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Sally, Part 33

A Waldorf-Astoria Wedding—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Nothing could have filled me with such joy as Gene running to greet Bobby and me when we returned to our house in Rye on Sunday, November 21, from a weekend in Manhattan with Daddy and his fiancée Megan Lachaille Calvert.

Nanny Walsh told us that during the day Gene had pulled down his own trainers to use the toilet. She was sure Gene would soon be out of diapers at night.

Bobby and I exchanged a look. Gene was only twenty-nine months old and soon would be sleeping without a diaper. Bobby was seven and I was eleven, yet we both still needed diapers and plastic panties in bed. Was Nanny Walsh deliberately being spiteful about us?

Frankly, with everything else going on, especially Megan asking me to be a bridesmaid, I could care less about disapproval from Nanny Walsh. She knew when she took the job that Gene, Bobby and me needed diapers. By then Bobby was in trainers weekend days and wore regulation cotton underpants to school. So Nanny Walsh only needed to change Bobby once or twice a day.

I had been washing nearly all the trainers and sheets since I was nine, until we moved to Rye and Mommy hired so many servants. Mommy had used the DyDee diaper service for years. Nanny Walsh had only pinned me into a diaper once, because Mommy told her to do that after spanking me. Since she

had never needed to deal with my wet diapers, I could not see why she was complaining.

At least that Sunday evening ended without anyone being in trouble. Mommy and our step-father Henry Francis were still out at some political event when I went to bed. Nanny Walsh never even checked to be sure I was okay.

Falling to sleep I thought about the new gown, stockings and Yves Saint Laurent pumps with three inch stiletto heels Megan had bought for me. Saturday and Sunday I had practice walking in those heels enough I was confident. In Montreal, California and Manhattan I wore my choice of lip gloss or lipstick. In Rye Mommy would not allow me any cosmetics, or even a blow dryer.

During that night I got up to pee in my toilet. Long before I needed to, I woke up on Monday, November 22, just 5 days before Daddy married Megan at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on Park Avenue.

Country Day School in Rye was very nice. Before classes started Headmaster Edward Rooney had warned Bobby and me that his school did not tolerate misbehavior. Our teachers were authorized to spank us in the classrooms and if we continued to misbehave we would be paddled in the office.

My observation was that the faculty was fair and very talented. The promise of spanking eliminated class clowns. I really enjoyed my classes, especially French. I was motivated because I adored Megan and her family. They were from Montreal, Quebec, Canada. They all spoke many languages well, but her mother, Tanté preferred Parisian French. That was what we concentrated on in school. To speed my progress in French, Mommy provided me with Mademoiselle Sheryl Holt who came to our house as my French tutor. She helped me with both Parisian and Canadian French, as did Megan.

Tuesdays the school bus let me off at the office of my child psychiatrist, Dr. Wendy Keighley, MD. She had helped me accept that I could not change the things frustrating me about Mommy. Dr. Wendy (as she wanted me to call her) encouraged me to find way to finesse situations so anger was reduced. For me it was easier to just placate Mommy.

On Tuesday, November 23, I excitedly told Dr. Wendy about moving from Kitten heels which were

two inches high to pumps with three inch stiletto heels over the weekend. I told her I also preferred the look, feel and taste of Lancôme lipstick to Slicker. Dr. Wendy did counsel me to not set my expectations for the future overly high.

Wednesday afternoon Mademoiselle Holt came to give me more French tutoring.

Just as we had done in 1964, on Thanksgiving Thursday, November 25, we went to the mansion of "Granny" Pauline Francis, the widowed mother of our step-father Henry, for the traditional feast.

In 1964 I had spit out some mashed sweet potato, for which Mommy spanked me. This year Granny Pauline did not serve sweet potato.

Henry's daughter Eleanor was already at Pauline's mansion when we drove there from Rye. Eleanor was a 1964 graduate of Vassar College.

While driving back to Rye following the Thanksgiving feast, Mommy said that she had agreed to allow the same town car chauffer who had driven Bobby and me to Manhattan to do so again on Friday, November 26. Mommy recognized that both Megan and Daddy would be hip-deep in wedding preparations. She promised that on the wedding day, Saturday, November 27, Pauline Francis and her chauffeur would drive Henry, Nanny Walsh, Gene and herself to the wedding and reception in her stretch limousine.

