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# Hanna inspires late-night guests and solves problems of big-wigs

I remember that night like it was yesterday. I was sitting in my bedroom, listening to a little Bach. The cruel Nebraska autumn was hanging coolly outside but I was inside, warm and dry. I was busy at my desk translating many of Shakespeare's plays into Latin and back again.

## humor HANNA

My room was lit only by candlelight and I was feeling very intellectual and very comfortable. I was an island unto myself.

Just then, the stillness of my tranquil paradise was shattered by a knock at the front door. Damn my luck!

I grumbled to myself as I got up and went to the door. Now, I am not usually an angry or violent person but as I walked to the door, I could not help but feel rage at this irritating intrusion.

How dare somebody interrupt my studies! As I continued to walk to the door (it's a long walk from my bedroom to the door), the fury that burned inside me grew to a full-fledged inferno. Whoever was at the door was going to receive a severe tongue-lashing for this invasion. Ooooh!! What a lambasting I was to give this person.

As my walk to the door neared its end, I was carefully writing a speech in my brain; a speech I would unload on the sorry sap at my door.

I clicked on the porchlight, threw open the door and bellowed, "What is meant by this unwarranted disruption of my serene evening, you pitiful toad!"

Imagine my horror when I realized that Gov. Kay Orr was standing at the door, weeping.

I instantly realized my blunder and tried to make things right.

"Oh dear," I said. "Gov. Orr, I had no idea... I thought it was somebody else... please forgive..."

"Jim," she interrupted gently. "It's alright. I understand."

She smiled warmly at me through her tears and I could not help but regret having voted for Helen Boosalis in 1986.

I invited the governor in, brewed a fresh pot of coffee and sat down to find out what had driven her to tears.

"What's up, governor?"

"Well Jim," she began, "I'm sure you've heard all about this fuss created by the students booing at Homecoming."

"Of course I have Governor —"

She quickly cut me off.

"Please Jim, call me Kay."

"All right... Kay," I said. "What about the booing?"

"Oh Jim, it's just got me in a blue funk."

I giggled to myself at the notion of Gov. Orr using the word "funk." She glared at me with a cold look that turned my blood to ice.

"This is not a laughing matter, James," she said.

"You're right, Kay. I'm sorry."

Please continue."

"As I was saying, the thought of all of these people booing at me just makes me cry. I have tried to be a good governor... Geez, what do they want from me?" she asked.

"Maybe a promise that you'll give more money to the university, lower their taxes, and stop playing partisan politics," I suggested.

"Come on Jim! Get serious! Let's be reasonable!" she fired back. "What can I really do?"

Before I could answer, there came another knock at the door.

Now, it was bad enough that my tranquil evening was disrupted by the governor, but to have this very intimate discussion interrupted — well that was just too much.

I stormed to the door, threw it open and screamed, "Do you mind, you pig-faced idiot! We're trying to have a conversation here!"

Social error No. 2 — Standing at my door was Chancellor Martin Massengale, his face streaked with tears.

"Please Jim, may I come in?" he said.

I was again very embarrassed and humbly opened the door for him.

He instantly saw Kay and ran to her side. They had a tearful embrace.

"Let me guess, chancellor, are you here to talk about the booing fiasco?" I asked.

"Yes Jim, I am," he said. "And please call me Martin."

"You see Jim," Kay chimed in. "We weren't bothered by the booing all that much. Sure it hurt a bit, but we got over it."

"We're just all upset about the resulting furor in the newspaper," said Martin. "And also in that group... oh, what's it called... you know, the one group you kids have that's like student council and you have those fun elections."

"Uh, that would be ASUN, Martin," I said.

"That's right! ASUN. I knew that."

"Well, you two, I'll tell you what —" I started, in an attempt to give them some advice, but again there came a knock at the door.

I was so instantly enraged that I picked up a ceramic ashtray off of a nearby shelf and hurled it against the wall. Kay and Martin cowered in fear.

I stormed to the door, flung it open and screeched "This had better be good, you miserable insect!"

Faux pas No. 3 — standing at my door, tears streaming down his face, was Coach Tom Osborne.

"Jim," he said mildly, "I'd like to have a word or two with you if I may."

I was thoroughly embarrassed at having implied that Coach Osborne was an insect and so I let him in, my face glowing crimson.

Upon seeing Orr and Massengale, Osborne ran to them and they had a huge, tearful embrace.

"Tom, are you here about the booing too?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "And don't call me

Tom — call me Coach."

I got a warm tingly feeling in my tummy. I felt so honored that Coach let me use a moniker he probably only let his players use.

"Okay, Coach, how can I help?"

"Jeepers, Jim, why do the fans have to boo? We're working our butts off out there," he said.

Kay began to blush like a school-girl at Coach's use of the word "butts" and the coach sheepishly excused himself.

"So," I said. "All of you are kinda bothered by this booing thing, huh?"

"You bet we are Jim!" they all said in unison.

Then pandemonium broke out. All three began to talk at once. Each person was fighting for my attention, whining and bawling about booing. They got louder and louder until I thought my ears were going to pop.

I couldn't hear a thing any of them were saying. It was just a mishmash of whines. I had to shut them up.

They were all sitting in a row on my couch. I stood up, walked over to the couch and executed a perfect Three Stooges slap right down the row — Whap! Whap! Whap!

They all fell silent. They rubbed their cheeks where my handprint was now firmly embedded. I could tell they were stung, not by the slap as much as by the embarrassment of the situation.

"Now I want all of you to listen and listen close!" I hollered.

"I realize that you're all plenty hurt by the boos you've had to deal with lately and I can appreciate your pain. It is very childish to boo but sometimes it's fun to be childish."

"In any event, I think it's just as childish to get all bothered by the booing as it is to boo. Didn't you ever hear 'turn the other cheek?' Or how about 'sticks and stones may break my bones but names will never hurt me.' There's a lot of wisdom in that phrase."

"You guys need to suck up your pride a bit and not let those boos bother you. If you can ignore the booing, you will be twice the person that the booper is."

"So just pick yourselves up by the bootstraps and hold your head high and say, 'Hey, those boos don't bother me. I'm better than you anyway.' I guarantee you'll feel a lot better."

My three guests, still rubbing their cheeks, looked at one another, looked at me and then said in unison, "You're the greatest, Jim!"

They all stood up and mobbed me with hugs and kisses. I told them all that I loved them, mussed the coach's hair good-naturedly and sent them on their way.

As I closed the door after them, my tummy got all warm and tingly again. It's a great feeling to know you can help out the big-wigs sometimes.

So, best of luck to Kay, Martin and Coach and remember — I'm here if you need me.

Jim Hanna is a junior theater major and Daily Nebraskan arts & entertainment reporter and humorist.