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## Sally, Part 16

### Still More Trip Preparations—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

My worst fear was that Mommy could never find a housekeeper/nanny to replace Carla. Even had Clara continued working for Mommy, Henry's house in Rye was so large it needed a housekeeper and a maid.

Only because Granny Pauline has very influential friends, Mommy in fact was able to hire both a conscientious housekeeper (Mrs. Florence Danvers) and a professional nanny (Mrs. Marla Walsh). Miss Nancy Oliver would assist Mrs. Danvers as general maid and would also serve as Mommy's ladies maid.

While we were continuing to live in Larchmont Mrs. Danvers and Miss Oliver commuted every day. Nanny Walsh could not start immediately, so Mommy needed a lot of help from her friend Francine and her own nanny to care for Gene. Bobby and I would not meet Nanny Walsh until we returned from California.

A cook who had previously worked for Henry and before that for Granny Pauline, Mrs. Janet Croft would start a couple of days before the big move.

The bus from Country Day School was always on time picking me up at home in Larchmont. After school my arrival time at home varied based on traffic. Sure enough when I had an appointment with Dr. Wendy Keighley, the school bus left me outside her office.

Of course I remember the Headmaster Rooney warning me that his school did not tolerate misbehavior and spanked as punishment. For me being spanked by a teacher in a classroom was nothing new, but I dreaded getting paddled in the office by either Headmaster Rooney or his assistant Mrs. McGee.

Still from my first day at Country Day until leaving for California I got into absolutely no trouble.

A week before we were scheduled to fly to California Mommy and Henry encouraged me to start sorting my belongings, putting everything going to the Rye house in movers' cartons. By the night before we left the only sheets and blankets in my room were on my bed. Even all my spare rubber sheets were in cartons.

Mommy had bought me a new rubber sheet that was in my suitcase. Bobby's new rubber sheet was in his suitcase. I took no toys with me to California, only a couple of books new to me.

That last night I did not want to spoil the surprise of my fresh books, so I had nothing to do except sleep. My dreams were all about fun in California, as well as being three thousand miles away from Mommy!

The second Saturday (September 25) after Megan's spectacularly successful "nanny audition" was Daddy's regular day to pick up Bobby and me. In the past Daddy sometimes was late, but that day he was right on time, even a few minutes early. Because of all the wetting during the nanny audition, Mommy wanted us to take more clothing down to Daddy's apartment. Of course things going there did not have to be moved to the Rye house.

Besides our suitcases, Bobby and I had a carton of toys/books and sack of clothing. I had not considered how all that would be transported to Daddy's apartment since parking there was impossible.

Trust Daddy to have an innovative solution to the parking problem. A few minutes after we left the Larchmont house, Daddy stopped the car at the same coffee shop where I had changed clothes of my Manhattan Adventure. As Daddy stopped at the curb, Miss Megan Calvert walked out and sat on the back seat beside Bobby.

Her shoes looked like they would be comfortable for walking. Her long brunette hair was loose, with a band holding it on top. She was wearing a nice dress, in her favorite shade of yellow that was certainly not traditional for a nanny. A little of her spine showed below her neck and in front her collar was scooped enough her breasts were evident. Her hem was above her knees, not exactly mini-dress length, but sort enough Mommy would not approve. Had I gone out in a dress that short Mommy would have spanked me!

This time Megan's purse was normal size, smaller than her original nanny purse and bigger than my purse. We all chatted happily as we drove to Manhattan.

Having been warned by Mommy about our luggage, Daddy said he decided to ask Megan to help us. Our first stop in Manhattan was in front of his apartment building. While Daddy stayed in his car, the rest of us unloaded all our stuff.

Megan rang a door bell. It was answered by Leroy Jessup, the building superintendent's son. As Daddy drove uptown to park in the Time-Life building, with the help of handsome young Leroy, we carried all our things up to the apartment.

We needed to make a special shopping trip before lunch. Megan asked us if we were in diapers or trainers. We both replied we had folded diapers inside our trainers and plastic panties over those. Megan was most pleased.

As we rode down in the elevator, Megan asked if I remembered how to walk to Carmela's Bambinos—the baby store where I had gone with Faye Miller. I said that we had arrived at the store in a taxi and walked back to the apartment. I remembered the store was on Seventh Avenue at Tenth Street. All we needed to do was walk away from the park on Waverly Place until we crossed Christopher Street. From there needed to turn left and walk a long block on Christopher until we reached Seventh Avenue. We turned right and it was a short block to the Bambinos on Tenth Street.

