

# Shoes that fit the beach-striding bill

**Don't be caught without them**

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Italian Wellness shoes, \$159, at In A Box, Dresden Row, Halifax, are touted as among the most comfortable women's footwear. (TED PRITCHARD / Staff)

PRETTY SOON the fog will clear, the rain will stop and — God. I hope it's soon — someone will turn on the heat.

When it finally comes, it'll be a shot out of the blue (my new fave colour this season, BTW) and we'll all be rifling through our cupboards for some fab walking shoes for long lolligags around town.

I learned the hard way, sisterfriends — I still blame it on my gal-pal Steph — not to take the summer stroll and shoes for granted.

Yep, I certainly learned a thing or two about comfort while running behind her at breakneck speed on a Miami boardwalk this spring.

It turns out the sun does shine there, and with it comes the humidity that will send you running for the nearest elegantly casual bar where you can sit, toe-tap (with the one good foot you have left) and imbibe an outrageously expensive cocktail.

But it turns out that before you can take a break, you need to find a pharmacy and about six boxes of Band-Aids to soothe the savage blisters, sisters.

Since those wonderfully fun days and nights in SoBe, I've been on a quest to find the fabulous walking shoe/sandal/ slipper. I really don't care what it is as long as it's cute.

Because while I hate to admit it, I was forced to buy and wear sneakers for four full days down there!

So here I was most days, all dolled up SoBe style, but the chic-ness came to an abrupt, gut-wrenching halt by the time my feet became involved. Because on top of my painted-toe tootsies sat a pair of pale Pumas with sockettes tucked inside! (Blech . . . blech. . .) Clunky stubs at the end of the dolledup stick figure. Gotta say, it clearly wasn't my finest fashion hour, peeps.

Not even my beloved Havaianas were able to slip over the ghastly blisters. I vowed, then and there, to find the shoe that would fit this beach-striding bill.

So I went searching for a Prince with the perfect slipper.

Last summer, I regaled you with the Fit Flop, which I irritatingly forgot to bring to SoBe (my double bad), and I still maintain it's one of the better galfoot friends you can have.

But this year I wanted to branch out and seek other loving soles to add to the well-heeled entourage that will glide me down my own little world's runways (no biggie here, just Spring Garden Road and Barrington, plus a titch of the waterfront).

So I landed at a few stores, where those in charge championed some slides and flips they said had a glide like no other. Some even had a little heel!

They are now sworn to serve and protect my tootsies. Likewise, I'm sure.