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## Sally, Part 34

### My Post Wedding Consequences—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

On Saturday, November 27, during the afternoon wedding and reception of Daddy and Megan, they enjoyed their first dance as a married couple to *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You* and segued into *Take the 'A' Train*. While dancers were changing partners Mommy announced she was pregnant, again, and due in June 1996.

Mommy was also angry that I was wearing a beautiful peach gown as a bridesmaid, complete with stockings, pumps with three inch stiletto heels and Peach Lancôme lipstick. All my life Mommy had done her best to keep me a little child forever. For that reason Daddy never informed Mommy about my cosmetics, high heels or the gown.

At least before Mommy could do anything to me, there was more dancing. I danced with Daddy, Megan's father Gaston Calvert, Harry Crane (head of TV for Daddy's advertising agency), Roger Sterling (one of the other name partners) and the dates of some of Megan's best friends.

I even danced with William Pryce, the very Upper Class British thirteen-year-old son of Lane Pryce, another name partner. William was taller than my first love Glenn Bishop and danced much better. I did my best to keep Mommy from seeing how often I danced with William, fearing she would drive him away as she had yanked me away from Glenn.

When the dancing ended, the floor was cleared. A fanfare sounded and the wedding cake was rolled into the room. I have no doubt that the bakers at The Waldorf-Astoria hotel had created much larger and more expensive wedding cakes. This one was the largest I had ever seen, even on TV. It should be, because Conrad Hilton owned the Waldorf-Astoria. He was a good friend and loyal client of my Daddy's ad agency. He had personally produced the wedding and reception. I am sure the hotel staff was going all out to please us. That cake was wonderful.

Daddy and Megan did not totally mash cake into each other's faces. It was just dabs of icing on the tips of their noses.

Megan and Daddy must have been practicing their quick-change act. One minute Daddy was resplendent in his black dinner jacket and Megan was perfectly fitted in her Janie Bryant designed wedding dress. Seemingly the next minute they were on the dais dressed for travel.

Daddy was wearing slacks and a sports coat with no tie and an open collar. Megan was preppie casual in a simple skirt, blouse and cardigan combo. Her skirt was hemmed just above her knees. She might have been wearing Topaz brand sheer nude pantyhose. To look slightly shorter next to Daddy, she was wearing open-toed Kitten heel sling-backs.

It was Peggy Olson, super-star copy-writer at Daddy's ad agency who caught Megan's bouquet. She looked very pleased, as did her date Abe Drexler.

The date of Megan's former roommate Cynthia Ellet was the fellow who caught Megan's garter tossed by Daddy. Their looks told me Cynthia and that man was not a serious couple.

Because of perfect coordination, every elevator arrived together just when the wedding party and guests needed to get ready to see Daddy and Megan drive off. They had been whisked into a staff elevator.

On the Park Avenue auto departure zone, a white limousine was waiting. Cans were tied behind it and the windows were decorated with painted slogans. Daddy and Megan tried to run past all of us. We threw handfuls of rice. Seconds later they were lost to my sight in traffic.

Now it was time for me to face my fate at the hands of Mommy!

The original plan was for Bobby and me to change into our own traveling clothing in the suite of Megan's parents Tanté and Gaston. Mommy had selected those outfits in Rye before we left home on Friday.

Mommy, Nanny Walsh, our brother Gene, our step-father Henry Francis and his mother Pauline all followed us up to that suite.

Mother suddenly felt that we should wear our wedding outfits home, although the long car ride would have permanently wrinkled them. I have no doubt that as soon as we reached the house in Rye, Mommy would have ordered all of our wedding clothes destroyed, especially my lovely Yves Saint Laurent peach pumps with three inch stiletto heels.

If there is one sane person in Westchester County with more force of will than Mommy it is "Granny" Pauline Francis. She absolutely would not let Mommy spoil the day. Pauline, God bless her, made sure we would be allowed to leave our new clothes and accessories at the hotel.

By way of compromise, Mommy was allowed to order Nanny Walsh to diaper Bobby and me for the drive home. On the back of Gene's folding stroller there was his usual diaper bag. At the last minute Mommy relented and let me diaper myself in privacy. Nanny diapered Bobby in the bedroom.

Downstairs Pauline's personal stretch limousine with her own chauffeur was waiting. It had side bench seats, jump seats and a back seat. All of our suitcases and the stroller fit in the trunk. Each of us had a place to sit. Even Gene's car seat from the station wagon was installed on the back seat. Next stop—our "happy" home in Rye!

During the drive from Park Avenue to Rye, Mommy did most of the talking.

Mommy started off by saying she was happy to be having another child, this time with Henry as the father. While pregnant she would need to reduce the physical activities and be careful about her diet. *Just like she had continued to drink like a fish and smoke like a chimney while she was pregnant with Gene!*

Now that Gene could walk and even run, Mommy finally realized that Gene could understand far more than he could talk. He could also talk better than Mommy took the time to find out. So Mommy praised Gene for using the toilet, like a big boy.