Carmela and Giovanni Moltisanti, the lovely couple who owned Bambinos, remembered me. Perhaps not all that many eleven year old girls still needed pinned diapers and trainers. I introduced them to "our new nanny, Miss Calvert."

Not only did she want us to have an ample supply of trainers for the trip and the apartment, Megan believed we needed more plastic panties. Bobby is just enough smaller than me he needs his own size of trainers and plastic panties. Instead of the simple rubber sheets Mommy had always bought, Megan wanted Dundee waterproof sheets. We would start using those at the apartment now and also carry two each on the trip. Unhappy with the kind of diaper bags Mommy used, Megan selected the largest one in the store. It was pink with white stripes and even had a matching changing matt.

While Bobby was looking at toys, Megan put a set of my favorite pacifiers and three EvenFlo baby bottles, with extra nipples, in one of the shopping bags. To properly wash the trainers, she bought two boxes of DREFT baby garment detergent. She simply signed the bill because Megan had arranged a charge account at Carmela's Bambinos.

Splitting the load three ways, with Bobby carrying the smallest bag, the walk back to Daddy's apartment was easy. He had taken a cab back there and was waiting when we came back from the store. Only later that night did I realize Megan had a set of keys to Daddy's apartment.

For lunch, we walked past the Washington Memorial Arch and the fountain to a nice friendly restaurant close to New York University. After a fun and leisurely meal we spent time in the park. Daddy and Megan wanted to talk to each other, but they kept track of Bobby and me.

A nice older man came around with a push cart selling Italian Ice, which is simply lovely.

Back at the apartment Megan supervised as I ran a load of all the new trainers, as well as those we had worn on the drive down. We had not wet, but we did sweat.

Instead of going to a restaurant for supper, Megan made us pasta with meat sauce and French bread. Bobby and I washed the dishes without breaking any.

Both of us were tired from all the walking, so we did not resist when Megan started getting us ready for bed while it was still light enough outside you could see.

Bobby did not object when Megan dried him off following his bath and then pinned him into double

diapers as easily as if he were a sleepy baby. He was sound asleep before Daddy kissed Bobby good night.

Megan let me take my bath without any supervision, but she did kid me to be sure to let a professional trim my hair. After I was dry I used Daddy's bed to pin on my night diapers.

As she was tucking me into bed, Megan handed me a freshly washed and boiled pacifier. Daddy must have seen it when he gave me a kiss.

During the night I woke up needing to use the toilet and I strongly suspected I needed to poop as well as pee. Having no desire to mess my diaper, I climbed down from my bunk. In the bathroom I released just the right side of my diaper. Because there did not seem to be a true emergency, I took the time to step out of my pajamas, plastic panties and diaper.

Sure enough I did both pee and poop. Wiping and cleaning was so much easier without clothing at my ankles.

Up to then I had only pinned on my diaper while I was reclining on a bed. I had not tried pinning on my diaper in my upper bunk because it is close to the ceiling. In the middle of the night I would need to turn on a light to diaper myself and that would awaken Bobby.

I tried using the sofa in the living room. For me the cushions were too narrow. It was too awkward bringing my left arm across my body.

In frustration I removed the left pin from the diaper and put the set in the pail. I managed to find a pair of my trainers by feel in the dark. Wearing those the rest of the night was the best compromise.

At dawn I woke up again. I used the toilet to pee and then I washed my hands and covered my trainers with a skirt and blouse.

In the kitchen I got everything ready to make French toast for all of us. I saw that Daddy now had actual Mrs. Butterworth's Maple Syrup in the kitchen. Daddy had moved the similar looking bottle of rum to the bar. I decided to make Daddy one piece with the rum. If he liked it I would make more for him. Tempting as it was, I did not

dare put any of the rum on the toast for Bobby and me.

Once I saw Daddy enter the bathroom, I started his first batch of toast. He was surprised to find me up once he came out of the bathroom. I handed him a cup of coffee and kidded him that his French toast was made special for his enjoyment. After he smiled while eating the first piece I offered him a choice of rum or syrup. Daddy pointed to the rum bottle.

After it got a bit later, I told Daddy I really needed to speak to Megan on the phone about something important. I made it clear I did not want to do so from a phone at home where Mommy could hear. Daddy asked me to wait another half hour when he would call Megan at her home.

