**Hamilton Recruits “Shit Load” of Freshmen to Spice Up the Football Team**

Faculty worries about the recruits’ reactions to inevitable failure

By Ms. Yurkofsky ’15

_Tony romo is dead._

(Stueben Field) In a move that some are calling a “fresh start” and others are calling “giving up,” Hamilton College has recruited twenty eight freshmen for its mildly depressing football team.

“We’re hoping that the new blood will revitalize us,” the coach said, “or at least we know it couldn’t possibly make us any worse. Oh God, I’m so unhappy.”

The recruits, highly motivated by a sense of camaraderie and pure testosterone, take their role as the last hope for Hamilton College football very seriously.

“We eat, sleep, breathe, and drink football,” Mark Pillburt ’15 said as he kicked back a forty and let out a super-manly belch. “Fuck homework. I’ve got toning to do!” Pillburt then proceeded to perform several one-armed push-ups before collapsing into his own vomit.

While many consider such commitment to be valiant and praiseworthy, it does raise some concerns from the Administration.

“What we worry about,” Dean of Students Nancy Thompson explained, “is that in a couple of years, these boys are going to realize that no matter how hard they try, how much they lift, or how many Econ 101 classes they skip, there is literally no way that the team they have staked so much in is going to do anything but suck.”

As the new recruits excitedly sprinted onto Steuben Field for practice, the older, jaded players walked behind, heads down, with a slump in their shoulders.

“They have so much to learn,” Brant Kosin ’12 whispered sadly, starting at the youngsters as they began doing sit-ups just for the hell of it. “It’s so cute but there is no way that the team they have staked so much in is going to do anything but suck.”

Indie Jillings Joins Campus Safety

Officials worry he might get ruff with students

By Mr. Johnson ’14

TAKING A BITE OUT OF CRIME DEPT.

(ThE DOGHOUSE) Hamilton officials faced harsh criticism Thursday after Campus Safety announced that the opening in staff would be filled by local AA mascot, Glen House host, and canine Indie Jillings.

“There were many applicants hoping for the job,” Administration Spokesperson John Nitterman Jr. said. “They were all very well-qualified and had a temperament that would be perfect for the position. But then it turned out they were all hallucinations from my frequent drug use, so instead, I just threw a uniform at some kid who passed me on the bridge.”

Jillings was mysteriously silent on the matter, but according to the Business Office, he has accepted the position.

“As first we were worried he might not be right for the job,” President Stewart remarked, “but then we watched him wander around and sniff the air, and now we have him training the rest of Campus Safety since they don’t know the difference between the smell of a spliff and burnt cheeseburger.”

At first students scoffed at the idea of a dog darning their shenanigans, but surveys show drug use on campus is at an all time low (excluding Nitterman’s office).

“I thought they were crazy for hiring this dog originally, man,” Mike (Incense) fan Hockentosh ’13 said. “I was like, ‘Hey, no knee-high dog’s going to be the hurdle between me and my weed.’ Then he walked by me, and I tried to pet him, and... he wouldn’t let me. That hurt my feelings.”

When contacted, the Administration denied any such guilt-tripping activity by Jillings, citing that the quadruped is simply “alpha as fuck and isn’t up to cuddling with any of ya’ll bitches.” The Administration later specified that Indie is actually “totally down to cuddle with bitches.”

**In this issue: meatball mashup**

**Boring Students Attempt to Mold Personality by Joining Juggling Club**

Friendless freshmen throw balls in the air to garner attention and admiration from peers

By Ms. Browne ’13

Immature jokes about balls DEPT.

(ELS BASEMENT) The endless supply of all-campus emails from virtually pointless student groups has not only pissed off the students on campus that actually have friends, but also attracted droves of starry-eyed freshmen looking for extra-curriculars to mold their college experience.

“In high school, I was President of the Mathletes and a soloist in my church choir,” Samantha Johnston ’15 explained, “but here at Hamilton, I joined the Juggling Club, and it’s the best decision I’ve ever made! I would die for Juggling Club!”

Jack Flemming ’15 said, “I’d been at Hamilton for nearly three weeks and hadn’t made any friends. My orientation group was tight at first, but then everyone split up into couples or joined a cappella groups.”

Jack’s eyes never strayed from the balls he was tossing in the air as he added, “Now, I just juggle my flaming torches at every Annex party and toss them at the couples grinding against the wall. It makes me feel better.”

Even some of the upperclassmen have found solace in juggling.

