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Sally, Part 38

Shipooopi—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Late in the afternoon of Saturday, December 11, when we picked Daddy up at his office in the Time-Life Building, he told us we had 8 P.M. reservations at The Blue Mill Restaurant. That was a marvelous place and an easy short walk from our new apartment on Grove Street in Greenwich Village.

That day Megan had taken us to Riverside Park, which had become one of my absolute favorite places. Knowing we would be exploring a park, I had worn an old dress and sneakers. So it was a treat to take a bath after the park, fix my hair with my new blow-dryer, put on Peach Lancôme lipstick, a really nice dress, knee stockings and my Yves Saint Laurent white pumps with three inch stiletto heels. Going to a nice restaurant is an occasion justifying dressing up. Besides, it was a chance to practice walking in my high heels.

Of course, if Daddy had known everything that transpired during our post-lunch visit to Riverside Park, he might not have taken us to dinner. I might have been sent to my room in disgrace!

During lunch Megan invited William Pryce, the thirteen year-old son of one of Daddy's business partners, to join us in the park. I had enjoyed dancing with William at the wedding. While Megan and my brothers had played a couple of hundred

inland from the Hudson River, I had asked William to sit on a bench very close to the water.

We really talked and discovered many things in common. Impulsively I had kissed William. Then he kissed me. We really started kissing each other, until Megan walked over. All she said was that the boys were getting cold so we needed to get in the station wagon. Megan asked William to sit up front beside her. I sat behind him, with Gene in his car seat separating me from Bobby.

After we got to the apartment Megan said nothing about me kissing William. However, despite being excited to go to The Blue Mill, as I took my bath thoughts ran through my head. I could not stop thinking about attitudes regarding kissing boys.

In *Meredith Willson's "The Music Man"* there is a song titled "*Shipooopi*" which starts out:

*A girl who'll kiss on a very first date is
certainly a hussy;*

*A girl who'll kiss the second time out is anything
but fussy;*

*But a girl who waits 'til the third time around,
head in the clouds, feet on the ground, she's the
gal you're glad you found, she's your 'Shipooopi'.*

Since I had resisted kissing William Pryce shortly after we had met at the wedding, although I knew he was cute, I felt sure I was not an actual hussy.

My ethical quandary was: if having lunch with William, his parents, Daddy, Megan and both my brothers constituted a "second time out" with William? If that was true, then sitting with him in the park was our "third time around" so my feet were on the ground and therefore I am his Shopooopi.

Still, if I got ahead of myself, if going to the park was only a second date, then I "was anything but fussy" and therefore a naughty girl.

I have no idea what we ate that night at The Blue Mill, except the dessert was their signature, individual *Baba au Rhum*.

Bobby and Gene were the center of attention, telling about their adventures in the park with Megan. She said absolutely nothing about my

adventures with William. I did my best to appear cheerful and keep my mouth zipped.

Gene and Bobby needed to use the toilet. Daddy took them.

Once we returned to the apartment, Megan said she needed to talk to me in my room, after she had gotten Gene and Bobby settled. She was smiling warmly when she said that, but as guilty as I felt, I assumed I would be spanked.

Bobby was using our shared bathroom. Perhaps Megan was bathing Gene in the master bathroom. All I needed was a toilet so I used the guest lavatory.

Back in my room I carefully hung my nice dress; put away my YSL stilettos; set aside my knee stockings and big girl panties for hand washing. Then I waited with my face to a wall wearing only my pajama top.

Megan had changed to a house dress and was barefoot. She told me to put on panties and just talk to her. "Sally, I don't want to make a big deal about what I saw you and William doing today. I did not hear what you were saying.

"From the moment I started working at the advertising agency I have liked and respected Lane Pryce. He isn't an account executive or a creative director. He is the brains behind the business. Mr. Pryce saw my potential even before your father knew my name.

"To me William is a younger version of his father. I suspect he is gentle and naïve in many ways. Probably you are more sophisticated and mature than William.

"The thing is that when you interact with people connected with our agency or even people from other agencies, to them you are not just Sally, you are 'Don Draper's daughter!' Everything you do reflects on your father.

"Also, Sally, please consider my position. I never worked at the old agency, but most of the key people did work there, so they have met your mother. You might not have been told, but a few years ago Mr. Sterling married Jane Siegel, who had been one of your father's secretaries.

"You know I also was your father's secretary for a few weeks. Then I earned my promotion, but it

means I am walking on egg shells. Many at the office resent me. I also know my instincts about being a parent are completely different from your mother's.

"My gut tells me that if your father and I come between you and William, both of you will resent us. You told me how you disliked being separated from Glenn.

"Probably your mother wants to be told about William. Probably she would be furious with me for not telling her. What I want is what is best for you, Sally. Your mother already dislikes me. That came with the territory when I married your father.

