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## Sally, Part 32

### Co-Op On Grove Street—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Saturday, November 20, had been very exciting. Megan showed me her new office at Daddy's advertising agency. We went shopping on Fifth Avenue. At Tiffany & Company I saw wedding bands similar to the ones Daddy and Megan would exchange.

Rachel Menken showed us her store. She gave me my first actual lipstick, Peach by Lancôme. Megan bought two beautiful gowns and pairs of shoes at Bonwit Teller.

At Best & Company we had lunch, complete with strawberry malts without any spanking! That was where we found my peach bridesmaid dress. They specialized in petite and smaller fashion. I was not large enough for normal Junior Miss. They also exclusively sold Yves Saint Laurent shoes small enough to fit me.

Now Daddy and Megan were taking Bobby and me to see the cooperative (Co-Op) apartment they had just bought on Grove Street at Bedford Street.

As we left Daddy's Waverly Place apartment to look for a cab, I knew I was the luckiest girl alive. To learn to walk in them, I was wearing YSL pumps with three inch stiletto heels. Those were an inch higher than my Christian Dior Kitten heel pumps. I was also wearing my new Peach Lancôme lipstick.

That was the big girl stuff. Under my dress I was wearing pinned gauze diapers and plastic panties.

Megan hailed us a cab at Waverly and Sixth Avenue. That driver safely delivered us to Grove Street. Bobby sat on the passenger side jump seat and Daddy sat across from him on the back seat. I sat behind the driver with Megan opposite me.

When I had the chance I whispered to Megan that I really hoped for a spanking to make up for Mommy not personally spanking me. She whispered back she would see what could be done about that.

The Grove Street apartment was huge. It was on the twelfth floor, which was okay because the building was new with two fast automatic elevators.

The master bedroom suite had a separate bathroom with dual basins, a major walk-in closet and a dressing room. Nearby were three other bedrooms. Closest to the master bedroom was the nursery. Bobby's room was next to the nursery. My room was on the other side of Bobby. If there was a downside it was that Bobby and I shared a bathroom. A wall separated the bedrooms from the rest of the apartment.

The rest of the apartment was a free-flowing "great" room, with a separate guest lavatory. The kitchen area had a six-burner stove with a chef-size oven below. Beside the double kitchen sink was a dishwasher. The refrigerator could have served a small restaurant. There were many cabinets so the pantry would not be bare.

Best of all were the south-facing picture windows. We were several stories above the near-by buildings. We could see over the roofs of buildings on Bedford Street the area east of Seventh Avenue on Bleecker Street with the carts selling produce. There was a nice A&P supermarket at Grove and Bleecker. The drug store with the great lunch counter where Megan bought me my Slicker was close. Although we could not see it because we had no east-facing windows, Carmela's Bambinos children and baby store was an easy walk. Just west of the co-op building was PS 3, a multi-story public elementary and middle-school.

Beyond that, across Hudson Street where Grove dead-ends, is St. Luke's Episcopal Church and its beautiful private school. In 1823 the rector of St. Luke's was Rev. Clement Clarke Moore probably the author of "*The Night Before Christmas*"

although historians debate that point. In West Greenwich Village people still support Rev. Moore, as do Donder, Blitzen and six other magic reindeer.

Since moving to Manhattan, Megan had only lived in a dorm and later furnished apartments with roommates. After getting engaged to Daddy, she moved out of her West Forty-Seventh Street apartment.

Daddy's Waverly Place apartment was also furnished. Between Megan and Daddy, the only furniture they owned was our bunk bed, our cubby unit and my tiny vanity. Since Gene's crib, playpen and highchair all folded, I do not consider that furniture.

Normally it takes weeks to get decent furniture. Fortunately Daddy's advertising agency handled Thomasville Furniture Manufacturing and leading mattress company Simmons. They had selected items recently used as samples of furniture which were better than new. The mattresses were actually new.

The furniture for the nursery they bought from Carmela's Bambinos store on Seventh Avenue and Tenth Street. I was not so sure why they needed all that considering that Gene was nearly day toilet trained. He was using trainers better than did Bobby. Of course considering that Bobby and I still wore pinned diapers to bed, perhaps Gene would be using his changing table a long time.

Temporarily our bunk beds would be moved from Waverly Place and separated so we would each have a bed in our individual rooms. Those mattresses were fairly new. Later, when we had time to decide, our bedroom furniture would be replaced.

Bottom line is all of us were thrilled with the Grove Street co-op! Before we left, to my surprise it was Daddy who helped Bobby release and re-pin his diaper. Megan used the master bathroom. I used the guest lavatory. This was going to be a super swell place to live.

Megan's big restaurant surprise was that we had reservations at *The Blue Mill* on Commerce Street. That was two short blocks south on Bedford. The restaurant was a couple of doors west of The Cherry Lane Theatre.

To get reservations, we had to wait until 8 P.M. when the curtain went up at the theatre and we had to be finished by 10:30 P.M. so the restaurant would be ready for the after theater customers. No problem for Bobby and me, because our bedtime was before 10:30 P.M.

Daddy had not commented on my wearing lipstick instead of Slicker and stiletto high heels instead of Kittens. He is normally observant, so I was not sure if he deliberately did not want to know.

Much to my surprise and delight despite blocks of walking my YSL stilettos had not hurt my feet and I had not lost my balance. I had no more trouble dealing with uneven sidewalks in my YSL than I would have in sneakers.

There was a valid reason reservations at *The Blue Mill* were hard to obtain. It was not a large restaurant and the menu was on a chalk board because it changed daily. The service and food were marvelous.

While we were waiting to order the teenage son of the couple next to us asked for some ice cream as his dessert. The elderly waiter responded, "If you want ice cream go to the drug store on the corner!" To be sure, there would never be any strawberry malts spilled at *The Blue Mill*.

