

Indiana Hanna begins quest for integrity

By Jim Hanna
Staff Humorist

I walked purposefully through the Nebraska Union in silence save the "fwip-fwip" of my khaki-clad thighs rubbing together.

Pheromones were pouring freely from my musky sweat, causing several unsuspecting women to quake with desire. But I had no time for amorous exploits.

Jim
Hanna

I was on a collision course with the neon-death room in the center of the union. I knew the dangers that might await me there. Massengale's cronies were interspersed throughout the campus, hoping to cash in on the \$1 million bounty he had placed on my head.

I strolled up to the fast food order counter that was the heart and soul of the neon-death room. I placed my order.

"A large cola please, easy on the ice."

The cheery smile of the order-taker slowly turned to a smug leer.

"Yes sir, Mr. Hanna. Coming right up."

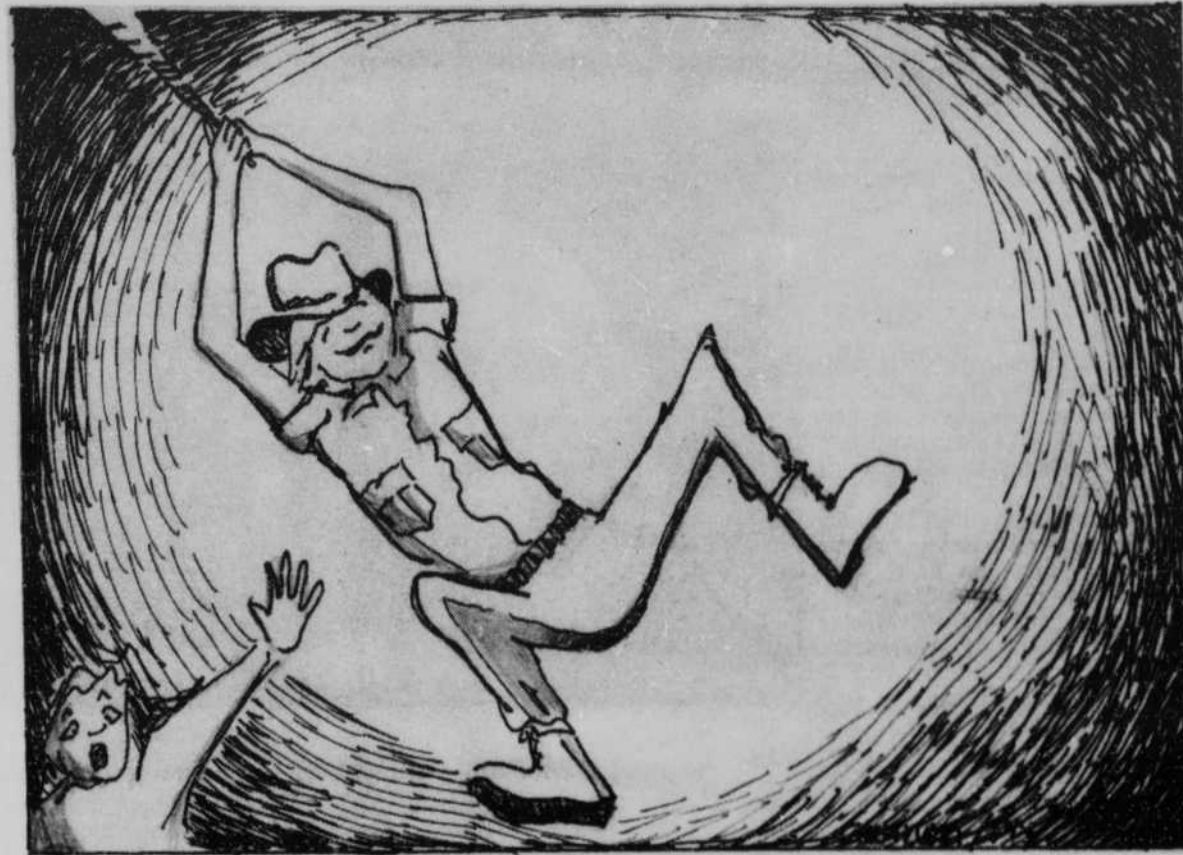
Mr. Hanna? How did she know my name? An anonymous checker at a fast food outlet would have no reason to know my name. Unless...

My mind clicked with a knowing snap. I looked back to the order-taker to see her pointing a small handgun at my belly.

Ever so quickly, I did a back hand-spring and landed behind the condiment counter. Her first shot ricocheted off the ketchup dispenser.

I reached for the whip on my belt and unfurled it. I knew that I had only one chance at survival; if I blew it, I would be picking lead out of my intestines for weeks.

I did an akido roll out from behind the counter. I flicked the whip with blinding speed and it violently snapped around my assailant's gun hand. She dropped the gun just as she



Stephanie Cannon/Daily Nebraskan

fired the second shot, which glanced harmlessly off the big clock on the north wall.

I yanked on the whip, which was still attached to her wrist, and pulled her over the order counter. I deftly applied a death-elbow to the back of her head and knocked her out.

Crisis averted.

I stood up and blew the smoke off of the tip of her revolver and pocketed it for my own use. A stunned group of onlookers could only gape.

Finally, one wide-eyed freshman stammered, "W-who are y-you?"

A big, dramatic pause.

"I'm Hanna... Indiana Hanna."

