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Sally, Part 21

Fireworks at Disneyland—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

At 5:30 P.M. on Saturday, October 9, 1965, my nanny Miss Megan Calvert woke me up from my nap. I had slept soundly enough I had wet my diaper and also mussed my hair. While I removed my wet diaper and plastic panties, Megan started my shower.

"Sally, make it snappy and let your hair get slightly wet!"

Doing as I was told, I was drying off three minutes later. Megan was carrying her blow drier and several styling brushes, plus a can of *Aqua Net* hair spray. My nicest dress, a slip and beige knee socks were on my bed, along with my high heel Mary Janes, freshly polished.

"Sally, I have faith you do not even need trainers tonight. I want you to wear your nice big girl panties. Just go to the toilet as often as you need to." She handed me those panties.

Next Megan helped me into my slip and dress. That dress was hemmed over an inch above my knees so it was just as well I was not wearing trainers. Megan also put on my socks and shoes, saying socks would be faster and less risky than tights. After that she used the blow drier and styling brushes together to make my hair as beautiful as it gets.

"Sally, you may go and wait in the living room. Stay neat because I need to get Bobby diapered and

dressed. I am not taking a chance about his wetting. Camille is dressing Gene. My hair is set, so all I need to do is put on my dress at the last second. Camille will help me. Oh, yes Precious, why not apply some of your darkest Slicker?"

Although I had so far only worn my peach Slicker, Megan had bought me "Dusty Rose" which was much more obvious. I applied it carefully, but frankly I preferred the look of Peach on me.

As instructed I waited on the sofa in the living room. Daddy walked out of his room wearing a black Tuxedo dinner jacket he had brought back from Italy. His shoes were shined so well I could see reflections in them. I blurted out, "You are the nicest and handsomest Daddy in the world."

Daddy kissed my forehead. "You look so mature Sally. That lip gloss becomes you, so I doubt your mother gave it to you. It will be our secret. I think it is time to get you some more mature pumps with Kitten heels. Sometimes you need more grown up shoes that Mary Janes." I gave him another hug.

Bobby came out of his room looking like Bobby. His diaper was not very obvious, but he did look as if he had been playing in his clothes.

Megan had gone to her room and shut her door. As I stopped hugging Daddy, Camille and Megan entered the living room from the hall door. They were wearing fancy strappy stilettos with dangerously high heels and violently pointed toes. They looked like movie stars; certainly they did not look like nannies!

"Mr. Draper, a driver phoned my room. Mr. Disney has sent his limo, which is waiting downstairs. We need to leave, NOW."

Daddy jumped to his feet. Camille was already pushing the stroller with the diaper bag and Gene, out the hall door. Megan took Bobby's left arm. I took Daddy's right arm.

Instead of taking us to the Main Gate, the chauffeur pressed a remote control and an unmarked gate opened for us. As we drove through that gate, he said over his radio "Code 33 ROD is entering the tunnel!" In a second we were going down a grade into a brightly lighted tunnel with all kinds of Disneyland crew, cast and equipment along the walls. We stopped beside wide elevators, one marked "NOS" and the other "Private 33 Only."

The driver unloaded Gene's stroller, then said on his radio, "Code 33 waiting." The doors of the "33 Only" elevator opened. The driver pushed the stroller into it. We followed the stroller, Camille carrying Gene. Megan was holding Bobby's hand. I was holding Daddy's hand.

As the sun was nearly set, the restaurant was even more beautiful than during the day. Certainly the twinkling lights of Disneyland created a billion dollar vista outside the picture windows. Using the elevator was convenient because of the stroller, but that tall stairway sure had been fun. A butler took and parked the stroller out of the way.

Two gentlemen named Disney introduced themselves to everyone except Daddy, who had met them before. The distinguished shorter and older gentleman was Roy O. Disney (ROD) Walt's older brother, business partner and COF. The attractive younger and taller gentleman was Roy's son Roy Emerson Disney (RED). Seated at a very large table was ROD's wife Edith. One empty chair separated her from her daughter-in-law, Patty, RED's wife.

Daddy was asked to sit between Edith and Patty. Father and son sat next to their wives. Megan sat on ROD's right. Camille sat to RED's left, with Gene's highchair to her left. Bobby sat to Megan's right and I sat to Gene's left. This way Camille and I could share the care and feeding of Gene.

All the adults were offered drinks. As I recall, ROD asked for ice tea, as did Megan. I was given lemonade. Bobby had Carnation chocolate milk. Gene had a Sippy cup of milk. Before the rest of us even ordered entrées, a selection of food for Gene was placed in easy reach of Camille.