"I would be a hypocrite if I told you it is wrong to kiss young men, because I did kiss them when I was your age. My Mama did punish me with her *fouet d' enfant* when she caught me alone with young men. That did not stop me being attracted to guys. What being punished like that accomplished was that I never felt safe talking to my Mama about boys or anything important.

"What I do not want to happen is for you to distrust me. Of course you will have secrets. Those are important to you. I really wish I had been looking elsewhere this afternoon. But, I saw what I saw.

"Please put on your pajama bottoms and a robe. Right now I am going to share my feelings with your father. When I think the time is right I will come and ask you to join us for more discussion. Okay, Sally Precious?" Megan held my hands and gently kissed me.

The minute she slid my door shut on her way out, I started to weep.

Less than a half hour later, Megan came back. Without a word I walked to her and took her hand. We walked down the hall to the master bedroom, where Daddy was seated in one of the upholstered easy chairs, dressed in his pajamas.

Daddy invited me to sit on his lap, while Megan took the other easy chair. Basically Daddy told me that as far as he was concerned William and I had acted perfectly naturally. "Unfortunately, Salamander, acting naturally in a romantic way can cause all sorts of complications.

"I agree with Megan that turning this into a big stink will not help you or William. Who knows what your mother might do or say? Or what William's mother might do?"

"The Holidays are starting. All of us will be seeing the Pryce family often, because they have no relatives in America. I hope William has friends at his school. The first year Mrs. Pryce lived in Manhattan she said she made no friends. I doubt she has made any friends this last year. Although Megan and I spend a lot of time with Mr. Pryce, he has never mentioned any friends in Manhattan outside of the office."

"Very soon the telephone company is going to install an extension phone in your room. We are not going to ask who you call. We trust you."

"Sally, seriously, would you think us unfair if during the Holidays an adult is with you while you are near William?"

Immediately I hugged and kissed Daddy. I told him being chaperoned seemed perfectly fair to me. I also admitted I realized I had been reckless kissing William. I even sang the opening from *Shipoopi* for them. Daddy and Megan laughed.

I asked if I had miscalculated, so that when I was on the bench with William that was only our second date, did that mean I was naughty, a girl who was "anything but fussy." They chuckled about that.

Megan said, "That song is set in 1912. Times have changed. American women are allowed to vote. These days, had you kissed William shortly after meeting him that would hardly be a sin."

I answered that I felt I had been naughty enough I deserved to be punished. Together Daddy and Megan answered that they did not think I needed any punishment.

When I felt (and must have looked) disappointed they told me to go on back to my room and think about everything over night. I could then talk to them again on Sunday morning.

Back in my room I pinned on a diaper, pulled on plastic panties, put a pacifier in my mouth and tried to go to sleep. Often during the night I would wake up still convinced I had been naughty.

Sunday morning, December 12, was a clear day. I woke up in time to see the sun lighting the tall buildings. I did not rush to get dressed because it had already been decided that Daddy would make us Sunday breakfast.

During the night I had gotten up to pee, but still when I did wake up my diaper was soaked. I took it off and put it in the diaper pail in our shared bathroom.

Then I used the laundry room sink to wash my knee stockings, big girl panties and my plastic panties. I started those drying on plastic hangers on the rod in the laundry room.

While I had the chance I took a bath. After drying my hair I put on trainers and an older short dress. I went into the great room to wait until Daddy or Megan got up.

Although Daddy was supposed to cook breakfast, it actually was Megan who came into the kitchen area first. I rushed up to her to give her a hug and a kiss. Accidentally when pulling away after hugging her, my left hand brushed her bottom through her thin robe. To my surprise, Megan winced.

I told her that I had put water and coffee in the coffee maker, so all she needed to do was push the start button.

Then I told her that the only way I could get past my guilt feelings about kissing William was to receive a spanking. I said that I understood the way she and Daddy felt. I said that if I were to confess to Mommy she would order Nanny Walsh to spank me, which would be ineffective. Beside, then Mommy would know about William Pryce.

Megan, who had not pushed the start button, took me by the hand. "Sally Beth Draper, if it is a spanking you believe you deserve, then it is a spanking you shall get!"

Megan led me to the bedroom hall. Instead of turning right to my room, she turned left toward the master bedroom. When she slid that door open, I could see Daddy was still not up.

"Don, time to get up! Go take a shower, or at least move to a chair. Sally insists she needs to be spanked. I don't intend to keep her waiting."

Instead of leaving the room, Daddy sat in one of the swiveling easy chairs in the window corner. Megan left me standing at the corner of the master bed closest to the door. She took a few steps to that bedside cabinet and retrieved from the top drawer a Hair Doc Model 876S brush identical to mine, not her own hairbrush from her nanny career, the wider Model 849.

Megan sat on the foot end of the bed, close enough to the door side my feet would not be supported. I followed her so that she could lift my skirt and lower my trainers. Without instruction I placed myself in the classic position over her lap, with the mattress supporting my upper body and head. This way I could see Daddy near the window.

