

Stacey J. J. J. J. J.  
Oct 7th 11

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I was a little girl in pig tails when I had my first experience with false fingernails. In a nearby church a W. P. U. lady dance teacher held lessons on each Saturday afternoons of which my girl friends and I attended. One afternoon I arrived a little earlier than usual and found my teacher busily filing her nails. I was watching her silently when she looked up and with a smile she asked if I would like to see something. Certainly, I was willing to see anything. She drew something out of the crisp paper bag and showed it to me. I blinked twice before I realized what it was. Ten bright, red fingernails! Shocked as I was, I told her how beautiful they were. Carefully, she glued them on and spent the remaining of the afternoon with her hands out of the window, drying her nails in the warm sun. She gave directions to us

and spent the remaining hour  
practising. Unfortunately,  
her maid never found out