

Up Front: Bad hair day

Kathy Hedberg/Lewiston Tribune

I have done a couple of really stupid things this year and they both have to do with my hair.

For the record, when I turned 60 I vowed to myself that I would stop doing stupid things. I am now 63 and obviously I still have a ways to go along those lines.

The first stupid thing I did was in the middle of this winter when I was so fed up with the cold and snow and icy roads that I went into a hair salon and said, "Just cut it all off."

I don't know exactly why I thought shearing my head would make me feel better, but being mired down in a long winter can have an affect on one's better judgment.

Hair dressers are probably used to customers sometimes making ridiculous demands, and usually when that happens they respond with caution. They trim a little bit here and there, just enough to make you feel comfortable and usually they are right. People don't want radical makeovers; they just want to vent.

But my hair dresser that day didn't even question my orders. I believe she was having trouble with her husband because as she whacked away at my hair she talked about that a lot.

I could tell halfway in that I had perhaps overstated my intentions but it was too late. When I got out of there I looked like a Marine. And one thing I hadn't counted on was that, with barely any covering on top, your head gets pretty cold, especially in winter. I was bundling up and wearing hats clear through the middle of last month.

Then I went and did another stupid thing. I walked into the hair supplies shop recently to buy some hair color and they were out of my usual brand. So I looked around and found something similar, even though it was a different number. But I figured: "How different could it get?"

Well, let me tell you, ladies and gentlemen, in years past a shade or two variation in hair color didn't amount to much. People were basically blonde, brown, red or black and altering your hair coloring product by a few degrees wasn't going to result in a noticeable change.

But in these days of purple, pink and turquoise hair a person has to be very, very careful when picking out a hair-coloring product.

The box I chose said "cinnamon" and I figured that while it might be a little redder than I was used to, it would probably have some nice highlights and I could live with it.

Let me just say that my hair now is the color of something you would eat for breakfast, spread on toast and wash down with a cup of coffee. A strong cup of coffee.

It's probably a good thing that even as I made that vow at age 60 to stop doing stupid things I didn't have particularly high expectations.

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