

# JACKSON'S JAGGON

The other night I became afflicted with insomnia, and being that Johnny Carson had what seemed to be uninteresting guests, I turned to see what was on the local station's late movie. The soft music subsided, and, lo and behold, a B movie came across the screen. To those of you who are not familiar with this term, a B movie is one that employs fewer "names", fewer props, and... Yeah, a cheapie. Also, since the SGA's budget is not exceptionally large, and since the moviegoers are clamoring for another flick to be shot at the B.H.C.C.-- yes, friends, Cheapo Productions presents, (DA-DA) Young Apathy, a story of little consequence involving a newspaper reporter, a female SGA member, a librarian, and Coach Onorato's water bucket.

The story begins in Erie Hall (We couldn't afford shooting scenes in the RUB.) and one of the CUB reporters is talking to one of the coaches about any number of things ranging from dance wax on the gym floor to the odds of the Mets winning the pennant. Then, abruptly (Well, it took ten minutes for the student to get the coach's hint.) the athletic mentor says grandiosely, and with much method acting, "Uh, I think I'm going to lunch now." The dynamic student replies, "Oh, I've eaten already, Hum I've gotta go to class now and catch up on my sleep. Good-bye." Thus the first half of the movie ends with absolutely nothing happening except for a double run in spades. somebody losing money in the pop machine, and a condemnation of the school newspaper in somebody-or-other's English class.

Now the intermission is over (what we lack in script we make up for in length) and everybody settles back to sleep as this same reporter is in the library talking to a female SGA member about--dance wax on the gym floor and the odds placed on the Mets' winning the pennant. And just as this femme fatale is about to express her emotions by saying, "Uh, I think I'm going to lunch now," the librarian interrupts by expelling the reporter for talking in the library. What follows is probably the most poignant and touching scene of the whole documentary: the student representative and the librarian, who had previously been at odds with each other about an overdue book, become comrades when the girl says, "Gee, thanks. That dolt was giving me an ear ache with his carrying on. If you hadn't interrupted when you did, I'm sure I would have gone insane and had to put my plea for mental cruelty up for motion at the next meeting. Then you know what would happen--there would be a half-hour discussion about the color of the straight jacket and finally old you-know-who would table it to a committee. From now on, you and I will be tight; and as your friend, I'll do anything for you--I'll even keep my voice down in the cafeteria." The two women smile, knowing that new and deep friendship has been borne of this pathetic experience.

After you've put your crying towels away, you'll probably notice that I've left out the Coach's water bucket. Well, I used it right

after I first read the script; but you'll need a matric card if you want to use the pail.

DEAR ANNIE

Dear Annie:

I didn't get anything for St. Valentine's Day from any of my friends or admirers. Could it be that I have BAD BREATH??

Marge Mucky

Dear Muck:

Well you licked the dandruff!!!!

Dear Annie:

Everyday I see the same girl wearing the same pair of ski pants to school. Why does she do this?

Vinnie Voyeur

Dear Eyes:

She's bucking for Grenoble.

Dear Annie:

Last weeks Nittany Cub cover picture was a little too suggestive...are you trying to promote free love?

Zongolia Zookeridge

Dear Zongie:

Put your clothes on and get out of here!!

Dear Annie:

There is a lovely person out here how can I get fixed up with her?

Dandy Dan

Dear Dandy:

Sorry...he's married.

Dear Annie:

I am a sex-starved male... ready to snap my mind. What's a guy to do?

Rodney

Dear ah, ah, hmm-John:

Join the hungry pack.

Confidential to M & M: Where were you two yesterday 4th period, as I lay dying?

GUESS WHO.....PROFF???



No, my daughter is not an unknown compound.