

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLV, ISSUE 2

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

FEBRUARY 7, 2025

FebFest Postponed To March

COMMONS SWITCHES TO ONE BIG TABLE

And it's square

By Ms. Stillman '27

RIDICULOUSLY LARGE TABLES DEPT.

(HELL) There is little the Hamilton student loves more than chowing down on some Commons grub beside their two friends in their very own hovel. But after the implementation of a What If initiative proposed by Kate S. Hevree-won '26, the tables have turned. “The big table is a great way for juniors to get to know other people now that most of their friends are abroad,” she explained to *The Duel Observer* with a disgustingly wide smile.

To make sure everyone really sits together, dining hours have also been limited from 8-9 AM, 12-1 PM and 6-7 PM each day. Attendance to each meal is required, and missing any meal results in four points. Diner, McEwen, and Pub have also been shut down. “Before Diner closed, I acquired a year’s supply of guapos and began selling them for \$30 each. At first, people refused my prices. But after realizing they cannot walk through Commons without asking 300 people including their opps to scooch, people began trying to sneak out of mandatory commons as soon as they could,” an anonymous stu-

dent confessed.

The table extends from where the back quiet room used to be to the front past where food and spa water used to be served. Both balconies have been walled off. Meals are now served family style. “I guess it’s ok, until the grilled chicken is completely gone because every athlete from every team, even squash, gets to it before I do,” Nate Anathlete '28 said while scarfing down a contraband week-old guapo.

Though the administration originally supported this initiative, their opinions are quickly changing. In an email to all students and staff, President Tepper stated that even though he “will always encourage student bonding, the number of ‘shit bomb’ threats Commons has received is double the amount of all of last year—just within a week. And this time they’re actually going through with it.” The *Duel* sent a reporter to the scene, but she passed out upon entrance and is suing for worker’s rights violations.

Even with the backlash, Hevree-won stays adamant about her vision. “I’ve made some good friends from my initiative! We even have funny nicknames for each other. I have a new friend I call ‘brewski bro,’ and he calls me ‘go choke and rot you raggedy crusty bitch!’ Or my friend—” Hevree-won then got pelted by soggy pieces of melon, to which she responded with a cheerful wave. Campo did not interfere.

STUDY SHOWS THAT MEN WHO DESTROY SNOWMEN HAVE MICROPENISES

In some completely unsurprising news

By Mr. Chase-Norris '28

VERY IMPORTANT RESEARCH DEPT.

(INNOVATION CENTER) A recent study by the new Innovation Center has shown the median penis length among men who destroy snowmen unprovoked is 0.5 inches, with no phalli measuring above 1.5 inches. This median phallus length is 3.6 inches below the median of the average guy, showing the data is statistically significant. One penile scientist, Dr. House, commented on this phenomenon: “This data explains how these alcoholic philistines avoid having frostbitten phalluses while outside without adequate clothing—there is not enough surface area to freeze.”

The study also had the men take an IQ test, with the median IQ being 73. The highest was 82 (3 points below humanity’s bottom quartile) and the lowest was 64. When inquiries were made as to why the college allowed them to matriculate, only one janitor, Argus Filch, had an answer: “I saw them appear in Dunham one day and immediately piss on the seats, so I just figured they belonged.” The leading theory is they were drawn by the aromatic allure of pube-filled shower drains.

In order to gather the data, scientists had to go in through the rectum with probes because, according to Dr. House, “They wanted us to measure length from inside the rectum, so as to add extra inches. Suffice to say, this was done to placate the men but not taken into account for the data.” While probing these men, Dr. House complained, “Not a single one so far has shown evidence of ass-washing! I asked them, and 60% of them responded that even wiping your ass is ‘gay.’”

In a follow-up survey of various ex-girlfriends, less than 1% had been able to achieve orgasm from intercourse with their boyfriends. One participant, Justine Musk '26, said, “In the two years we dated, he never once got near my clit, except with his dirty-ass fingernails. I still wonder if it is proof of magic.” Another ex, Mackenzie Scott '27, stated, “I was only with him so that I could compare myself and realize I am a long way from the bottom of humanity’s barrel. It was very motivational having such a travesty of a man around.” The study concluded that their permanent removal from campus would be beneficial.

UNDERGROUND TUNNEL SYSTEM DISCOVERED TO HAVE BEEN DUG BY GEO MAJORS

I always wondered why I never saw them

By Ms. Meyers '27

REALLY DEEP INTERNAL AFFAIRS DEPT.