Daddy and Megan would immediately leave the reception for their honeymoon. Bobby and I would drive back to Rye in Pauline's limousine.

My wearing high heels and lipstick was a secret from Mommy. At first I did not worry because I doubted she would attend the wedding. Now I got slightly concerned that Mommy would at the least spank me when she got the chance or even stage a scene. Unfortunately Mommy's moods were unpredictable.

Nearly all the clothing Bobby and I needed while in Manhattan was kept in Daddy's apartment. For the wedding Mommy insisted we bring with us outfits she selected which we would wear during the ceremony.

Obviously Mommy did not get the memo I was a bridesmaid and I already had the appropriate gown

and shoes. Daddy had bought Bobby an adorable tuxedo so he would look like the taller ushers.

Anyway, when the town car picked us up on Thanksgiving Friday afternoon, November 26, the nice chauffeur put our suitcases in the trunk. That trip Bobby did not need a toilet stop. We were driven directly to The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

All of our wedding outfits would be waiting there. Megan's parents Gaston and Tanté Calvert had flown down from Montreal along with Megan's favorite cousin Lise Bouvier, who would be the Matron of Honor.

For the wedding on Saturday, Megan would be dressed in the Bride's Room on the same level as the wedding and reception. Bobby and I would change in the Calvert's suite.

Megan's university friend, Camille Ducotel (who we enjoyed in California) had also flown in to be Megan's other bridesmaid. She was also staying at the Waldorf.

We actually had two wedding rehearsals. The first one was in regular clothes. It was detailed and lasted longer than the real ceremony.

After the first rehearsal we had dinner in the Waldorf's famous Peacock Alley restaurant. Daddy's friend and client, Conrad Hilton, joined us for dinner.

Daddy's best man was also one of his partners in their advertising agency, Roger Sterling, who had hired Daddy a long time before when Mr. Sterling was a partner in a different ad agency.

The only usher (besides Bobby) who could attend the rehearsal was Peter Campbell. He was a junior partner in the ad agency and director of account services. If I had met Mr. Campbell before the rehearsal dinner, I do not remember. His adorable wife Trudy Vogel Campbell joined us for dinner. Without being obvious, she was hilarious.

Once we finished eating the exquisite dinner, everyone went to their respective rooms to put on their actual wedding outfits for a dress rehearsal. Of course Megan wore a borrowed wedding dress similar to her real one so Daddy would not see that.

None of us stumbled or tripped. I had no lines. Gaston gave Megan away. Roger Sterling said he had the rings. The judge rushed through the vows faster than during the non-dress rehearsal. A photographer took candid photos. Daddy and Megan remembered their lines and delivered them very well. Let us remember both of them make presentations for a living.

Once the dress rehearsal was over, Tanté took Bobby and me upstairs to change our clothes in her room. She told Bobby how nice he looked and gushed about my dress, lipstick and peach Yves Saint Laurent high heels. She promised I would love the way my hair would be styled for the ceremony.

I expected that Daddy and Megan would take us to his apartment on Waverly Place. Instead Tanté said she would take us to the apartment and spend the night with us. Tanté is so much fun I loved the idea.

It would not dare rain on Megan's wedding. Dawn on Saturday, November 27, was clear, warm and with a blue sky. As usual at the apartment, I woke up first, started a pot of coffee and then used the bathroom to remove my diaper. I took a bath while I had the chance; blow dried my hair; and put on the dress I would eventually wear home to Rye. Only then did I pre-heat the skillet.

When Tanté woke up I brought her a cup of hot coffee and asked if she would like some of my *French Toast au Rhum Jumbie*. Tanté said Megan had told her about that—she wanted some.

While Tanté was enjoying her toast, and Bobby was still sleeping, I said that all week nobody had taken the time to spank me. I told her I had hoped Megan would spank me, but I realized she was too busy.

Without a word, Tanté told me to bring her my hairbrush. When I handed it to her, she had me take off my dress and trainers. She placed me over her lap and spanked me moderately hard, but only above my *Gluteo-Femoral Fold*. I only cried a little. Tanté hugged me, gave me an affectionate kiss, and told me to re-dress. When I thought I was finished, Tanté handed me my tube of Peach Lancôme lipstick, "Sally, a proper lady never leaves the house with bare lips." She winked.

