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## Sally, Part 13

### Crushing My Hopes At Home—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

On Thursday, Glenn was waiting in the shadows of the hedge when I rode up to him on my bike. As soon as I got off to walk my bike to its hiding place, Glenn came over to me.

Much to his surprise, I put my free hand behind his neck. Then I pulled him toward me so that I could kiss him. It was awkward. Our noses crashed together.

"Glenn, do you still have those cigarettes? After a morning with Dr. Keighley, I deserve one!"

He handed me a cigarette and took one for himself. Then he lighted mine. I felt so grown up. Glenn seemed so pleased that I was smoking with him.

The picnic cooler was in our secret garden. Once we snuffed out our cigarettes we each drank a bottle of Coke.

Thursday I arrived home earlier than usual. I did take a shower and changed clothes right away so the cigarette odor would not be noticed. The rest of the afternoon and evening was not memorable. Probably I had a couple of hot dogs for lunch.

Friday morning I had no appointment with Dr. Wendy. After Mommy drove off somewhere, I asked Carla if I could ride my bike around the

neighborhood, for the exercise. She said that was okay.

Off I rode to meet Glenn at our secret garden. It was slightly cooler than earlier in the week. Glenn was not hiding in the shadows this time. He was standing there out in the open, already smoking a cigarette. I greeted him, got off my bike and was walking it across the grass when Mommy drove by.

Her reaction time was not the best. Her car was past us when she stopped, so she reversed, backing up. Once near us Mommy stopped and got out of her black Lincoln Continental convertible. She ordered me to come to her. Glenn ran away, toward our garden. Mommy yelled after him, "Young Man, you are to stay away from Sally! I know where you live. The next time I see you anywhere close to Sally I will have my husband call the police!"

Mommy seized my left wrist, spun me around and smacked the seat of my shorts several times before forcing me into the passenger seat. The way I was turned I could not see the garden end of the hedge. My hope was that Glenn had not seen Mommy spank me.

Things only went downhill when we got home. Of course I was sent to my room with orders to change into just my pajama top and thin panties, without shoes. I had no doubt I would be spanked, and I had no idea why. Never once had Mommy said I could not talk to Glenn.

In my haste to reach my room and get away from Mommy, I had not closed my door. From downstairs I could hear Mommy's side of a conversation with Henry. She told him she now agreed with him, this was the time to move to Rye.

Even before Mommy divorced Daddy, while she was dating Henry, she mentioned that he owned a large house in Rye. I had not seen that house and I have no idea why we did not move there immediately after Mommy married Henry. That was in February 1964. Possibly she did not want to have us change schools in the middle of the term.

All I knew about Rye is that an amusement park called Playland is located there. I had always enjoyed myself there. Rye was farther away from Manhattan by a station or two. I remember seeing that on a map, but when we went to Playland we drove.

Hearing about moving took my mind off the nasty hairbrush and waiting for a spanking. Mommy must also have gotten busy on the phone. At supper time I simply dressed and came downstairs. Mommy said nothing.

While she was helping little Gene in his highchair, Carla answered our phone. She then told Mommy that Henry's mother, Pauline Francis, was on the line.

Based on what I could hear, Granny Pauline was thrilled we were moving closer to her. As soon as Mommy hung up, she said that it was all arranged that Bobby and I would be attending Country Day School in Rye. Mommy said that it was exclusive and private, so we would not be "corrupted" by "the wrong kind of people." My impression was that Mommy considered Glenn Bishop to be one of those "wrong kind" of people. This was getting to be a road company production of "Romeo and Juliette."

If there was a bright side to moving to Rye, it would be living closer to Granny Pauline. She was a rich, large, jolly older lady. I remember she was so nice to me every time I saw her.

Thanksgiving 1964 was at Granny Pauline's mansion. My impression was that she did not think very highly of Mommy. Of course to me that was a sure sign Granny Pauline was a wise person.

The meal was traditional. We had waited to eat until Henry's adult daughter, Eleanor, arrived with a date. I had only met Eleanor once before.

The incident that I remember was that when a maid offered me a helping of mashed sweet potato, I politely declined. Although Mommy was then constantly complaining I was over-weight, she told the maid to give me extra mashed sweet potato.

Granny Pauline spoke up and said Thanksgiving was about fun and that we were not compelled to eat everything.

When Mommy noticed I was not trying the sweet potato, she filled a fork of that glop and forced it into my mouth, like I was a toddler instead of ten. The glop tasted so terrible I could not swallow any of it. Soon I had to spit it out.

Mommy pinched my right arm and yanked me out of my chair. I could hear Granny Pauline asking the maid to clean up the mess.

Once we were outside the dining room Mommy began smacking the seat of my skirt as she dragged me up stairs to the bedroom where we had left our coats. Mommy sat on the bed and pulled the nasty hairbrush out of her large purse. She lowered my panties and spanked me hard until I was sobbing.

I was still sniffing when Mommy marched me back to the dining room. That time I used my own fork to sample the sweet potato and managed to swallow that small amount.

When we all finished eating, Mommy would not let me have any dessert. Granny Pauline met my eyes and looked sympathetic. Later she gave me several loving hugs.

Just based on my positive experiences with Granny Pauline, if she used her influence to get me into Country Day School it had to be a nice place.

My only regrets about leaving Larchmont was it would take several minutes longer to get to Manhattan and Glenn would not be able to visit me often. Still I had faith we would find ways to get together.

