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Sally, Part 18

Diapered at *Bewitched*—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

All things considered, I am absolutely sure I made the sensible decision to wear ordinary pinned diapers to Disneyland. The loaner stroller had enough room for a second diaper bag if needed, so it was no hardship on Megan and Camille. Dydee Service was going to wash the wet diapers after we went back to New York.

Megan had said the instruction that came with the passes were to report to a special VIP office. A helpful guide escorted us to that cheery office. Each of us, even Gene, had our pictures taken, which were turned into badges. Then our hands were stamped with the logo of the day. The lady with the special stamp told us that the logo would last even with normal washing, but if they faded, getting re-stamped was not a problem. That same nice lady said we were entitled to a guided tour, every day if we wanted.

It was not yet 10 A.M. when we finished getting our plastic photo badges. We were wished through the front gate. Back at the hotel we had eaten a small snack with Camille, who had driven down early. None of us were ready for a meal. It was too late for breakfast and too early for lunch.

Signs said there would be a “rope-drop” ceremony at precisely 10 A.M. at the Sleeping Beauty’s Castle end of Main Street. Camille had more than enough time to book us on an 11 A.M. tour, which

would take ninety minutes. By the time we walked back down Main Street, the rope must have dropped without us. The enthusiastic crowd of "guests" were scampering in all directions to be first on their favorite rides.

Bobby really wanted to take the Jungle Boat Cruise, which conveniently is close by in Adventureland. There was a designated stroller parking lot. Gene was most welcome in the boat.

I knew the animals were robots, but Bobby was not so sure. It was much more fun to pretend it was an actual jungle. Gene clapped his hands when the boat guide fired his revolver. On the way back to the Tour Guide meeting place near City Hall, Bobby wanted to try the shooting gallery. Megan shot her own gun next to him. I am not sure who had the most fun. They did not win any prizes, but they did not care. The next time I was going to do some shooting.

The tour guides wore costumes from a formal English hunt, with the same sort of riding helmet Mommy owns. She bought one for me, along with boots, but before I could go to the stables, Mommy discovered she was pregnant with Gene.

Those guides wore plaid skirts reaching their knees and white blouses with plaid ties. There otherwise normal riding boots must have been custom-made because the flat heels would not have work in real stirrups. Each of those tour guides carried a riding crop, a kind of whip. Those were much longer than would be used for real riding a horse. Each guide had a distinctive ribbon tied to the business end of her whip. Our tour guide, named Donna according to her name tag, told us that when we needed to re-group, to remember she had the orange ribbon.

Off we went, taking turns pushing Gene's stroller. I came to appreciate the overly large tires and having four wheels. The downside was all the Disneyland strollers looked very much alike. Because ours was from the hotel it was a different color, but so were hundreds of other hotel strollers. Donna made us a stroller tag, since sometimes Megan or Camille carried the diaper bag.

During the tour Megan changed both Gene and Bobby. She said no employee or guest made any comment about Bobby's diapers. At the same time Camille escorted me to a ladies room so I could use a toilet. I went into a stall, lifted my skirt and released the right side of my diaper after pulling

down my plastic panties. The whole process went rapidly. Camille said she was impressed. Never before had any kid she knew professionally pinned their own diapers. I told her it was Megan who taught me how to pin my diapers in a ladies room stall. I added that she was welcome to see me change back at the hotel.

We selected a restaurant near the Castle on Main Street. I enjoyed myself. Everyone was having a super time. After lunch we walked to Tomorrowland so we could drive the Autopia race cars. Clearly Gene was too small to ride in one of those cars. Bobby was just tall enough. Megan and Camille took turns watching Gene sleep, while the other took us for a ride in the cars. Megan went with Bobby and I went with Camille. She let me do almost all the "driving" since a rail controls the direction of the cars. I decided that someday I would own a sports car.

Camille and I rode the Mad Tea Cups. Then we looked after Gene while Megan and Bobby took a Tea Cup turn.

The Disneyland Carrousel is marvelous and near the Tea Cups. Gene could ride on it, so long as he was held by Megan who had to sit on a bench. Camille rode on a moving horse between Bobby and me. That was fun in a quiet way. There were so few guests in line they let us ride a second time. That was nice.

Around 3:30 P.M. Daddy paged Megan. She had to find a phone. The hotel switchboard patched her through to Daddy. He was leaving the meeting and expected to be at the hotel by 5 P.M. By 4:30 P.M. all of us were worn out. Instead of using a Monorail, we just went out the front gate and took a tram.

