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Sally, Part 26

Relaxing in Greenwich Village—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Shortly before noon on Saturday, October 30, I put Gene in his new Manhattan stroller. Then I pushed him as Daddy, Megan, Bobby, Gene and I went to play in Washington Square Park.

Although while on our shopping adventure earlier in the day Megan and I had eaten ice cream, when Daddy offered to buy all of us Italian gelato, we did not refuse. How could anything tasting that divine be bad for us?

The plan was that we would go back to the apartment to clean up and change clothing before dinner. Megan had told me that Daddy took her to a Continental French restaurant called "The Blue Mill". They had a wonderful late night dinner there following seeing a play at the Cherry Lane Theatre also on Commerce Street a few doors east of the restaurant.

Getting there with all of us would require a cab. For sure it must be easier to ride cabs when a couple is not pushing a baby in a stroller, leading two other children and handling a massive diaper bag. I worried all that was going to kill their romance.

Eventually we all decided to eat at a fine Greek seafood restaurant, Papas #2. I loved the swordfish there. It was not far from the apartment. We had a good meal and got back before

I faded. Gene was sound asleep in his stroller half-way through dinner. Daddy had to carry Bobby most of the way back. Certainly I was ready to go to sleep as soon as I walked through the apartment door.

During dinner I had gone to the ladies room, released my diaper and used the toilet. Fortunately Megan had changed Bobby's diaper before he was seeping. At least changing Gene when he is sleeping is no problem.

Since I did not want to wake up under a shower, I simply changed my diaper before bed. I did put on my pajamas. While Bobby slept in the lower bunk, Daddy and Megan stood near me alternating reading me a story. I must have gone to sleep in my upper bunk because I do not remember the end of the story.

At dawn Sunday morning (October 31, Halloween) I woke up in a different diaper that needed to be changed. Since I was the first one up, I took a short bath before the rush. Then I pinned on a fresh gauze day diaper set, pulled on my plastic panties and dressed in a skirt, blouse and sneakers.

Megan had discreetly gone to her own apartment for the night. I assumed she would come back so all of us would drive to Rye together. I put on a pot of coffee for Daddy and Megan, when she arrived. All the ingredients for French toast were in the kitchen shelves and refrigerator. I got everything ready. There was a new and much better skillet, with a copper bottom. Daddy would never have bought that on his own.

Daddy smelled the coffee as he woke up. I told him I had changed Gene, given him some juice in a Sippy cup and was about to make him a bowl of Pablum. Daddy thanked me and kissed my cheek. He asked if I was planning to make my special version of French toast. I assured him I would—as soon as he said he was ready.

Daddy drank his coffee and decided to take his shower before eating. While Daddy eventually ate and enjoyed the rum topping on his French toast, Bobby continued sleeping.

Saying he still did not understand why I did not protest and resent being spanked, Daddy promised he would not let his own prejudice interfere with the discipline I had told him I needed.

I gave Daddy an exceptionally long hug.

Just as we were about to flip a coin to decide which of us woke Bobby and removed his diaper, we could hear Megan's key in the lock! I felt relieved to be off that hook.

Megan asked if there was more special French toast, and I assured her there was enough. She poured herself a cup of coffee, which she drinks as strong and black as does Daddy.

When Bobby whimpered, Megan smiled at Daddy. I was shocked not only that it was Daddy who helped Bobby undress, Daddy gave Bobby a bath. We never knew if Daddy had learned to pin Bobby's diaper, because Bobby wanted to wear trainers for the trip home.

None of us had much to pack. I replenished the supplies in my own diaper bag from the Manhattan stock. My diaper bag would stay in the apartment. I made sure all my Slicker tubes were out of my purse and safe in my diaper bag.

My little suitcase held a couple of books and the dress I wore on the trip down. The rest of the time in Manhattan I had worn clothes that stay there. Same went for Bobby and Gene.

Before leaving to catch a cab for the Time-Life Building, Daddy phoned Mommy in Rye to be sure someone would be there to let us in. Mrs. Danvers, the new housekeeper for the Rye house, answered. She told Daddy that Henry and Mommy had spent the night at a hotel. Mrs. Walsh, the nanny; Miss Oliver, Mommy's maid; and herself were on duty.

Mrs. Danvers told Daddy Mrs. Croft, the cook, would be happy to make us lunch. Daddy thanked them and said we would be eating in a restaurant. That we did at a wonderful restaurant just north of Larchmont. Megan changed the kids there. We got to the Rye house fifteen minutes before 1 P.M.

Let me explain the diaper and trainer washing situation. Mommy and Daddy were living in a Manhattan Upper Westside apartment when I was born in 1954. According to Mommy that building had no coin laundry. She used a diaper service. When she got pregnant with Bobby in the fall of 1957, my folks had already bought the house in Larchmont. There the gauze diapers and cotton trainers were

supplied by DyDee Service, with branches all over the USA, except Manhattan. Maybe I had been toilet trained by then, yet I clearly remember wearing trainers long before Bobby was born.

