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Sally, Part 20

San Pedro Whales and Bungalow—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Just after dawn on Saturday, October 9, I woke up wearing a nearly dry diaper in my own bed. The last thing I remember before that was going to sleep in Megan's empty bed so if Gene needed anything I could hear him. I also knew my diapers had been changed. Those were not my lucky diaper pins and my diaper was pinned perfectly. Only Megan could have done that.

As the cobwebs fell from my eyes, I saw on my dresser a souvenir T-shirt from Whiskey A Go Go. On top of that Megan had used one of their cocktail napkins to write: Sally, you are the very best. I owe you one!! Love, Nanny Megan.

Nobody else was stirring. I took the fact Megan's connecting door was locked to mean she was safely back, so I did not need to worry about Gene.

Quietly I walked through the living room to Bobby's room. His door was closed but not locked. I knew I had left it ajar. Bobby had kicked enough of his blanket off that I could see his diaper was wet. It was neat, so Megan had also changed Bobby. I carefully closed his door.

In the living room's small refrigerator there was some orange juice left in a bottle. I poured that into a glass and drank it. After that I went back to my room, removed my diaper, undressed and took a bath, being super careful that my hair did not get wet. Once dry I pinned on a clean diaper

(using my lucky pins!) pulled on dry plastic panties and got dressed. I brushed my hair, trying to make it neat. As a finishing touch I applied some peach Slicker.

Outside the living room hall door there were copies of *The Los Angeles Times*, *The Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* and *The Santa Anna Record*. I brought those in, stacked them on the counter and took the section of the *Times* with news about entertainment with me. I sat on the sofa to read the paper.

The surprising thing was that Bobby, who usually is the poster boy for "Slug-A-Bed" stumbled out of his room while Megan and Daddy were still in their rooms. Equally surprising was that Bobby actually asked me to take off his soaked diaper so he could use the toilet. I did that for him as nicely as possible.

Bobby did not want either a shower or bath, but I insisted Megan and Daddy would want him to start the day clean. He decided he would rather take a bath. I had to help him finish drying off.

In the morning light and with Bobby cooperating I had no more trouble diapering him than I had with Gene, who did tend to squirm.

When Megan finally opened her door, she was dressed and had fixed her hair. She was delighted Bobby and me were diapered and dressed. I said Bobby had let me diaper him Friday night and again this morning.

Megan smiled at us. "Sally, you were very responsible sleeping next to Gene until I got back. You were in the middle of the bed where I could not reach to pick you up. I had to ask your father to carry you to your own bed. After I changed you your father told me how well you had helped Bobby."

While I was taking in all that, Megan went to the phone and asked room service to bring up lots of coffee, some milk containers, orange, apple and pineapple juice and assorted breakfast cereals. Only then did she walk over to knock on Daddy's connecting door: "Mr. Draper, wake up. We are burning daylight. The whales are waiting for us! And, they are getting impatient!!"

I was near my room, so I heard Gene whimpering. For him that was being loud. He was the quietest

toddler I have ever seen, only crying a couple of times a year. In 1965 Gene entered his "terrible twos" yet by the California trip Gene had never thrown a tantrum.

Let me make it clear that Gene can and does talk. He started vocal communication at an appropriate age. However, like most babies and toddlers, by the end of 1965 Gene had not said anything I remember in specifics.

In future chapters when Gene is slightly older, I will be quoting him.

Gene had lost his pacifier. Before looking in his crib for the missing one I handed him a clean one. He resumed being a happy little kid.

Before I could return to the living room, there was a knock on Megan's hall door. Camille was ready to take charge of Gene. She was wearing clothes far more casual than any I had seen her wear before.

While all of us were eating and drinking from the room service cart, Megan and Camille talked about going to her apartment for additional clothing and so on after they left Whiskey A Go Go, where they had enjoyed The Lovin' Spoonful.

Before most of us left for Marineland, Camille changed Gene with Megan near them. Clearly Gene did not object. In my room I put on a fresh diaper. Megan changed Bobby's diaper.

The Disneyland loaner stroller and the large pink diaper bag needed to remain at the hotel so that Camille could take Gene down to the pool.

Megan had brought with her that large purse she used during her "nanny" audition. With it she could carry enough fresh diapers and plastic pants for Bobby and me for a few hours. To increase our diaper supply for this side-trip, I put a couple of plastic garment bags and a big stack of diapers into my suitcase. We would leave that in the trunk of the rental car, just in case they might be needed.

