

HAMILFTON COMMUNITY REJOICES
Hammy App Adds Cougar Preference

DUO LIPA AUTHENTICATION
NOW REQUIRED

“Don’t let him in. You’ll have to kick him out again.”

Ms. Davidson ’23

NAMING STUFF AFTER ALUMNI DEPT.
(NOTICES-ALL) In yet another effort to take the fun out of technology, Library Information and Technology Services (LITS) has co-opted Dua Lipa. In early December, Information Security Director Dame Judi Dench sent an all-campus email announcing the department’s newest security initiative. In seven different fonts it read, “LITS will now require all students to enroll in DUO Lipa Authentication. Luckily, the deadline isn’t until next year so you won’t even realize if you’ve forgotten it.”

Dench attached a video to the email that explains the new security measures and how to enroll in the system. In it she says, “The decision to add DUO Lipa authentication was two-fold: partly to heighten internet security and partly to venerate esteemed alumna Dua Lipa ’03.” Despite several attempted corrections by the Admissions Office, Dench is insistent that Dua Lipa attended Hamilton College and graduated in 2003. Dench has garnered national attention after tweeting over

1,500 times that Lipa works with LITS, which increased her Twitter followers ten-fold. When asked to verify Lipa’s attendance she said, “How would you know?” Alumni Relations has declined to comment, as many of their alumni were recently cancelled for being fascists.

The authentication process is lengthier than the department’s previous security measure, DUO MFA, as it requires personally speaking with Lipa. Dench explains this at length in the tutorial video. “When you log into your Hamilton account, Lipa ’03 will appear on the screen and ask you a series of riddles to decide if you are worthy of entering your own account. It’s common for Lipa ’03 to deny your entrance at least three times because of her New Rules, which she lists for you in alphabetical order. Of course the British alphabet is backwards, so don’t be put-off when she begins with the letter Dubbl Ewe.”

Students have generally given negative feedback on DUO Lipa Authentication, with unreliability being the main complaint. Maria Sanders ’22 said, “When I tried to refill my Hillcard, Lipa ’03 called me a ‘wanka’ and said ‘wuh-tuh buh-ul’ in a way I can only describe as pejorative.” Other students noted that Lipa would add letters to their passwords if there weren’t enough vowels (spelled ‘vouwels’ in their native tongue).

were. They might have thought we were freshmen! We had no other choice.”

While five runners had gone on this expedition, only four returned, and none of them unscathed. Religious Studies and Philosophy double major Peter Abelard ’21 disclosed that he was the first to lose an essential piece of his anatomy, though according to his compatriots, “It’s not like he was using it anyway.”

The students were welcomed back into campus society with open arms and Dishonor Court appointments for their role in the death of fellow student Hannah Leck ’24, the only freshman who had accompanied the others on the run. President Wippman sentenced them to a Judicial Board Hearing to determine the repercussions for their actions. To the surprise of many, the students involved were only awarded six points. President Wippman explained this ruling in a statement to the student body, expressing that the students’ actions fell under the category of hazing and adding, “After all, who hasn’t hosted a Donner party in their day?”

Since these events, a GoFundMe has sprung up in support of these students during their legal struggles, though the ethical dilemma of whether to contribute or not has certainly given our student body something to chew on.

PRESIDENT WIPPMAN ATTACKS
COLGATE UNIVERSITY

Notable rises in Colgate’s freedom and Carissima

By Mr. Chivily ’23

FALSE FLAG DEPT.

(GREEN ZONE) Tuesday morning, distant explosions woke Hamilton students, as blue and buff colored F-16 fighter jets took off from Minor Field to bomb Colgate. The previous evening, President Wippman called an emergency meeting of the Student Assembly and the faculty. President Wippman pulled out a vial of a mysterious white substance and proclaimed, “Colgate has developed a powdered version of a STD called ‘anthrax.’ I call for immediate military action against Colgate University, and anyone who does not want war hates this college and lacks Carissima.” Subsequently, SA and the faculty voted to delcare war, and the only vote against was from a grumpy old professor from Vermont.

The Hamilton Continentals led a deer-based cavalry charge and overwhelmed Colgate’s defenses. A new puppet regime was established, suspiciously run by trustees with vested interests in the military-industrial complex. The war dragged on as stubborn holdouts resisted the might of the ninth best liberal arts school in the nation. Consequently, many members of the Hamilton community who initially supported the war began to turn against it. “I’m starting to think that this war is wrong and was only waged to distract us from the various crises coming to a head on campus. Come to think about it, I felt like this was inevitable after the three-week long FebFest failed to solve any of the issues on campus,” Tom Brokaw ’21 said.

