


ELDERLY



...vibrant, energetic, active, "young" people... that... things... people... process... at... time... to... things... "easy...
 ...all of my time making... creating... "elderly" and didn't... Grandma's support...
 ...how when I look at her and talk with her, I ask myself, "What happened?" It's like she's been transformed overnight...
 ...She's the total opposite of the once active Grandma I know... she has hit old-age...
 ...I'm not exactly sure when it happened. I feel like I've been on vacation for 10 years and just missed it...
 ...I suppose everyone goes through this kind of experience whether it be grandparents, aunts and uncles, or even our own parents...
 ...It really bothers me when people take advantage of elders or mock them. It's not their fault that they can't walk or think as fast as they used to. They were

...Elders are sometimes trapped in nursing homes because they have no family or friends left. However, more often than not, they're looked upon as a nuisance to surviving family members and the nursing home is a way to throw that old, unwanted toy into the closet.
 ...Granted, there are families who do care and families who don't care about their elders, but either

...Elders all seem to share stereotypical characteristics. They can't see clearly beyond five feet without their glasses and have trouble writing and walking. No temperature is "comfortable," and they constantly complain about everything. Even when things are OK they still find something

...only... out more time."
 ...I remember when I was younger, spending the night with Grandma was a big thing.
 ...We used to play endless games of Monopoly, Yahtzee and Tri-Ominos and she'd always cook scrambled eggs (which used to be my favorite food) for me. We

...Elderly people are human beings and need compassion, sympathy, friendship and love just like everyone else.
 ...All they need is for someone to reach out and care so they don't feel like burdens on society.
 ...Being with Grandma makes me realize how important it is to care for elderly people because otherwise they slip into a lonely, black hole.
 ...I know for certain that I don't want to be ignored when I'm "old"; wouldn't you agree?

The microwave toilet

by Dave Barry
Collegian Staff

When we try to name the one thing that makes America great, we are forced to conclude that the answer is "quality of life," defined as "working." We are blessed with the finest toilet system in the world. When we go to a public place such as a shopping mall or restaurant, we know that we will find public restrooms meeting all the standards of the Federal Interstate Commode Quality Act, including:

Modern soap and paper-towel dispensers designed to conserve our planet's precious resources by always being out of soap and paper towels.

Bad words that have been written on the walls by irresponsible, reprehensible, antisocial, degenerate perverts who can be pretty funny.

A sign that says "EMPLOYEES MUST WASH HANDS BEFORE LEAVING RESTROOM AND ALSO FOR GOD'S SAKE PLEASE STOP SPITTING INTO THE ENTREES."

A person who has been in a stall for at least two days making noises like walrus mating.

Also, sometimes, if prankish

youngsters have not stolen it or attempted to flush a rental security guard down it, there will be a TOILET THAT ACTUALLY WORKS. This is not the case elsewhere in the world. Ask anybody who travels a lot. In foreign countries, you constantly find yourself in scary situations involving plumbing that was built thousands of years ago by the Etruscans, who chose to become extinct rather than try to use it. These facilities are often guarded by very short, very wide, very hostile women who watch you like a hawk and expect you to tip them for tending the mold colonies and making sure the toilet paper is rigid enough to slice luncheon meat.

Perhaps you believe I am overstating the scariness of foreign toilet. Well, perhaps you should dig out your December 1993 issue of the Scottish Medical Journal, a copy of which was sent to me by alert research scientist Elliot Cowan. On page 185, you will find an article entitled "THE COLLAPSE OF TOILETS IN GLASGOW." This article, which I am not making up, describes three cases wherein people were injured "Whilst sitting on toilets which

unexpectedly collapsed." All three patients had to receive hospital treatment for wounds in the buttocks region. (The buttocks region is located just west of Edinburgh.)

The article describes the collapsing-toilet incidents in clinical scientific terminology, which contrasts nicely with a close-up, full-face photograph,



suitable for framing, of a hairy and hefty victim's naked wounded butt, mooning out of the page at you, causing you to think, for reasons that you cannot quite explain, of Pat Buchanan.

"The cause (of the toilet collapses) remains unclear," states the Scottish Medical Journal, "except that all of the

toilets were believed to be very old." (The article does not come right out and use the term "Etruscan," but we can read between the lines.)

So my advice is: If you must go to a foreign country, go to the bathroom before you leave. Although I personally would stay right here in the United States, because we could be on the verge of a major scientific breakthrough in the form of -- get ready -- a MICROWAVE TOILET.

I have here the May 26, 1993 issue of the Bloomsburg, Pa. Press-Enterprise sent in by alert reader David Hill. Right on the front page is a story, written by Ellen Condron, about a man named George Welliver, who is hoping to manufacture a toilet that would use microwaves to convert waste to ashes, thereby saving water. The article is accompanied by a stunningly artistic color photograph, taken with the camera tilted at an arty angle, showing Mr. Welliver sitting (fully dressed) on his bathroom commode, holding a microwave oven in his lap. I have been to some of the world's finest museums, and I can honestly say that I have never seen a work of art, photographic or otherwise, that more clearly expresses the

classic dual themes of "microwave oven" and "toilet."

The article quotes Welliver as saying that he originally considered a laser toilet, but decided against it. I think this was a wise decision. I'm sure I speak on behalf of guys everywhere when I say that I would not want to get any closer than about 50 feet from a laser-powered toilet, so accuracy would be a real problem.

But I think the microwave toilet is a great idea. In fact, I can foresee a day in the not-so-distant future when there would be one multipurpose microwave device in your home, which would automatically, at a pre-set time, load a frozen burrito into itself, heat it up to serving temperature, then switch over to Toilet Mode, incinerate the burrito, and whisk the ashes away without any human involvement whatsoever. That is the wonderful thing about this great country: The quality of life is constantly improving in ways that we cannot begin to comprehend without massive doses of Prozac, with each generation producing something new and amazing. And then forgetting to flush.