In the car, Megan sat in back behind Daddy and alongside Bobby. I sat shotgun next to Daddy.

Getting to Marineland proved to be its own adventure. Daddy knew how to get to San Pedro. He had to stop there and ask directions. The coast

road from San Pedro to Marineland had a million twists and turns.

It was well-worth the trouble getting there. We saw sea lions just being themselves. A young walrus was far more adorable than I expected.

The big attraction was the then-new killer whale show. Of course they also still had a much longer show with performing porpoises.

Daddy had planned going to Marineland because Bobby prattles on and on about whales. To be frank, the charm of seeing trained porpoises and whales doing silly tricks is lost on me. I was far more interested in watching otters and penguins just hanging out in their enclosures doing what they do without being rewarded or coached.

So, before we all went to see the porpoises, I asked Daddy if I could instead sit in front of the otters. Daddy looked concerned. Megan said, "Mr. Draper, I have seen other dolphin shows. You two can tell me all about this one. I will sit with Sally so if Bobby needs me, you will know where to find me. I also have the pager, but it might not work here."

I thanked Megan and took her hand as we walked to the otters. We passed a snack stand. She asked if I would like anything. I told her I really wanted a Coke.

Megan pretended to be shocked. Keeping up the pretense, she used a formal scolding voice: "Young Lady! You know your mother does not allow you to drink Coke. Shame on you for asking. I will have to tell her about this when I make a report on your conduct! Now you may have a can of ginger ale or 7-Up, your choice. I will have a can of Coke!"

I did not know what to think. I selected the 7-Up. The second we sat down, Megan handed me the Coke. "Sally, enjoy it this one time."

We silently watched the otters for a few minutes. Half-way through my Coke, I leaned over, kissed Megan and thanked her.

"Sally, I really appreciate how you have been a good sport, not just taking such good care of Gene but also Bobby last night. When he started wetting so much more, I was afraid I would have to skip The Lovin' Spoonful. You totally came through for me. I am so proud of you.

"When I bring you back to your mother Tuesday evening, the deal is I am required to give her a complete report about the conduct of Bobby and you. Every day I have to call her to tell her how Gene is doing. She has asked about your behavior. Of course I hardly know your mother, so I might be all wrong, but I think she does not believe me when I have told her you have not only behaved well, you have been very helpful.

"I told your father about this. He is worried that unless your mother has faith I am not spoiling you and Bobby, she will never again allow me to be your temporary nanny."

The point that Mommy did not want anyone treating me kindly made sense. I will always believe that was why Mommy fired Carla. By then I had totally bonded with Megan and wanted more than anything to spend time with her in the future.

"Miss Calvert, I would never ask you to tell my Mommy fibs. Would it help you if I did misbehave so you could honestly tell Mommy you punished me? Or, how about I come to you and request you spank me? My shrink, Dr. Wendy Keighley, suggested that, since Mommy was always looking for a reason to spank me, I could save some pain by boldly asking Mommy for spankings when I have been good.

"It took Dr. Keighley a couple of sessions with Mommy to convince her this was not a trick. Actually it worked better than either of us hoped. I have found ways to make Mommy think she is in complete charge of me. Actually except for seeing Glenn, I have done my best to be good around Mommy. When I ask her, she always says she will spank me as hard as always, but she really lets me off easy.

"If I ask you for a spanking and confess to being naughty, would it really be a fib for you to tell Mommy you had spanked me because I misbehaved?" I looked at Megan with as much love as I really felt for her.

"Sally, you are correct, that would not be the entire truth. If I were to do this I would have to confess to a priest. I am sure it would be considered a very small sin.

"However, if instead of letting you ask for a spanking, I were to punish you for the real misbehavior of asking me to lie, then my report to

your mother would be true. I will go on and on about you being helpful.

"Your mother did tell me that if either of you were naughty during the trip, she will spank the naughty one. Think it over today. Let me know what you want to do tonight once Bobby is settled in his bed. Your father has a dinner meeting so he need not know if you do decide to be spanked. By the way, for real I would not spank you for asking me to lie. I did not think you were serious."

"Oh, Miss Calvert, I do not need to think any more. Please go ahead and spank me tonight because I was a very rude, inconsiderate naughty girl." I did my "contrite" look, followed by a smile. Megan and I kissed each other to seal the deal.

We must have talked longer than I realized because that was when Bobby and Daddy walked up to us.

"Nanny, would you please change my wet diaper? I was so happy during the show I did not realize I was wetting." The funny thing is Bobby did not look sad, contrite or embarrassed asking Megan to change him.