Instead of looking for a cab, Tanté handed me a card and asked me to phone the towne car service: "Darling, your English is better than mine."

I packed enough trainers, plastic panties and diapers into my teal diaper bag to last Bobby and me until we reached home in Rye. Tanté assured me it would be returned to the Grove Street co-op.

It would be easy to get used to arriving at The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in a chauffeur-driven limousine or towne car. Of course everyone is treated well there, but limo people are treated even better.

Inside the hotel, Daddy, Megan, Gaston and the wedding party women were finishing breakfast. Tanté teased that she had eaten my special French toast.

The cunning plan was that all of us would have our hair washed, dried and style in the hotel beauty shop, with Megan going last. Julie Hewett was the makeup artist on most of the still photos and commercials produced by Daddy's ad agency. She would be doing the makeup for all of us shortly before the ceremony.

Since normally the Father of the Bride has very little to do on the wedding day, Gaston was put in charge of keeping Bobby occupied. His approach to that was to take Bobby in a cab to FAO Schwarz to buy toys for Gene and Bobby. Somehow both Bobby and Gaston were on-time to dress for the ceremony.

Mrs. Joan Harris probably dressed at her own apartment. She was Megan's Co-Matron of Honor and sad because her husband (Greg Harris, MD) was serving as a surgeon with the US Army Medical Corps in Vietnam.

Lise and Camille dressed in their own rooms. They came to Tanté's suite to help her and me get dressed. Although Dana Poole was an invited guest, she also was in Tanté's suite to double check that my gown fit perfectly. Dana had a small cushion of pins, needles and thread on her left wrist, like a costumer.

Camille also Gaston dress Bobby in his tuxedo. Then she tied both of their formal bow ties. No clip-on ties allowed!

The Waldorf has a dedicated "Bride's Room" on the same floor as the rooms used for weddings. That

was large enough for all of us helping Megan get dressed.

Janie Bryant, who often works with the ad agency and designed Megan's bridal gown, was there to style it for the ceremony. While that was happening, one by one Julie Hewett applied our makeup, until Megan was ready.

Megan is stunning in her negligee getting out of bed in the morning.

Good Golly! In her wedding gown, with her hair high and perfect and with such subtle makeup most people would think she was not made-up, I thought Megan was the most beautiful princess ever!

On the cue of the Waldorf's wedding coordinator, we formed our procession as rehearsed. Camille and I were in the front row. We were followed by Lise and Joan Harris. Last in line was Gaston holding Megan gently by her left arm.

Inside the wedding room the familiar notes of Richard Wagner's processional "*Bridal Chorus*" started. When the doors opened in synch, Camille and I stepped into the room in unison, with her to my right.

I was concentrating on walking side by side with Camille and not stumbling. As time permitted that morning I had practiced walking in my white YSL stilettos on the hotel carpet.

I took it on faith that Joan Harris to the right of Lise had followed us.

The intake of breath by the audience confirmed that they approved of Megan's gown and styling.

I did not want to obviously look at the audience. I saw Daddy standing with Roger Sterling, ahead and to my right.

They were near Judge Michael Edward Pastor. All three of them were so handsome in bespoke black dinner jackets. In my opinion Daddy was the handsomest man in America. Roger Sterling was about ten years older than Daddy, with all white hair. He could have been a movie star. Judge Pastor was younger than Roger and every bit as handsome.

Mommy was seated on the groom's side third row aisle, with my step-father Henry to her right. On

his right was his mother, Pauline Francis. To her right was my youngest brother Gene. To his right on the aisle was Nanny Walsh, in a fashionable formal gown, unlike her usual nanny outfits. I made sure Mommy did not see me looking at her.

When we reached the end of the center aisle, Camille and I took a few steps to our left to make room for Lise and Joan.

Everyone in the room was looking at Megan slowly gliding down the aisle. Her pace was timed so that she had most of the aisle clear for a half minute. Had I been in charge, the houselights would have dimmed and Super Trouper follow-spots would have lighted her. Well, that is the way it would be in the movies!

After Judge Pastor asked "Who gives this woman in matrimony?" and Gaston declared "I do, Your Honor" Lise and Joan escorted him to his seat to Tanté's left in the front row of the bride's side.

Clearly this was not the first time Judge Pastor had conducted a wedding ceremony. I was told during the reception that he was the most popular wedding judge in Manhattan, while still presiding over a busy criminal court room. Yes I am prejudiced, because during the reception Judge Pastor danced with me!

