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Sally, Part 22

Knott's vs. Disneyland—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

On Sunday morning, October 10, 1965, every little movement reminded me I had been spanked with a hairbrush and lashed with a martinet before bed Saturday night. I was sitting alongside Daddy as he parked the rented red Cadillac Eldorado Series 62 convertible at Knott's Berry Farm. My younger brother Bobby and youngest brother Gene were in the back seat, with our nanny Miss Megan Calvert. She was the one who had punished me.

How strange I felt that morning. Saturday night I was all dressed up, wearing big girl cotton panties and eating in an elegant private restaurant. "Uncle" Walt Disney himself kissed me and knew my name!

Sunday morning I was wearing a pinned thick gauze diaper and plastic panties the same as my twenty-seven month-old brother Gene was wearing, except my panties are larger. Sure, my eight year old brother Bobby was also wearing similar diapers and plastic panties.

If I had an advantage over my younger brothers it was that I knew how to change my own diapers. Gene had the advantage he was too young to get spankings.

All summer Bobby had babbled constantly about Knott's Berry Farm. I read about how Walter Knott

started growing and selling an invented fruit which Knott called "Boysenberry."

When times got tough during the depression, Walter's wife Cordelia started selling chicken dinners near their berry stand. Legend has it she served those dinners on her wedding china. Who, knows, it might even be true.

My bottom still throbbed, so I was sullen, pouting and generally feeling very sorry for myself. I had avoided watching Westerns on TV. Entering this theme park I was determined to have no fun.

Daddy suggested that to get to know the place better, we should take the steam train trip around the park. Bobby told us that there would be a train robbery. Big news in view of the large sign that said the same thing, but considering that Bobby could hardly read, it could have been news to him.

Actually, the train robbery was enough fun I laughed with the actors. Their horses were beautiful and those performers really could ride. Count me impressed!

From the train I saw what appeared to be a fortress on an island. On that young people were playing with few adults around. Maybe this was copied from Tom Sawyer's Island at Disneyland. It could have been the other way around. As the train continued I could finally see the entrance, over a bridge. This was called Jungle Island. Now I had focus.

Once we got off the train, I told Daddy that I wanted to explore Jungle Island alone. Daddy seemed doubtful. I was sure he would not let me play there. Much to my surprise, Megan lightly touched Daddy's arm.

She told him she was sure some time on my own would be good for me. "Mr. Draper, Sally has been so helpful, but she also has been cooped up with all of us for days. Remember how much fun she had by herself on that island at Disneyland?"

I had not expected Megan to advocate for me, considering how hard she had spanked me. After all that scolding and spanking, Megan had said I was forgiven. Could it be this was the start of a new era for me? How interesting that Megan would touch Daddy in such an intimate way and that when she

did so, he would change his mind to agree with her with a smile.

Mommy and Daddy hardly ever agreed about even minor things from the time I could remember, back when Bobby was still sleeping in a crib. Neither would give up. When a compromise was reached, both Mommy and Daddy were still frowning. It also did not matter when they were not actively fighting.

Daddy would put on a suit or dinner jacket to go out. He would then look like a movie star or model in an advertisement. Mommy would never say he looked handsome.

Constantly Mommy would tell anyone who would listen that she had been a model, in Italy and in Manhattan. Except when she was pregnant with Gene, Mommy was careful what she ate and exercised by riding horses so she still had the figure of a successful model. When she wanted to impress others she would dress up and carefully apply her makeup. Her hair would be styled by skilled experts. Grudgingly I admitted Mommy could be physically stunning, yet Daddy paid no attention. When I was around he never praised Mommy for looking so good. His eyes did not follow everything Mommy was doing.

It was so different with Megan. Daddy did pay attention to her. He was smiling a lot more. Daddy was drinking a tiny fraction of what he did up to late July.