Up in our suite I felt the need for a warm bath. It felt nice to be without a diaper. Camille helped dry me. Then she did watch as I pinned on a dry diaper while standing in the bathroom. I fell asleep right away. Megan had to wake me up to dress for dinner away from the hotel.

What to wear was a problem. I did not feel comfortable in ordinary thin panties. So I put on my trusted trainers, with a folded diaper, but without plastic panties. I figured I might dribble but I had not flooded while awake in a long time.

During dinner I did use the toilet, twice, and I only dribbled a little into my folded diaper. My trainers felt as clean as when I put them on.

Daddy had invited Camille to join us for dinner, but she needed to drive back to her home in Studio City in the San Fernando Valley. She was gone before Daddy arrived at the hotel.

The restaurant was all about kids and fun. It was not gourmet food. I liked what they served. Megan is such a calming influence. Not just with Bobby and me, she brings out all the very best in Daddy. Since I was five, Mommy only brought out the worst in Daddy. Nearly anyone could bring out the worst in Mommy!

That meal was outstanding because it was so relaxed. All of us, except Gene, could talk. The afternoon naps had refreshed us, so we were not cranky.

As we were being served dessert, Daddy said he had both good and bad news: "The bad news is that I could not avoid another important meeting tomorrow morning, which will include lunch.

"The good news is the meeting involves *Bewitched*. Since I have to go to Columbia Studios, they invited all of you as VIP guests. You will eat in the dining room, see the sets and meet some of the stars. If you are very quiet you might get to see them actually filming."

Wow! Going to a real movie studio sounded like way more fun than swimming or Disneyland. *Bewitched* was one of my favorite TV shows. A beautiful witch, Samantha, was married to a mortal named Darrin who was an advertising creative director of a successful Madison Avenue ad agency. Daddy was a successful ad agency creative director and partner of his firm. Both Mommy and Elizabeth Montgomery who played the witch were thin blondes.

Samantha sometimes used her magic powers and other times used her charm and common sense to solve problems. Mommy usually was creating problems and was frequently call a name that rhymes with witch.

Samantha's mother Endora was a superstar witch, who did not approve that her daughter married a mortal. Endora constantly put down Darrin. Gosh, Endora sounds like Granny Ruth.

The ad agency boss Larry Tate and his wife Louise reminded me of Daddy's partner.

I had made a special effort to look nice for dinner. When I went to the ladies room I refreshed my Slicker. Daddy did not notice. I was not sure how to take it. Perhaps he saw me and did not want to notice in case Mommy cross-examined him. She does that!

Back in my room I was ready for bed immediately. I started to pin on my own diaper, but gave up. I was not embarrassed to ask Megan to diaper me. She did so as gently as had Carla. I started to suckle my pacifier. A need to pee did wake me slightly, but not enough I could get my act together to find my toilet. I just wet, knowing that eventually Megan would change me while making the rounds diapering Gene and Bobby.

I slept very well, like a baby. Thursday morning Megan woke me up early. We had to get ready for the drive to Hollywood and Columbia Studios. Daddy wanted to get ahead of rush hour traffic.

The day would be exciting and the drive long. Who could tell if I could get to a toilet in time? After a quick shower, I pinned myself into a diaper, pulled on my plastic pants and put on a cute dress with a skirt long enough my diaper was disguised. Megan was not sure about the size of the studio and how much walking we would do.

That dress looked best when I wore Mary Janes. Now I wished I had brought a pair of the ones I wore to school. Instead I had brought my Mary Janes with two-inch heels. The alternative was to wear sneakers, which would spoil the effect of my dress. Of course I went with style over comfort. Deep down I am my Mommy's daughter. After brushing my teeth, I applied my peach Slicker and was ready for an adventure.

Daddy had not expected so much traffic, but he had allowed enough time for the drive. The guard at the studio gate was expecting us. He gave Daddy an ID sign that was our parking pass. A beautiful young woman driving a golf cart led us to the parking spot.

Harry Crane, who works for Daddy as head of the ad agency's TV department, was parked next to us. He had arranged Daddy's meeting and would participate. He knew his way around the Columbia Studio lot. He led us all to an assistant to

somebody who would give us a tour. Meanwhile Daddy and Harry walked toward an office building for their meeting.

Before lunch we not only met a lot of people who were famous, that day all the original *Bewitched* principal cast was at the studio to film. They signed autographs that I still treasure.

