



Greetings Fashionistas!

FASHIONGRANNY is answering no questions this issue!

I am going to use my platform to discuss the wonderful, and of course, *fashionable*, burg of Beaufort, South Carolina. Beaufort! The hometown of this marvelous newsweekly for which I write!

I hesitate to enumerate all the pluses of this awesome Lowcountry, as since I traded coasts, I have become very protective of it! Protective, in that I selfishly want to be the last person from out of town to have moved here. If it were up to me, no one else could relocate to my piece of Heaven.

If course, I should not have said that! If, indeed, I were to discourage your investigation of our

piece of the rock, I would tell you that the South stinks, the people are gloomy, there is no scenic splendor anywhere to be found, and the food...Yuck!

After all, who likes fresh seafood and warm biscuits? Certainly, no one on Earth could stand the sight of egrets posing on a celadon marsh with lavender blush reeds waving blithely in the breeze!

Who in their right mind would enjoy civility and calm in exchange for honking horns and rudeness? I mean, really!

Yet, here it is a sparkling southern town full of surprises and interesting fashion choices. I think I mean that in the kindest way possible. No doubt, I've been known to be a bit stern when it comes to clothing and the choosing of such, but overall, the good news is that everybody in Beaufort County wears clothes! This Heaven runs the fashion gamut from Steel Magnolias to "what on earth do you have on?"

On the ladies' side, many women have had the same hairdresser, (not stylist) for at least a hundred years! One might say that's a bit old-fashioned, and before I moved here, I would have been one of them. However, I have found that this routine appointment – and the sameness of the styling – reflects loyalty. This is a good thing. That standing appointment keeps the gals groomed. It may not be my hairstyle, but its style n'ere-the-less, and I like style! FASHIONGRANNY especially likes grooming!

Being somewhat of an arty community, as well – and how could you not be in this scenic wonderland – there are the arty women with their crafty jewelry and colorful renditions of linen. Breezy, hopefully *becoming*, linens.

There is the obligatory "classic" dresser, all turned out in her blouse, pants and jacket, secured with a little pair of flats and topped off with a fascinator. Kinky, no?

Ahh... the fashion forward dames in their Jimmy Choo shoes. That's all good and well for them, except only a few folks I've met here care about Jimmy Choo, and secretly wish he had a

restaurant! I love that!

As I walk along the shop-lined main street, my eyes are regularly treated to a myriad of fashion concoctions, each person wearing their insides on the outside. I'm calling it Art for Art's sake, variety being the spice of life and so on.

We now come to the men and their fashion savvy. Well, that is an oxymoron, no matter where you live, so I am going to leave that alone. In this town, a man can wear a suit, shorts or jeans and they're rarely questioned, except by their wives I suppose. Freebird style I call it. Truthfully, if it wasn't for these different strokes for different folks fashion parade, my eyes would be bored and I certainly wouldn't have anything to write about!

FASHIONGRANNY loves this town and I love the people in it. They have been kind to me and totally welcoming. Southern grace is alive and well and how could that be anything but good?

There is a propriety of manner that I knew still existed in this world, I just didn't know if I would ever find it again. No matter what individuals might be thinking, it is rare that you will hear the bad parts, and the "Yes Ma'am" and "No, Sir" keeps us apart from the animals and number one on the food chain. Of course, the fashions do vary and I see my job as not to criticize, but to guide fashion choices appropriately. Again, fashion is an inside job, and based on all the questions I receive, an inside job is at the root of all.

Manners are fashion. With that in mind, I think Beaufort is the Fashion Capital of the World!