

HILLPRESS

H I L L C R E S T H A L L - W E ' R E M A G I C A L L Y D E L I C I O U S !

EL PRESIDENTE -PRESENTE Y PASADO

A staple of the beginning of every semester is elections for Hillcrest's Hall Council. The winners of these elections represent Hillcrest in the Residence Hall Federation – the organization that controls our basement and is responsible for a majority of the fire alarms every year. The Hall Council engages in a valiant battle with them to get as much money for us as possible- while sacrificing none of our hard earned reputation as being better than all the other dorms.



A Hillpress reporter who is a former Hall Council President sat down with (i.e., emailed at the last minute) the new President of our Hall Council, Mr. Christopher Midgley.

HP: How's it feel to be the "man of the hour" when it comes to hall council and student government in Hillcrest?

Midge: It feels great... I get pumped up just thinking about it!! It almost makes me want to run out and put on some tights just like superman! The ladies like it.

HP: What big plans do you have for the year?

Midge: Throw more parties... on a serious note, I want to get new pool cues and maybe if we're ambitious enough, a ping pong table or a piano (if we could find one for less than \$400... which isn't

likely... or get one donated)

HP: Anything coming up relatively soon?

Midge: We are having a public showing of the Thursday night game against BC on October 12th in the dining room... also, we are having a Scary Movie Night on Friday, October 27th at 8pm in the dining room -- we will

have food there as well.

HP: What do you see as your role in directing the other members of the hall council?

Midge: My goal is to help lead our Hall Council meetings. I also help the other officers and floor reps with their tasks. For the people in charge of me in RHF, I am their go-to guy when it comes to discussing matters pertaining to Hillcrest or other halls. Also, I am expected to help organize events and participate in RHF-sponsored events such as the Kickball Tournament. Hillcrest participated in that. We did quite well.

HP: Do you prefer whippy icing or that butter cream stuff?

Midge: Whippy icing is where it's at!

Hillpress wishes The Midge all the best as he gets his Hill Council on.

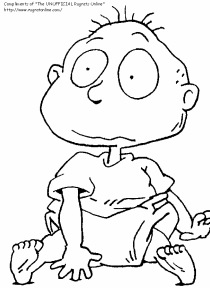
Ryan Luck is a nocturnal creature native to the 3rd floor.

WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

I suppose it's only fair, after my scathing review of the elderly two weeks ago, that I give an equally offensive treatment to the young. Have no fear, faithful reader, for I have ample ammunition.

To begin, I submit to you that children stink. This is true in every sense of that word, but most specifically in the literal way. Babies, toddlers, kids, they all smell like a combination of old spaghetti sauce and fecal matter, mainly because many of them are in fact covered in old spaghetti sauce and fecal matter. But it's not the smell that I object to so much as what the smell means: filth. And as all good college students know, filth leads to germs, which lead to Disease. And Disease is the number one killer of people in the entire world! This proves that children are, as a whole, detrimental to the world population.

Secondly, these juvenile disease-ridden delinquents are notorious for getting lost. Now, if it were up to me, I would say fine! Let the little buggers lose themselves- one less thing for me to worry about. Unfortunately, that is not the case with most people. As a result, an inordinate amount of time is completely wasted by printing their silly little faces on milk cartons, designing special tracking devices for their kiddie cell phones, and just plain looking for the little devils. If you took all the time people wasted looking for kids and put it all together, that would be enough time to build the Great Wall of China three times over. And we all know the world needs three more of those!



The problem with kids is that in most cases, they eventually they will grow up to be fully functional young adults. This means that the solution can't be as simple as that of the geriatric problem (for those of you who didn't read the previous column, that was pushing them off

of sidewalks.) Instead, we must devise a manner by which we can control them while at the same time not bothering with them. To achieve this, I propose we engineer an elaborate system of connecting rooms from which the children cannot escape, but must instead wander aimlessly for a long time while staring at meaningless pictures of red and blue blobs. We'll call it preschool.

Kathleen was recently appointed Secretary of Education by President George W. Bush

**West
End**

He Said

He Said

D2

Whose Cuisine Reigns Supreme?