Elizabeth Montgomery in person was even more beautiful than on TV, where at the time *Bewitched* was filmed and shown in black and white.

Dick York, who was the original Darrin Stevens, apologized that his back was acting up.

David White and Irene Vernon played Larry and Louise Tate. They were not in the scene being filmed, so we could talk to them a long time. I told them they reminded me of Daddy's partner and his wife. That news interested them. They wanted to know more. Megan told them she was Daddy's secretary at the agency and agreed how much they looked like a really famous advertising couple.

Agnes Moorehead played Endora. Although she was wearing her full and classic Endora makeup, she was wearing ordinary clothing and was not in the scene. In person she was very nice to us. I said that she was much younger than my late Granny Ruth and better looking, but that Endora was like Granny Ruth. Miss Moorehead burst out in loud laughter. She gave me a hug that was completely out of character for Endora.

Touring the studio lot was not so interesting to me. The sound stage buildings were old and dirty. Spot lights of many sizes and miles of thick electrical cable were left strewn around carelessly, an accident waiting to happen. The best part was the studio was only a city block in size, so my feet did not hurt.

Before the lunch break we did get to see several takes of a scene between Samantha and Darrin in the Stevens' kitchen in which they discussed Endora. It was explained that Endora would be filmed after lunch.

Daddy and Harry Crane came to our table in the dining room with Elizabeth Montgomery's then husband William Asher. He produced *Bewitched* and directed about half the episodes, but not the one filming that day.

The other man with Daddy was Jackie Cooper. As a child in the early 1930s he had been a major movie star. In the 1950s he became a TV star, or so I was told. When I met him he was vice president for TV program development at Screen Gems/Columbia.

Mr. Asher and Mr. Cooper obviously were doing their best to charm Daddy. Until Miss Montgomery walked over, her husband had been fascinated by Megan. She talked to Mr. Cooper in French. Maybe they were kidding when they said they wanted to make screen tests of Daddy and Megan.

While at the studio Gene and Bobby needed changing three times. There was a nurses' office with an over-size treatment table. That was nearly as convenient as the Disneyland family restrooms. I used the toilet stall in that same office twice. The nurse was not the least surprised that Bobby and me were wearing diapers.

After lunch we did get to see Endora being filmed arguing with Darrin. When one take was finished and people could talk, Mr. Cooper's secretary spoke to Megan.

The meetings with Daddy and Harry Crane needed to go on the rest of the afternoon and into the evening. The secretary showed Megan a studio portable phone, on a rolling stand with a very long cable.

Megan talked to Daddy. She said of course she had a driver's license, but did not think she could drive all the way back to the hotel and safely supervise us.

A couple of minutes later that same phone rang silently by flashing a red light. Mr. Cooper was having a studio limo drive us back to the Disneyland Hotel in elegant style. That limo had juice and soft drinks in a mini-refrigerator and jump seats. A studio driver and a technician transferred Gene's car seat from the rental car to the limo.

At the hotel none of us had the energy to go back to Disneyland. Instead we put on swimsuits and enjoyed the pool. While Megan was swimming with Bobby, I watched Gene.

After swimming and soaking up some sun, we decided to not get all dressed up to eat in a hotel restaurant. We ordered room service. Before and

after eating Megan taught us some French songs she loved when she was our age.

Daddy looked exhausted when he came up to the suite. He enjoyed our singing. Daddy was just beaming with joy. Once Gene and Bobby were settled for the night, and I was pinning on my bedtime diaper, I could hear Daddy telling Megan about the business deal he had signed for the agency with Columbia Studios. Daddy thanked her for all the research she had done. He credited her with making the deal happen.

Through the crack of my door I could see that Daddy had his left arm around Megan's shoulders. They also were calling each other "Megan" and "Don" and not "Miss Calvert" and "Mr. Draper" like they did when they thought I could hear.

By then I was so fond of Megan my vote was to keep her by any means necessary. Nothing would have made me happier than to live with Megan forever!

Friday Daddy was going with us to Disneyland. Megan and Camille were going to dinner and the Whiskey A Go Go nightclub on the Sunset Strip. They expected to see "The Lovin' Spoonful"

Since Friday was going to be so exciting, I wanted to sleep well. Still, I did wake up before I wet, so I released my diaper and used the toilet twice. Each time I fell back to sleep. Megan did not need to change me. I am sure because my diaper had the same pins when I woke up and they were where I had put them. I did dream about life in California.