Even when Bobby was being toilet trained I hardly ever wore ordinary cotton panties. I had so many wetting accidents all my life I was frequently diapered. Mommy purchased plastic panties for Bobby and me at a Larchmont baby store.

When Mommy somewhat unexpectedly got pregnant with Gene in the fall of 1962, Carla had been our nanny/housekeeper for years. She did what she could late in 1962 to improve Bobby's and my toilet training. Still my folks used DyDee Service for both flat gauze diapers and training pants.

Mommy met Henry Francis a few weeks before Gene was born in June 1963. According to Mommy, Henry was just a man she worked with on political committees during the fall of 1963. Still, Daddy and Mommy told us that they were getting a divorce shortly before Christmas 1963.

Immediately, Henry and Mommy flew to Reno, taking Baby Gene with them. Carla moved into our Larchmont house to care for us while Mommy was living in Reno. During those weeks Bobby and I spent every Saturday night in Daddy's Greenwich Village apartment.

Carla taught me how to change my own pinned gauze diapers mostly because I found them more comfortable in bed than trainers, but Bobby always slept in trainers covered by plastic panties.

When we were leaving Larchmont, Carla would send enough of the DyDee Service diapers and trainers with us, since we would bring back unused clean ones and all the wet ones. Unfortunately during the summer of 1964 DyDee Service stopped supplying trainers.

Consequently Mommy had to buy a whole lot of trainers, which Carla and I washed using the machine at our Larchmont home. Usually, when staying with Daddy in his apartment every other Saturday, I would run a load or two using the coin washers in his building. To keep things simple, Bobby and I only wore trainers during visits with Daddy.

Until we came back from the trip to California in October 1965, Gene had never been to Daddy's

apartment. Daddy never had a diaper service in Greenwich Village because Bobby and I were only there two days a month. At first we would bring a few of the DyDee Service gauze diapers with us for emergencies.

A couple of times I must have left some of the DyDee diapers at the apartment. When the count by DyDee came up short, they complained to Mommy. She then forbid us taking any DyDee diapers with us when visiting Daddy.

While Faye Miller looked after me the day I ran away to visit Daddy, she needed to buy me enough trainers to get me through that night. She also bought a dozen Curity gauze diapers for the apartment. From then on it was very important that I kept the diapers we bought for the apartment separated from the DyDee diapers.

If Bobby and I needed to use a folded diaper inside our trainers for the drive to or from Larchmont, I would personally wash those at home so they were not mixed in the DyDee pail.

Once Megan Calvert agreed to be our nanny in California, she had Daddy buy several dozen more Curity diapers for the apartment. The first time Gene came with us to stay with Daddy, Mommy let me bring a handful of DyDee diapers with us. I used as few of those as possible and washed them at the apartment. That time when we came home I brought two dozen of our own diapers with me to Larchmont. The next trip to stay with Daddy, I did not bring any of the DyDee diapers.

After we moved to Rye, DyDee still was our diaper service. Nanny Walsh agreed that since I was experienced washing diapers and trainers, I was allowed to continue doing so. In Rye I would wash all of our diapers used on the drive home, which would go back to the apartment on the next visit.

When Daddy and Megan got engaged, she was always at the apartment during the day to help take care of Gene and Bobby. Any trainers or diapers I could not wash on Saturdays Megan would wash on Monday.

See, life gets complicated in a divorced family when children ages eleven, seven and two still wear diapers as well as trainers most of the time!

Before we left on the California trip, Mommy told me that we were lucky that Nanny Walsh was willing to take care of three children who needed diapers at night. Nanny Walsh felt she only had time to change Gene's diapers, so normally Bobby would have to do his best with trainers he could change all by himself.

Because I was able to change my own pinned diapers, Mommy said that Nanny Walsh did not object. I was to remember that I did not have a personal maid, so I needed to keep my room tidy at all times. Nanny Walsh was going to be in charge of discipline for all three of us.

Mommy told me: "Many of the best people from Rye grew up under the care of Nanny Walsh. She has full authority to spank any of you as often and as hard as she considers necessary."

Mommy then continued, "Young Lady, it is very important that I devote most of my energy to helping your step-father by planning political social events. I simply do not have the time to indulge any of your nonsense."

What I saw of Nanny Walsh did not alarm me. She was not a lot older than Mommy. Mrs. Walsh was naturally attractive, yet she did her best to appear dowdy and older than her years.

Nanny Walsh laughed genuinely and often. She was affectionate with Gene and Bobby. I had no reason to think she disliked me. If she disapproved of my need for diapers, Nanny Walsh did not show it.

I had only been home from school an hour on Monday, November 1, when Nanny Walsh told me Miss Sheryl Holt was waiting for me in the library. She was my private French tutor, to speed-up my French lessons in school.