From nowhere, heart-pounding music began and the credits started to roll. The title of my latest adventure?

"Indiana Hanna and the Quest for Academic Integrity."

I began my quest two weeks ago. I am determined to prove that the University of Nebraska-Lincoln is not a second-rate, academically inferior institute.

Chancellor Bob Massengale (name changed for legal reasons) is afraid I may prove otherwise and has coordinated a network of trained killers that he has planted throughout the campus. They were given orders to kill me on sight. The person who brings him my head will take home a \$1 million reward obtained from Biff Roskens' unused paychecks... but I am not afraid.

I have been on this current adventure for nearly three weeks and I have found nothing conclusive.

Early last week, I was looking into potential academic violations in the athletic department, but Larry Devaney and his boys roughed me up quite a bit.

"Next time, we won't be so nice," Larry said, while chomping on a stogie.

I took him at his word and directed my attentions elsewhere. There are plenty of places on campus to find examples of integrity-deficient academics.

As I left the union, I decided to

head over to Burnett Hall and the Keller Plan psychology testing rooms. For those not in the know, the Keller Plan involves no class time and no papers. Simply read a textbook and go in to test at your own rate.

Apparently, the Keller system, which provides immediate feedback from teaching assistants after a test, is supposed to be a great way to learn.

It has always struck me, however, as a pathetic excuse to inexpensively herd gobs of students through the academic treadmill around here. It should really be an embarrassment to this institution.

I thought the testing rooms would be an ideal place to find academic failings and foil the dastardly Massengale.

I arrived at Burnett, tipped my hat back, re-adjusted my leather flying jacket and entered one of the testing rooms.

I immediately was confronted by chalkboards filled with condescending messages of distrust, written by

disgruntled teaching assistants for the morons they were processing.

"TALKING IS CHEATING! IF YOU CHEAT, YOU FAIL! WHY DO YOU EVEN BOTHER LIVING, YOU MISERABLE WORMS!"

Video cameras were whirring in the corner in hopes of catching those who dared cheat.

My sixth sense told me that this whole set-up was screwed. This certainly reeked of academic non-integrity.

I suddenly noticed someone I knew. My good buddy and fellow adventurer, Chaz Green.

"Chaz! How the hell are you?" I exclaimed.

The TA in charge threw an eraser at my head and told me to shut up or I would fail my test.

"I'm not taking a test," I retorted.

"Then I'll see to it you fail a test in another class. Shut up," he said.

I looked back to Chaz, my long-time friend, and quietly asked him how his test was going.

But Chaz was strangely silent.

"Chaz? Is everything OK?"

"Jim," he said gravely, "you are making a big mistake."

My heart began to beat furiously. Chaz was one of them! I could tell by his tone of voice.

"Jim," he continued, "I'm very poor. A million dollars would really come in handy. I know you're my friend, but I disagree with your motives here and I'm going to have to kill you."

He swiftly produced a glinting machete and took a swipe at my head.

I, of course, ducked just in time. I did a full layout (with a twist) through the air and landed across the room. I grabbed a pen from another testing student and flicked it across the room towards Chaz. It buried itself deep in his thigh.

Chaz screamed a cry of pain and pulled the pen out. His screech alerted the rest of the TAs from the grading room next door. They were all on Massengale's side and they all had machetes.

I was in trouble.

I had to think fast. I pulled out my whip and flung it toward a light on the ceiling. I had a perfect Tarzan-like vine. I got a running start and flew

See HANNA on 10

'Steel Magnolias' full of tragedy and humor

By Julie Naughton
Staff Reporter

What do you get when you put six female stars in a small town in Louisiana, and add tragedy and a little humor?

A potentially award-winning movie.

movie REVIEW

"Steel Magnolias" chronicles approximately three years in the lives of six women living in the fictional town of Chinquapin, La. They are M'Lynn Eatenton (played by Sally Field); her daughter Shelby Eatenton Latcherie (played by Julia Roberts); beauty parlor owner Truvy Jones (played by Dolly Parton); an eccentric older woman, Ouiser Boudreaux (played by Shirley MacLaine); the mayor's elegant widow, Clairee Belcher (Olympia Dukakis); and the mysterious new hairdresser in town, Annelle Dupuy Desoto (played by Daryl Hannah).

M'Lynn and Shelby are the center of the story; the movie opens with preparations for Shelby's marriage to long-time boyfriend Jackson Latcherie. All

the women in town get their hair done at Truvy's Beauty Spot, and M'Lynn and Shelby are no exception.

The audience is introduced to what is to be the major problem of the story during one of the first scenes, at Truvy's Beauty Spot: Shelby is a diabetic and she has an attack in the shop.

Shelby wants desperately to have children, though it is a feat her doctors do not recommend. They believe that due to her diabetes, she would have a hard time bearing children. Despite their warnings, she becomes pregnant and bears a beautiful son -- causing further complications.

Shelby's philosophy of life is summed up in what she tells M'Lynn at the beginning of her pregnancy: "I would rather have 30 minutes of wonderful than a lifetime of nothing special."

Her courage inspires the other characters in the film to take chances in their otherwise routine life. "Steel Magnolias" is the story of the interaction between these women and the inspiration that Shelby provides.

Commendable performances are recorded by the six female

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Photo courtesy of Tri-Star productions

The cast of "Steel Magnolias"