To give me privacy Daddy dialed Megan from the phone in his bedroom. I told her about having to change to trainers during the night because I could not re-pin my diaper. She said she was sure I was mature and dexterous enough to re-pin my diaper standing up. All I needed was some coaching and some practice, which I could do at home.

Megan asked me to put Daddy on the line. I was standing next to Daddy, who held the receiver away from his ear allowing me to hear. Megan told Daddy she felt it very important that she provide me some confidential instruction before he drove Bobby and me back to Larchmont. Megan said she was already dressed and would catch a cab as soon as possible. Daddy said that when she arrived he would take Bobby to play in the park. "Say, Miss Calvert, have Sally whip you up some of her special French toast! You will love it!"

Less than forty-five minutes later Megan let herself into Daddy's apartment. We all greeted her. I must say Megan looked even more beautiful than ever. Her skin glowed.

Mommy and her friends put on foundation as they got out of bed and wore obvious red lipstick all day long.

If Megan was wearing makeup it was the same sort of lip gloss girls not much older than me wore. On Megan it looked so sophisticated.

She sure did love her French toast with the rum as topping. Then she took two clean diapers from the drawer. She told me to fold them together on the

bathroom counter the same as I would do on a bed. Patiently she observed as I did so.

"Now that you have the diaper folded to your size, go on and pin the left side where you think it should be. Remember, it does not have to be in the perfect position." Megan was so understanding.

I tried to remember how much I usually overlapped the front with the back. By instinct I pinned back over front. "Let's see if that will work. Go on and step into the diaper and pull it up. While you hold the open right side, so you are happy with the fit on your left side, lean against the wall. That will hold the left side in place."

While I stepped into the diaper and pulled it up, Megan was there ready to help me. I wriggled around until the left side felt comfy. Megan did guide my shoulders as I stepped sideways until my left hip was touching the wall. "Sally, let me turn you slightly, so part of your buttocks is also against the wall." With her help I did that.

"See how well the wall holds your diaper? Now pick up a diaper pin in your right hand. Try to lightly grip the back of the right side with your left hand. Without dropping the pin, reach under the back flap so you can pull the front snug using your right hand. Roll your bottom on the wall so it better holds the back of your diaper.

"Next, pull the back snug in front using your left hand. Don't worry, the wall will hold the diaper in place good enough you can let go of the front with your right hand. Pinch the two parts together between your left thumb and forefinger. Pull the diaper away from your right hip just enough you can insert the pin without stabbing yourself. Take your time, you can do it."

Sure enough eventually I managed to run that pin through all the layers of gauze and was able to close it. I did need to let go with my left hand so I could use it to help close the diaper pin.

"Sally, you figured out how to close the pin all by yourself. I am so proud!" Megan cuddled and kissed me affectionately. "See how you only needed to be close pinning the left side? A gauze diaper will work fine even if it is not symmetrical. Okay, so take the diaper off and pin in on again."

I made a mental note where I had pinned the left side, so I could use the same place. The second

time I pinned on my diaper everything went faster and easier. Megan did not need to guide my shoulders. The third time I pinned on my diaper, I was confident I could do so whenever I needed.

Megan was so pleased at my progress. She gave me another big kiss, this time on my lips. Nobody wearing anything but traditional lipstick had ever kissed me like that before. Okay, so Glenn had kissed me on my lips several times, but he was not wearing lipstick or even Chap Stick.

Megan asked me to put on plastic panties and get dressed to go out.

"You learned how to change your diaper very well. I am so proud of you, Sally. If you need to use a toilet before you get home I have faith you can re-pin.

"Look, I do not want to come between you and your mother. I know how badly that can go. I am sure you are grown up enough to wear Slicker on your lips. The stores can't sell it this early, so if your father needs to take you home soon, I will buy you a selection of Slicker for the trip. If he can wait long enough I'll take you to a store today, but my guess is you should let me hold onto it until we are on the way to the airport, okay?"

I nodded and hugged her. "In California the sun is very strong. You will need to protect your skin as well as your lips. Ask your mother to buy really good sun block for you, Bobby and Gene. Have her buy you some Chap Stick with sun screen. Bobby and Gene will need separated tubes of Chap Stick. Don't worry. You will be wearing Slicker, My Darling!"

By good luck Daddy said that Mommy would not be home until late afternoon, so there was no rush driving home. Megan told Daddy that since there was no rush, she wanted to take me shopping once stores opened.

