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Sally, Part 19

Disneyland Code 33 Joy!—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Friday, October 8, was postcard-quality from the first shafts of sunlight that peeked through my window curtain. Daddy was going to Disneyland with us! How much better can life get?

After two full days of meetings when Daddy needed a vacation, I did not expect to be storming the Main Gate when it opened and run down Main Street so I could win the race to be the first guest crossing the Castle's drawbridge.

Daddy would be up and dressed when he darn well was ready. So I just took my time removing my night diaper. It was only sweaty. The pair of pins I have been using are lucky for me, because those were the ones I happened to be holding when Megan coached me pinning my diaper standing up. I put those pins beside the basin in my bathroom.

My shower was not long, although I shampooed my hair. I really wanted Daddy and Megan to be proud of me that day. I dried myself with a towel, but what I needed was a blow drier and someone who knew how to use one. Megan had a blow drier, so I put on my robe and ventured into her room. Gene was sleeping in his crib, but Megan was not there.

Going back toward my room I could hear Daddy beyond my door in the living room. I couldn't see him, but I did see part of a room service cart. On the living room sofa Daddy was wearing his robe.

Megan, also wearing just a robe, was seated so close to Daddy that they might have been joined.

Acting like they felt comfortable being so close, Megan asked me if I wanted some juice and fresh California fruit: "You know, Precious, so you won't have problems using the toilet."

I realized that I had not made any poop since Wednesday night. I put cut up melon, strawberries and pineapple in a bowl. That combination tasted so nice.

As I ate, Megan pointed to a card on the cart: "From your friends at Columbia Television, Jackie Cooper, William Asher and Elizabeth Montgomery." I am willing to wager no other student at Country Day School ever received a breakfast cart from stars of screen and TV.

That happy mood was broken when Bobby called out from his room, loud enough we could hear him through the open door. Megan asked me to see what Bobby needed. "I must be the worst nanny in the world. Mr. Draper, you are an evil influence. Here I am, less than half dressed and I had to send a young lady under my care to check on her younger brother!"

Yes, I was dressed. All Bobby wanted was to have his wet diaper removed so he could use the toilet. I told him that Megan was still busy with Gene. He could either wait or let me remove one of his diaper pins. Bobby wanted to use the toilet so badly he asked me to remove that pin.

Wisely I had him walk to his bathroom still diapered, so if it leaked while being removed only the time would get wet. Once I pulled that pin, Bobby slammed the door. My guess was that he would not need extra fresh fruit that morning.

I walked to Megan's room to say that Bobby no longer was diapered and was using the toilet. She had put on a modest and yet attractive dress. Without stopping to fix her hair or put on shoes, Megan asked me to wake Gene with a Sippy cup of milk while she gave Bobby a bath.

"Sally, I am sorry my mind wandered. You look like you wanted help with your hair. I'll do that as soon as I diaper Bobby. If Gene needs a clean diaper with his milk, would you mind changing him?" At home I often change Gene early in the morning. Mommy does not function well early in the

day. Without Carla everything at home is complicated.

There was refrigerated milk in Megan's room. I thought Gene would prefer the slightly warmer milk on the cart. I filled a Sippy cup there and walked back to wake up Gene. He needed to be lifted into his highchair. He smiled and made his happy sounds even while sucking on his Sippy cup. Before I approached Gene again, I took the precaution of draping a clean diaper over my left shoulder. Just in case Gene burped some milk, my dress would not be soiled.

I was burping Gene when Megan's phone rang. I carried him with me as I walked to answer the phone. Camille said she was in the lobby because she was going to Disneyland with us. Nobody had told me. Making an executive decision, I invited her to come on up. She would be welcome to enjoy the food cart.

Camille was carrying a long garment bag over her shoulder and a small suitcase in her other hand. Megan called out a greeting and told Camille to hang her dress in Megan's closet.

Bobby and Camille ate together, chatting like old friends. Meanwhile Megan dampened my hair so she could brush it out while blow drying it. I must say my hair never looked better than at that moment.

