

Colorful coiffure is to dye for

I promised myself no more impulsiveness.

This time I screwed up.

I think my fascination with hair coloring started with my grandmothers. Coloring always seemed like such a glamorous activity when they did it.

For them it was more than routine, it was a social activity: Head to the salon once or twice a month, talk to their friends, gossip with their stylists.

Even as mature women, my grandmothers play Russian roulette with their hair color.

And a gamble it is.

Seven times I've ventured to alter my hair's natural color.

Four times since June.

Twice in the last week.

Ugh.

Hair coloring has so many purposes. It can reflect mood or personality changes. It can be a form of expression.

A good dye can uplift and enhance your natural color.

Of course, hair coloring can just be good-natured, old-fashioned fun.

Especially with purple.

My first attempt at dyeing my hair was in eighth grade. It's no surprise, now, that my hair turned orange.

Can anyone say Sun-in?

The next time was my freshman year in college. My roommate and I decided to bond after spring break. She went from brown to jet black and I went from brown to deep red.

I was deep red even though the box said light auburn brown. The fact that my hair was a different color than promised just illustrates Murphy's Law of hair coloring.

I didn't touch it again until this summer.

In retrospect, I should have left well enough alone.

But I didn't.

I had a cool new haircut and wanted a cool new color to go with it. Since I wasn't sure I was ready to completely change colors, I highlighted: L'oreal Duo-tones; two colors, one price.



Jessica Kennedy

"Jeff is no longer blond. He looks like a purple smurf."

It worked.

In other words, it was different enough that people noticed (with some prompting), but not enough to alter my identity.

The second time with L'oreal left me a little on the blond side. But, since it was summer, the look worked.

But that second time left me with roots. No problem. I picked up a bottle of sunny auburn and punted. It actually turned out OK.

And that roommate from my freshman year? She decided to punt again, too. She went from dark to light brown.

There's nothing quite like bonding over hair dye.

But once again, I couldn't leave well enough alone.

Hair coloring really is a social thing and, as a social activity, peer pressure figures prominently into it.

Last Saturday my friend Erin decided she wanted purple streaks in her long brown hair. I was skeptical, but I helped her anyway. It ended up looking very cool.

So cool, in fact, that the hair dyeing craze overtook our group of friends.

Jeff, a blond, wanted to Kool-Aid his hair grape and black cherry. Laura, another blond, wanted to add reddish-blond highlights. Tag, yet

another blond, wanted a yellow or green streak.

And I too, with my recently red-dyed hair, wanted in on the fun.

Jeff and his Kool-Aid was an interesting proposition. None of us knew anything about dyeing with a fruit drink. So I volunteered to do it for him.

My advice? Don't do it. Don't even try.

In order to get the Kool-Aid stain off my hands, I had to soak them in cold salt water for a long time.

A very long time.

I don't know how Jeff ever got the color off his forehead.

Needless to say, the Kool-Aid didn't work. He wasn't sidetracked, though. He wanted purple hair and was determined to get it. So he borrowed Erin's purple dye.

Jeff is no longer blond. He looks like a purple smurf.

The frightening thing is, he likes it.

Not to be left out, I thought I'd try purple streaks for a few days. So I did it and it was OK.

I wasn't quite sure how to break it to my mother that I had taken hair dyeing to the extreme. She didn't even like the more socially acceptable colors.

Well, I didn't need to. About an hour after I did the deed, I remembered.

In two days I was to represent my radio station at the Jerry Lewis Telethon.

I was to be on regional television.

With purple hair?

I washed my hair many, many times in the next couple of days. By the time I was on the air, the purple had blended in with the red from the week before.

I was safe.

So, I went on TV and took those pledges.

And my pledge?

No more impulsive hair coloring!

Kennedy is a junior broadcasting and public relations major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

Discover-y brings credit woes

I, like you, am one of the millions of idiots who have "Discovered" (wink, wink) that I no longer have to settle for the cheapest of necessities.

For example, in places where I once used shredded grocery sacks, I now use Charmin.

Where I once was forced to eat month-old kitty litter, I now can afford corn flakes.

I can do all of this now because someone other than my mother loves me. That someone is Discover Card Services of New Castle, Del.

"Steve," they told me. "Here's a thousand dollars. Go and spend it on things you'll have no use for in an hour or so."

"But," I stammered.

"No Buts," they shouted. "Go and spend, and when you feel like it, pay us back."

So I went and I spent, and spent, and spent, until eventually, it got to the point where merchants would snicker at me whenever I made a purchase on my card.

They would take their copy of the receipt and pass it among the employees, all the while laughing and pointing.

I tried, but I simply couldn't find the humor in a 59-cent roll of Roloids.

When I got my first bill, I was amazed at the tiny fraction of cash they expected in return.

