

Flapper Caused Quite a Flap

By Evelyn B., Mukwonago, Wisconsin

GRANDPA built the house (above) where we lived in Wausau, Wisconsin when he left the old country to settle in America. In front of the house, he built a wooden sidewalk out of two-by-fours.

It extended from the corner of the lot down to the alley, and it was so well built that the walk was smooth as glass.

Grandma was so proud of that sidewalk, especially since neighboring walks were built with scraps of lumber and were hazardous to walk on.

As time went by, those other wooden walks were replaced with concrete. When my father suggested to Grandma that she replace her wooden walk with concrete, she wouldn't hear of it.

As time passed, the seasons took their toll. The boards shrank, nails loosened and we often saw Grandma pounding down loose nails. We kids liked to coast down the bumpety-bump walk in our friend's new red coaster wagon. Grandma soon put a stop to this, saying the wagon loosened the nails.

Spied on Passerby

"Here comes the flapper!" my sister shouted.

We all hurried to get our bellies down behind Grandma's bleeding heart bushes and watch the flapper as she walked past.

We kids didn't know what a flapper was, but we knew she was different. She wore her dresses above her knees while most of the neighbor ladies wore theirs mid-calf or ankle length.

The flapper's hair was bobbed short and curled, while most ladies wore pugs or braids. She wore lots of rouge and red lipstick. She wore red shoes with 4-inch heels called spikes.

Yes, she was different.

We waited for her to pass by, but she didn't.

Gingerly, we peeked out of our hiding place and saw that the heel of her shoe was firmly stuck in one of the cracks in the wooden walk. When she could not free her shoe, she walked stocking-footed past us.

She returned in another pair of shoes just as Dad was coming home from work.

Tearfully, she explained her dilemma to him. Dad got the necessary tools and soon freed the shoe.

"Oh!" she cried. "My shoe is ruined. The heel covering is ripped all the way down, and I paid \$1 for them."

Dad took out his wallet and gave her \$1. Then he told Grandma what had happened.

Grandma reached under a pillow, took out her coin purse and gave Dad \$1 and told him to find a contractor to put in a new concrete walk.

Now we kids were allowed to coast down the new walk, but we missed the bumps, and it just wasn't as much fun anymore.

We never saw the flapper again.