Mademoiselle Holt had been born in the USA. Her father was a US diplomat. Her mother was from Quebec. Her family was posted to France for many years after WWII.

Mademoiselle Holt was a nice looking brunette-slender, short, with green eyes and cat's-eye glasses. She would be tutoring me for an hour every weekday except Tuesdays, which was when I had my sessions with Dr. Wendy Keighley.

Of course I told Mademoiselle Holt that Daddy was engaged to Megan Calvert, and that Veteran's Day

weekend I would be flying to Montreal to meet Megan's parents. Willingly I paid full attention to Mademoiselle Holt.

My session with Dr. Wendy on November 2 was my chance to tell her all about convincing Megan to be upfront with Daddy about the need to spank me. Previously I had told Dr. Wendy that Daddy disapproved of spanking. We talked about why it was a good thing Daddy was informed about my spankings.

During the remainder of the session we discussed how I should address Megan. Dr. Wendy agreed that in private it made good sense for me to actually call her "Megan" so long as I showed her the same or better respect as I showed Mommy.

We both had a good laugh about that. "Sally, seriously, treat Megan with the same respect you treat me."

From there we considered alternative ways to address Megan in front of strangers or adults. None of us, including Megan, were comfortable calling her "Step-Mother" and certainly not "Mother" or "Mom" or "Mommy."

Dr. Wendy said she had a client living with her mother with her father remarried to a woman younger than Megan. That young lady called her step-mother "Aunty" all the time. I reminded Dr. Wendy I have Aunt Judy who I do not respect. Time was up before we reached a conclusion.

After my French lesson on Wednesday November 3, I was feeling depressed. I also felt guilty in a vague way. If Megan had been around I would have asked for a spanking which would perk me up as soon as I stopped crying.

Mommy was getting dressed with the help of her ladies maid Miss Nancy Oliver. So, I picked up the nasty Hair Doc Model 899 brush, and went looking for Nanny Walsh. She had just left Gene's nursery.

Very politely I asked if I could request a favor, which permission was granted: "Nanny Walsh, for several months Mommy has allowed me to request she give me a spanking when I feel I need it.

"Could you do me that same favor? Here is the special hairbrush Mommy has always used when spanking me." I tried to look brave and sincere.

"Sally, your mother has **not** told me about this arrangement between the two of you. I believe you are sincere, so you probably do need to be spanked.

"Young Lady, go to your room this instant! Take off your shoes. Put on just panties and your pajama top. Then wait in a corner. I will discuss this with your mother immediately. Meanwhile, hold on to that hairbrush!"

I hurried to my room, skipping in contentment when I was sure Nanny Walsh could not see.

Just a few minutes later Nanny Walsh did enter my room—without knocking. "Young Lady, your mother has instructed me that I have her permission to spank you when you request, but only at my own convenience. Your mother reminds you all spankings will be strict. They are not a joke or game. I will spank you very hard. You are allowed to cry within reason, but if you struggle or kick wildly you will receive additional punishment!

"Now, bring me your hairbrush and say: 'Nanny Walsh, **may** I please have a spanking to make me a nicer girl?' As soon as I am seated you are to position yourself over my lap. I appreciate that you are only wearing socks on your feet."

Mommy and Megan have spanked me harder, but they also have spanked me less hard. Nanny Walsh was not effectively scolding me. Still I felt so relieved of guilt I naturally started quietly softly crying. By the time she finished I was sobbing.

Nanny Walsh never used just her hand. She had told me to pull down my own panties, so every spank was on my bare bottom. Clearly Nanny Walsh had spanked many girls with a hairbrush, because every one of her spansks was in the tender zone just above and below my *Gluteo-Femoral Fold*. The first few spansks were moderate, as if warming me. After that all were hard, with a stinging snap. As I went limp, Nanny Walsh stopped spanking me.

Instead of a cuddle and kiss, Nanny Walsh told me to get myself together, get properly dressed and hurry to dinner. "Mrs. Croft will serve in fifteen minutes with or without you."

Despite the spanking, my bottom did not hurt excessively. I had pinned on a double diaper which cushioned my rump. After dinner I felt on top of the world, reading ahead of my assignments.

It was still not yet 8 P.M. so I called Daddy's apartment. To my utter delight Megan answered. I told her about Miss Holt tutoring me in both Canadian and Paris French. I told her about Dr. Wendy tossing out the suggestion I call her "Aunt Megan" which caused us to giggle. Finally I told her that I had asked Nanny Walsh for a spanking. Before I hung up Daddy came on the line to wish me good night and to say he missed me.

I went back to my room: turned down my bed; undressed for a quick shower; brushed my teeth and hair; diapered myself; put on my night shirt; tucked myself in. The next thing I remember was waking up to use the toilet during the night.