Daddy even forgot to pick us up one weekend. Bobby and I were dressed, with our bags packed early Saturday morning. There was no word from Daddy, so Henry took us for a drive to eat ice cream at Carvel's. That Sunday Mommy and Henry had an important brunch. Carla was sick and Francine was away. Mommy really yelled at Daddy, who she said thought it was early Saturday morning.

Then those two days I spent with Daddy in Manhattan, he hardly took a drink. The Monday after I went home, Megan became Daddy's secretary. Since then Daddy phones ahead of our visits asking what we want to do. He has been on time picking us up and does not get mad when Mommy is not at home when it is time for Daddy to drop us off. He just sits with us and we all talk.

In our Disneyland Hotel suite there is a bar. If Daddy starts to pour himself a drink, he looks over at Megan. Subtly she will either smile or

more often shake her head slightly. Never before have I seen Daddy put down a bottle of liquor without pouring from it. Funny thing is that Daddy will then smile back at Megan.

When we reached the entrance to Jungle Island, Daddy handed me an attraction admission ticket. Megan told me they would meet me at the same entrance at 12:30 P.M. giving me almost two hours alone. Smiling and sounding as if she was kidding, Megan reminded me, "Keep us waiting, Young Lady, and you will be very sorry!" I understood her meaning, and loved her so much more because she clearly had my best interest at heart. I stood on tip toes to kiss her on the cheek.

As I skipped over the bridge I could hear Daddy saying, "What happened? Was that really Sally?"

Jungle Island was not as large as Tom Sawyer's. At Disneyland most of that island is closed. I did not find any place on Jungle Island that was closed. There was hardly anyone else there and I did not need to wait for a raft. Even if there was less space, what there was, was choice!

Who could successfully pout in such a lovely place? Pouting is an art. People have called me a true professional pouter. I also have a reputation I work at deserving for championship sulking. Only experts understand the differences between pouting and sulking. When I need to do so I can mix in some classic sullen expressions. Frequently that has won me the prize at both sulking and pouting contests.

Just as I skipped across the wooden bridge and smiled when handing the man my ticket, I continued skipping all over the island. Perhaps I was moving like a little child who escaped her strict governess? Just because I was wearing real gauze diapers did not mean I really was a baby.

Speaking of which, as I was skipping and skittering along, I felt the signal I needed to pee. What I could not find immediately were signs to a ladies room. The only crew member I had seen had taken my ticket. I had to find the bridge.

That ticket taker said I needed to go back to the mainland and there would be restrooms. He gave me a ticket so I could return.

I made it to the ladies room, but only after I had started wetting my diaper. At the toilet I managed

to stop the flood long enough to pull the right pin, lower my diaper and plastic pants, and pee into the toilet. Before I finished peeing I, my bowels started to empty easily, without pain or strain. How lucky I did make it to the toilet.

After carefully wiping myself, I had to face re-pinning a less than dry and fresh diaper. That I had not practiced. I found it harder to do that I expected. My wet diaper had gotten cold when it was down, so it was most uncomfortable on my tender rump. I understood why Bobby and then Gene would cry because they were wet.

Looking at my watch it was only 11:45 A.M. It would have been impossible to find Megan and the diaper bag. I would need to wait forty-five minutes before everyone would meet me at the bridge.

Past the bridge, on a street I had not explored, I saw the First Aid Station sign. I walked there as fast as I could with my wet diaper sagging. Inside the office there was a severe-looking woman in a nurse uniform.

With no embarrassment I introduced myself. I told her that my father and nanny had allowed me to be by myself on Jungle Island. We were to meet at 12:30 P.M. But I had not found a ladies room in time, so I had wet some before I was on the toilet.

The nurse looked at me. "Sally, I do not see any stain on your dress. You must not have wet your panties very much. They will dry on their own, so long as you do not sit down."

"Ma'am, the thing is I am not wearing big girl panties. Doctors say my bladder is over-active, so I am wearing a diaper and plastic panties. Now I really need to change them, but my nanny has the diaper bag on the stroller with my brother Gene."