Knowing that Judge Pastor was required to ask if anyone objected to the marriage, I was braced for Mommy making a scene. Actually the room was silent. Megan and Daddy swore their "I Do's" and exchanged their white gold wedding bands.

Judge Pastor proclaimed "Under the laws of the State of New York and the authority of the County of New York, I pronounce Megan and Donald to be husband and wife."

Without a stop-watch I cannot be absolutely sure, but my bet is that the kiss Daddy and Megan shared set some sort of record for length and intensity.

The organist and other musicians began the recessional by Felix Mendelssohn, "*The Wedding March*" from his "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*."

Once Megan and Daddy were nearly out of the room, Gaston escorted Tanté up the aisle. Roger Sterling escorted both Lise and Joan Harris.

Bobby escorted Camille and me out of the room, and then next door to the reception. Of course I made sure I was on the far side of the aisle away from Mommy. Bobby did stop to wave at Mommy as I turned my face away.

The reception was so much fun! As we entered that room I could hear Roger Sterling telling his beautiful young wife Jane that everyone of importance in the Manhattan advertising business was a guest, including Emerson Foote and Mary Wells.

Besides Daddy, Megan, Roger and Pete Campbell, their agency was well represented.

The other usher was Harry Crane who I had met at the *Bewitched* studio. His attractive wife, Jennifer was with him.

Bertram Cooper Cooper was the founding partner with Roger's dad in the predecessor agency. He was a slightly eccentric short man I grew-up calling "Uncle Bert." With him were his slightly younger sister Alice and her best friend Wilma Parrish. Uncle Bert had just retired from active participation in the new agency.

Lane Pryce I only met casually a few times previously. He was also a name partner. Mr. Pryce attended with his tall and beautiful wife Rebecca as well as their son William, who I was told was 13. He was tall, cute and spoke with a darling upper-class British accent, as did his parents.

Peggy Olson, Daddy's former secretary and now star copy-writer at the agency, attended with her date Abe Drexler. Both were shorter than average and yet attractive in their own way. It was Miss Olson who had shouted at me to not leave Daddy's office during the crisis while I was visiting. At the wedding she was wearing nude pumps with exceptionally high stiletto heels. Peggy told me I was walking in my stilettos like a lady. My guess was she was even less comfortable around youngsters than Faye Miller, who was not at the wedding.

Kenneth Cosgrove had been an account executive with the old agency, while also writing many essays for *The Atlantic Monthly*. Recently he had brought several big accounts with him to Daddy's agency. He was perhaps taller than Daddy and thin,

athletic and handsome. When we had met before, Ken would tease me gently. He told me I looked nice, and then introduced me to his fiancée Cynthia Baxter.

She gave me a tender kiss on my cheek. Cynthia was slightly shorter and a year or so older than Megan. Otherwise she was like a blonde Megan, who weeks later told me Cynthia's father was the Chief Financial Officer (CFO) of Dow/Corning.

Another of Daddy's mentors and good friends, Freddy Rumsen, had come out of retirement to handle creative for Pond's products. When I was much younger "Uncle Freddy" and his wife "Aunt Violet" used to come to our Larchmont house often. I was delighted to see her. She remarked how I had turned into a mature young woman.

Last but far from least was "Uncle Sal" Romano and his wife Kitty. He had been the long-time supervising art director for the old ad agency, and then resigned to become a successful independent director of TV commercials. I had not seen Sal and Kitty since my ninth birthday party. We shared a group hug.

Sure enough Mademoiselle Sheryl Holt was there with a nice looking man, whose name I forget.

Dr. Wendy was there with her husband Alan Keighley, MD, a pediatrician with offices in White Plains. She is the nicest child psychiatrist. They were so attractive all dressed up. She told me how marvelous I looked and walked.

Rachel Menken's husband Tilden Katz must be a very nice man, because he did not look like an actor. Clearly they are very much in love. She really wears clothes so well. She said she was thrilled I had found shoes and a gown that fit. I said they were from Dana Poole at Best & Company. I thanked her again for my Lancôme Peach lipstick.

Just then Dana Poole walked by. She greeted Rachel and me, and then introduced all of us to her fiancé, a distinguished man in his mid-thirties named Daniel Merrick. I thanked her for finding me just the right gown and shoes.

