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"It's amazing that the amount of news that happens in the world every day always just exactly fits the newspaper."

JERRY SEINFELD

*But what you see in the Coconut Telegraph is exactly what you need every month!

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Dress like a Florida Keys local and be comfortable in the sun in our DRI-FIT shirt designed by Carol Ellis | Little Salt Photography featuring original artwork of the HISTORIC FISHING VILLAGE OF DOWNTOWN CARD SOUND



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DRI-FIT FISHING SHIRTS

SPF 50, long sleeve, fishing performance shirt in aluminum, blue mist or white.



FRED'S TILTON HILTON - DOWNTOWN CARD SOUND ROAD

On the back of the shirt is Carol's original image of Fred's Place - the "Tilton Hilton." The restaurant, complete with slanting dance floor, blue crabs and cold beer, was located on the curve just across the Monroe County line, in the historic fishing village of Downtown Card Sound.

The photograph, taken in 1988 is a reminder of the once thriving community of nonconformists, squatters, and fishermen, who made their living from the surrounding waters, mostly by selling blue crabs. In its peak during the late 50's, this area was home to 100 residents, some who had State issued leases for "fishing camps."

Hurricane destruction, along with the politics of environmental safety, ushered in clean-up crews and by 2010, just a few wooden docks, and Alabama Jacks remain in Downtown Card Sound.

ORIGINAL LOCAL ARTWORK BY



Never Wax Your Hoo-ha

All hair removal methods have tricked women with their promises of easy, painless removal - The Epilady, scissors, razors, Nair and now...the wax.

My night began as any other normal weeknight. Fix dinner, watch the kids come and go. Then I had the thought that would ring painfully in my mind for the next few hours: 'Maybe I have time for a wax.'

It was one of those 'cold wax' kits. No melting a clump of hot wax, you just rub the strips together in your hand, they get warm and you peel them apart and press them to your leg (or wherever else) and you pull the hair right off. No muss, no fuss. How hard can it be? I mean, I'm not a genius, but I am mechanically inclined enough to figure this out. (YA THINK!?)

So I pull one of the thin strips out. Its two strips facing each other stuck together. Instead of rubbing them together, my genius kicks in so I get out the hair dryer and heat it to 1000 degrees. ('Cold wax,' yeah... right!)

I lay the strip across my thigh. Hold the skin around it tight and pull. It works!

OK, so it wasn't the best feeling, but it wasn't too bad. I can do this! Hair removal no longer eludes me! I am She-rah, fighter of all wayward body hair and maker of smooth skin extraordinaire.

With my next wax strip I move north. After checking on the family, I sneak back into the bathroom for the ultimate hair fighting championship. I drop my granny panties and place one foot on the toilet. Using the same procedure, I apply the wax strip across the right side of my bikini line, covering the

right half of my hoo-ha and stretching down to the inside of my butt cheek (it was a long strip).

I inhale deeply and brace myself.... RRRRIIPPP!!!! I'm blind!!! Blinded from pain!!!!..... OH MY GAWD!!!!!!! Vision returning, I notice that I've only managed to pull off half the strip.

CRAP! Another deep breath and RIPP! Everything is spinning and spotted. I think I may pass out.... I must stay conscious... I must stay conscious. Do I hear crashing drums??? Breathe, breathe.... OK, back to normal.

I want to see my trophy - a wax covered strip, the one that has caused me so much pain, with my hairy pelt sticking to it. I want to revel in the glory that is my triumph over body hair. I hold up the strip! There's no hair on it. Where is the hair??? WHERE IS THE WAX???

Slowly I ease my head down, foot still perched on the toilet. I see the hair. The hair that should be on the strip... it's not! I touch.. I am touching wax. I run my fingers over the most sensitive part of my body, which is now covered in cold wax and matted hair.

Then I make the next BIG mistake remember my foot is still propped upon the toilet? So I put my foot down. Sealed shut! My butt is sealed shut. Sealed shut! I penguin walk around the bathroom trying to figure out what to do and think to myself 'Please don't let me get the urge to poop... my head may pop off!' What can I do to melt the wax? Hot water!! Hot water melts wax!! I'll run the hottest water I can stand in the bathtub, get in, immerse the wax-covered bits and the wax should melt

and I can gently wipe it off, right ????

WRONG!!! I get in the tub - the water is slightly hotter than that used to torture prisoners of war or sterilize surgical equipment - I sit. Now, the only thing worse than having your nether regions glued together, is having them glued together and then glued to the bottom of the tub.... in scalding hot water. Which, by the way, does not melt cold wax. So, now I'm stuck to the bottom of the tub as though I had cemented myself to the porcelain!!

God bless the AT&T man who had convinced me a few months ago to have a phone put in the bathroom!!!! I call my friend, thinking surely she has waxed before and has some secret of how to get me undone. It's a very good conversation starter.

'So, my butt and hoo-ha are glued together to the bottom of the tub!' There is a slight pause. She doesn't know any secret tricks for removal but she does try to hide her laughter from me. She wants to know exactly where the wax is located, 'Are we talking cheeks or hoo-ha?' She's laughing out loud by now.. I can hear her. I give her the rundown and she suggests I call the number on the side of the box.

Yeah, right! I should be the joke of someone else's night. While we go through various solutions, I resort to trying to scrape the wax off with a razor. Nothing feels better than to have your girlie goodies covered in hot wax, glued shut, stuck to the tub in super hot water and then dry-shaving the sticky wax off!!

By now the brain is not working, dignity has taken a major hike and I'm pretty sure I'm going to need Post-Traumatic Stress counseling for this event. My friend is still talking with me when I finally see my saving grace... the lotion they give you to remove the excess wax. What do I really have to lose at this point? I rub some on and OH MY GOD!!! The scream probably woke the family and scared the dickens out of my friend.. It's sooo painful, but I really don't care.

IT WORKS!! I get a hearty congratulation from my friend and she hangs up. I successfully remove the remainder of the wax and then notice to my grief and despair... THE HAIR IS STILL THERE... ALL OF IT! So I recklessly shave it off. Heck, I'm numb by now. Nothing hurts.. I could have amputated my own leg at this point.

Next week I'm going to try hair color.....how bad can that turn out???

Brazilian Wax Menu

 Landing Strip Fly the friendly thighs	 Mohawk A hair-raising experience	 Martini Glass He'll order a double
 Bermuda Triangle Lost for hours and hours	 Postage Stamp Something to write home about	 Heart Attack Is there a doctor in the house?