“It’s about self-control, you know?” Marty Smakler ’13 explained. “Juggling is a metaphor for life. Juggling has taught me that managing all of these balls without dropping them is a lot like managing the many demands of college—like drinking, smoking, and hooking up with anonymous partners.”

With the infusion of enthusiastic freshmen, the Juggling Club now has big plans for the upcoming semesters. There is talk of a merge with the Sneaking Team in an effort to become the single most attention-seeking organization on campus.

“You didn’t hear this from me, but if we can make this merge happen, we’re totally branding our wands at Hogworts at Hamilton,” Juggling Club President Greg Hullton ’12 said. “Can you imagine us running through Bundy dining hall, naked, juggling cauldrons and riding broomsticks? It may hurt our testicles, but God damn it, it’ll be worth it.”

Fun fact: juggling is a lot like managing the many demands of college—like drinking, smoking, and hooking up with anonymous partners.

**Duel Observer Gets a Twitter Account**

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

**The Duel Goes Online!**

Visit students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver for porn
Diamond in the Drunk
By Ludwig Von Mixes '13
There once was a boy who wrote a poem
While drinking a lot of cold Keystone
He fell off his bed, hit his head
And... YO, DID SWEET CAROLINE JUST COME ON?

I Have a Cock
By Jim Breeze '12

Down on my farm, I have a cock
With a rather large, red head
Each morning at the crack of dawn
He enters m'Lady's bed

She says she doesn't like my cock
He's starting to upset her
I put him out in the old barnyard
So he won't try and peck it

I must confess, he likes the cows
Who live in the dairy, there
But m'Lady says don't put your cock
Near my dairy air.

Oranges of Red
By Robert Alexandra '12

Frankly, my dear, your
Unguents simply
cannot convince me;
Klaosons areouting.
Yet it seems perfectly
Obvious that we will make love
Unless your roommate comes in.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A ZOMBIFIED ALEXANDER HAMILTON
By Mr. Schnacky '14

Zombie Alexander Hamilton has sat down with us to offer
some words of wisdom straight from the rotting hole that resembles what (possibly) was a mouth.

Andy Schnacky: It's great to have you here Mr. Hamilton. I was a bit worried we would have to go with Aaron Burr at the last second.

Zombie Hamilton: Laughs. I'm just excited to be back for the bicentennial of both the college and, as not many people know, HvZ. It evolved over the years with muskets, then rifles, machine guns, and bazookas. But then we got those liberals in the White House. We tried sending a committee that protested, "A zombie breaks into your home, how are you going to kill it?" Too much government regulation.

Andy Schnacky: You do remember you were always in support of a strong federal government.

Zombie Hamilton: If the Tea Party can change my words to suit their purpose, I'll change them

FRIDAY FIVE: REASONS WHY WE HAVE HONOR COURT VACANCIES
By Mr. Boudreau '14

1. Could'n't make it through Honor Court hazing
If you can't recite the College's charter while chugging a handle of Everclear, you're out.

2. "Whip It Out" is not one of Robert's Rules of Order
Although, let's face it, the hearings would be more fun if it was, am-I-right?

3. Plagiarism
All of these jokes belong to someone else.

4. Thought it was actually "Honor Korf"
Turns out there is something lamer than Korbhall.

5. Didn't know she was twelve
So she brought her teddy bear and headgear. So what?

Meta for Life
By Persona Non Grata '14

January cold
Mixed grill is on the menu
Is lead-based paint good?

They All Fall Down
by Timothy Rift '12

In my hot shower
I grab the scissors and cut
Pubes fall through the drain.

as well. Laughs.
Andy Schnacky: When we are doing interviews, you don't have to actually say "laughs." I'll add that in later.

Zombie Hamilton: Duel-by noted. Laughs.

Andy Schnacky: Don't you think this game promotes paranoia a bit too much?
Zombie Hamilton: If you are referring to the freshman who barricaded himself in his room and died last year, we do not condone that type of behavior. We also can't be responsible for a few years ago, when both roommates agreed to eat each other's arms so they could survive.

Andy Schnacky: Frankly, I am sick of the ubiquitousness of zombies. Care to defend yourself?
Zombie Hamilton: BRAINNSSSSSS Laughs.

Well, that's all the time we have with Alexander Hamilton. If you'll excuse me, I'm going to send that bastard back to hell with John Nutterman Jr.'s personal shotgun, Lil' Ball-Crusher. Fick zombies.

Comments?
Complaints?
Recipes?
Email duel@hamilton.edu
Or find us on the interweb!
http://students.hamilton.edu/duel/