

Daily Nebraskan

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University of Nebraska-Lincoln

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EDITORIAL

QUOTES OF THE WEEK

"The time has come for the people of America to say that we are sick and fed up with assault weapons. They've got no sporting use. They're used to kill people."

— U.S. Attorney General Janet Reno

"Until more of us Nebraskans take off our ladylike gloves and get into the trenches, we'll never win equality in the state."

— Tara Muir, Nebraska state coordinator of the National Organization for Women

"That's just a flagrant lie. (Walton) has really been exaggerating everything."

— Nebraska gymnastics coach Francis Allen, responding to allegations by former women's coach Rick Walton that Allen pushed to have Walton fired

"I saw my son go through here, three grandkids, my daughter."

— Marty Cushing, drop/add employee

"The regents had no idea this was happening."

— NU Regent Don Blank, on the hiring of former UNK Chancellor William Nester as a six-month assistant to NU President Martin Massengale. Nester will be paid \$56,000.

"There were times when the whole thing seemed like it was going so slow and those were the times you just felt like hanging it up. But I had to overcome those feelings if I was going to come back."

— Nebraska quarterback Ben Rutz, who is recovering from a knee injury

OTHERS' VIEW

And so, like proud troops marching without compromise through the muddied streets of a quiet hamlet, students return to waterlogged Iowa City. In mute fascination residents observe the arrival, wondering about the intentions of the newcomers and preparing for flight. Residents vilify students as snot-nosed usurpers, while students dismiss the townsfolk as little people ungrateful for a new influx of disposable income. But these impressions are only the product of tension rooted in an essential lack of respect between people who annoy each other.

Students should approach Iowa Citians as generous hosts (not flesh puppets occupying space in the bars) and endeavor to leave the natives free of the terror of drunken maniacs trying to find dormitories at 4:30 in the morning. If you wouldn't stomp through your hometown, shrieking at your friends and molesting your fellow citizens, don't do it here. If you would do this at home, then go back there on the weekends.

Everyone else should refrain from looking on the incoming students as spooky outsiders and try to remember that this is a time of discovery for many young people with low tolerance. Despite a few loud, inexcusably vile interlopers inclined to soil your doorways and hubcaps, many of the apparent lunatics running about now will soon calm down and become tolerably cynical.

While it is futile to attempt to like everyone, there's no sense in being rude about honest differences of lifestyle. Avoid your antagonists with a smile, but do not ignore them, for now is a time to learn about others.

— The Daily Iowan
University of Iowa

EDITORIAL POLICY

Staff editorials represent the official policy of the Fall 1993 Daily Nebraskan. Policy is set by the Daily Nebraskan Editorial Board. Editorials do not necessarily reflect the views of the university, its employees, the students or the NU Board of Regents. Editorial columns represent the opinion of the author. The regents publish the Daily Nebraskan. They establish the UNL Publications Board to supervise the daily production of the paper. According to policy set by the regents, responsibility for the editorial content of the newspaper lies solely in the hands of its students.

LETTER POLICY

The Daily Nebraskan welcomes brief letters to the editor from all readers and interested others. Letters will be selected for publication on the basis of clarity, originality, timeliness and space available. The Daily Nebraskan retains the right to edit or reject all material submitted. Readers also are welcome to submit material as guest opinions. The editor decides whether material should run as a guest opinion. Letters and guest opinions sent to the newspaper become the property of the Daily Nebraskan and cannot be returned. Anonymous submissions will not be published. Letters should include the author's name, year in school, major and group affiliation, if any. Requests to withhold names will not be granted. Submit material to the Daily Nebraskan, 34 Nebraska Union, 1400 R St., Lincoln, Neb. 68588-0448.



AKRON BEACON JOURNAL ©93

RAINBOW ROWELL

Fame colors Crayola Girl blue

I have just dropped in the mailbox my ticket to fame, fortune and possibly a spot on Fox's new fall lineup.

I just mailed my entry to Crayola's "Name the New Colors" contest. This spring, the folks at Binney & Smith introduced 16 new colors, and they are allowing their huge audience to name the new crayons.