(UNDERNEATH MARTINS WAY) On Sunday evening, after a couple of freshmen got lost on their way to find an empty room to “study” in, they accidentally burst in on a shocking discovery. Ida Noa '28 reported her surprise at uncovering a complex system of underground tunnels connecting virtually every part of campus (except third floor Dunham Jans of course). “I twisted the handle on what I thought was a broom closet, and all of a sudden a smelly little man with paper white skin and tiny eyes leapt out at me! Once I found out about the tunnels, I assumed he had adapted to never going outside, but he turned out to just be a Comp Sci Major,” she said, still shaking. Her “friend” James Longman '25 then piped in saying, “Suddenly, like, 12 random kids appeared from all directions and surrounded us, asking how we found out about them.”

The leader of the pack of Martin’s Way min-

ions, Macon Skinner '18, went missing in the fall of 2017. Students previously thought he had just been kicked out for Covid violations or his large collection of prescription drugs, but he has actually been hard at work in the mines. “They told me it was just a research opportunity, but soon I realized that I couldn’t get out. I’ve just been working there ever since.” Another individual, Robert Green '19, reported, “I don’t even go here. I just applied on Handshake and look what happened.” One rather unlucky freshman, Claude Bawls '28 reported that he got involved because “They told me that this is where crystal meth comes from.”

The student who started this project, Robert Timberlake '15, said he was falling behind on his thesis and got so stressed he just started digging. He soon realized that he made it all the way from his deep depression to the Commons basement, figuring he was onto something greater than himself. When asked to comment he explained, “I needed an explanation for why my room was always covered in white powder and my eyes were bugging out.” Could this also be the reason that some students can be found slumped over and covered in dust? Hamilton students really are hard at work and are simply tired from their shift in the mines when Sunday morning rolls around.

In this issue: We respect the pouch.

MISSING COLON



Have you seen this colon? Last seen: in my body. See “Medically Invasive Surgeries” pg. 114



TOP 10 CHILI FAILS: FEB FEST 2025

Duel Observer

301 views • 17 hours ago

SUPER BOWLS FORECAST

4:28 PM

5:45 PM

7:01 PM



“Too small!”



“Still too small!”



“Juuuuust right!”

Sadove After Dark Still Too Pussy To Finance My Gay Orgy

After filling out my form requesting to host my Sadove After Dark event for the third semester in a row, I have come to the only conclusion befitting my third rejection. The Sadove After Dark Programming team is simply too afraid of what my event (chill gay orgy sesh) would entail. Let me be very clear about one thing up front: I'm not saying they're homophobic. I'm simply stating they're afraid. Their cowardice will be remarked upon for generations to come. They send out that email, tempting you to attempt to host your very own event, claiming—falsely in my case—that they will finance you and provide food and services, claiming to host even the famed "Party With Alcohol." I am not a greedy man. I requested no illicit beverages at my gay orgy. I simply asked for the Sadove After Dark Programming team to provide a campus space for homoerotic bonding (and possibly even bondage), ideally Sadove Underground so attendees could enjoy emulated arcade games while being sexually titillated by someone with a similar gender identity, have plenty of reasons to bend over at the pool table, and play ping pong. (the gayest sport). In terms of food, I only asked these anti-freedom-of-expression-through-gay-orgy fascists on the Programming team for a "chill chips and dips vibe." Surely this would not be too much for them? I will confess to you dear reader that I do have a passion for decoration, and I can understand that my request for multiple ice sculptures in lewd positions could have potentially pushed the limit on what could be considered appropriate for a decoration budget, but I am by no means unreasonable. I would have happily settled for two of said statues. Maybe even one. Namely the sixty-nining ones. I wanted something tasteful Sadove After Dark Programming team, something to unify this campus. Instead, you take my dream and you reject it. You reject it on what notion? Too powerful? Too beautiful? Too self-indulgent? Have we not earned self-indulgence? Sadove After Dark Programming team, I find you to be the lowest of the low, the curdled dairy of Hamilton student facilities. You reject my proposition as a "gross misuse of college funds" and an "inappropriate forum for overtly sexual events." You lack the courage, nay the willpower to unite our student population in the beautiful act of a homoerotic group sex party. Your actions will not be forgotten and your shame will live with you forever.

