “seem to have a pretty good idea of it.” Cancer’s supposed to be cells that won’t stop growing and multiplying right? If so, that sounds like a perfect description of you! So please, if not for me and my roommate, then for the cancer that’s *totally* real, just stop for at least one night, or even just do it somewhere else. I hear the Glen has a couch that’s lovely at 3 am. Please, I’ve haven’t slept in 3 weeks, I’m literally haunted by the sounds of you going at it, Slurpy Style...

Found as a doctor’s note written by Mr. Dill ’27

Excerpt from Elegy for the Glouch

Oh Glouch - most porous of arboreal furnitures -
Where hast thou gone?
Dearest Glouch - you that have seen a thousand drunken hookups,
you that have soaked into yourself a thousand rains from the sky,
and a thousand rains more from the aforementioned hookups,
Where doth thou rest?
What cruel Hamilton employee has arrested you from this
patch of sodden ground where for so long you festered
in the wretched exuberance of every glarty and glorgy on this spot?
In what reeking pit doth thou now decay?
Rest well, o Glouch, and rest long,
your fetid duty well performed.
Let your last labored breath be that mold which floats in the air,
settling into the lungs of unwitting hikers
like a giggling pixie's sparkling ejaculate,
nestling within their heaving bosoms
to sprout life anew as your progeny.

[Editor’s note: This goes on for several hundred more lines, growing increasingly vulgar and difficult to censor due to the volume of pro-fanity and crude illustrations. A full transcription is available online at www.glouchelegy.glorg]

Found etched into a tree in the glen in the middle of the night by Misc. Millman ’27

Friday Five: Weirdest Family Structures I Saw this Family Weekend

By Mr. Williams ’28

Family weekend has come and gone by now, and while the thing I remember most was DILF & MILF spotting, I couldn't help but notice that all of you have bizarre and frankly disturbing familial structures. I expected fractured families, single parents, and other breaks from the norm, but you people's families are genuinely fucked.

5. Single Dad from a Romcom. At first, when I saw a Hamilton dad trying and failing to connect with his college-aged son, I felt there was nothing out of the ordinary as this is a dime-a-dozen scenario around here. However, his charming relatability yet goofy incompetence made me realize that something was afoot here. Then, I learned that his wife died in a freak jet ski accident or a mishap at her job at the greeting card factory or something like that. At this point, it all came together: this was THE romcom dad. Pretty soon, he’ll buy a zoo, become Santa Claus, or start his own dog shelter, and become a better father in the process. However, a warning to the son of this charming man, stay alert! You will soon be getting a new mom, who will at first be annoyed by your father’s clumsy and carefree nature before eventually falling for his wily charms.

4. Teen Mom. Ok, one of you has a seventeen-year-old mom. Frankly, I am unsure of how this happened as her child is five years older than her, yet you people have found a way. One might ask how I know this teen was the mother of a student here and not their little sister. This is an understandable question. In earnest, dear reader, the main tell that this girl was the mother of a Hamilton College student was that she let the famous motherly sigh of disappointment upon hearing that her child was a philosophy major with a creative writing minor.

3. Found Family of Wayward Youngsters. Instead of a mother and father, it seems a student here has a group of similarly aged friends they call “the gang” who they lived in a boxcar with while getting up to hijinks and avoiding the wrath of the county sheriff. Honestly, they seem happier than 90% of the families I saw so I can’t judge.

2. Perfect Family. Dad in a polo shirt. Blonde wife. Two Children (both legacies) attending Hamilton College. Loveable family dog. Honestly, they gave off major vibes that all but one of them would be dying soon, thus motivating the surviving family member to go on a bloody path of revenge. Or the kids will graduate with econ degrees and each create another perfect family of their own, who knows!

1. Victorian Orphan. At first, I saw what appeared to be an extra from *Oliver Twist*, but then I realized it was a student here whose parents both “fell ill to consumption.” I saw him begging for soup in Diner, saying, “Please sir, a spot more of soup. I ain’t got no one to take me to the Walmart this weekend,” and he kept going on about how “times like these is hard for a waif such as meself.” Honestly, my main point of confusion was how he managed to end up being covered in fine black soot, but then I realized he was working for the Glenview demolition team for spare shillings.

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