From what I could hear of the adult conversation, The Walt Disney Company had just signed a long-term contract with Daddy's advertising agency for Disneyland and future projects. Because another agency handled Disney movies and TV, there was no conflict with the Screen Gems-Columbia Pictures deal. Daddy, Megan and Harry Crane had every reason to be proud of these contracts.

We had just finished our soup, when "Uncle" Walt Disney stopped by the table, accompanied by the chief Disneyland photographer.

Walt Disney welcomed Daddy to his team and was photographed shaking Daddy's hand. Uncle Walt

kissed the hands of Megan and Camille, without a photo. He was photographed when he kissed my forehead and shook my hand. He even called me Sally. He was photographed as he shook Bobby's hand in a manly way that thrilled Bobby. "Uncle Walt" introduced his wife Lillian. She appeared taller, thinner and younger than Edith.

As suddenly as he appeared, "Uncle Walt" disappeared, along with Lillian and the photographer.

There was some polite conversation while we ate. Bobby was still in awe. Camille whispered to me that in this situation, children should be seen and not heard. Nobody asked me any questions. I could not hear anything Daddy or the two Roys were saying, despite my very best efforts to be a little pitcher with big ears.

A few minutes after "Uncle Walt" disappeared I felt the need to pee. I whispered a request to be excused to Camille, who nodded "Okay." Having had lunch there on Wednesday, I did not need to ask the location of the ladies room.

Free of trainers or diapers, it did not take me long to empty my bladder. I washed my hands and re-applied the Dusty Rose Slicker. Only Megan and Camille appeared to notice I had left the table.

Between our entrées and dessert, Megan took Bobby and Camille took Gene and the diaper bag to the family restroom.

Leaning forward, I could hear ROD asking Daddy what he thought of a proposal to put fold-a-way changing tables in men's rooms. Daddy said he did not think a lot of fathers changed diapers.

Patty Disney said she felt those attitudes were changing. "Sharron (Walt's younger daughter Sharron Disney Brown Lumm) is really pushing for those changing tables. She is the sensible one, so it might be worth considering."

Daddy said that although they were not really sold widely, his agency handled the "Pampers" disposable diaper brands for Procter & Gamble. "P&G has sunk a fortune into Pampers based on an idea from a grandfather. Maybe we can work out a promotion so P&G pays for installing the changing tables. Consider the idea under serious consideration, Mrs. Disney."

Megan, Camille and the kids just got back to the table when dessert was served. Minutes later the lights dimmed. Over the sound system we could hear the narration leading up to the fireworks. The two Mrs. Disney immediately got up and headed for the ladies room. ROD said, "Edith and Patty do this every time. They say they have seen fireworks before." My attitude is there cannot be too many fireworks.

After the fireworks I again asked to be excused. Again Camille gave me permission. The two Mrs. Disney were still in the ladies room. Since using the toilet was not an emergency, I started by re-applying more Slicker, as the older women were fixing their lipstick. They smiled at me. Patty said, "Sally, you are so adorable. I sure wish when I was your age I had been allowed to use cosmetics. Are you really only nine?"

"No, Ma'am. I turned 11 in early May. People say I am smaller than average. Little Gene is twenty-eight months but at home strangers think he is maybe 15 months."

They laughed. They waited until I had peed and washed my hands. We all walked back to the table together.

Since we left the suite for the restaurant I had stopped thinking about the hairbrush and how sore my bottom would be.

Back at the table, a nice looking woman was sitting in Edith's chair next to ROD and Daddy. She looked familiar, but I could not remember why.

That lady stopped me, so she could introduce herself to me, as if I were an adult. "You must be Sally Draper! I am Bonita Grandville. How do you like my hotel?" She stood up so Edith Disney could sit down.

I assured Miss Grandville her hotel was my favorite and that her staff was treating like we were royalty. "If I could arrange it I would live at the Disneyland Hotel forever!"

"Sally, to me you are royalty. I agree with you and I do live at our hotel.

"My husband is a big fan of your father. We expect to be working together for many years. Thank you, Sally, I will be sure my staff know how much you like them."

Miss Grandville left. Edith Disney said it was getting past her bedtime. All the Disneys left the table after saying goodnight. Patty came to my chair and kissed my cheek. I liked that.

At the bottom of the elevator in the tunnel, that same limo was waiting for us. This time it was turned to drive out. Gene was sound asleep in Camille's arms. Bobby was very tired. We found seats in the limo and were quickly driven back to the Disneyland Hotel.