Daddy said he liked the lunch counter at a drug store on the west side of Seventh Avenue, south of Grove Street and north of where Bleecker Street crosses at an angle. That drug store also has a door on Bleecker. There is an A&P on Bleecker at Grove and several other shops around there. The drug store was just a block south of Christopher Street and near Bambinos, which I knew was not open on Sundays.

Although Saturday we had bought a bunch of things at Bambinos, and I had washed the new trainers on Saturday afternoon, we did not need to bring any of that home with us. In fact hardly any of the stuff we brought from home was going back. The only reason we were taking the suitcases was because we needed to pack them at home for California trip.

The drug store was open but could only serve us lunch until it was legal to sell things besides prescription medicines. By the time we finished eating, it was late enough. Discreetly Daddy took Bobby for a walk south of Barrow Street where there was a toy store.

Sure enough, the drug store sold cosmetics, including Slicker. The sales lady said a lot of the younger women in Greenwich Village were wearing Slicker. "It's not just for little girls!"

Megan brought me all the shades of Slicker, which she put in her own purse, after applying just a bit of the palest pink to my own lips. "Sally, by the time you get home your mother will not notice."

Together we walked south until we found Daddy and Bobby. Because Seventh Avenue is one way southbound, Daddy thought we would have better luck catching a cab walking back to Sixth Avenue which is one way northbound. The easiest way was to take Bleecker Street southeast. That is the part where the famous food carts are operating Monday to Saturday. They go away on Sunday, so Bleecker Street becomes a festival. That was so much fun.

We did find a cab. Daddy joked he should always walk with Megan because cabbies wanted to stop for her. She offered to ride with us to the Time-Life building, and then continue on to her apartment.

Instead Daddy asked the driver to go to her building first. Surprisingly he said to go to Forty-Seventh Street just west of Ninth Avenue. It all worked out because Forty-Seventh Street is one way westbound. Only later did I wonder how Daddy knew Megan's address.

Bobby cried a little when Megan got out. She leaned in through the window to kiss him. I was fighting back my own tears. Daddy joked, "Miss Calvert, if I started crying, would you kiss me?"

"Why, Mister Draper? Whatever do you mean?" For some reason Megan was using an exaggerated Southern drawl straight out of *"Gone with the Wind."*

"Start crying and see what happens" Megan teased. Daddy pretended to cry like a baby, which she ignored. Then Daddy looked like he would miss her, with a trace of a tear. To my surprise Megan leaned into the window and did kiss Daddy. She did so on his lips and with more passion that a nanny should kiss a child.

My instinct was this was not the first time Megan had kissed Daddy. Personally I was happy that a woman younger, smarter and way more beautiful than Mommy was kissing Daddy. If I had to share him with someone, Megan would be my choice.

After leaving Megan on the sidewalk outside her building, we got out of the cab at the Time-Life Building parking lobby. We got in the car and made a pleasant drive up to Larchmont. Mommy and Henry were not yet home. Daddy stopped next door at the home of Carlton & Francine Hanson. I guessed either Francine or her nanny was babysitting Gene. That proved to be correct.

Daddy talked to Francine for a few minutes. He left us there while he drove to a Carvel's to buy us all ice cream. We were still having a nice visit when Francine saw Mommy drive home, closely followed by Henry. Daddy decided to start driving home before a confrontation with Mommy.

The next couple of weeks went by quickly and without anything memorable happening. I deliberately was so helpful Mommy never even scolded me. Many times I practiced pinning on my diaper while standing and in subdued light. The last couple of nights before the trip Mommy told us to sleep in our diapers. Of course I would still get up to use the toilet, but Mommy only saw my diaper was dry and assumed I had better control.

Before I went to bed the night before our trip, I closed the last of my movers' cartons. I carefully labeled all those cartons. Megan had said she would pack baby supplies and diapers from Dydee Service when she came to pick us up. Bobby and I only needed to pack our travel clothing in our suitcases. Megan planned to diaper Bobby at the last second for the drive to the airport. She expected me to be responsible for my own diaper.

During that last night in my old bed in our Larchmont house, I did not sleep very well. The funny thing is I did not wake up to use the toilet. That morning my diaper was soaked. It leaked enough my sheets were damp. That is how it goes. Chances are that would not be the last time a maid or housekeeper needed to change my wet sheets.