

COLGATE REJECTS FRIEND REQUEST! REMAINS UNRESPONSIVE TO POKE

HILLEL PLANS FIRST ANNUAL HAMSCHLEP Begins with a 30-minute kvetch, ends with 40 years of wandering in the Glen By Mr. Goebel '15 FEH! DEPT.

(AZEL BACKUS HOUSE) Well before sun-down last Saturday, unorthodox Jews Abigail Schwartz '15 and Zephram Steinberg '14 met with Hillel to arrange Hamilton's first ever Ham-Schlep, a rigorous test of students' mental quickness, physical endurance, and knowledge of Old Testament trivia.

“Once we got the idea, we had to get started right away,” Schwartz told the *Duel*, “even though we realized we would be breaking the Sabbath, which in other times could warrant the death penalty.” She then nodded and muttered “Exodus 31:15” under her breath.

Steinberg was on the phone with his mother at press time, but he held the microphone away from his mouth long enough to comment: “Yes, the opportunity to raise awareness of Jewish tradition and—hold on, ma, I’m talking to a reporter—and experience that on campus is long overdue. Most people never even consider the—MA I’M ON THE PHONE WILL YOU CALM DOWN FOR ONE SECOND.”

Interest among the student body seems unexpectedly high, considering only 180-200 students on campus identify as Jewish. Kristen Stuart '13 weighed in before an early morning training session.

“I’m from South Dakota, and honestly I had never even heard of Judaism before I came to Hamilton,” she said. “I went to one Hillel meeting and was like, ‘Where do I sign up?’ I’m already planning a Bat Mitzvah Bundy Bash for next month! Anyway, gotta get in a workout if I’m going to finish HamSchlep.”

With that, Stuart sprinted off down Martin’s Way, listing the first five books of the Tanakh in the traditional Hebrew.

According to the Hamilton website, Ham-Schlep offers events “as numerous as the stars,” including a “klezmer shred-session” and a Hava Nagila endurance contest. Prizes are restricted to those whose parents pre-registered them in the fall, but participation is open to all.

TROP SOL MEMBER MISSES STEP, SLAUGHTERED BY REST OF GROUP If he didn’t look like salsa material before, he does now By Mr. Johnson '14 CHOREOGRAPHED HOMICIDE DEPT.

(ONE OF THOSE LATE NITES WHERE THEY DON’T EVEN HAVE CATERING) Tropical Sol, Hamilton’s Latin ballroom dance group, was performing as usual at last week’s late nite, the Goat Farming Enthusiast Club’s Meet n’ Bleat, when new member Steven Ortega '15 made a crucial mistake. After tossing his partner in the air, backflipping twice and then catching her in his teeth, Ortega started on his right foot instead of his left.

The rest of the troupe immediately stopped their dance and, with razor-edged castanets drawn from midair, tore their underperforming compatriot to shreds.

“Sure, it seems harsh,” fellow dancer Sheila Tarquin '16 said. “But when we can only practice twice a week, we really need the members who can make the most of that window. And we can’t just kick people

out. We’re too nice for that.” Indeed, this natural selection-esque survival of the fittest is seen in many performance groups across campus. Few know that HEAT, Hamilton’s hip hop group, takes its name from its practice of making those who err walk on hot coals.

“People always ask us, isn’t it impractical to burn the feet of the less experienced dancers?” HEAT Lord-of-the-Dance Michael Johnson '13 said. “And to that we say: Yeah, probably. Tradition’s a powerful thing, though, you know?”

The increasing demand for student performances that has arisen due to the recent explosion in student groups means that the inhumane practices will continue into the future, lest events like next week’s Vigil for Disenfranchised Luxembourgers suffer less-than-stellar free entertainment.

“There might be an ethical argument against using extreme violence to guarantee a better performance,” Tarquin admitted. “But I don’t know; I’ve never taken a philosophy class. Majoring in that won’t pay the bills like dance will.”

attract Ivy rejects. Some, like Kara Peters '15, have eagerly taken up the cause.

“There’s so much to do here! Just last weekend I went scuba diving in the Erie Canal and mushroom hunting in Chautauqua. Good luck finding a decent Black Trumpet in Providence.”

On the other hand, Kurt Haven '16 is skeptical of the Admissions Office’s new tactics.

“I really don’t think it’s going to work,” he said, shaking his head. “Even if they got rejected from Yale, chances are they’ll notice the chocolate-covered ice sculptures of continental soldiers are really just mud-encrusted snow drifts.”