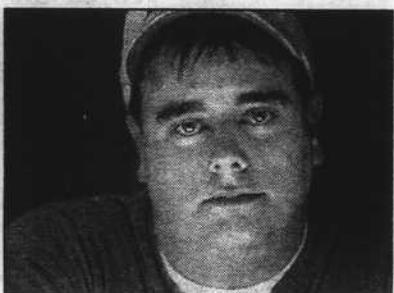
"Why," I thought to myself. "I'll pay three dollars a month 'til the wretched day I die."

How did these people stay in business?

Then, for some unexplained reason, I decided that not only was it my duty, but also my god-given right to share my wealth with anyone who said they knew me.

I even brought my Discover card with me on evenings I would spend drinking.

Usually on the nights I drink, I leave every iota of my belongings at



Steve Willey

"They sent me countless letters mentioning how much they hated me and my family, and how, if I would just pay the remainder of my bill, we could both get on with our cruel and unusual lives."

home, otherwise I spend the majority of the next day ordering a new driver's license, canceling numerous missing checks and explaining to neighbors why they found me having my way with their mailbox at 4:30 a.m.

Fortunately for many Lincoln restaurant owners, I used my card on nights when my blood alcohol content (BAC) doubled my grade point average (GPA). I was barely drunk.

It's a weird thing, too. My signature is always completely illegible, yet the \$17 tip I consistently leave is always crystal clear and in different colored ink.

It's funny how I do that.

For once in my life things were going my way. I was rich, Perkins

waitresses were retiring, and other than the fact that I was destined to repeat chemistry again, the world had never looked sweeter.

It wasn't until I surpassed my credit limit that my creditor became contrite with me.

They sent me countless letters mentioning how much they hated me and my family, and how, if I would just pay the remainder of my bill, we could both get on with our cruel and unusual lives.

As much as I would enjoy the thought of not owing plastic cards thousands of dollars, I was powerless in my attempts to make amends.

I tried every available avenue of reconciliation.

I sent them a bushel of grocery coupons amassing the minimum payment due.

I sent them an old bill marked "cancel" across the top, explaining that I have enjoyed using the card for its introductory offer, but have decided against owning it for future use.

I even sent them a typed obituary, cunningly made to look like a newspaper article.

None of it worked.

Let me warn you, however, that if you try these, please be as professional as possible.

Otherwise, you'll end up in a cell with men who laugh at you when you urinate.

I'm sure I'll have to pay Discover Card back, just as I will with my student loans, but wouldn't it be nice if just once I didn't.

As for the future, I've destroyed my card and have begun the long and arduous journey of making amends.

And I've already started saving the Hy-Vee sacks.

Willey is a junior ag-journalism major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

Replace HERBIE contest



Tired of the suspense? Can't wait to know?

The cliffhanger of the year is not "Who shot Mr. Burns?" but "Who will replace Herbie Husker?" Will it be you?

It has been said Herbie is dated and worn out and offensive to farmers (which farmers are those exactly?)

An invisible poll told us so.

Well, maybe so. Maybe Herbie's time has come.

But the Daily Nebraskan is holding a poll of its own — and the results will be printed for all to see.

Herbie has been axed without student input.

He will not be replaced without it.

Enter the Replace Herbie Husker contest and win!

What will you win?

Besides the admiration of your peers, your winning submission will be presented as the Students' Choice for Herbie's Replacement — right here in full color for all the Bill Byrnes in the world to see.

And as if that weren't enough, the winning submission will be presented to the athletic department.

Unless the powers that be want to come right out and say what we've come to suspect — that students' wishes count for zip — they'll have to accept the Students' Choice.

And once accepted, the winner is bound to receive a sweet licensing deal from the university.

(Just don't accept anything less than whatever Dirk West got for Herbie 21 years ago and you'll be set!)

Of course we can't guarantee the university will care any more about what students think than it seems to now — in which case the whole thing will just be for laughs

Don't let the joke be on you.

Here's how it works:

Bring, mail or fax your artwork of a new Husker mascot (be sure to include a cute mascot-type name) c/o "Herbie" to the offices of the Daily Nebraskan: 34 Nebraska Union, 1400 R St., Lincoln, Neb., 68508 (Fax# (402) 472-1761) on or before noon, Sept. 15.

A panel of judges will choose a group of finalists — which will run, in full color, in the pages of the Daily Nebraskan on Sept. 22.

A ballot will be included for voting purposes. Voting will continue until midnight of the same day.

Ballots will be counted, and, if all goes well, the winner will be presented on the front page the following Monday.

Get it?

Get in on it!

BE OUR GUEST

The Daily Nebraskan will present a guest columnist each Monday. Writers from the university and community are welcome.

Must have strong writing skills and something to say.

Contact Mark Baldrige c/o the Daily Nebraskan, 34 Nebraska Union, 1400 R St., Lincoln, NE 68588.

Or by phone at (402)-472-1782.