

Introducing: Cow Country Cosmetics

Dan Evans, 1976

Do you ever get a hankerin' for somethin' more earthy than that there cityfied, city-slicker, city-smellin' fancy store-bought perfume gunk?

Well, now the folks from Cow Country Cosmetics are bringing back the down-home smell and the genuine, authentic flavor (if you choose to swaller it) of the real west.

They ain't got a whole lot of different smells and colors and such – they can't be messin' around with that kind of baloney. They have your basic everyday, just-scooped-out-the-barn type of scent. And, the Cow Country brand won't wear off before you leave the house in the mornin'. It stays with you all week long.

Here's what them Cow Country folks have to say about their product:

Them Avon scoundrels and them frenchy foreigners got it all figured out that they can unload that gunky stuff on to you in them itsy bitsy little bottles with the fancy, imitation plastic lids and do it for a hunk of cash.

Here at Cow Country Cosmetics though, we don't tolerate such silliness. We will sell you a whole Mason jar full of the cud-chewinest perfume you ever smelled and even throw in the jar for only 50 cents (add 6 cents if you want us to bother cleaning out the cobwebs from the jar before we dip up the perfume).

Hank, one of the hands here, rode in the other day and gave us a right tolerable idea. He'd just come back from visiting his girl down the road a piece and told us about a mail order package she and her sisters had just got from back east. It had some fancy trinkets that were covered with pretty colored glass that girls are supposed to wear around their necks. Now if that ain't perplexin' enough, Hank said the glass was all broke up into little bits and pieces that glittered somethin' awful in the sun.

We just can't be knowing what them city rascals is up to with that one, but we got a little doohickey that's been mighty popular with the local cowgirls for quite a spell and thought y'all might be pleased to have it passed along free for nothin' with your first order of perfume.

It ain't shiny so it ain't gonna start no stampede if the moonlight hits it when your girl is out watchin' the herd some night during a cattle drive. It ain't got no broken glass glued to it either. But, for free for nothin' you can't beat it. It's a horseshoe nail tied to a strip of Hereford hide that your girl can dangle 'round her neck for an ornament.

Well, that's the official word from Cow Country Cosmetics. I sure hope y'all enjoy their products. We were fixing to get together a picture book catalog like them Avon fellers

got, but the boys couldn't round up enough old wanted posters to write on the backs of. There ain't no one here who can print purty enough anyway.

Enjoy yourself a nice day now. We be seeing you 'long the fence line, if not down to the sale barn.