She responded, "Sure thing, Bobby. When you have to go, you cannot help it. That is why you have a diaper and I have many dry ones with us. So let us go change you. Sally just asked if she could change her diaper. Since she changed you last night, would you mind if she comes to the family restroom with us? That way she does not need to be seen with her diaper." Bobby nodded yes. We walked to the nearest family restroom.

Of course there was no stall around the toilet. There was a sturdy oversized changing table large enough for Bobby. Megan had him sit on the changing table while she removed his sneakers.

Seeing that I had not started to remove my diaper, Megan very sternly told Bobby if he even tried to peek at me, he would "Get a spanking you will never forget!"

Once I saw Megan pull off Bobby's shorts, I turned around from them and lowered my plastic panties so I could pull the right side pin. I sat on the toilet with my skirt mostly covering my pubic area while I peed and relieved my bowels.

It was most impressive how easily and rapidly Megan took off the used diaper and plastic pants,

cleaned Bobby and pinned him into fresh diapers with dry plastic panties. As soon as she finished changing Bobby, Megan told him he could wait with his face in the corner.

She asked me to come to her. I did as I was told. She lifted me up onto the changing table, removed my diaper and plastic panties. Then she changed me into clean and dry diapers and plastic, using my own lucky pins. Before we left that restroom, both Megan and I refreshed our lips. She gave Bobby a hug and out we walked to find Daddy.

In fact he was using a pay phone on the wall of the restroom building. Daddy was very excited in a good way. He told us that when he double checked about his meeting that night, it had been moved to the Code 33 at Disneyland. All of us were invited. Before we came out of the restroom Daddy spoke to Camille, asking her to stay one more night and invited her to join us at Code 33, from where we would have an outstanding view of the fireworks.

Megan and I exchanged significant glances. I felt very disappointed my spanking would be postponed a long time. Right then I had the courage. But I had never had to wait and I dreaded the delay. Megan silently said "Sorry."

From Marineland Daddy had no trouble finding a well-kept bungalow on a slight hill not far from the water in San Pedro, with a good view of the Vincent Thomas Bridge and ships sailing past. In front of the house there was a truck that said St. Vincent de Paul Society. Uniformed men were bringing cartons from the house, plus some furniture.

A very pretty blonde woman, maybe still a teenager, was on the porch. She was wearing an open blouse, sandals and peddle-pushers, with her hair in a ponytail. She was directing the movers and probably also waiting for us.

Before Daddy opened his door, she ran to greet us. "Don, how was your flight? You must be Megan Calvert. We spoke when my Aunt Anna died. Don told me you are now his secretary and are the nanny on the trip. That means the handsome young man is Bobby and the beautiful young woman has to be Sally." All that was said without any pause—not even for a breath.

While Megan helped us out of the car, the woman embraced Daddy, who kissed both her cheeks.

"Stephanie, I am so sorry about your Aunt Anna. She was a loyal friend to me. How is your mother standing up?"

"Don, my mom is my mom. What can I say? Thanks for letting me live her since the funeral. It is all set for me to return to Berkeley in January. Thanks again for making that happen. Come on inside. I want you to see it nearly empty."

Inside Daddy looked all around. Part of one wall had newer paint than the rest of the house. It might have been the same color, but had not faded. I saw that someone had painted a cartoon of a flower in darker green paint on the freshly painted wall. Lower, near the baseboard, someone had painted "Anna + Don 1950-1965"

Stephanie told us there were cookies and lemonade on the back patio. Megan took the hint and scooted us out there so Daddy and Stephanie could talk privately. While I looked back toward the house, I was sure I saw Stephanie hand Daddy a small blue box, like rings come in.

On the patio we visited for another few minutes. Megan sincerely promised Stephanie that if she came to Manhattan she was welcome to sleep at her place. Then Megan ask if she could use the bathroom to change Bobby.

"Sure Miss Calvert. The gas been shut off, so there is only cold water." Clearly Stephanie was non-pulsed that Bobby was diapered. Maybe she would have died of shock if she knew I also was wearing a diaper. Just in the short time since Marineland I really needed to pee. But I felt it more discreet to wait until Megan was finished with Bobby.

Stephanie was standing in the street, waving goodbye as we drove toward Anaheim. I assume she did not know about my diapers.

It had to be said, so I asked the obvious, "What did the 'Anna and Don' mean?"