Only after Dana and Dan were out of ear-shot did Rachel tell Tilden and me, "Oh, my God! Daniel just inherited Best & Company." All I could hope was that Daniel would make Dana very happy.

Conrad Hilton was there with his date, Mary Kelly. They made such an attractive couple. Mr. Hilton was a generation older than Roger Sterling, yet my guess was Mary Kelly was the same age as Megan or Jane Sterling.

Gene was able to walk on his own very well at the reception. Bobby was always with him. This was fortunate, because Nanny Walsh was drinking more than one flute of Champaign.

A whole gaggle of Megan's friends from Hunter College and Columbia University, as well as former roommates attended, most with dates. I met some of them, but do not remember all of those names.

I was standing next to Daddy and Megan in the receiving line when Mommy and Henry came by. Mommy not only had gone all-out to look like the glamorous wife of a major politician, both of them had an inner glow. I remember Mommy glowing like that before but could not remember why.

Mommy was as cordial to Daddy as she was to Megan and in a genuine way. I am not sure if Henry had noticed Megan before, but he sure was captivated by her at the reception. Lucky for him, Mommy did not notice.

Mommy told me I looked very mature, and then whispering into my ear "Sally Beth Draper, we will be discussing your outfit later!" I was not looking forward to the long drive back to Rye.

"Granny" Pauline Francis followed Mommy and Henry in the reception line. She looked regal and was having the time of her life. She lingered with me until Mommy had walked away. "Sally, I think you look and act marvelously. Stick with me and I will calm down your mother."

At that moment the world famous Waldorf-Astoria Banquet Manager, "Mister Fred Anton" announced that dinner would be served. While we rushed to our seats, the team of waiters marched in carrying trays.

Bobby and I were seated on either side of Tanté at a round table on Megan's side of the dais. Gaston was on Bobby's other side. Camille was next to me. Next to her was the fortunate Judge Pastor. He clearly appreciated that Camille's gown featured significant décolleté.

Looking at Camille seated there, all I could imagine was a formal conversation: "Good Morning, Your Honor. I plead innocent of indecent exposure."

The other four people at our table were Megan's two most recent roommates, Cynthy Ellet and Barbara McWilliams, each with a handsome date. They had met Megan at Columbia grad school.

The next table was filled with beautiful women who had been friends with Megan at Hunter College and who all also worked as nannies. They were Karen Forsberg, Beverly Serrel, Helen Macready and Susan McCune. All of their dates were handsome. Apparently the less attractive men were not eating with us that night!

Between the entrée and our Baked Alaska desert, the band played dance music. That was when Judge Pastor danced with me, respecting me as if I were an adult. Gaston danced with Tanté. Camille danced with Bobby. Cynthy and Barbara danced with their dates. Once Judge Pastor led me back to my chair and Camille led Bobby to his chair, she started dancing with Judge Pastor.

Signaling the end to that dance set, the band played a fanfare as the many waiters marched into the room in precise formation from every door with trays of flaming Baked Alaska. Now that is quite a sight!

Once we finished the Baked Alaska, Roger Sterling made his Best Man's Speech. It was hilarious and totally inappropriate for anyone my age—I loved every second of it.

Next the band played Megan's favorite dance tune, *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You*. She danced with Daddy to that for the first time as his wife. Daddy always danced well with Mommy, when they were getting along. But Daddy had never danced so easily and naturally as he did with Megan. Upon the invitation of the band leader, many couples joined Megan and Daddy.

Among those dancing were Mommy and Henry. She had looked stone-cold when Daddy led Megan to the dance floor. Dancing with Henry, Mommy was using her plastered-on expression. Probably that would serve her well at political parties.

As many of the dancers changed partners when the band switched to *Take The 'A' Train*, Daddy started dancing with Tanté and Gaston with Megan.

This was when Mommy announced to everyone that she was expecting a child in May of 1966. Trust Mommy to kill the reception mood. *I knew that was Mommy's way of spoiling all my future birthdays!*

The fact Mommy had not up to then made a scene was too much to hope for. My experience was that Mommy could suck the joy out of any event.

True to their own fine manners, Daddy and Megan offered Mommy and Henry genuine best wishes. Probably Mommy was frustrated that most of the guests did not notice her grand announcement. I was sure Mommy was gnashing her teeth.