Even before the first spank of the hairbrush landed, I started to weep quietly. I wanted to retain my dignity as much as possible.

Megan did not scold. She said she wanted me to carefully think before I kissed anyone in a romantic way, or a way that could be interpreted as romantic. Megan started with softer than usual warm-up spanks. Maybe that was because this was the first time she had spanked me so early in the day.

Once she felt I was warm enough, Megan started giving me full-force spanks with the hairbrush. All of the hard spanks were aimed at either my left or right "spank spot" centered just above and below my *Gluteo-Femoral Folds*. Those two spots are extra sensitive, so spanks hurt more there without a risk of injury because they do not need to be super hard.

I dissolved into copious tears when the hard spanks started. Even before my vision got so blurred I could not tell, I was sure Daddy looked at me with sympathy and compassion. Probably, seeing me being spanked upset him.

When my spank spots went numb, my body got limp, as it always does. Megan noticed and immediately stopped spanking me. She let me cry it out in the comfort of her lap as she stroked my hair.

Apparently Megan had not closed locked the door when we had entered. Anyway, I could hear Bobby asking what was going on.

Megan answered: "Bobby, Sally admitted being naughty. I just spanked her. Now unless you also

want a hard spanking you will march to the bathroom and we will forget how naughty it was of you to come in here without permission. Scoot!"

She helped me to my feet and gave me a cuddle and a kiss. Daddy walked over and also cuddled and kissed me. Then Megan patted my stinging backside and pushed me toward the door: "Sally, let that be a lesson. Please go to your room and get ready for the day. Oh, yes, close the door behind you."

Before I had closed that door I could hear Megan say, "Now, Don, that is the way a proper, effective spanking should be administered! I appreciated your efforts last night. All you need is considerably more practice."

Since I had not been told about any plans for the day beyond breakfast, in my room I pinned on diapers, pulled on a fresh pair of plastic panties, styled my hair, put on Peach Slicker and another older dress.

My bottom still tingled from the hairbrush sting and throbbed from the heavy impact of the spanking. Under the circumstance, that gauze diaper felt very comforting. I also felt I was a lucky young woman who was loved very much.

Only after I finished dressing did I start to consider all the implications of what I had observed and heard. Before the wedding, the only time Daddy spanked me, I sensed that was not the first time he had administered a spanking. Earlier that morning Megan winced when I casually brushed her bottom through her robe. Minutes ago she was kidding Daddy about spanking and how he needed more practice.

My mind raced. What if instead of all those years with Daddy rejecting spanking in addition to punishing Bobby and me, Daddy had spanked some common sense into Mommy? Of course I realized that if Daddy had provided Mommy with some good old-fashioned discipline, they would not have divorced, so I would have been deprived of Megan as my loving step-mother.

When Megan knocked on my door, I opened it, hugged her again and asked, "Would it be all right if I call you 'Mom'? I love and respect you too much to continue calling you 'Megan'."

"Sally, I love and respect you. I always knew you respected me. Being a step-mom is awkward. Of

course I will be honored to have you call me 'Mom'."

At the breakfast eating counter, it was fun watching Daddy cooking on the range. I noticed that Megan winced as much as I did when we sat on those stools.

The rest of the morning we hung out in the apartment. I ran a load of wash, as much to try out the new machines as because we needed clean clothing. Gene and Bobby were fascinated watching the washing through the window of the front loading Maytag. In Larchmont, Rye and on Waverly Place the washers always were top loaders.

As we were gathering our suitcases for the drive back to Rye, I mentioned my idea a folding luggage cart would be very handy. Daddy went into the huge office store room and came back carrying one. The suitcases and pink diaper bag, plus Gene's traveling potty, on the cart reminded me of California and the Disneyland Hotel.

Daddy sat shotgun all the way to Rye. We stopped for lunch at our favorite Howard Johnson's in Larchmont nearest to Rye. All of us used the restrooms there. Bobby and I changed from trainers and plastic panties to regulation cotton underpants. Before I left the restaurant ladies room I made sure I had removed all traces of Slicker. I also changed from my white pumps with three inch stiletto heels to my school uniform flat Mary Janes. Megan had promised to take them back to the apartment.

Parting from Megan and Daddy is always sad for me, but I had the week between Christmas and New Year's Day 1996 with them to look forward to. The drive to Rye on my spanked bottom only reinforced my belief I was loved very much.

Even if technically I might have been "anything but fussy" kissing William on the bench in the park, I felt I could well be his "Shipooipi".

Life was so good for me.

Gentle Readers and Sally Fans Everywhere,

With the conclusion of Sally Part 38, your author needs to take a significant creative break. Outline for several approaches which happened in

1966 have been written and discarded. It does not seem fair to Sally Beth Draper, her family and friends to continue until at least the next year of her future has been resolved.

Affectionately,

Angela Bauer