

Beer And Frothing In Middletown

by Doug Gibboney

The scene, McDonald's at a quarter of eleven Sunday morning. Why don't they have juke boxes in these places? A good Johnny Cash tune would go well about now - just imagining those thumping bass strings and the Carter Family back-up makes the day seem a little better.

Last night was the first X-GI Keggar of the year. Two hundred drunken crazies got together in the Middletown Hunter's & Angler's Club to eat peanuts, drink beer and act like savages. Music was by Mad Hatter. Everyone had a good time. So much for straight news.

Saturday was a very cold day, a day for sleeping late and curling up with a textbook in the afternoon. Sane people spent the evening watching Mary Tyler Moore and Bob Newhart. Prouser and I spent the first part of the evening circling around the Pennsylvania Turnpike, searching for the Hunter's & Angler's Club.

"It's gotta be right up here, Fred."

"Uh, I dunno. Maybe we should turn around."

"Maybe. There's a white fence."

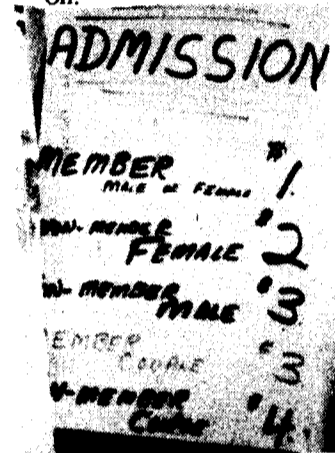
"Huh?"

"There's a white fence."

"Where?"

"You passed it."

"Oh."



It pays to be a member for XGI Keggars.



Cold-Duck winner chugs away his prize.

"Maybe we should turn around."

"Maybe. There! Is that a white fence?"

"Yeah. Is it the white fence we want?"

"Why do we want a white fence?"

"Do we want a white fence?"

"Huh?"

"There's the turnpike."

"Where?"

"What?"

"The turnpike..."

"Oh. Where's the white fence?"

"The white fence?"

"I think we turn here."

"Where?"

"We passed it."

"Is there enough light to take a picture?"

"Of what?"

"The turnpike."

"Oh. There's enough light with the flash."

"Where is it?"

"You have it."

"How come we can't find this place when we've both been here a couple of times?"

"I dunno. The keggar were the highlights of last year's Capitol Campus social season..."

"I guess."

"...unless you want to count some of the things in the Heights."

"Like the party where they showed the porno flick backward and forward 23 times."

"The plot didn't change a lot when it was shown in reverse."

"Then there was that girl from Philadelphia who came up for the music festival and decided to have brotherly love with 18 guys."

"That's exaggerated."

"No, it's not, Fred. I researched that very carefully and got it straight from the horse's mouth. 18 guys and then she started to hemorrhage."

"I still don't believe it."



Keggar crowd. Mad Hatter's lead singer (center) joins festivities.

"Hey! There's the keggar!"

Experts on the world population problem claim that if the birth rate doesn't take a drastic drop we're all going to be sitting on one another's shoulders by the year 2010. Much of the data for that information came from the Keggars where these conditions start to exist when things get heavy at about midnight. A beer run to the kegs across the hall can take 45 minutes with most of the beer being dumped down the dresses of one of the young lovelies from the Cen-Penn Business School. Many a story-book romance has started that way.

Prouser and I got there fairly early and got a table up front. Fred began checking the light for pictures. I made the first run to the kegs.

Already the beer table was crowded. Arms, legs, heads flailing about for the precious liquid. Someone was screaming to be let to the front of the mob for they were dying of thirst. No mercy was shown.

Back at the table, Prouser was musing on the problems of writing an article about this. "I mean, really, how are we supposed to cover this?"

"Oh, I don't know. It was a slow news week at Capitol and this is the only thing that could possibly be a lead story."

"Yeah, but how?"

"Let me drink some more beer and think about it. You say your typewriter is locked up in the Main Building?"

"Yeah, Francine's office."

"Shit. How are we going to write it and get it to the printer?"

"We could do it long hand...or we could tape the whole thing and have them transpose it."