Daddy emerged from his room looking very dapper in his own version of "California Casual" His simple short-sleeved shirt could well have been one of his hundreds of dress shirts. He wore his collar open. This time he was wearing sports trousers and walking shoes. He had talked about using the Monorail. Megan spoke up, saying the hotel staff recommended taking the tram, because that way the stroller did not need to be carried up and down so many stairs. Besides, until Daddy went to the VIP office outside the Main Gate to be issued his photo badge, he could not get aboard the Monorail.

That exchange fascinated me. Megan was his secretary who was our temporary nanny. Yet she was contradicting Daddy using logic and research. Clearly Daddy appreciated her for doing so.

A million times Mommy would disagree with Daddy with absolutely no valid reason. Mommy would make up her mind based on who knew what and would not listen to reason even from such a good friend as

Francine. That sort of brain-dead reasoning by Mommy had to frustrate Daddy.

Nobody would call Megan Calvert brain-dead!

At the last minute we helped each other apply liberal quantities of sun block. Camille, Megan and I refreshed our lip gloss. Daddy, Bobby and Gene wore Chap Stick. We rode the elevator down together and walked to the tram stop.

Clearly there are VIPs and then there are real special VIP. It had taken a long time for the office to issue the badges Wednesday for everyone except Daddy. On Friday morning he walked up to the office casually. The same woman who dragged her heels with us could not move any faster as she did making Daddy's badge. With him, we were let into the park through a back door of the office. Nobody searched the diaper bag and we did not have to wait in even a VIP line.

We strolled down Main Street toward Sleeping Beauty's Castle. Where the street branches to the various Lands, Daddy said that we had lunch reservations at an unmarked private club. All of us needed to meet at noon where Pirates of the Caribbean was still under construction.

What I wanted to do was explore Tom Sawyer's Island. Wednesday I had seen kids younger than Bobby having fun there without a parent watching them. I could see across the river and also when we took the paddle-wheel river boat. I said that I wanted to go there by myself.

For the first time Megan sounded like a real mother. She could only think of dangers and reasons why I could not go there without an adult.

Daddy said, "What's the worst that could happen? So, Sally falls in the water and drowns. We will cry and then go on living. Go on, Kid, have a blast. Just be waiting where I told you by noon. If you need directions, tell any Disneyland crew member you have a 'Code 33' appointment at noon."

Megan and Camille, pushing Gene in the stroller, walked with me around the bend in the river. They were going to the Country Bears Jamboree. I waited near the sign that said Tom Sawyer rafts. A crew member saw me and put me on the very next raft.

There were not many adults on the island—at least that I could see. This was a magic place. Glenn

would love it because there were places from which you could not see the rest of the park, like our secret garden. Except Walt Disney would not let Mommy spoil secret spots on Tom Sawyer's Island for me!

When I felt the need to use a toilet, I followed discreet signs to a building. The top looked like a fort. Carefully hidden at ground level were doors to the various restrooms. I entered the ladies room, which was empty. I used a stall, had my diaper down, did my duty on the toilet, cleaned myself and had my diaper re-pinned in record time. I washed my hands and still had not seen anyone in that ladies room. This alone was worth the admission price!

I checked my watch. It was 11:40 A.M. so I hurried to the raft landing. There was a line. Being bold I found a Crew Member and smiled at him so he could see my badge. When he came closer I said I had a "Code 33" at noon. Before the next raft was unloaded I had been put on it. When I got off there was a hostess waiting for me. She waved to me. I walked to her. She took my hand and said into her radio: "I have Code 33 Joy!"

We walked briskly a few hundred feet to a painted wooden construction fence. As we approached a hidden door slid open—after we walked through it, the door slid shut. Before us there was a building made to look old, with a door that was locked. Above and to the right side facing the door there was a glass gaslight fixture with a blue bowl. On that was the number "33" By magic that door opened, revealing a staircase.

The hostess led me up those stairs. Daddy and the others were waiting. The grandfather clock showed it was still only 11:55 A.M. A maître d' in an old fashioned tail coat was talking to Daddy. I turned round and the hostess had disappeared.