The winners will be swept off to Hollywood with three of their closest friends to Crayola's huge 90th birthday bash. AND the new color name and the winner's name will be printed on the crayon.

Now usually I'm skeptical about contests, but this time, I am going to win. In fact, I've probably already won. How could I lose? What self-respecting crayon magnate could refuse letting someone named Rainbow name their crayons? It's a publicity gem!

Besides, my color names are incredible. I'm a reasonably creative person, and I've been deliberating about this all summer. I have to win. But, even if I'd chosen "snot" instead of "green apple," how could they turn me away?

The birthday bash is in October, and it could get in the way of midterms or class projects, but I'm sure my professors will understand. If not, who cares? I won't need this university much longer anyway.

Those Crayola people became the first name in children's art supplies because they know a good thing when they see it. This is the company that brought us built-in sharpeners and Periwinkle. They know the business.

When they see my name and how in touch I am with color, they'll want to give me more than a trip to Hollywood.

I have a feeling, a strong feeling, in my bones and my blood and the base of my soul that they will ask me, Rainbow Rowell, to be their spokeswoman, to be ...

The Crayola Girl.
Soon enough, you will see me in Crayola television commercials,



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newspaper advertisements and glossy, full-color back-to-school inserts in Family Circle. There will be life-size, cardboard cutouts of me wherever Crayola products are sold.

I'll be famous. I'll be bigger than Orville Redenbacher, bigger than the BK guy, bigger even than Snap, Crackle and Pop.

And yet, being the Crayola Girl won't be all fun and games. My television spots will be childish, maybe embarrassing. I might have to dance and sing a silly theme song, and I might not get along with my cartoon sidekick, Waxy.

I just hope my family accepts my fame. The kids at school may tease my little brothers after my first People cover—"Hollywood Studs Who Can't Say No to the Crayola Girl." Aw well, they'll get used to it. They can always buy popularity with free crayons and washable markers.

I'll prepare myself for the inevitable day when the pseudo-intellectual set rejects me, but when Letterman does the "Top 10 Reasons Not to Let the Crayola Girl Borrow Your Green Crayon," I'll be hurt.

With talent and star quality like mine, I'll soon leave the Crayola people for bigger and better things — movies, athletic shoe sponsorships, possibly a cameo on "Hanging With Mr. Cooper."

Before you can say Cerulean, I'll be a star, a big star.

I can hardly wait to leave my peon Lincoln friends behind. Get ready Hollywood, the Crayola Girl is coming to town.

This time next year, while the rest

of you poor saps start classes, I'll be drinking flaming volcano drinks with Sharon Stone and playing TubaRuba with Kris Kross.

I'll buy a huge Beverly Hills mansion and offend my prudish neighbors by painting it Neon Carrot. I'll break into film and music. I'll cut an album with Lenny Kravitz and market my own cologne — Smells Like Raw Sienna.

I'll have torrid love affairs with all the guys from Color Me Badd, even the one who looks like Kenny G.

I'll slowly drown myself in an indoor, heated pool of my own excess. I'll overexpose and publicize my pathetic little life until I wind up doing 30-second spots during USA's "Up All Night," pushing my 1-977 color crisis hotline.



"Saturn and Uranus are in alignment — Magenta may not be a good choice for you right now."

I'll end up wasted and used — the red crayon that everyone fights for and pushes too hard until it's rejected a blunt, wrapperless hunk of wax. A smudged lump in the bottom of life's bucket.

Dear God, what have I done. That entry must be stopped. It was a big envelope — heavy, too. Maybe I didn't use enough stamps. I plead insufficient postage. Let someone else have my 15 minutes of fame.

Take the money, the free 64-packs. I don't want to be the Crayola Girl.

Rowell is a junior news-editorial, advertising and English major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

P.S. Write Back

The Daily Nebraskan wants to hear from you. If you want to voice your opinion about an article that appears in the newspaper, let us know. Just write a brief letter to the editor and sign it (don't forget your student ID number) and mail it to the Daily Nebraskan, 34 Nebraska Union, 1400 'R' Street, Lincoln, NE 68588-0448, or stop by the office in the basement of the Nebraska Union and visit with us. We're all ears.