Was that a dig at Bobby who was a big boy who still needed diapers for trips and bed? Certainly that was insulting me because of my poor night time bladder control.

Strangely, Mommy went on to say that although her new baby was not due until May 1966, and she expected Gene to be out of diapers before then, she would continue subscribing to DyDee Diaper Service so there would be diapers at our house until at least 1969. *Since Mommy was looking at me, I was sure she was deliberately insulting me.*

Only after discussing DyDee did Mommy comment on the wedding and reception. Henry had said he felt Conrad Hilton had hired a staff which did an outstanding job. Pauline Francis agreed with Henry. *No food or wedding expert disagreed that The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel provided the best facilities and catering in the USA at that time.*

Mommy was clearly angry that she had not been consulted when I was selected to be a bridesmaid. She was furious that I had worn such a mature gown. The fact it was every bit as modest as my school uniform did not matter to Mommy.

She ranted that wearing high heels would ruin my feet. The reality was that Mommy had bought me Mary Janes with two inch heels. Yes, it took more practice to walk easily and naturally in three inch stiletto heels, but they caused me no more foot and ankle strain than flats.

That I had worn peach lipstick upset Mommy a lot. In point of fact, previously when I participated in any sort of special occasion Mommy would apply lipstick to me. We have photos taken by Mommy and Daddy of me from before I can remember in which I am wearing lipstick far more obvious than the beautiful Peach Lancôme lipstick I wore at the wedding. Mommy had never applied lip gloss or Slicker to me, so what was her problem?

As we reached the outskirts of Rye, Mommy started scolding me for asking to wear the gown, high heels and lipstick. Then she ranted I should have refused to wear any of that.

Turning to Nanny Walsh, Mommy ordered that I receive a very sound spanking as soon as possible. She added that she could not spank me herself because of her delicate condition.

*Funny, in 1992 and 1993, while pregnant with Gene, Mommy managed to spank me over her lap at least once a week. Had she gotten all that much more delicate since marrying Henry?*

God bless Henry and Pauline. Henry started saying that he recognized Gene, Bobby and me were her children. The courts had granted Mommy primary custody. He was only her husband.

Still, Henry reminded Mommy she had never told me I could not wear cosmetics, gowns or high heels. The regulations of Country Day School did not allow me to even carry cosmetics on campus until I was 14. On campus and at school functions off campus I had to wear their uniform which included flat Mary Janes. Yet Mommy had confused me by buying me the Mary Janes with two inch heels. It was Henry's opinion I could not be expected to read Mommy's mind.

His loving, wise and wonderful mother Pauline agreed in principle. To her, being in Megan's wedding party was a wonderful learning experience for me. Over the next few years the confidence I gained would make me a better rounded young lady.

Mommy should not blame Megan for wanting me as a bride's maid because she was becoming my step-mother.

Pauline did not consider that as spoiling me.

Hearing all those arguments only made Mommy angrier. Once Pauline's limousine stopped at our front door, Mommy told me to take my suitcase to my room and wait there **in disgrace**. Mommy reminded Nanny Walsh to spank me as soon as possible.

I lingered a few seconds at the limo with my suitcase. "Granny" Pauline had asked her chauffeur to wait for her instead of immediately driving to her mansion.

Mommy, Henry, Pauline and the others were ahead of me. I could hear Henry and Pauline trying to reason with Mommy. I was far more worried about future problems for them with Mommy than getting another spanking.

When I finally walked through the door, I risked pausing before climbing the stairs to my room: "Step-Father and Grandmother, I am sure my Mommy is right. I was a naughty girl to wear fancy shoes, clothing and lipstick. I am old enough I should have known better. I realize I deserve to be soundly punished.

"Even if Mommy decided to not have me spanked, I would request that I be spanked so I will learn a good lesson. Maybe getting spanked tonight will keep me out of trouble tomorrow.

"Mommy, all I ask is that when I am spanked, could it pretty please be with the hairbrush and not that horrible painful whip? I am still so mad at Megan for buying it that I nearly refused to even go to the wedding. That nasty whip hurts much more than the hairbrush!"

*Of course I was trying reverse psychology, like the Briar Patch. The hairbrush hurt much more than the martinet. My hope was Mommy would order the martinet be used on me.*

I over-played my hand. Pauline put an arm around me as she pleaded with Mommy to relent and only have me spanked with a hairbrush. *At that moment I wanted to tell my beloved Granny Pauline to please shut up!*

Acting put-upon, grudgingly Mommy ordered Nanny Walsh to only spank me with the hairbrush. That was not what I wanted. I knew Nanny Walsh had not even pick-up the martinet so she would be even less effective with it than Mommy had been while Megan was coaching her.

My hope turned to the fact that the last time Nanny Walsh had spanked me with a hairbrush she was not very effective. A few days after we returned from California I happened to hear Nanny Walsh telling our housekeeper, Mrs. Danvers, that I was fully three years older than any kid she had ever spanked.

