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Pink And White Conspiracy

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Abstract

"You'll explain, won't you, Jane? And, after all, it's just Jim and he'll understand."...

Pink And White Conspiracy

“**Y**OU’LL explain, won’t you, Jane? And, after all, it’s just Jim and he’ll understand.”

Kay was standing before the mirror smoothing a chic white brocade dress over her slim figure. She gave one hip a determined pound — as if to release it of a summer’s load of partying.

“Jane, I’ve never broken a date before. Well, you know what I mean — I don’t make a policy of breaking dates. And besides, Jane, Jim hasn’t called since Sunday — six days — I suppose he thinks I’m sitting on the edge of my chair waiting. Maybe he’s not going to call at all — maybe he’s going to stand me up.”

I looked at Kay over the bulkiness of Tolstoy’s *War and Peace* — my summer’s project. Kay was leaning close to the mirror, smoothing her pert, arched eyebrows. Her skin was tanned and clear against the white dress and her hair was jet black.

“Don’t worry, Kay, I’ll tell Jim all about it — what we decided to tell him, that is.”

“I hope Mike doesn’t wear his dress whites like he said he would. That wouldn’t be any contrast with my white dress at all. Jane! Look at that! Aren’t I getting fat? Don’t you dare let me eat a thing on coffee break Monday.”

Kay was fastening a wide pink cumberbund around a tiny waistline, moving her scarlet-tipped fingers quickly in agitation.

“Okay, Jane, tell me again. Tell me what you’re going to tell Jim — when he calls.”

I took a deep breath and started the recital — “No, Jim, Kay isn’t here. You see, it’s this way — She ran into an old friend of hers from her freshman year at Carleton today.

He's with the Navy in Pensacola and in town for only a couple days to visit his parents. And you can imagine how surprised she was to see him. So he asked her out to talk over old times. You know — old buddies. And then, Kay, I'll tell Jim that you've been trying to call hum but we couldn't remember where he was staying. And I'll say that you'll certainly call him tomorrow to explain the whole thing because you don't make a policy of breaking dates. All right, Kay?"

"Perfect, Jane — you're the kind of a friend to have. Maybe I will call him tomorrow. Maybe he'll ask me out then — should be a fabulous day for sailing."

Kay stepped into pink pearlized kid high-heeled sandals and backed away for me to look. "They don't look cheap, do they, Jane? I get so sick of these cheap shoe companies copying expensive styles. Do they look like I paid \$25 for them in the Gold Room? I did. Isn't that an atrocious price?"

"They're beautiful, Kay — match you cumberbund perfectly. Mike should be much impressed."

"Do you really think so? You know he's used to dating those sophisticated society girls from the East."

"He wouldn't have asked you out if he weren't impressed — you know that much."

Kay patted her curly hair down for the hundredth time and looked at herself from nose's-length into the mirror. I pulled my quilted robe about me and made another stab at *War and Peace*.

The phone rang. Kay darted a look toward me into the mirror without turning around. "Don't forget now, Jane."

I looked at her tall slim figure — poised, assured, strikingly beautiful. She pivoted on her high pink heels.

I hesitated, then took the receiver from the hook. "Hello?" I nodded to her questioning glance. "Hi Jim. No, Kay's not here. You see, it's this way . . ."

Kay smiled at me and her violet blue eyes sparkled impishly. She picked up a small pink purse, tossed a white stole over her arm with practiced casualness, and started toward the door. "Thanks, Jane," she said with her lips only.

— *Mary Gerard, T & C., Jr.*