"Right. That would be some tape. Let me go get some more beer."

At the entrance, the girls from Cen-Penn arrived to the cheers of half dozen footloose lovers.

By the beer table, I filled my glass several times and discussed the drug question with a half-dozen weirdo rockers. The bathroom line was beginning to back up. Someone emerged with a horror tale of men driven to their limits while awaiting a chance to answer the call of nature.

"It's getting desperate in there. Some guy locked himself in the stall and refuses to come out. The crowd is getting ugly."

I took a sip of beer and said, "You gotta be kidding. No one would do something like that."

"Go see for yourself."

"No thanks." I grabbed a full glass and headed back to the front.

Mad Hatter had begun it's second set. People were dancing on the table tops. Other people were selling raffle tickets for bottles of Cold Duck. At the end of one number, 2 people seized one of the band's microphones.

"Let's hear it for the band! Come on! Let's hear it!"

Weak groans were the reply, followed by more urging. "Come on you can do better than that let's hear it."

Weaker groans from the audience. The band members looked at one another, trying to think of a graceful way to get the mike back so they could start playing again. Eventually they left the stage.

Fred had his camera set on a tripod with the flash attached. The light brought ugly stares each time it went on. We prudently chose to not use it anymore.

The Cold Duck was raffled off with each winner being urged to chug it. At the entrance, a pane of glass was broken but no one seemed to know how it happened.

The bathroom lines got longer and longer.

The band went into their final set. The kegs showed no outward sign of being empty. The beer seemed to appear from some inexhaustable source in the parking lot.

Shortly after 1, the lights went on and people started filing out. Somebody threw me in a Corvette and we sped off to a Middletown tavern. More beer. My memory started to fade. We went to the Heights where a party was roaring. About 3:30, I fell asleep on the lawn.

Somehow, I managed to find a bed with some help from a friend. Now it's the morning after the night before. And I still want to know how do you write a story about this?



Some guests at XGI Keggar weren't camera-shy.

Photo by Gibboney

Reader Gets Assis - tance

Patrick McClure

Yesterday at 1:00 P.M. in the college lounge, Jim Ferrier, who works for the Patriot News, met with Editor-in-Chief Jim Bollinger, Associate Editor, Doug Gibboney, and staff members Phyllis Shaeffer and Patrick McClure of the C.C. Reader to discuss possible improvements in the quality of the college paper.

Mr. Ferrier's comments were geared mostly to the layout of the paper in such areas as, wasted space, improper type, by lines, and placement of priority articles over secondary articles.

"This has no place on the front page", said Mr. Ferrier as he blue penciled an add in the bottom corner; "and where is the by line for this article?", he continued as he circled another area.

Throughout the course of the discussion Mr. Ferrier's pencil kept moving, and by the end of the discussion there were a variety of blue circles and crosses on every page of the paper. "I'm hard", he chuckled, "but these are all areas that need improvement".

The meeting was discontinued at 3:00 P.M. with the Editors and staff members picking up their now black and blue paper and thanking Mr. Ferrier for his time and effort. "I only wish I could help more", said Mr. Ferrier.

Mr. Ferrier is enrolled as a student at Capitol Campus while working for the Patriot News.

M.H.B.O.G. News

The first meeting for the Meade Heights Board of Governors was held on Tuesday, October 9. Nominations were taken, followed by elections, for the offices of the Board. The positions filled for the Meade Heights Board of Governors are: President- Mike Mastracchio of 938A Mars Drive, phone 944-1984; Vice-President- Stan Kenosky of 933A Mars Drive, 944-0550; Secretary- Maryann Smith of 846A Kirtland Avenue, 944-1952; and Treasurer- Rick Hood of 953A Kirtland Avenue, 944-1948. Meade Heights residents with any problems, suggestions, complaints, etc., should feel free to contact any of the officers.

Other discussion areas were centered around the topics of revising the present pet policy, and lifting the waterbed restriction.

The large attendance of this initial meeting was greatly appreciated, and all Meade Heights residents are encouraged to attend future meetings. The next Board of Governors meeting will be Wednesday, October 23, at 7:00 p.m.