Hamilton’s prospective students are unsure of what to make of the school.

“It’s so cute! It reminds me of my miniature poodle,” high school senior Anna Grahm said.

“I actually wanted to come here all along, but my parents told me that I couldn’t go to any school founded after the signing of the Magna Carta,” Henry Middleton, another prospective student, explained.

“But now that I’ve brought shame on the family by See “Hamilton Brown Nosing” continued on back page.

ADMINISTRATION PETITIONS 1,300 WAITLISTED BROWN UNIVERSITY APPLICANTS

Hamilton: everyone’s first second choice By Ms. Chappell '15 OVERCOMPENSATION DEPT.

(CLINTON, NY!!!!) Hamilton’s Admissions Office is going to great lengths to entice the many prospective students for whom Hamilton will always be synonymous with ‘safety.’

“We want to emphasize the perks of anonymity,” admissions officer Amelia Anderson explained. “There are some definite benefits to going to a school that nobody’s heard of, and once we think of them, we’re going to show our applicants everything that Hamilton has to offer.”

To this end, the Admissions Office will be hosting several information sessions targeted at Hamilton’s less enthusiastic prospies, including “At Least It’s Not Trinity: Learning the NESCAC hierarchy” and “How to Tell Your Grandparents that Hamilton’s Not a Community College.”

Current students are divided on the campaign to

In this issue: Patrick Swayze’s Ghost Wang

CAB Organizes Community Masturbation Hour



See “Come together,” pg. 11

OLD PEOPLE REFLECTING ON SEX

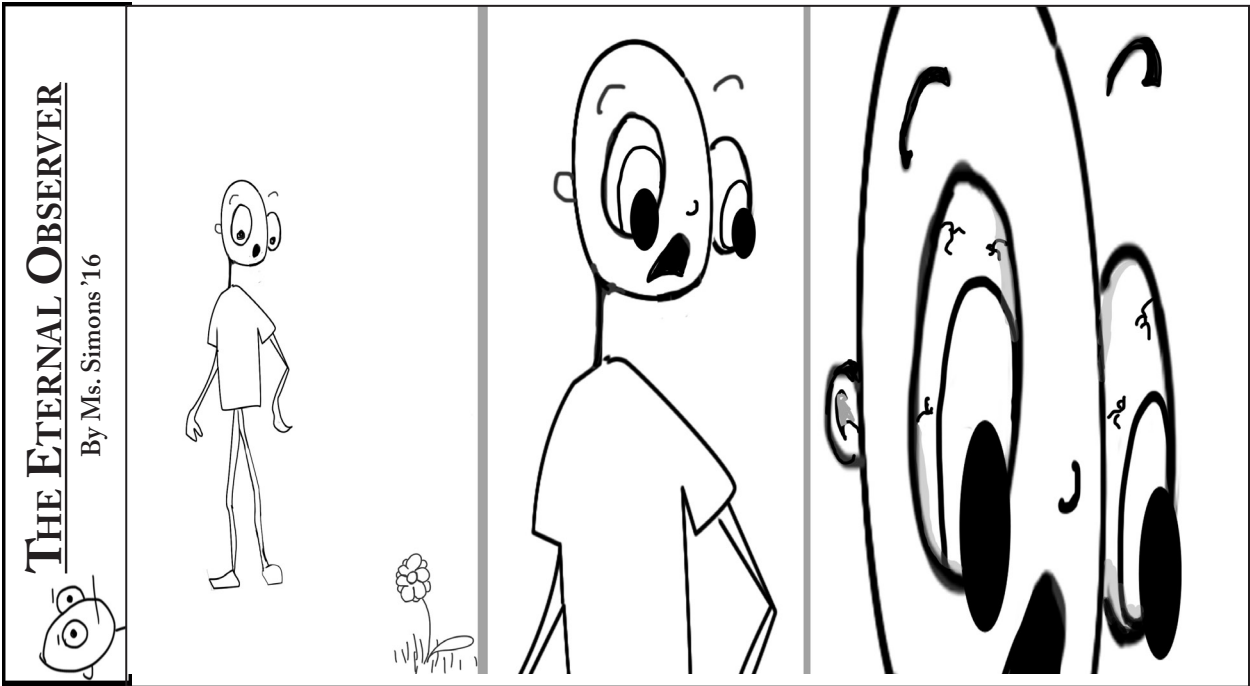


“It’s squishy.”

