

# HILLPRESS

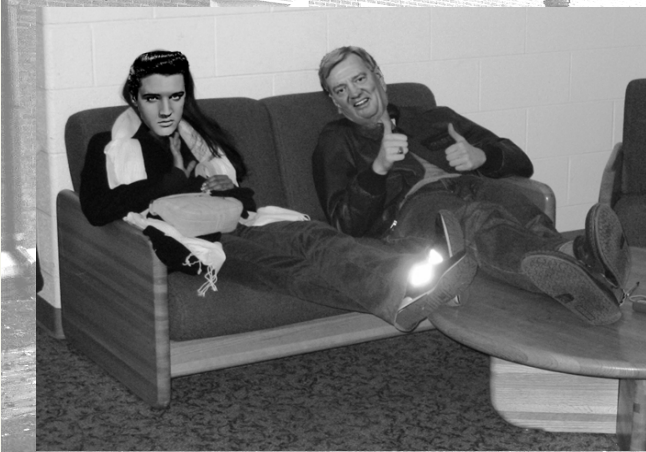
H I L L C R E S T H A L L - C A N ' T B E L I E V E I T S N O T B U T T E R !

From the Files of the Peterazzi

## Elvis Sighted with Frank Beamer in Hillcrest TV Lounge

A truly remarkable fact has come to the attention of this *Hillpress* writer: ELVIS IS NOT DEAD!

That's right folks, The King himself was sighted just this past week by perpetual TV lounge denizen Steve Hogan. Mr. Hogan was so surprised by this occurrence that he promptly collapsed right across the coffee table. Fortunately, Steve quickly regained consciousness and naturally sought out this reporter to properly document the situation. He knew that no *Hillpress* staff member would ever besmirch the fine reputation of this periodical by utilizing a style akin to tabloid journalism.



Upon our return to the lounge, we discovered that Mr. Presley had been joined by Virginia Tech football coach Frank Beamer, and the two had broken into a stirring rendition of *Jailhouse Rock*. Their music was glorious and filled Steve and myself with an urge to tap our toes, which eventually led to an impromptu sock hop, at which point we were joined by the surprisingly talented dancing duo of Collin Calhoun and New Mexico Governor Bill Richardson, just back from a whirlwind tour of sunny, slightly charred Southern California. The two performers then launched into a set of hits including "Heartbreak Hotel" and capped off by a memorable performance of "Viva Las Vegas."

As he ate a hearty lunch of peanut butter and banana sandwiches, Mr. Presley explained his nearly 30-year absence. "I was just scouring Italy for a new source of quality blue suede shoes, and got held up in customs for 25 years when I tried to bring a large quantity of snakes back on my plane. I'm really sorry about that, Frank. I tried to call you, but I couldn't remember what the US country code was."

Then, as quickly as he had appeared, Elvis had left the building, leaving Steve and myself as the only credible witnesses to the King's triumphant return.

*Peter Kauffmann refuses to get Photoshop and will continue using Microsoft Paint for his photo editing... not that this picture has been edited or anything.*

## Thanksgiving: Not Christmas Yet

It's that time of year again, folks. Halloween is come and gone, and you now have my permission to begin the grand excitement leading up to Thanksgiving! Get out your inflatable lawn turkeys and happy Indian window shades! Let's all start starving ourselves now and get the Fat Pants ready for the great feast that is soon to come!

What's that you say? Wait—no, that's not a turkey, that's a snowman! Icicles? You're putting icicles up? But November's barely begun! You can't be putting up your ten-foot radius pre-ornamented tinsel and gold Christmas tree already! What in the name of nine pounds six ounces baby Jesus is wrong with you people?!

People who decorate for Christmas before the designated time ruin the entire season for

the rest of us patient people. After all, what's so special about a holiday that lasts for two whole months? That's like being the kid at school who says "You have to be nice to me because it's my birthday" for the entire week of their birthday. It only makes the other kids want to beat you up even more, and it makes your actual birthday that much more unspecial.

Designated Christmas Decoration Season begins on Thanksgiving Day. At no

point before then is it considered tasteful to bring out the tinsel and lights, even if you happen to be a business and Christmas is the only thing keeping you alive (yeah, I'm talking to you, Pier 1! And Dan Hager and Paul Marks!) Thanksgiving is a noble holiday in its own right, and deserves better than to have its lime-light stolen by some greedy over-commercialized holiday year after year. So Hillcrustaceans, let's all join together this season to make it the Best Thanksgiving Holiday Ever.