That nurse blushed and looked totally confused. There was a screen hiding an exam table from the front window. I walked behind it and raised my dress so the nurse could see my wet diaper through my plastic panties. That confused her even more.

"Sally, you said you used the toilet after you started wetting? How did your diaper get back into place?"

I answered that I knew how to pin on my own diapers. In a ladies room I normally only pull the right side pin. Since I usually do not start to pee before I am on the toilet, re-pinning is not a problem. Now, I have to wait until my nanny comes back for me so she can give me a dry diaper.

The nurse smiled at me. "Sally, I do not know any girls who put on their own diapers. This is a first for me. But it is not a tragedy. We have a supply of diapers. Would you like me to change you?"

I asked if she could loan me a diaper so I could change myself. "Sally, we will gladly give you the diaper. Use all the lotion and baby powder you want. There are clean wash rags beside the sink."

She turned away. I changed myself standing up. The nurse put my wet diaper in a discreetly opaque Knott's plastic bag. I thanked the nurse and skipped all the way to the bridge, over it and onto Jungle Island for another twenty-five minutes of solo fun, smiling all the time.

With five minutes to spare, I was sitting on a shaded bench at the bridge, people watching as I waited for everyone to come for me. I had a story to tell, that was true. I had not been this happy since the Disneyland Code 33 restaurant!

Right on time, everyone walked up to the bridge. It had been decided we would not eat the Mrs. Knott's chicken. Instead we had sandwiches at a little restaurant.

Bobby was in such a hurry to tell me everything they saw and did, I could not get a word in edgewise. When Bobby paused to take a bite, Megan asked what I had bought. I said it was a gift and there was an interesting story about that. But before I could explain, Bobby was off on more babble.

After lunch I walked with Megan and Gene. At last I told her about wetting my diaper without a spare. "The good news is the Knott's nurse gave me a new gauze diaper. She let me change in her office. I made it clear that I felt I needed to pee, but I had to find an employee to point to a restroom. I started wetting as I reached the ladies room door.

"Oh, my Sally, how embarrassing! You do need time to figure out things on your own. I am so proud

that you went to the nurse. When I was your age I would not have thought of that.

"I know it is high time you have your own diaper bag. We'll ask your father to stop at a large children's store on the way back to the hotel. Camille told me about it. The name is Bergstrom or something like that. Somebody here must know."

Bergstrom's Children's Store turned out to be only two exits south of the short cut to the hotel. It was fairly new and well lighted, like most California stores, and it was not cluttered.

They had all the expensive brands of necessary things for infants to adolescence. Had Mommy but known she would have decorated Gene's nursery through Bergstrom's. On the shelves there must have been fifty kinds of diaper bags. I wanted one that did not make me look like I was some sort of freak. There was nothing wrong with a mother or nanny carrying a large pink diaper bag. I did not need all those pockets for bottles.

All I needed was space to carry some plastic panties, two sets of gauze diapers or one set and some trainers and a place for the inevitable wet diapers. On a lower shelf, hidden behind a larger bag, there was a diaper bag that could have been custom made for me. It was the right size and the fabric was a beautifully discreet teal.

Daddy smiled as he paid for it.

The plan for the rest of the day was to take short naps. Then we would go back to Disneyland to have dinner at the Carnation Restaurant on the plaza in front of Sleeping Beauty's Castle. From there we would have a view from underneath the fireworks. Our reservation was for 7 P.M.

When I took off the free diaper, I saw that instead of a normal blue Curity logo, this one also said "Courtesy of Knott's Berry Farm" in their logo typeface and printed in their boysenberry deep magenta ink.

I wanted to keep this as a souvenir. I put on my robe, without a diaper or panties to find Megan. She said I should rinse out that diaper and hang it to dry on a towel bar. Before dinner Megan would call the valet and have all the dirty clothes, including my souvenir Knott's diaper, picked up for rush washing and return on Monday.

