

Opinion

Results of a survey revealed!

The results are back! For those of you who have been waiting all semester for the survey I ran -- you're in luck! I've finally tabulated the responses.

Granted, the questionnaire was not designed by an expert survey-maker. It was not conducted in purely random order. And no, it is not worthy enough to be cited as a source of information. I am aware that this is not a reputable and accurate survey, but it's a survey nonetheless.

I was not out to prove any political point, or to be crude. It was designed to be fun. Don't read into it. I know, however, that not everyone can be pleased or amused.

Warning: The following material may not be suitable for the elderly, members of the clergy, or those with weak stomachs, heart conditions, or bladder infections. These are the statistics of what many Penn State students have done:

☞ 65% of respondents made scary faces at young children at some time in their lives.

☞ A surprising 73% had lied about their ages. Surprising, that is, because it's not 100%!

☞ Only 35% claimed that they had never purposely worried their mothers.

☞ To my surprise, 69% had peed in someone else's swimming pool. I'm glad to learn that I'm not the only one.

☞ Amazingly enough, 46% remembered passing gas during a church sermon.

☞ 62% pushed all the buttons on an elevator before getting off.

☞ 81% burped grossly in public places.

☞ 42% discussed food or restaurants at a funeral at one time or another.

☞ Oddly, 30% of males reported having their fingers break through the toilet paper. But...76% of girls claimed the same thing. That's a 2:5 ratio!

☞ 77% of respondents claimed that they had accused someone of doing something they know they were innocent of.

☞ An astounding 42% had written something on a bathroom wall or toilet stall.

☞ Only half had actually

stuck their gum under a chair or table. This is strange considering the fact that if someone counted all the pieces of gum stuck under chairs and tables here, the number might actually be higher than the total number of students who ever went to Behrend.

☞ 31% had parked in a handicapped spot -- even if it was for a short time with their



blinkers on.

☞ 19% had walked out of a restaurant without paying the bill, whether intentional or by absent-mindedness.

☞ 54% returned something for an exchange after they had

used it.

☞ 89% admitted cheating on a test at some time.

☞ Only 11% said they had never argued with someone they knew was correct.

☞ 73% said that they had taken credit for something someone else did -- whether good or bad.

☞ 82% of girls flipped someone off while driving. For guys, however, the results were unanimous.

☞ A perverted 11% looked at one of their parents while they were changing or were naked.

☞ 54% hid food at the dinner table in order to throw it away, or feed it to the dog.

☞ 62% had called one of their boyfriends or girlfriends the name of a former boyfriend or girlfriend. I thought that kind of thing only happened on TV.

☞ About half of the respondents reported smiling to themselves after somebody vomited nearby. Maybe only 1% (the extremely drunk) would still be smiling if they were hit by the puke.

☞ 54% passed rumors they knew were lies. Contrary to

conventional wisdom, guys seem to gossip more than girls! 75% of guys passed known lies, while only 42% of girls did, believe it or not.

☞ A scary 58% had the urge to slip someone Ex-Lax without them knowing. *Even more frightening:* 15% actually had!

If the results of this survey surprise you, think of who you're dealing with. Certainly no one ever said that our generation is one concerned with manners and good ethics, although perhaps we should try to be more often.

And should you accidentally let an obnoxious burp rip out of your mouth in a classy restaurant, don't feel bad -- just remember that 81% of your peers would probably applaud you, or at least laugh.

I guess there's only one thing to ask ourselves: What's the world coming to!?!?

Matt Duddy is a fourth semester science major. His column appears every other week in The Collegian.

Colorado could be called "The people on crutches state"

by Dave Barry
Syndicated Columnist

In our family, we like to engage in group sports activities, because we have fun and learn more about each other as human beings. For example, without the sport of skiing, I would never have found out what the inside of my wife's left knee looks like.

This came about because of an unplanned skiing maneuver that Beth performed in Colorado ("The People On Crutches State"). Beth and I were attempting to ski, as a family, with our son, Rob, who, being 12, is not legally required to obey the laws of gravity. Rob skis the way the Road Runner runs in cartoons. He looks for the steepest, scariest slope, one where the bottom is littered with the carcasses of mountain goats and professional rock climbers who died attempting to get down it. Without pausing, he launches himself off the edge, stops in midair to look around for several seconds, then WHOOSH turns into a blur and zips to the bottom, where he turns back -- he is a tiny black dot now, way down the

mountain -- and shouts impatiently, "Come ON! Beep beep!"

Then Beth and I, playing the part of stupid old Wile E. Coyote, inch our way cautiously to the edge and start to descend the slope at about the same velocity as one of your less-active glaciers, sometimes getting as far as 18 inches before our skis -- these are rental skis, and they can smell fear in a person -- become skittish and attempt to flee in opposite directions, causing us to collapse like cheap tents in a high wind.

This is what happened to Beth in Colorado. I looked back and saw her lying on the slope directly under a chairlift, in great pain, with two ski-patrol guys kneeling next to her, administering First Aid to her knee and building a little shelter to protect her from the thick storm of business cards being dropped from the chairlift by personal-injury attorneys.

(I am just kidding, of course. They parachuted down in person.)

So we went to the hospital, where a doctor explained, with

the aid of an extremely detailed life-size model, how the human knee joint works. (Not very well, is the answer.) I didn't catch everything he said; I'm not good at looking directly at medical things. I believe that if Nature wanted us to know what knee joints look like, then Nature would not have covered them with skin.

So I was swaying gently back and forth, like a palm tree about to lose its lunch, and the doctor was thrusting this realistic model knee joint at me and saying, "OK, you see this ligament? Your wife SNAPPED this ligament. It's GONE. So now her leg can do THIS." Here he picked up Beth's lower leg and move it in a way that clearly indicated that it was not fully attached to her upper leg. "See this movement?" the doctor was saying. "This is WRONG!" At one point, I believe he took Beth's lower leg completely out of the room, leaving the rest of Beth with me, but I can't be certain because by then I was sitting on the floor and my body had wisely shut down the blood flow to my brain.

So we came back home to Miami and met with more doctors, who also had realistic knee models. (I am thinking of carrying one around myself, to scare off muggers.) Each doctor found more things wrong with Beth's knee ("See this? GONE."). Beth decided that she'd better have knee surgery right away, because the way the diagnoses were escalating, it was only a matter of time before the doctors started talking heart transplant.

So I took Beth in for surgery, and they wheeled Beth off to the operating room. I was reassured to note that they had used a felt-tipped marker to put an "X" on her left foot, so the doctor would know which leg to operate on. This reminded me of the time when my friend Claire had to have surgery on her leg, and she insisted that her friend Ginny write "NOT THIS LEG" in big letters on the other leg.

Here's a good practical joke: If you ever have to have brain surgery, have a friend write "NOT THIS HEAD" on your scalp.

Anyway, after I had been in

the waiting room for about eight years, the surgeon came out. He had good news and bad news. The good news was that the operation went fine. The bad news was that he had taken color Polaroid photographs of the inside of Beth's knee. Suddenly, with no advance warning, he was thrusting these at me, right there in the waiting room. "And THIS," he was saying, quite enthusiastically, like a man showing pictures of his trip to Yellowstone, "is her ligament stump."

I don't know about you, but I think there should be a certain amount of mystery about a woman.

Anyway, Beth is going to be OK, and I have to say that, even though this was not a pleasant experience, I was impressed with the way the health-care system operated. The only major area where I see a need for improvement -- Hillary Clinton, take note -- is that Colorado should be much flatter.

Dave Barry appears every week in The Collegian