

Swimming

By Kay Mauser

It was a hot day in July, when my three girlfriends and I got in the carpool to go to work. Our driver Bill said, "My sister, brother-in-law and I are going swimming this evening. If any of you would like to go I'll be happy to take you."

To encourage my friends, I answered, "That sounds like a great idea, any takers?" I was thinking we would all go. Well, it seemed my three friends all had excuses about why they could not go.

And Bill said, "I'll pick you up, Kay, around 6:30 if that's o.k." And so I was going swimming.

There was just one problem. I had no bathing suit!

Now when we started going out with boys, my mother insisted we carry 'mad money' with us, just in case we needed to get home in a taxi.

And so during lunch I took a streetcar downtown and bought a black velvet bathing suit with my 'mad money.'

Later in the water I noticed that the suit was cutting into my bottom, so I tugged on the suit to release the pressure but this pulled the front down and exposed my breast! The suit had shrunk!

The others decided to get out and lay on the sandy beach. I did not. I kept my body in the water as well as I could, hoping for darkness to fall. Now it was summertime, darkness was a long way off. Bill's sister came in and asked why I wasn't getting out. I told her the suit had shrunk. She got a towel for me to wrap in. Then we got dressed.

Yes, I married Bill. And once I asked him, "With four girls to choose from, why me?" He said, "I liked what I saw!"