

# DARK BREW DROWNS STUDENT SORROWS

UNIVERSITY PARK--

Throughout the centuries, man has scaled mountains, crossed vast oceans and even conquered continents in quest of that illusive fountain of youth. Man need not wander any farther, for Penn State dormitories have found the miracle potion of his long, lost quests-root beer.

Although modern society has compacted the miracle liquid into kegs instead of the mythical fountain, root beer still holds mystical powers over those who drink from its tap.

Just walking through the doorway of a dorm root beer party, one sheds layers of aging and is transformed into the high school youth of his past.

The "keg of youth" sits in the corner of the room, as anxious students wait their turn to sip from its foamy brown waters. Students throughout the party try to quench their thirsts by concealing the root beer in plastic Budweiser cups, but the effect caused by such firewater as beer or grain punch are never seen. Root beer has converted this party into a sober group of high school kids at a Saturday night dance after a football game.

The room itself is cut in half by an imaginary line dividing the males from the females. Some uninhibited youths do cross the DMZ and dance, but for the most part, the boys nervously sit and watch as the girls dance

by Gary Muraca

Daily Collegian Staff Writer

and gige among themselves.

Seemingly unaffected by the "keg of youths" grasp, the students who run the party try desperately to reverse the aging process by fashioning elaborate reel-to-reel, and phonograph stereo systems, the likes of which were only seen at traditional dorm parties. They also occasionally flash the lights on and off signaling an end to such nonsense and declaring it "a wild college party" once again.

But it is of no use, for the root beet is already in the party's bloodstream and has taken its affect.

Those who dance seem to be enjoying themselves immensely, but dispondent faces line the wall where the boys sit. Their inhibitions keep them tight in their seats as they fidget nervously with their hands and constantly peer up and down the room.

When asked the advantages of root beer over alcohol one optimistic student replied, "At least when I wake up tomorrow morning, my mouth won't taste like somebody shit in it."

But one of the disgruntled males who sat against the wall had a different opinion of the "keg of youth." He scanned the room with sober eyes and said, "The root beer at this party is just like the girls, cold and

flat."

Local distributors, on the other hand, are paying homage to the "keg of youth," for sales have risen drastically. Even keg-less distributors have experienced an increase in case beer sales, theorizing that since dorms can't have open beer keg-parties, they stock up on the case beer to drink in seclusion from their RA.

In any event, Penn State students have notoriously been known as highly flexible and adaptive creatures, and with no end in sight on the alcohol ban in the dorms, students might have to take the attitude of one RA, who, when asked about the root beer fiasco, hopelessly raised his arms to the "keg of youth" and replied, "It's better than nothing at all."

## FORMER HIGHACRES STUDENT CAUSES

### "DRY SPELL"

By E. Grossman

UNIVERSITY PARK--

A former Highacres student, known to many as "Gunther," was involved this summer in an incident which has caused University Park officials to clamp down on underage drinking on campus. "Gunther," a notorius man-about-campus and a legend in his own time while he was here at Highacres was holding a party in his "dorm" room one summer night. This party was not unlike most "U. Park" parties. However, this party was to be different, one that would end up with a Penn State freshman the hospital in a coma.

It seems "Gunther" wanted to liven the party up a bit. And liven it up he did. He challenged a young freshman to "chug" a half-gallon of Southern Comfort whiskey for the reward of \$75 dollars. The student accepted the challenge and proceeded to "chug" the half-gallon of whiskey. In the space of ninety seconds the freshman "chugged" the whiskey, taking only three breaths the entire time. He "passed out" and "landed" in Rittenour Hospital in a coma. As of publication date

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