Daddy considered and then spoke: "You know that I was wounded in Korea in 1950 when I was in the Army? I was a junior officer, a lieutenant in field engineering. We were starting to set up a Mobile Army Surgical Hospital, a MASH unit. One of the enlisted men assigned from another command turned out to be a distant cousin on my father's side also named Don Draper."

"I was starting to inspect a foxhole Private Draper had finished. He said he had an older cousin who was an officer in Korea and asked if we were related. I had just said I have a lot of cousins, when an enemy artillery shell landed near us. My cousin died right there. I was knocked into the foxhole unconscious and my shoulder was cut open with shrapnel. The next thing I knew was when I woke up in an Army hospital in Japan.

"I was near the end of my commission, so the Army flew me back to America, along with my cousin's body. A chaplain and I escorted the body to a funeral home. Anna Draper was my cousin's widow. She was a painter and piano teacher who always dreamed of living near the Pacific Ocean. I felt it was my duty to buy Anna a house of her own.

"She was very kind helping me get over the shock of seeing a young cousin I did not know be killed like that. I was living in Manhattan and working creating ads to sell furs when I met your mother in 1952. Before we even dated I was hired by a big ad agency, which turned into my new agency. All the time Anna encouraged me to be happy with your mother. When Anna died in April she left me her share of that house. I sold it. Part of the money will pay for Stephanie's education."

After that Bobby talked non-stop about the whales until we entered our suite.

Camille told us Gene had been absolutely no trouble. He had enjoyed being near the swimming pool. A lifeguard had watched Gene while Camille took a quick swim.

"Megan, when Mr. Draper asked me to come to the party, I had the valet clean and press the dresses we wore to Whiskey A Go Go last night. I asked Mr. Draper and he said they were appropriate. Yours is in your closet. They promised to put mine in my room."

"Camille, you are the best friend. I had forgotten that was the only good outfit I have with me. Since we might need to walk from the Main Gate, we can always wear sturdy shoes and change to heels in the restaurant. There is a lot of room in the diaper bag.

"Could you and Sally please wait for me in her room? I need to help Bobby use the toilet after which he needs a nap."

As soon as Megan took Bobby by the hand to lead him to his bathroom, Daddy got up and went into his room, closing the door behind him.

Could it be that Megan was going to take this opportunity to give me my spanking? Actually I was hoping she would, because I wanted to get that out of the way as soon as possible.

Camille glanced around my room without interest or comments. Trying to prove I was a big girl, despite my diaper, I used my wall mirror to put on more Slicker.

Megan came in. "Camille, Sally and I have a problem. I think you can help. Here is the situation:

"Her mother is Mr. Draper's ex-wife. She believes that sparing the rod or hairbrush spoils the child. The only way she would let me be the nanny on the trip was for me to promise to be very strict. Sally has been well behaved and really helpful. Shortly before Mr. Draper surprised us about this event tonight, Sally and I agreed I would give her a spanking over a minor issue tonight, so both of us can honestly tell her mother I was strict.

"Mr. Draper does not believe in spanking, but Sally's mother has custody. I do not want to deceive him. However, I have been his secretary for three months and known him since December 1963 when they started the new agency. I am sure that he does not want me to discuss spanking his kids with him. He will prefer to Not Know. Mr. Draper would say 'Plausible Deniability.'

"Sally, when I was your age and even a lot older, I hated having to wait to be spanked. I am not sure how long your father will stay in his room. But, I strongly suggest we wait until after the event and fireworks. If I spank you now, I would need to rush. Then your bottom would be sore when you need to sit still at the restaurant. Is this okay with you?"

I felt disappointed, but accepted that Megan knew about sore bottoms from experience. "Nanny, you are the boss. I was naughty. Waiting is okay."

"Smart young woman, Sally Draper. Now, Camille, here is where I need your help. Since Mr. Draper does not want to know what he does know, the minute we get back to the suite, I need you to get

Gene ready for bed as soon as you can. Meanwhile I will give Bobby a quick bath, diaper him and tuck him in.

"When you have finished getting Gene settled it is very important that you strike up a conversation with Mr. Draper at his end of the living room. It would be best if he had to look at you and not toward Sally's room. I am going to have to give her a serious scolding, so you must distract her father for twenty minutes or so. Camille, I have seen you in action. Distracting Mr. Draper should not be a problem for you, but I would be disappointed if you distract him in his room."

I was disappointed and relieved at the same time. I took off my day dress, pulled back my covers and took a nap on just my bottom sheet. Megan would wake me when I needed to dress for the restaurant.