Before I took my bath I rinsed that diaper. Megan had promised to dry and style my hair, so I left it damp. I pinned on a double diaper for dinner at Carnation's. Although I expected to be near Megan while at Disneyland, I was so proud of my personal diaper bag that I went to the stack of diapers under the changing table. There were nearly as many as when we arrived, because Saturday morning the DyDee Service delivery man had exchanged all the used diapers in the pail for fresh bundles.

We all were wearing our VIP badges—so at the gate security never looked in either diaper bag. They were searching all bags belonging to ordinary guests. Signs said no outside food, drinks and especially No Alcohol. For us, no problem, because Gene's Sippy cups were always empty when in the large diaper bag. I did put my purse inside my diaper bag, so my Slicker would be handy.

Everything was nice that evening. Next to Carnation's restaurant they had a place where guests could dance to a big band. They played music popular from 1936 to 1946. Daddy told me the leader, who sang and played the tenor saxophone, had been very famous with Glenn Miller before WWII. That big band leader was "Tex" Beneke.

Our table was about as close as could be to the band stand. Megan looked very beautiful that evening, without seeming to dress up. She did not appear to be wearing any makeup—her lip gloss was that subtle. Actually my Dusky Rose Slicker was more obvious, and I loved it that way. Soon enough, Mommy would prohibit me wearing any Slicker. Of course the regulations at Country Day School also forbid any makeup for gals until eleventh grade and never for boys.

The food was good. It was comforting, reminding me of dinners Carla had cooked. I missed Carla, so it was nice to have Megan as a substitute.

Bobby asked to have a banana split for dessert. Daddy was not sure, until Megan smiled and gave a slight nod of her head. All I wanted was a small cup of strawberry ice cream. Daddy and Megan agreed they would share a banana split. Gene had a miniature scoop of French vanilla ice cream.

The main high altitude fireworks launch from behind The Matterhorn so that looking down Main Street they burst above the castle. We had to look up. That is as close to fireworks as I care to be. In our suite and the Code 33 restaurant behind

windows they only made soft sounds. Gene was clapping and singing along with the music.

Bobby is naturally active. After eating his entire banana split he was bouncing off walls. Megan had changed Bobby and Gene between ordering and being served. With all the activity, she felt it a good idea to change them again before walking to the tram.

Megan had escorted me to the nearest ladies room just before the fireworks. From her stall I could hear she had a lot of pee. I pulled the pin, peed and re-pinned before Megan came out of her stall. We washed our hands together and refreshed our lips. She complimented me on learning my lesson and being so happy all day. I gave her a little kiss on a cheek. I thanked her for my very own personal diaper bag.

Many of the guests headed for the Main Gate as soon as the fireworks ended. Our waiter had warned us, so we just hung out at our table listening to the final songs from the big band. Next to last was Tex Beneke's multi-million selling hit, as he so modestly told us twice, *Chattanooga Choo Choo*. It was so much fun.

Tex Beneke announced that the final piece would be a slow instrumental arrangement of the tune that made Glenn Miller famous, *Moonlight Serenade*. He promised to keep playing it until everyone who wanted to dance had the chance. I promised to watch Bobby and Gene, pleading with Daddy and Megan to get up and dance.

Wow, both of them are marvelous dancers. Mommy always told me, even when she was angry with Daddy, that he was the very best dancer. I had only seen them kidding when dancing at home.

That might have been the first time Daddy had danced with Megan. I know he never stayed more than the first couple of minutes at his office parties. On the dance floor they seemed to me moving as a single unit. They could have been a couple for ages. They were not dancing especially close. I was so happy for all of us.

By the time the tune finally ended, there was no crowd on Main Street. Tex Beneke walked over as we were getting ready to leave, to say how much his band and he enjoyed playing music for people who are great dancers. Daddy gave him a business card and said he would be back at his office on

Wednesday. He hoped Tex would call him to discuss plans Daddy was forming. He said Tex should speak to his secretary.