Paper or plastic, smoking or non, cake or death. All age old, time-less debates. Today we will put to rest the most important question of our time: West End or D2? Westendsday or D2sday? (Ok, technically that's two questions). Obviously, in a battle of opinions there can only be one correct response, and in this instance it has to be West End. Where else can you get such variety, such good prices, and such food quality? (I will stab you in the jaw if you think D2 can out-quality Greg's shoes, let alone West End). Sure, at D2 you can eat all you want to eat, but how much of that stuff do you really want to eat? I know I can't stomach much before I have to make the famed "D2 Dash." At West End you can buy exactly what you do want to eat, and nothing you don't.

West End won't charge you simply for going in and sitting down with your friends, whereas D2 makes you pay through the nose for simply sitting there and enjoying the ambiance, and D2's ambiance is less than stellar (I'm pretty sure the flowers in the paintings at D2 are not supposed to represent flowers...). At West End you can get lobster, steak, mahi mahi, smoothies, whole pizzas, and even e coli from the salad place (wait, scratch that last item). The best part is, you can take all of those wonderful menu items and eat them anywhere you choose—your room, a lounge, anywhere! Try taking things out of D2 (I'm kidding, don't take anything out or your going to get JR'd).

Let's talk about proximity—West End is SO much closer to our building than D2, cutting out at least 100 yards of walking and 13 unnecessary steps (plus the 26 steps once you get inside D2). At West End they believe in the no-stairs approach to dining. And as far as hours of operation go, D2 can't hold a candle to West End. Weekends, mid-morning, afternoon—all those times when college students want to eat, D2 is closed. Lucky for us, West End is open. West End also has a bathroom attached, so they don't force you to leave as soon as you're done—you can stay for a while and enjoy the conversation of your peers (unless your name starts with a "W" and ends with an "ilbur Hutcheson"). All in all, I think it's very obvious that West End is the superior dining hall in every respect. Now if you'll excuse me, I was forced to go to D2 to write this review and am going to have to spend the next half hour dashing to, well, you know.

Jeremy Henry nearly lost his job over a stack of cups at D2.



Peter uses the official Hillcrest FistShake™ on that misleading West End mural

Why Dietrick? Why not? The reasons for D2's immense superiority abound! They include... umm... let me think...

OK, I've got it. D2's simply a better value. Although the official line of Student Programs is that it is "all you care to eat" there's really no avoiding it—D2 is a great place to stuff your piehole. As Hillcrest's resident Arab Sam Abboud (as opposed to our resident Asian Sam Abboud) eloquently put it, "It's all you can freakin' eat."



"Who wants chowdah?"
Jeremy makes a typical post-D2 stop

Once you're in, you essentially have a license to keep eating and eating and eating until you have to stop and vent some bodily wastes. The beauty of D2 is that once you reach this point, you pretty much have to leave the wonderful atmosphere created by their piped-in 80s music since there are no public restrooms upstairs in Dietrick. In this way, the building itself is an automatic food intake regulator of sorts.

Another great thing about Dietrick is the high quality of their dinnerware. They have actual plates, mugs for coffee, and wonderfully turquoise cups. Their cups are absolutely perfect: they are not Styrofoam, nor are they those waxed paper cups from a certain end of campus (the western one) where the

condensation gets all over your table, no, they are amazingly translucent, remarkably stackable, authentically plastic drinking vessels. And what's more is that your D2sday experience is made all the more exciting by the looming potential for thievery. You never know just when you might accidentally walk out of the building carrying one of their wonderful cups, or a spoon in your heaping bowl of ice cream, or a pocketful of macaroons or curly fries or something. You know, speaking of curly fries: hang on a sec, guys, I've got to... take care of some business. I'll be right back.

Yeah, the Dietrick Dash—the only downside to the glorious dining experience that is D2sday. Somebody really ought to get to the bottom of that.

Peter Kauffmann loves D2sday. However, his intestines will dissolve within the month.

Hillpress Staff

Editor in Chef Brad Shapiro
Wants Sauce with That Peter Kauffmann
Side Order Jeremy Henry
Actually Goes to a Daycare Kathleen Cooperstein
Ummm, Like, Stuff Ryan Luck
Senior Eyebrow Expert Erin Rubin
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