Since Camille was carrying Gene, I pushed the stroller. Out of the limo, Bobby was so sleepy he could not walk safely. Daddy carried him as if Bobby was a doll. As we rode the elevator up to our floor, I remembered what was waiting for my bottom. It took all my force of will to keep from wetting my panties. I was that nervous.

Inside our suite, Megan told me to go to my room, quietly adding "In Disgrace, Young Lady!" By then Daddy was in Bobby's room so Megan need not have whispered. I got the idea. She was still going to spank me. Going out of her way to stop in my room on her way to diaper Bobby for bed, Megan told me to strip completely, put on my pajama top and brush my teeth. "Young Lady, I want a stack of diapers waiting on your bed."

I followed her instruction carefully. I sat on the side of my bed, near the stacked diapers, dreading my spanking.

As Megan entered my room, she placed her large "nanny purse" near my bed. She had taken off her party dress and high heels. She was wearing slippers and a loose housedress with deep front pockets. I could see the outline of her hairbrush in her right pocket. Now her hair was in a spinster-style bun.

Dressed this way, Megan looked a whole lot less fun! She was actually being as stern with me as Mommy would be when spanking me. The difference was I had no hint Megan wanted to spank me. I always was sure spanking me delighted Mommy.

"Young Lady, we have already discussed that you were rude, inconsiderate and extremely naughty this morning. For the first part of your spanking, put yourself in position over my lap. You have been there before. I hope this is the last time I must spank you. I am spanking you only because someday the lesson you learn will save your life."

Megan seated herself comfortably on the side of my bed with the head end to her left. Of course I was positioned with my upper body to her left—the better for her to reach both sides of my bottom with her right palm.

Megan scolded me seriously as she started spanking me with her hand. Those were not overly hard smacks, but Megan increased the force and pace until I was whimpering from the sting.

Only then did Megan pull her hairbrush from her pocket. Just as the final few spanks from her hand were full-force, Megan started spanking with the hairbrush very hard. She continued scolding me, but by then I was sobbing so hard I could not follow what she was saying.

I never expected such a fun adult as Megan to spank me so hard. This was more than I expected. Eventually my bottom started to go numb. I could still feel the thudding impact all over my body but the sting on the lower part of my buttocks and upper thighs did not increase. As I started to go limp, Megan eased me off my lap.

“Young Lady, I am proud how well you are taking your spanking, which you know full-well you deserve. Go stand in that corner, without turning, rubbing or even moving. Scoot!” I had my nose in that corner so far I hoped she could not see me.

In the corner I continued sobbing as if I was going to die.

When Megan led me back to the bed, I could not see details through my tears. The stack of snowy white diapers was now at the foot of my bed. Megan ordered me to bend over that stack of diapers with my legs spread enough I could maintain my balance.

Megan left me bent over. I could hear water running in my bathroom, which made me want to pee.

When Megan returned, she washed my buttocks, upper thighs and calves with a warm washrag. Without drying me, she liberally applied baby oil. She did not rub that in, so it felt wet on my skin from the top of my buttocks to my ankles.

Once she was finished washing me, there was a pause. She had moved, so she might have put the washrag and baby oil away. My bottom still throbbed. The numbness had worn off, so my lower buttocks and upper thighs also stung very badly.

"Young Lady, recently you asked a million questions about the martinet my mother used on me. At the time I told you she would never send that martinet to me.

"Friday night, after we went to Whiskey A Go Go, Camille drove us to a special store on Santa Monica Boulevard. They sell implements to correct silly naughty girls. I bought a martinet there. It is shorter than my mother's. The thongs are thinner and made of soft, supple Patent leather.

"Brace yourself, Young Lady! This will sting a lot."

Suddenly I could feel the tips of the thongs landing on my buttocks near the crest, and then the sting continued downward to my upper thighs. Megan moved the sting from one buttocks cheek to the other. It was not like the hand or hairbrush. Those thongs were constantly moving in the same direction so each side was feeling the martinet continuously. I started sobbing again.

There was a pause as Megan felt the heat on my upper thighs. When Megan resumed spanking me with the martinet, the strokes started a few inches above my knees and continued to just above my ankles.

Megan concentrated on my calves for a minute or so. By then I could feel sting in my lower buttocks. That was when and where Megan re-directed those thongs. I was sobbing so much I went limp and tumbled onto my bed, crying my eyes out. I could not believe Megan could or would spank me so hard, for such a long time and in such a horrible way.

