

Reflections on Valentine's Day '98

Waffle House, Blockbuster and other romantic interludes

This past weekend marked everyone's favorite holiday for getting fat on high-calorie dinners and buying many expensive, outrageously gaudy items all in the name of love.

For me, this past Valentine's Day lived up to all the rest... namely it was a freakin' headache.

I should have stuck with my original plan to avoid the holiday entirely. I should have watched a few movies, downed four bottles of NyQuil and slept through the whole damn thing. I should have seen it coming.

Having Valentine's Day only one day after Friday the 13th was a sign of Armageddon itself. I don't know why I didn't stay in bed. Instead, I agreed to go out with three friends and laugh and mock those who were getting caught up in love's midst.

After gathering ourselves, we had the dilemma of deciding where to eat. A brief argument led us to Longbranch. Hey, it was only a

fifteen minute wait if we got there by 7:15pm. We arrived at Longbranch at 7:30. We could be seated in two hours. So much for our faith in steakhouse chains.

We would have waited for a steak, not that we don't

Ethan Pell

Pendulum Columnist
pelle6s0@numen.elon.edu

get such fine gourmet from Harden and McEwen, but we had to be at the 9:30pm showing of "The Wedding Singer."

I suggested Monterrey's, and although not everyone was thrilled with that, our options were running short. Even there the wait was ridiculous. We only had an hour to spare and we weren't seated. Again, we set out to seek other options.

Enter Waffle House. There's always a heapin' helpin' of hospitality and the wildlife is what you'd expect coming off of I-40. We

were promptly served a Valentine's dinner of steak and eggs, hash browns and lemon pie. We finished our meal with seven minutes to spare.

Of course, I was the slow one and since we had a deadline to meet, I vacuumed up my food with incredible speed. I almost choked three times while inhaling my toast and hash browns.

West End Cinema was a virtual ruckus. "Titanic" was sold out, as were many of the similarly cliché "date movies."

We got to the counter and asked for four for "The Wedding Singer." With a pearly white smile from the ticket seller, we were told it was sold out.

We then requested the same amount of tickets for "Half-Baked." Not playing that night. I then said four for "Spice World." The females in our group gasped, horrified, saying there was no way that



Vests: The root of all evil?

Vests are utterly useless garments, but more and more Elon students are adding the sleeveless apparel to their fashion repertoire.

If you own a vest please finish reading this editorial. I want to help you. You have been unwittingly brainwashed by the clothing industry, and I can prove it.

What is the fundamental reason that people wear clothes, especially during these chilly winter months? To keep warm!

Somewhere along the line, humans discovered that covering their bodies with animal skins or fabric prevented sickness and death.

The next part of the argument is simple, but it is something we must agree on before we proceed:

Your arms are part of your body.

Your arms do a lot of neat-o things for you. They will pick up objects for you and put them down when you tell them.

Waving them about can express ideas such as "Look at me, I'm over here!" and "Help! I'm choking on a sandwich!"

If you do not have any arms, please accept my sincere apologies. I did not mean to point out all of the things you are missing. Feel free to put this newspaper down this instant and buy a nice vest.

Yes, arms are most definitely a part of your body. So why would you wear a garment that blatantly neglects them? You do so because the

Rich Blomquist

Pendulum Columnist
blomr7d0@numen.elon.edu

clothing industry has convinced you that this is acceptable behavior.

Manufacturers of apparel want you to buy vests because they are less expensive to produce than regular shirts and jackets. After all, they don't have any sleeves!

So, the clothing manufacturers run a few advertisements featuring L.L. Cool J or that Marky Mark fellow in a vest.

If you see enough of those ads, you start to think that sleeveless

apparel is okay. After all, if something's cool for the hip-hop world, then it must be good enough for Johnny College Student too, isn't it?

No, it's not. If you did everything that Color Me Badd did then you'd be selling imitation Beanie Babies out of the back of a van in Duluth right now.

Stop being a slave to the mass media and say, "Gosh darn it, my arms do a lot for me, and I want to take care of them! Give me some sleeves!"

This editorial does have a postscript, however. There is one time when wearing a vest is acceptable, and that is when you are sporting a tuxedo.

A vest offers a sensible alternative to the cummerbund, which is the only article of clothing that I hate more than vests. A cummerbund is basically a belt that doesn't do its job.

But I'm sure that all of you would start wearing them if Puff Daddy did.



Mad about something? Write a Letter to the Editor

they would pay a dime to see that. And I thought everyone loved Posh Spice. Mmmmm... Victoria numnums.

The night ended uneventfully with a pointless trip to Blockbuster, followed by countless games of WCW Vs. nWo on the Nintendo 64.

I have spent every Valentine's Day for the past 20 years without a significant Valentine, which is a good thing. I usually find someone a few weeks afterwards and I miss spending all that money for one night.

I'm planning now for next Valentine's Day to make sure it will go flawlessly.

Here's my plan. First, I'm gonna get past that whole Not-Having-A-Girl-On-Valentine's thing by having one. I'll pay my roommate exactly 20 bucks to

make himself scarce for the night.

Then, I will go to Super K and buy the CD entitled "Sax By The Sea." It's a seductive little collection that says, "We don't have to shag, but you know you want to."

I'll turn off all the lights in the room except my fiber optic plants and the Christmas lights because I'm smooth like that.

From there it's all fate, but I have confidence. I also have the knowledge that this is a perfect charade that probably won't happen, but a guy can dream, right?

Valentine's Day is still dumb and I have faith that those of you who spent a month's salary for one evening of nookie will wise up to its mind-numbing, wallet-draining powers.

Valentine's Day Schmalentine's Day. Just go find yourself a hook-up and be happy. Booyaka.

The biggest threat to depression is your awareness of it.

Serious depression strikes millions. Serious depression strikes indiscriminately. Serious depression is MOST dangerous when it goes unrecognized. That's why it's so important to always be aware of the threat of depression. And if your life is ever interrupted by a period of depression, remember that it is readily, medically treatable.

UNTREATED DEPRESSION

#1 Cause of Suicide

Public Service message from SA VE (Suicide Awareness Voices of Education) <http://www.save.org>

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Call On The Experts To Help!
Precious Cargo Transportation, Inc.

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