REGISTRATION FORECAST

9 A.M.	10 A.M.	11 A.M.
5 Spots Left  High probability Cunnilingus 101 has a lab component.	2 Spots Left  “Do you think ‘How things work’ will teach me love?”	Waitlist  12% chance everything works out just swimmingly.





## Hamilton Brown Nosing

Continued from “Administration petitions waitlisted”

not getting into an Ivy, they’ve decided it’s probably best for me to be hidden in a mountain range for eight months a year,” Middleton said, beaming.

Admissions officers eagerly await responses from this year’s prospective candidates. Rumor has it the Offer of Place contract now allows applicants to check either “No,” “Yes,” or “Well, if I must.”

## GOOD INTENTIONS

### A Modest Proposal for Housing Lottery Reform

Dear President Stewart, Jeff Landry, etc.:

You are community builders. It is, in a certain fashion, your most important job. The Housing Lottery, however, destroys—and I mean destroys—the community: friendships broken, relationship statuses changed, Counseling Center appointments booked through July. But there’s a way to fix all this.

Tents.

Yes, tents.

By abolishing the housing lottery and issuing everyone a single nylon tent, you will simultaneously simplify Hamilton’s byzantine housing policy and solve a whole bucket load of other problems.

The average Hamilton student spends eleven thousand dollars on room and board. A tent—and a nice one at that—costs 400 dollars. Pitch it like this: after students get back from Adirondack Adventure, tell them that the tent they used during the “best week of [their] liveeessss” will now be their home for the next four years. You’ll reduce the comprehensive fee by at least six thousand dollars, making Hamilton one of the most reasonably priced private colleges in Oneida County.

Alternately, you could keep the room and board fee at eleven thousand and switch the street food station in McEwen to a foie gras and caviar station. Your call.

By forcing all students into tents, you will foster immense character growth. The adversity of subsisting in

the elements, without so much as a plug for their MacBooks, will challenge students to “think for themselves” (just like the website says!). Nothing says ingenuity like running out of firewood and then burning your Econ notes—not everyone will have *that* kind of experience on their resume, that’s for damn sure.

Winter will be hard. But what better way to form life-long friendships than huddling together for warmth and checking each other regularly for frostbite? Isn’t that what real friends do? And Hamilton grads will certainly be set for the vicious corporate culture after they witness their best friend literally torn limb from limb by hungry townies in the Glen.

Put us in tents, and you’ll be fostering rugged American individualism in the best way. It’s what Theodore Roosevelt would have done, and he got a stuffed bear named after him. Wouldn’t you like to have a stuffed bear named after you, President Stewart? The Joanie Bear?

There will be detractors. “Communism!” the AHI will say. “Libertarianism!” the College Democrats will say. But the only thing that really counts is what the students will say, which will be: “Thank you.”

Yours,

Lee Ward ’15

Edited by Mr. Boudreau ’14

## FRIDAY FIVE: REASONS WHY MACKLEMORE AGREED TO COME TO HAMILTON

Wut wut? Wut? Wut?  
By Ms. Caswell ’14

1) The Local Salvo. He heard that thrift shop down the road had some swag flannel zebra jammies, the built in one-sie with the socks on that motherfucker. He also heard that Upstate NY Grandpas have the best style.



The clothes he died in are currently at the thrift shop.

2) A Job. Macklemore is actually coming with a double agenda; the former “Professor Macklemore” is looking to return to his academic roots as a teacher. The pressures of the music scene became too much, and he’s excited to return to teaching in the college’s new Swag Department, where he will teach Swag 101 and Swag: A History. He’s excited to rid himself of the tired old groupies and haterz, and is eager to explore the coeds and bros we have on campus.

3) He’s been following all of the Greek life hate on Hamilton Secrets and is genuinely concerned as to the state of Greek and GDI unity here on campus. He felt like an epic concert would be the perfect solution to bring everyone together, hoping to create a campus where we could all just get along.

4) He’s turned on by the possibility of it snowing during his concert in May. His sexual fantasies also include swinging on giant rock swings with a bunch of swingers, late night orgies in wooded areas (that don’t have the dangers of real wilderness, like bears and shit, but at least give you the feeling you’re living in a simpler, more pre-Christian pagan ritualistic kind of time), and last but certainly not least, Joanie.

5) Opus Chocolate Chip Cookies. Oh yeah. They’re that legendary. (Okay, so maybe someone let slip a little white lie about them being laced with Oxycontin. Maybe.)

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