

The Bandera PROPHE'T

May 6, 2022

Gone Country
Where Are They Now?

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The Bandera Prophet

I was having a conversation the other day with one of my office mates about how humid it was and how much that didn't help anyone's hairdo. She popped up with, "Well, you just need some Tame Crème Rinse, and your hair will be simply perfection." Tame Crème Rinse? When's the last time you heard that come out of a women's mouth? I'm pretty sure I was 5.

I'm not certain, but Tame Crème Rinse might have been the only option back then. Now there are 3,174 expensive conditioners and not one crème rinse. What has our society come to?

So that got me to thinking, ladies, what other products have drifted away from our lives? Two come to mind quickly. One is Sun-In. Remember your greatest wish when you were 13? Correct, to be a California sun-bleached blonde even if you lived in rainy Seattle. And if you were already blonde, you could be Bleached Malibu Barbie. I know I fried my hair with that stuff.

But not wanting to look so pale, I'd slather my body in Baby Oil with Iodine. Funny, how Johnson & Johnson never came out with a product like that. Probably because the American Dermatologica Society would sue them for spreading skin cancer around the world.

Boy was I blonde and sunburned that summer.

I've always had extremely thick, long hair. With that came lots and lots of tangles. They finally came out with a product to detangle your hair. No More Tangles worked but there still was the gnashing of teeth

involved. No More Tangles is long gone – now the hot thing is Main & Tame – a detangler for a horse’s tail. That’s even weirder than Baby Oil and Iodine.

I’m going totally off subject, but there’s something I must interject here. Have you seen any girls between 16 and 30 lately? They are all wearing GIANT false eyelashes that make me want to ask, “Honey, would you like me to get you a couple of toothpicks to prop up your eyelids?”

There was a time long, long ago when I attempted false eyelashes. It did not go well. I glued the first one to my finger. That took awhile to get off. Then when I got the other one on, the glue made my contact lens start sticking to my eyelid. That doesn’t make for good eyesight so you can see all those cute boys. I never wore them again.

There’s one more product I recall. Once in eighth grade, I got ready to go to school and came out to get in the car with DDM. Here’s how that conversation went:

DDM: What is that on your lips?

ME: It’s the latest thing – it’s white lipstick!

DDM: It makes you look like you died two weeks ago. Go inside and wipe that crap off. No daughter of mine is going to school looking like a poster child for UNICEF.

ME: Yes, ma’am. (Knowing I’d just put it back on in the bathroom at school.)

So, where’s the white lipstick? I haven’t seen it. I’ve seen black (ladies, that whole Black Look thing is not attractive at all.) I’ve seen purple, green, even yellow. I’m sure they all make you look dead, too.

But sadist of all is Clairol’s Light Blondish Red hair color. Made you kind of a strawberry blonde which went well with my Baby Oil and Iodine. Today all the reds look like Bozo the Clown wannabees, plus there’s purple, green, pink, yellow – you know the drill.

So, what crazy lotions and potions did you use? Anyone here hate the smell of Emeraude “perfume” like I do? Amazingly, they still sell that. I’ll go bat my eyelashes now.