Tex Beneke asked if she would recognize his name. Megan laughed and said she was Daddy's secretary, as well as nanny. Everyone laughed.

Back in my room I got ready for bed quickly, brushing my teeth for 4 minutes to make up for the ice cream. I pinned on clean diapers, from my diaper bag, pulled on clean plastic panties and put on my pajamas.

During the night I woke up to pee. I did not remember even dribbling into my diaper.

Yet, Monday dawn (October 11) my diaper was fairly wet. Megan must have checked me, found me dry and did not change me. Her door was again locked. I did not worry about that. I removed my diaper; took a bath so as to keep my hair dry; towed myself dry; pinned on a day diaper; and put on a dress with ankle socks and walking shoes.

Megan finally did come out of her room, looking like she had not slept well or long enough. It took her longer than ever to bathe and diaper Bobby for our last full day in California.

Looking dapper as always, in California business casual, Daddy told us he had a meeting with ROD and several Disneyland executives at 9:30 A.M. He did not know how long it would last. Since our arrival we had not gone swimming as much as we thought, but Disneyland was right there. We had not seen it all. A car was going to pick up Daddy. That was overly early for us and Megan did not think the foldable stroller would easily fit.

Megan told Daddy that she would carry the pager. All he needed to do was use it so she would know when and where he wanted to meet.

We decided to have a good breakfast in the hotel coffee shop instead of room service. Much to our disappointment, near the door leading to the tram loading area, there was a sign saying Disneyland was closed for maintenance on Monday and Tuesday until Thanksgiving. Megan dialed our suite, but Daddy did not pick up. He did not have a pager.

You must hand it to Megan for thinking on her feet. She used a pay phone to call the Disneyland switchboard. When it answered she said she was Don

Draper's secretary. She knew he was meeting ROD but did not know where. Megan only needed to hold a couple of minutes before Daddy was on the line.

Immediately ROD recognized the problem. Daddy asked Megan how soon we could meet a Disneyland car out front. She said that we had not ordered breakfast. Daddy told us we would be fed at Disneyland.

Ten minutes later the Disneyland chauffeur remotely opened the hidden gate. He said over his radio, "ROD guests through the gate." We drove down into the tunnel and beyond the Code 33 elevator.

The car stopped where a young woman wearing one of the tour guide uniforms was waiting. She gave each of us a red Visitors badge. Waiting with her was a long electric passenger cart, with a deck in back just the right size for the stroller.

Our first stop was an informal continental breakfast snack buffet for employees. From finishing eating until noon we went on a behind the scenes tour of Disneyland without crowds of guests.

I loved seeing their small zoo and large stables where all kinds of horses lived when they were not working. A good looking wrangler let me help feed many of those horses while Bobby and Gene played with tame rabbits. I also loved the control rooms we were shown, all very advanced for 1965.

At noon our guide drove us to a large building, the upper wall of which was decorated as town buildings. We were told that was actually a backdrop which from Main Street made it seem the town had many more buildings. This building actually contained the Employee Commissary and also an executive dining room. There we would be eating with Daddy and his new Disney friends.

Megan told the guide in that case she needed to change Gene and Bobby again. Apparently the guide had not guessed that Bobby was diapered simply because Megan always took him to family restrooms along with Gene. I took my own diaper bag along with me to a ladies room. My diaper was getting sweaty. Cleaning myself and putting on a fresh diaper made me feel much better.

In the executive dining room, Roy O. Disney introduced us to the gaggle of executives. He got

all our names correct. ROD described Megan as both Daddy's secretary and nanny. One of the men said Megan was as versatile as she was beautiful.

On that note waitresses started taking our orders. It was an exciting lunch, because some of the executives asked Bobby and me specific questions about what we liked and did not like.