*Kathleen Cooperstein was appointed Manager of Native American Relations by the Bush Administration.*

# Take Me Out to the Ballgame

Once again, dear children, it's time to consult with the man we all love to hate, Coach Jeremy. Some of you may say "Hey, Jeremy, don't you need a team to be called a coach?" To that I would give you a quick five-across-the-eyes and let you know that a) it's Coach Jeremy, and b) once a coach, always a coach. Granted, the team had a less than stellar year (40 wins isn't bad, unless you play a 162 game schedule), but the owner could have chosen a better way to let me know then flashing "pack up your junk and get out of here" on the big screen during the last game (which we won, by the way, and not just because the other team rested all 9 of its starters and had a back-up catcher as their starting pitcher).

Baseball, at one point, was America's pastime. Unfortunately, it is now battling the NHL for viewers. Many people say that they don't want to see a Yankees-Mets World Series, but I guarantee you that if it's on then they will see it. Detroit-St. Louis, now there's a series. People love underdogs, but they just don't care once they get to the World Se-

ries. This years World Series had the lowest TV rating ever, clocking in at a whopping 10.1 on the Nielsen TV rating system, which means that 10.1 people watched the game (the .1 represents someone who accidentally flipped past at one point, but quickly changed away from the channel once he realized that he absolutely didn't care about the game). 10.1! By comparison, the 10



WS during the 1980's got an average of 25.52, and the 80's sucked.

The only reason our team (the Isotopes) couldn't make it to the playoffs is because the owners won't spend any money on the team. Teams spend well over \$100,000,000 (that's a lot of zeros) on their teams each year, and the Yankees spend so much money that they have to make up new numbers to figure out how much they spent. This year they spent approximately \$87 brazillion (that's 87 followed by roughly a crapton of zeros). We just can't compete. So to whoever goes on to coach my team, good luck. I hope it isn't that bum Piniella, but with our owners, who knows. Well, that's all the time we have for today kids, but if anyone else has any questions, I'll be out trying to assassinate George Steinbrenner. Until next time, I'm Coach Jeremy, and you're not.

*Jeremy Henry was the infield coach for Bill Buckner during the 1986 World Series, but he was not an All-American Quarterback.*

## America's Biggest Threat

Married couple Jane and John Doe have pen, the been going through some hard times recently. John regularly sleeps around, gets drunk, and beats up Jane. It is rough on the children, and so they decided that something needed to be done about it.

They did the most obvious thing they could have done to save their marriage... vote to ban gay marriage in their state in the November election. Come on folks, if your marriage needs saving, communicating won't work. Ending the abuse won't help a bit either. The real threat to your marriage is the fact that those who fancy others of the same gender might be able to "tie the knot" with their partners.

<b>Gay Marriage Advisory System</b>
<b>SEVERE</b> <small>Threatened, Very, Very Threatened</small>
<b>HIGH</b> <small>Traditional Values at Risk</small>
<b>ELEVATED</b> <small>Is it Me, No, Really, Is It Me?</small>
<b>GUARDED</b> <small>You're Kidding, Aren't You?</small>
<b>LOW</b> <small>Keep Quiet &amp; No One Gets Hurt</small>

Allowing homosexuals to marry is a threat to our very way of life as Americans. If we allow it to happen, terrorists have won. Can't you see what is happening here?

The Bible states very clearly that only heterosexual couples are capable of loving each other, and therefore it must be true. Our government has a responsibility of enforcing Christianity among all citizens, and this is paramount above soldiers dying, above health care and social security, and above politics. That's what all of the founders believed and wanted. I know, because Thomas Jefferson told me so.

So all you people, vote to ban gay marriage in your home state! And if you have time, vote for Senators and Governors and other such nonsense.

*Brad Shapiro signed the Declaration of Independence in 1776 as the representative from Texas.*

### Tip of the Hat Wag of the Finger

Tip of the hat to Hillpress Editor in Chief Brad Shapiro for throwing four touchdown passes in Sunday's Hillcrest intramural football game.

Wag of the finger to Hillpress Editor in Chief Brad Shapiro for throwing two of those four touchdown passes to the wrong team...

## Hillpress Staff

- Founding Father** Brad Shapiro
- Chief Accountant** Erin Rubin
- Secretary of Interior** Kari Adkins
- Master of Ceremonies** David Choquette
- The Peterazzi** Peter Kauffmann
- Senior Baseball Analyst** Jeremy Henry
- Scrooge McJew** Kathleen Cooperstein
- Yeah, I'm that Old** Ryan Luck