Found betwixt the SGA minutes by Mr. Janicki (Jankinky) '27

Beware the White of Winter: What is the Worst Snow Color on Campus?

It's white snow.

"What about yellow snow?" you cry, shoveling that horrid pure slush into your mouth. "What about black, or grey, or post-rush koolaid red? How dare you insult my white snow? You must be some woke gayboy liberal who thinks that white—" Shut up. Just because I sample twinkies like fine wines doesn't mean I can't have correct opinions, correct facts, about snow colors.

You have all been deceived. You have been taught to beware the yellow snow because—god forbid—someone pissed in it. Fear the brown snow, for it is lasting evidence of some poor soul's desperate attempt to prepare for a Grindr hookup. Don't even think about touching that gray road slush—there's clearly something ungodly in there if you've managed to make that color.

Therein lies the dangers of white snow, you sweet innocent dumb idiot fuckwad. You don't know what's in white snow. It could be clean, nothing but water, perhaps a dash of Jan tears for flavor. You can't know that for certain, though. You can't guarantee that innocence as you frolic, as you sled, as you dance through the wintery bliss. Do you go around tasting all the snow, testing its purity like you're a pastor and the snow a girl with a promise ring? No, of course you don't! It'd be impossible, improbable, so stupid it would make the football team look average. No one would even dare to try.

I've done it. I've tasted the snow. All of it. I've stuck my tongue in every heap, every Bundy Hill drift and darkside avalanche. We have been deceived for too long, so I and I alone stepped up. Do you know what I've found, dear reader, sampling these drifts? Do you want to know what horrors I've discovered?

It's salty. Every pile, you search far enough down and what taste do you find? The lingering, saliva-stealing taste of salt. You wanna know what else is salty? You wanna know what else is white and salty? Cum. It's fucking- there's cum in the snow. There IS no alternative. Open your eyes sheeple! Someone is going around turning their baby batter to ice and hiding it in the white purity, the elegance, of our winter wonderland. I will NOT be silenced any longer. The evidence is clear. You must heed my warning: avoid the white snow. For god's sake avoid the white snow. Please, I am begging you, AVOID IT!

Found Etched into a Snow Shovel by Mr. Havelka '28

Friday Five: Reasons Why the Club You Auditioned for Rejected You

By Mr. Dill '27

A new semester has sprung! And with that, every club that people actually go to is holding auditions! Every club, ranging from a cappella to dance to the badminton club to even (ugh) Greek life (it's stupid, but it technically counts), wants YOU, but only if you're good enough. Regardless, somebody is bound to get turned away, and if this was you, then you must think that your audition was shit, but introspection is for pansies, so let me tell you the top five real reasons why that club rejected you.

5. Smelly feet. Now, this may seem far-fetched, but we go to a college where people leave shit in the toilet every day, so your rancid dogs are far too common of an issue to be ignored. In fact, The Dance Team has a secret code to tip off the rest of the team that you are a bio-hazard: "Oh, so you're a Jan? Cool!"

4. Male Pattern Baldness. For most clubs, this is because baldness brings down the beauty factor, but anyone who auditioned for The Buffers experienced the opposite. You see, anyone with a full, healthy head of hair scares them. It reminds them of the good old days, that they're past their prime and cannot avoid the inevitable. At least you're hot tho.

3. You Slept With a Member's Dad. You know what you did Jennifer.

2. Your Ex-Situationship Got to Them First. You remember Big-Dicked Craig, right? The guy with the massive schlong and zero capacity for basic human empathy? He may have destroyed your Freshman Fall, but that's okay! At least you could try out for Untitled@Large's next musical, right? WRONG! Craig can do a flawless rendition of Hamlet's "To be or not to be" monologue, and his pirouettes can bring a grown man to tears. Unfortunately, they loved him so much that not only did they take him over you, but now everyone in the cast knows about the weird birthmark on your right butt cheek that looks like if Shrek did lobotomies.

1. You're Steven Tepper. There's been reports of Stepper trying to relive the good old days by auditioning for every single group on campus. He's really good too, which sucks because middle-aged men aren't allowed to make friends, and thus, no clubs for Stepper. But that won't stop him: countless Sorority sisters have reported finding Stepper plastered outside of their window shouting, "I FEEL THE RUSH! LIKE TROYE SIVAN... GET IT?" He's been banned from Bundy.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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THIS COULD BE YOU!

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