When questioned about his motivations for the war, President Wippman said, “You all act like that powder I showed was from the milk machines in the dining halls. I do my best, you don’t know how hard it is to run a small liberal arts college in the middle of Upstate New York. Why would I ever invade Colgate for selfish reasons when I have the Hamily?” In response to the criticism, President Wippman launched a second invasion against Cornell and accused them of harboring vagabond students who have broken Hamilton’s quarantine violations. To consolidate his power, President Wippman’s title was changed to Dominus et Deus. All hail our glorious leader, and may he triumph over all our enemies who pose a threat to our endowment.

RUNNING CLUB ACQUIRES A
TASTE FOR HUMAN FLESH

The snack that smiles back

By Ms. Adler ’24

LONG PIG DEPT.

(FROM THE OFFICE OF HANNIBAL LECTER) Early this week, the student body was rattled by news of the Running Club’s latest exploits. The news broke in an email from the aforementioned club filled with spelling errors, lagging gifs, and fuschia colored comic sans: “Late last night, some older Running Club members killed and devoured another student.” Apparently, on a late night run during the snowstorm that blew through our campus, several foolhardy runners got lost. With no supplies other than their polyester booty shorts and iPhones, dead from playing their various “Hype Playlists,” members were forced to resort to cannibalism to stay alive long enough for Campo to find their bedraggled bodies.

“We had to!” defended William Hook ’23. “We were fighting for our lives— sure, we were still on campus, but after dark everything looks the same! It’s not like we could have just walked up to a random building and asked where we

NEW WHCL PROGRAM FORECAST

TOXIC BF
TUNES

Low probability he'll let you pick the next song.

TWIN TUNES

“Twin Peaks on WHCL? Man, who would’ve guessed?”

RUSH SHOW
TUNES

In this issue: “you know when you look at people and you think you should have the same birthday?”

RAVE CAVE

The highest you'll get this term. See, “What do you mean Dwayne The Rock Johnson isn’t coming?” p. 1972

ON THIS DAY IN
HILLSTORY

FEBRUARY 19, SUMMER OF '69

Nick Cage steals
Declaration of Majors
Board



The Howard Diner - Meals

Beinecke Student Activities Village

178 mins • you'll wait

After universal hatred of the embarrassing diner menu, Bon Appétit has completely revamped the menu from the ground up. We at *The Duel Observer* got a sneak-peek at these new options thanks to some tactical fellatio, and they sound like a huge slam dunk.

Sandwich Meals	
El Chapo Sandwich	OM
Crispy chicken, lettuce, hidden nail file, and tomato on a brioche bun with a cocaine garnish.	
Muy Guapo Sandwich	OM
A pair of Ray-Ban aviators for my handsome little baby.	
Bread Sandwich	OM
A brioche bun on a slice of Heidelberg country bread.	
Tomato Sandwich	OM
Tomato, tomato, tomato, tomato, tomato, tomato, tomato, tomato, tomato, tomato, and tomato served on tomato.	
Ewan McGregor Sandwich	OM
A large fish fillet, heroine, and crumpled up song lyrics served skwered on a lightsaber.	

Diner Special Meals	
Pig Slop	OM
Fuck it who knows what's in here.	
Chef's Big Meaty Surprise	OM
:)	
A Swift Kick To The Groin	OM
Served either barefoot or boot.	
Rocky Mountain Oysters	OM
Served with our extra salty "special sauce."	
<EMPTY CELL>	OM
Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur...	
Mozz Sticks As A Side	OM
Lmao in your dreams bitch.	

Salad Meals	
Bean Boot Salad	OM
Quinoa, white guilt, and entitlement stomped on by the boot of a CEO with a sprinkle of nose candy.	
Used Jorts Salad	OM
Burnt steak bits, extra kale, jalapeño peppers, chopped romaine just absolutely, completely caked in shit, and a warm and salty "mystery dressing."	
Eat Like The Insect You Are Salad	OM
Mud, dirt, worms, slush scraped off of Martin's Way, and a handful of grass pulled from the Dunham green.	
Titus Andronicus Salad	OM
Meat pie salad with flecks of blood, finger nail clippings, one severed toe, and Soylent Green.	