As contritely as I could manage I walked to my room, until I was out of sight, when I skipped the rest of the way. I undressed, removed my almost dry diaper and put it in the pail. Wearing panties and my shortest pajama top, I washed my plastic panties and hung them to dry on my shower rod.

Nanny Walsh did not appear in my room for over a half hour. I handed her that nasty Hair Doc Model

899 that Mommy made me go with her to purchase. I told Nanny Walsh, "Nanny, please may I have a spanking as punishment for being such a naughty girl?"

At least she did not lower my panties, which nearly eliminated the surface sting from the brush. Nanny Walsh was not spanking me hard enough the thudding was a problem for me. I doubt she even hit me with the brush twelve times. Gee, that would be ineffective had I still been only five!

Once Nanny Walsh finished "spanking" me, she told me to put on trainers or diapers, my choice. She did not care which. Before leaving my room she did warn me that if she needed to spank me during the next month it would be much worse. *I nearly burst out laughing. That woman was clueless!*

Although Daddy and Megan were trying to keep it a secret, they confided in me their honeymoon was in Martinique. That is part of France in the Caribbean, where still another form of French is used. Megan had been there before and felt swimming in the warm ocean salt water would be good for Daddy.

They would phone Bobby and me in Rye. They were only going to stay on Martinique until December 4, so they could supervise the final work on the Grove Street co-op apartment and then moving everything into it.

The same night after being such a grown-up as a bridesmaid, I put my "spanked" bottom to bed in a pinned double diaper. I had happy thoughts about Grove Street.

Sunday November 28, we all drove back to Pauline's mansion for brunch, which included a lot of the Thanksgiving left-overs. Eleanor Francis brought her long-time boyfriend, Matthew Weiner, III.

Matt was a few years older than Eleanor. He told us he had graduated from Harvard University and Harvard Graduate School of Business with an MBA. Matt worked for his family's investment bank. Together they told us they were engaged, although they had not set the actual wedding date—perhaps in 1967.

Mommy looked upset that Eleanor's engagement took attention away from Mommy's pregnancy. Ever since Mommy started talking about Henry Francis, she would add some nasty comment about his daughter

Eleanor attending Vassar College. Clearly because Mommy had graduated from Bryn Mawr there was a college rivalry. That only got worse when Mommy became Eleanor's step-mother.

After a few awkward moments while we digested the engagement news, the conversation turned to other topics.

Neither Henry nor Pauline discussed my being spanked on Saturday night.

Eleanor asked who attended the wedding. Mommy was not interested in discussing it, but Henry and Pauline gladly told Eleanor all the details.

They said how beautiful I looked as a bridesmaid and how well I could walk in high heels.

Eleanor was fascinated that Conrad Hilton was there and with the much younger Mary Kelly. It turned out Eleanor knew her.

Pauline said she had spoken to Bertram "Uncle Bert" Cooper. She had read about him and found him oddly fascinating.

For the brunch with Pauline I wore a diaper and plastic panties, since Nanny Walsh was there with a large diaper bag. Pauline was delighted with Gene walking and going to the bathroom on his own. However, she did not indicate frustration with Bobby and me.

At school on Monday, November 29, everyone talked about their long weekend. I promised to bring some of the wedding and reception photos. Of course I would not bring any close-ups of me showing my stilettos or lipstick.

At home that afternoon Mademoiselle Holt told me she had a wonderful time at the wedding. She had written Megan a thank-you note and had enjoyed talking to her about France, Quebec, French and me.

Tuesday November 30, after school I had my session with Dr. Wendy. I then told her about Mommy's reaction and how Nanny Walsh had been ordered to spank me, with Gene and Bobby right there in the limousine. Dr. Wendy just shook her head. She agreed I did the prudent thing asking to be spanked to get Henry and Pauline off the hook.



Daddy and Megan did not phone me until after school on Wednesday, December 1. Megan waited to talk until I told Daddy nobody else was listening. They told me they were so proud of me, and not just about the wedding. I saw no reason to tell them about getting spanked. They said to give their love to Gene and Bobby.

Daddy said he would call me on Saturday, December 4, when they reached their own phone in Greenwich Village. One was suppose to be installed on Grove Street, which would have a different number. The only way they could have kept the old number would have been to first disconnect the Waverly Street phone.

If the painting was finished when they got there on Saturday, the movers and new furniture would arrive on Monday, December 6.

Megan even joked that Daddy, Peggy Olson and Pete Campbell had a creative meeting on Tuesday, December 7, with Honda Automotive. They were sure Roger Sterling would be furious and not attend the meeting.

Gene, Bobby and I would be picked up for our usual visitation on the afternoon of Friday, December 10. It was expected by then all of us could stay in the Grove Street apartment. Until then, I only had happy thoughts about school and Grove Street!