

Viewpoint

Hey there kids! Take a look outside your window. You know what that is swirling around your dorm? It's your car.

It's Thursday today, and if the weathermen are right, then we are right in the middle of a hurricane. Cool, huh? And you thought it was the end of the world.

What does this storm mean for the mild-mannered citizens of Elon College? A whole bunch of changes. First of all, Jordan Center residents are going to have to be reregistered as commuters, because the ghetto is going to be on the Virginia border come Friday, well bits of it at least.

Jordan Center is going to stand up to a hurricane about as I would to Bruce Lee, it's going to get destroyed. Old JC is temporary housing set up in the mid 80's. It was only supposed to be used for five years. I don't think I need to say more except that Jordan Center is the trailer park of Elon.

Next on the list, the dorms are going to be evacuated so that we can all cram into the Moseley Center. The least the school could do is book a couple of bands. Anyway I got dibs on the futon in the Campus Shop display window.

This storm is 600 miles in diameter with enough wind speed to rip your clothes off. This is the meteorological equivalent of Fat Bastard.

"Ain't I saexy, I'm a gray beg hurricane. The southeast is lower on the food chain! Git en mae baily! Florida, the other, other white meat."

Despite all this, there is no way that the school is going to cancel classes, so just hope that your Biology 101 happens to fall when the eye passes over Elon.

Personally, I don't think that we've been given the opportunity to voice our opinion about the school getting worked over like a popsicle by a porn star.

If you too can't see the benefits of the weather pimp-smacking the campus, then I want you to join me in writing a petition to Floyd, the hurricane. Together we will stand united against this breach of our 1st Amendment rights.

If you want to participate, just write your name on a piece of paper, open the window and throw it out. Don't worry the wind will pick it up before it hits the ground. A few seconds later it will be swirling around with your roommate, most of the unfinished Library and god willing WSOE's transmitter.

• Chuck Buckley Senior Editor

Nobody tells me what to do with my meat

I've made this argument to my girlfriend on several occasions.

If you're a *real* man, you do whatever you want with your meat. And *nobody* tells you what you can or can't put in between your buns.

But my woman simply doesn't understand why I like it raw.

Of course, I'm talking about hamburgers.

I run into problems every time I order a burger at one of Burlington's steakhouses.

I like my hamburgers cooked medium-rare or medium. But in North Carolina these burgers are illegal.

You can get a shotgun from Wal-Mart after a three-day waiting period, but you can't get a hamburger that's kind of pink in the middle.

North Carolina state law prohibits restaurants from serving hamburgers that aren't cooked at least medium-well.

So whenever I get a steakhouse cheeseburger, it comes back looking like something that Wayne Gretzky should slap into a net.

The North Carolina State Legislature passed the hamburger law in response to the 1993 wave of food poisoning in Washington state.

The poisoning occurred when

Jack in the Box fast-food restaurants served burgers that were contaminated with a virulent strain of E. Coli bacteria. And if a restaurant chain as prestigious and safety-minded as Jack in the Box can fall victim to an E. Coli outbreak, it can happen to anybody.

So North Carolina law aims to prevent a similar epidemic by requiring restaurants to cook burgers thoroughly. This ensures that

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any E. Coli bacteria in the meat are destroyed.

Unfortunately, it also ensures that burgers end up tasting like the tan leather vest that Richard Roundtree wore in "Shaft."

North Carolinians should be able to get burgers cooked however they like - even if it means that diners have to play the game of bacteria roulette.

Actually, craps is a more appropriate gambling analogy considering that E. Coli infections usually result in severe diarrhea and abdominal cramping.

Heck, those symptoms aren't any worse than what I experience after bingeing on Cool-Whip-and-

Skittles sandwiches (a Blomquist family recipe). I'd definitely risk a little diarrhea to get a decent hamburger.

Ingesting virulent E. Coli can sometimes result in death, but only in individuals with weakened immune systems. Frankly, sickies don't have any business eating cheeseburgers in the first place. They should just stick to chicken soup and lime Jell-O.

If you think you have the right to order any type of hamburger that you want, contact your representa-

tives in the North Carolina State Legislature. Tell them you want to be the master of your meat. And let them know that if you want to put something rare in between your buns, that's *your* business.

Alamance County Representatives:

Senator Hugh Webster (R):
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Representative Cary D. Allred (R):
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Informing the Elon College Community

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The purpose of *The Pendulum* shall be to inform and entertain the Elon College community. *The Pendulum* shall be a forum where all members of the college community are able to express their ideas and opinions.

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EYE IN ELON

Piping
away a
rainy day

Bagpiper Sir Robert Gladstone Bell plays at the dedication of the Carol Grotnes Belk Library, Wednesday Sept. 15. Rain forced the dedication inside of the building, allowing students and visiting dignitaries a sneak peek at the rotunda and circulation desk of the still-unfinished building.

photo by Emily MacDonnell