When Henry came home to have dinner with Mommy, I heard him say that the people living in his house would be moving out in mid September. They had agreed to let all of us see that house Saturday afternoon. Mommy could decide what furniture she wanted to move from Larchmont and what she wanted to buy new. All of us would drive there in the late morning. We would have an early lunch with Granny Pauline, and then go look at the house.

On Monday morning Henry and Granny Pauline would meet us at Country Day School in the Headmaster's office. Mommy would drive Bobby and me up there.

Henry's house was much larger than our home in Larchmont. It was in a neighborhood of equally large houses. Perhaps some would call those mansions, although they were not quite as large as Granny Pauline's home.

Upstairs in the Rye house, the master bedroom suite was in its own wing. In the other wing there were six bedrooms, each with a bathroom. Granny Pauline suggested the nanny could live in the bedroom next to Gene's nursery. Mommy liked that idea.

Of course I was shocked and horrified. Rye was close enough Carla could commute. She had her own family, so had not even gone on vacations with us. I felt sure Carla would not move with us to become a live-in nanny. I loved Carla, as did Bobby and Gene. Even I did not remember anyone except Carla taking care of us in Larchmont.

Mommy said I could pick my new room. I wanted to be as far from Bobby and Gene as possible. However, Mommy decided the two bedrooms closest to the master suite should be for guests. Bobby actually wanted the other room next to the nanny. By process of elimination I would be next to Bobby.

Hardly any of the furniture from Larchmont would be moved to Rye. Henry said he had some antiques in storage that he wanted Mommy and the decorator to consider for the formal living room. Mommy and Granny Pauline would take me to buy new furniture to decorate my room.

Monday we did meet Headmaster Edward Rooney of Country Day School; his assistant Mrs. Grace McGee (a seemingly charming woman); Bobby's teacher Miss Lisa Grier; my teacher Mrs. Alice Fletcher. They all were very nice. Obviously they knew Granny Pauline very well.

Before we were to be taken for a tour of the campus, there was a discussion in the Headmaster Rooney's office. He started by saying that although Henry and Granny Pauline were very familiar with the school policies because Eleanor Francis had been a student there from kindergarten to twelfth grade graduation, Mommy had only been told briefly about those policies.

"I want both of you children, Sally and Bobby, to pay close attention" Headmaster Rooney started. "Here at Country Day we do not tolerate any misbehavior. Punishment is the consequence.

"In the classrooms all teachers can and will spank naughty students. Depending on the misconduct students might be sent to my office.

"I use a paddle, as does Mrs. McGee. Trust me you do not want a spanking or a paddling!"

Henry and Granny Pauline looked as if they did not approve of paddling. On the other hand, Mommy was grinning broadly. "Of course you have my full permission to spank or paddle my children when

needed. Sally has been spanked by teachers several times before. Naturally I spank her when she is naughty." I looked straight ahead, hoping I had not blushed.

As Labor Day approached, all the new furniture had been selected and ordered. Mommy wanted to do some remodeling and painting before we actually moved in. She agreed that it would be better if Bobby and I did not travel for Labor Day.

Instead Daddy would take us to Southern California for a few days in October, leading into Columbus Day. Daddy would pay Carla to come on the trip. He had some business meeting scheduled. At Marineland of the Pacific and Disneyland there needed to be two adults to take care of us.

Carla also agreed to commute to Rye for a week or so after we returned from California. While we were away the things we were taking from Larchmont would be moved to Rye. Granny Pauline was going to help Mommy hire a new nanny.

Well, so much for good pre-planning!

The Wednesday (September 1) before the Labor Day weekend, soon after Mommy went out shopping, Glenn rang the back doorbell.

Carla and I had been told by Mommy I was not allowed to speak to Glenn. He could be so charming and Carla always liked him.

Before I knew it Glenn was up in my bedroom. All he wanted to do was say goodbye because after lunch he was going to spend the rest of summer vacation with his father and step-mother. I would start at Country Day before he got back. When Glenn did get back to Larchmont he would start high school as a ninth grader.

Very sweetly Glenn asked me to bring him a present from Disneyland. I told him it would be safer if I had Disneyland mail it. He wrote down his Larchmont address on a piece of paper, along with his father's phone number.

Glenn was kissing me goodbye when Carla walked by my open door. All she said was that Glenn needed to leave immediately because Mommy was pulling into the garage.

Unfortunately Glenn decided to leave by the back door. Had he gone out the front Mommy would not

have seen him. Instead they collided on the back stoop. Up in my room I could hear the yelling. Mommy was nasty and totally out of control.

As soon as Glenn left, Mommy turned all her fury onto Carla. When Carla explained that Glenn had acted like a nice young man, Mommy exploded.

She immediately fired Carla! I must say Carla did not protest—even when Mommy said Carla would not be allowed to say goodbye to us.

I was downstairs having lunch when Mommy phoned Daddy at his office to tell him to make other plans for the California trip.

She was very specific that she would not allow Daddy to hire Carla. "Don, that would only confuse the children. Besides I have lost all my faith in Carla's judgment. Use your creativity and hire someone else who is qualified!

"Remember Gene is still in diapers all the time. He is so not ready for toilet training. Yes, Bobby and Sally still need rubber sheets and either training pants or diapers for bed. On the plane they will for sure need training pants. Be sure to tell the nanny you select about all those wet pants!" Mommy must have been enjoying all that. She was grinning from ear to ear.

My heart sank, because the last time Daddy had left me with Faye Miller, she had to buy me trainers and diapers. Clearly she did not want to spend time with children. At least Dr. Miller did not want to be around me. Could it be that Daddy would have to cancel the California trip?