Lunch as outstanding! Illustrations on the inner wall showed the future view down on a Caribbean beach, which would have its own public restaurant. The beach was part of the future Pirates of the Caribbean ride. Our table had a window that looked out toward the Rivers of America and Tom Sawyer's Island. I watched the River Boat sail past several times while we were eating. Daddy and Camille each had a glass of wine. Megan politely declined. I asked for a glass of ice tea. Neither Daddy nor Megan objected when a liveried waiter brought that to me. They said nothing when my glass was re-filled several times.

Of course I did need to be excused to use the ladies room after the first re-fill. Then I needed to go again after two more re-fills. Silently I kept thanking Megan for coaching me so well about re-pinning my diaper. That second time I refreshed my peach Slicker, which I had completely forgotten while playing on the island.

After lunch Bobby wanted to ride on The Big Thunder Railroad. Its waiting area is across the wide sidewalk from the loading area of the various river boats. For Daddy and Bobby, there was no wait.

The rest of us waited for the paddle-wheel steamer show boat. It is fun. It is cool. It uses none of your energy. I was young and in top shape. Still I was dragging and would volunteer for a long nap.

Bobby and Daddy were eating ice cream cones while waiting for us to make the river circuit. When we re-grouped, everyone except Gene and Bobby wanted cool naps out of the sun. I also felt my diaper being sweaty enough it bothered me. I whispered to Megan that I either needed to change my diaper in a ladies room or in my own bathroom. Despite the vote to take naps, Megan felt Daddy would stay with Bobby, meaning she needed to stay as well, with the all-important diaper bag.

Megan called out that Gene needed a change. I followed her to a family restroom. That had a larger than average changing table. I still felt that I would wrinkle my dress less changing standing up. I did just that while Megan actually did change Gene. The clean diaper felt so much better. Subsequently I changed my diaper every 3 hours when I was out in the sun, to reduce swear build-up. As soon as I had changed my diaper I went out and sent Bobby to be changed.

Bobby wanted Daddy to take him on the Autopia. En masse we walked toward Tomorrowland. We were about to pass the Fantasyland Carrousel when Megan told Daddy he could find her on the Carrousel when Bobby was ready to go back to the hotel.

Camille and I saw the Tomorrowland Monorail station. We had nothing to carry so we climbed those stairs. Within minutes we were in our air conditioned suit.

Camille said she would be taking a nap on Megan's spare bed.

I noticed that the valet service had returned all our laundry and dry cleaning to Megan's bed. Two of my dresses were in plastic bags. I opened the wrapped load of laundry, removing my socks, T-shirts and 2 pair of my trainers.

Since my diaper was freshish and dry, all I did was remove and hang my dress, take off my shoes and socks, put on a long T-shirt and flop onto my bed. Fortunately before I flopped, I did turn down my covers. I was so sound asleep I wet my diaper.

Camille woke me and noticed my wet diaper through my translucent plastic panties: "Sally, I have never seen a wet diaper on anyone much older than five before."

"What can I say, Miss Ducotel. Some of us do not have perfect bladders. All I can do is the best I can. As it is I get so much grief from my Mommy I am way past being apologetic."

Camille looked guilty: "I am so sorry Sally. I am not scolding you. I should have kept my thoughts to myself. Can you forgive me?" I leaned up and gave her a kiss. We were okay.

I got up, removed my soaked diaper set, put it in the diaper pail and rinsed my plastic panties. I set them on a wooden hanger on my shower rod. Then I took a bath, put on ordinary panties and simple knee-length dress.

There was a little disturbance when Daddy, Bobby, Megan and Gene finally returned from Disneyland.

Megan sent Bobby to his room so she could get Gene settled in his crib. Then she hurried to remove Bobby's wet diaper, again! We could hear the water running for his bath. Once Bobby was in the tub, Megan joined us in the living room.

"Camille, Mr. Draper wants to hire you to help us tomorrow. We have concluded that Bobby absolutely will need a nanny to change his diapers during the visit to Marineland of the Pacific and a special home in San Pedro.