"Young Lady, get back in your corner right now. Put your hands on your neck behind your head. Keep your hand there until I give you permission to move them."

Seconds later the martinet (which I never saw) and the wash rag were put away. My bed had been turned down. On it was my usual bedtime diapers, folded neatly and perfectly to fit me. I focused on those diapers.

Megan led me to my bed and made me climb onto the diapers. I felt the pain when I lowered myself into contact with my diapers. I sobbed some more. Megan ignored my tears and went about expertly pinning my diapers snugly. She picked up my sore

ankles, pulled my plastic panties toward my punished rump and lifted my bottom enough with one hand she could pull my panties the rest of the way into position. I was so sore all I wanted to do was turn onto my belly.

Megan stood me up and supported me until I was in her embrace. "Now, Sally, you can honestly tell your mother not only that I spanked you, I was mean doing so.

"I hope you never again force me to spank you. Of course the intensity of your spanking will be a function of how seriously you misbehaved. Trust me—I **can** make the martinet spank you a lot harder. You do not want that. At least I did not want any harder lashing with my mother's martinet.

"Now, give me an affectionate hug. I have forgiven you, because you accepted your punishment. I am sure you resent and dislike me right now. That makes me sad, but I have a duty to your mother and father. You may sleep in any position you want. If you decide to use your toilet, feel free to release and re-set your diaper. I will check to be sure your diaper is not overly wet before dawn."

Megan left. I put myself to bed, on my tummy. My door to the suite was shut tight. I have no clue what was happening out there. I cried myself to sleep, without my pacifier for comfort.

Sunday morning, October 10, Megan woke me up. I had only used the toilet once following my spanking and lashing. My diaper was damp, far from soaked.

"Sally, did you sleep okay? As much as I hated it when my mother used the martinet on me, I always slept exceptionally well."

I apologized profusely for making her punish me. I promised to be a good girl and I told her I loved her as much as ever.

"Precious Sally, while I was spanking you I am sure you did not love me. If that is true, then it would not be a lie to tell your mother you consider me to be mean and super strict."

We had talked about this as the best way to get Mommy to request Megan as our nanny in the future.

"Sleepy Head, you need to get up, remove your diaper and take a warm shower. That will soothe

your sore bottom. You may use as much of the baby lotion or oil as you want. Today we are going to Knott's Berry Farm after I return from mass. If you hurry you may say goodbye to Miss Ducotel who must drive home as soon as she drops me off from mass."

It only took a few minutes for me to take my shower without soaking my hair. I put on my bathrobe without a diaper so I could say goodbye to Camille.

In the living room Megan and Camille were dressed like proper Catholic women going to mass. They had pinned on small hats. They were wearing high heel stiletto pumps without any straps, much like they would in an office. I hugged and kissed Camille, thanking her for being so kind to me. I assured her I would love to spend more time with her in the future. Camille gave Bobby and Gene hugs and kisses. She seemed reluctant to follow Megan to the elevator.

There was room service juice, milk and cereal left. Despite the marvelous meal at Code 33 Saturday evening, I was extra hungry Sunday morning. My sore bottom did not reduce my desire to eat.

I stood up to eat a bowl of cereal with milk and drink a glass of pineapple juice. Remembering I was not even wearing panties, I slowly walked to my room. I diapered myself while standing up. Under the circumstances I wanted to put as little pressure on my bottom and the back of my lower legs as possible.

Applying some peach Slicker made me feel better. My hair was not a complete mess. I fully intended to use my contrite expression all day, so I put a band on to hold my hair in place. Normally I avoid head bands because they make me look much younger. I need diapers, but I do not need a head band!

When Megan came back from mass, I told her I had fed Gene, given him some milk and bathed him before I changed his diaper. Very coldly Megan thanked me without any smile or eye contact.

Daddy noticed the chill between Megan and me. "What on Earth is going on? Yesterday you were getting along so well, I was proud of both of you."

Megan could not meet Daddy's eyes. "Oh Mr. Draper, I believe you do not want any details. Sally was in disgrace. I corrected her. She has promised to be a good girl. Life will go on."

Often Daddy would have argued and gotten mad when Mommy talked to him that way. From Megan he seemed to accept what she said. He did not mention this again during our trip.

The drive to Knott's Berry Farm was ordinary and fast. We were going north and the traffic was going south, to Disneyland. At Knott's the crowds were smaller. We did not have VIP badges. Daddy paid cash for parking and admissions. A new adventure had started.