Soup of the Day Meals	
Pea Soup	OM
Hehehehehehehe...get it? Hehe get it? Get it get it get it? (It's cat piss)	

Found on the DoorDash page for Howie's Diner by Mr. Kelly '21

The Coldest Penguin

It is dark. I sip my Coffee. Everything is grey. This city: Clinton, is full of crime. The sirens wail every night without end. I've been called to Hamilton College, the seediest part of Clinton. The scene of a murder. An ice cold killer is on the loose. As I approach the flashing lights and Campo officers, I take extra notice of the nearby students, walking by as if nothing of note has happened, not one paying respect to the dead. Hardened by constant crime and significantly hungover, who are they to care for the innocent.

In my line of work you see a lot of bodies, but never before have I seen anything as gruesome as the soaking corpse of the FebFest Penguin. He was sent here to entertain the students, and instead he was destroyed, killed, without remorse. Instantly, upon gazing on the scene, I knew who had killed him: None other than Frank Coots! How did I know this? My superb detective skills! Everyone knows Frank hates Penguins. His desktop background is a dead penguin, and his favorite animal is the sea lion! But that wasn't enough evidence. Luckily I have more. Looking over the shell of the dead penguin I noticed something distinctive. The cracks in the ice were clearly made by someone of the exact height and weight of Frankie, which I know from personal experience. The knife of betrayal twisted in my heart like the sandwich line at commons when I just want soup. How dare you ask for pickles!

But one question lingered in my mind, why would Frankie risk this? He hates penguins, but this much? And why did he let me be called to the scene? All of the sudden I knew it. Frank was jealous, and I was next. If he wanted my attention he didn't need to do this, but if he wanted me dead he did. The look he gave me at the Village Tavern when he saw me laughing with someone from our past, someone we both thought we'd forgotten. Frankie couldn't deal with his failure. But how would I meet my end? The penguin was out in the open, everyone could see me. I quickly searched for clues. Anything that could save me from Frankie. I wouldn't let him take another victim, especially if that victim would be me. Then I saw him, perched on top of the mail center roof, aiming his Penguin Destroyer 5000 at me. I knew I only had seconds to act, so I threw myself behind my beautiful secretary Miranda, and she valiantly took the bullet for me. I looked up from behind my cover and saw the ricochet from Frankie's weapon send him flying off the roof into the ravine, where he was presumably eaten by the mail center goblins. I knew my work was done, Frankie would never kill again.

Transcribed from an illegally acquired audio journal of William Clinton by Mr. Piazza '24

Friday Five: Ice Sculpture Contest Submissions

By Mr. Komissar '22

For the third and hopefully final week of FebFest, students have been asked to submit designs for the ice sculpture that will be in KJ Circle. Ideally this sculpture will outshine the first two, because if this doesn't cure your seasonal depression, nothing will. And now, for your consideration, the five finalists for the ice sculpture contest.

5. A dick. Everyone knows about the snow dick sculpture that makes a yearly appearance on Dunham Green. Everyone except Dark Siders, that is. The journey across campus is far too long, leaving half the student body unaware of our campus's most treasured art installation. No longer! With a second dick sculpture outside McEwen, Dark Siders will finally be able to enjoy seeing a penis every day like the rest of campus.

4. A second, slightly smaller McEwen. As cute as a little mini McEwen would be, this ice McEwen would actually be only a few square feet smaller than the original. Administration also decided we needed more eating areas, so if this sculpture wins, it will be an approved indoor dining area, complete with ice adirondack chairs: all the comfort of plastic adirondack chairs but also freezing cold!

3. David Wippman. What's better than having David Wippman around campus? Having two David Wippmen around campus! This sculpture would be designed to be a perfect replica of the college's president, down to the smallest nook and cranny. This statue will offer students a chance to brighten their cold February days with the reflection of the sun off of Wippman's frozen, chiseled abs.

2. A bunch of chunks of ice. You lot of hooligans are bound to destroy it eventually. Why waste effort building it first when it can be in pieces from the start? Each chunk of ice will be designed to look like it used to be part of a really nice ice sculpture. And don't you dare smash it into even smaller pieces, Dylan.

1. The kid who went missing on your orientation trip. When he wasn't in his tent one morning, everyone assumed he just went to pee. But then he was never seen again... Until now! A HOC officer found him in the Adirondacks, frozen in the last winter storm. What better way to honor his memory and life than by displaying his frozen corpse on campus to celebrate the wintry festivities? Don't worry, his family will get the body when FebFest ends, unless someone smashes it before then.

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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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