"If you are willing to spend the night here after you bring me back from Whiskey A Go Go, you will have your own private room. Say 'YES' and I will make that reservation immediately."

Camille never even asked about money. She nodded her yes. Megan got her favorite front desk manager

on the phone. Seconds later she said that Camille's key was being sent up with a bellman. He would help her move her dress and suitcase to her new room.

While they waited for the bellman, Megan explained to Camille that when she agreed to be the nanny, everyone assumed that Bobby would ask to use the toilet. All that needed to be done would be to release one side and then re-pin later.

The reality turned out to be that when doing anything exciting, Bobby would wet before telling anyone. There was no possibility Megan could take care of Bobby and Gene on Saturday.

Unfortunately there were no rooms available on our floor. The best management could do was assign Camille a nice room three floors below us. Daddy gave the bellman a tip. He went off with Camille to get her settled in her room.

As part of the agreement, Daddy had offered Megan an all-expense-paid evening at a club (and with a friend) of her choosing. Part of the plan was that I would take care of Gene while Megan was away.

Before she started getting ready to go to the club, Megan said she thought the best thing would be to have Bobby start off the evening in a diaper. When it got wet, Daddy could remove the pin. After Bobby used the toilet, he could put on a pair of trainers with a folded diaper as a soaker. Bobby had done that several times before.

Forty-five minutes after Camille went to her own room, she returned for Megan. She must have used the main door from the hall to enter Megan's room. They came through the connecting door together.

Megan and Camille are very beautiful women! They left the living room headed for the elevator.

Daddy wanted to take us someplace nice. Since I was babysitting Gene, I wanted to just wear a skirt and T-shirt so when he burped on me it would not matter. Bobby, of course, needed to be close to a supply of trainers and diapers.

None of us wanted a meal from room service. We agreed to eat in the less formal hotel restaurant. I called and made the reservations, feeling useful and grown-up. Before I put Gene into his stroller for the restaurant, I did refresh my Slicker, which Daddy still had not noticed!

Service in the restaurant was very fast. We did not need a lot of food. Thus we were back in the living room just as it was getting dark. Best of all, Bobby had not needed a change while we were in the restaurant.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights Disneyland remained open until 10 P.M. with a spectacular fireworks show at 8:30 P.M. Even before the fireworks the view of Disneyland after dark proved it is a very Magic Kingdom.

When the fireworks show ended, Bobby confessed he had wet his trainers. Daddy told him he knew what he had to do: take off the wet trainers and clean himself up before putting on dry trainers.

I told Bobby that he only had a few more trainers. I also had some trainers, but they would be loose on him. Bobby could try to make my trainers snugger on him by holding a fold with a diaper pin.

Sure enough Bobby asked me to diaper him. Daddy was right there, so he heard Bobby's request.

Never did I expect to diaper anyone except Gene and me until I became a mother. I assumed the same tricks which worked diapering Gene would also work on Bobby. I had to estimate how to fold the diaper. First time I did not make it snug enough. I got it better than snug enough the second try, and without stabbing Bobby with a diaper pin.

Daddy tucked Bobby into bed.

Gene had eaten very well at the restaurant. Shortly after I diapered Bobby, I changed Gene. He was not sleepy. I picked him up and rocked with him until he got sleepy enough he could settle down in his crib.

I fell asleep in the rocking chair, until I woke up needing to pee. Only when I sat on Megan's toilet did I realize in all the confusion, I had forgotten to diaper myself for bed. Considering myself an utter fool, I pinned on my diaper and went to sleep in my own bed. I think Daddy kissed me good night.

Saturday, October 9, would be an interesting day. When I looked at the clock it was just after midnight. Megan was not back, but she had told me the Whiskey A Go Go did not close until 2 A.M. Waiting up would not bring Megan back any sooner.

After I was safely diapered, I went to sleep on Megan's bed, the better to hear Gene if he needed anything.

After the sun started coming up, I woke up. Somehow I was in my own bed and the connecting door to Megan's room was locked from her side.

Saturday was already interesting!