We finished dinner, with their signature dessert, classic French *Baba au Rhum*. So, Saturday started with my *French Toast au Rum Jumbie* and ended with *Rum baba*. Just think my breakfast specialty happened because I mistook the Rum Jumbie bottle for Mrs. Butterworth's maple syrup.

It was still only 9:30 P.M., ninety minutes before the play ended, so there were no cabs waiting there. For November it was a warm, clear and dry evening. We started walking toward Waverly Place. Bobby had more than his usual energy.

I wanted as much practice walking in my YSL stilettos as I could get in Manhattan because I was sure Mommy would never let me wear any high heels except Mary Janes in Rye. My feet and ankles felt just fine. Megan whispered compliments on how well I was walking.

Soon we were so close to Waverly Place we stopped looking for a cab. The second we walked through the apartment door, Bobby dropped from exhaustion. There was no way to give him a bath.

Daddy was doing all kinds of tasks he never did for Mommy. Without even being asked, he undressed Bobby. Then he pulled on Bobby pajama top.

While Daddy was distracted I came right out and asked Megan for a spanking. Once again she told me to wait. I was to: take my bath; wipe off my remaining lipstick; put on ordinary cotton panties and my pajama top. I was to wait in the master bedroom, holding my hairbrush, until I got my spanking.

From the living room Daddy and Megan were saying something. I dared not stick my ear against the door.

Suddenly Daddy walked in. He told me I needed a spanking. Expecting Megan, I was startled and did not answer.

"Sally, remember when we discussed spanking. I told you I do not believe in does any good with youngsters. Your mother and Megan do believe in spanking. I told you I would spank you to save your life. Tonight I am going to spank you so you will never think of your mother or Megan as the strict disciplinarian."

Daddy did not lower my panties, nor did he use my hairbrush. His hands were large even for a man and he was in excellent physical condition. Perhaps I was the first person he ever spanked, so he did not know how to get the most effect from each spank. That did not matter because Daddy spanked me fast and very hard. He scolded, but my blubbering drowned out his words.

He did not spank me very long. Certainly it was less than two minutes. Without giving me a hug or a kiss, Daddy told me to get dressed for bed.

That night Daddy never came back to wish me a good night. Megan did come to comfort me. She said that from now on any particular spanking could be administered by Daddy. In the future he might well spank me bare bottom. After being stern, Megan smoothed my hair and kissed me. She told me to go back to the bathroom; pin on the diapers she left there; pull on my plastic panties; and climb onto my top bunk.

Eventually Megan came back to give me my pacifier.

Sunday, November 21, I was not the first one up. Megan had already started coffee and making

breakfast. I had a bowl of cereal and milk, with a glass of orange juice.

After all of us had our breakfast, Daddy suggested we stroll around Washington Square, so we could get exercise and see the works of artists who were selling pictures everywhere. He mentioned although we might spend one more night with him on Waverly Place, this was the last time we could simply cross the street to be in that park.

Of course I put on my white YSL stilettos to practice walking as much as possible, and my Peach Lancôme lipstick because I now loved it even more than my Peach Slicker.

While we walked, Megan took my hand to slow me. That way Bobby and Daddy were a half block ahead of us. She told me that after spanking me, Daddy was more upset than she had ever seen him. I promised to never, ever force Daddy to feel he had to spank me again. Megan kissed me, smacked my diaper playfully and told me I was a good girl.

About 10:30 A.M. we walked back to Daddy's apartment. Megan called their office answering service. Unfortunately there was a client creative emergency. Daddy had to get there as soon as possible. He kissed all of us and left the apartment.

Bobby and I were not expected back in Rye until after 3 P.M. It looked like it would rain any minute. To give us an indoor activity, I suggested we run a load of laundry. The bowl of coins kept with the detergent boxes was low. Going through Megan's and my purses we came up with enough money. This was a chance to teach Bobby a useful skill. He could have a future as assistant manager of a coin Laundromat.

Watching a top-load washing machine in action is not as much fun as watching grass grow. From the building lobby we could see a tropical rain storm. Bobby went back to the washing machine and sat on it. He obviously enjoyed that.

All weekends have to come to an end. We folded the dry laundry and put it away. Bobby and I changed back into regulation school uniform undies. Just in case we had no clean uniforms for Monday morning, we dug out old outfits that would not be harmed by getting wet.

Having brought so little with us Friday afternoon, we had only our uniform in dry cleaner bags we found in Daddy's closet and our school backpacks. Concerned that even she could not hail a cab in all that rain, Megan phoned for a towne car.

Probably she was considering sending us home with that chauffeur. The dispatcher apologized that due to extra heavy demand, they could not tie up a car long enough for a round-trip to Rye. So Megan asked me to phone the house in Rye to see if anyone was there. Mrs. Danvers, the housekeeper, answered. She assured me within an hour the entire staff would be back from their half-day off.

Megan phoned Daddy about the situation. They decided we should take the towne car to the Time-Life Building. From there Megan would drive us to Rye. She reassured us she had learned to drive in the rain.

At least that gave me another chance to practice walking in my YSL stilettos. Miss Olson and Mrs. Harris were astounded I had learned to walk in them already. I explained the amount of practicing I had done in them during the past twenty-four hours. I nearly cried when I reluctantly left my YSL shoes on Megan's desk and put on my flat Mary Jane uniform shoes.

Megan is an excellent driver. She could always find work as a chauffeur. The heavy rain ended as we crossed the bridge to the Bronx. It was clear and dry to Rye. We stopped at the friendly coffee shop in Larchmont for lunch (without any shakes or malts!) on the way home.

Nanny Walsh was there to greet us. She was smiling and wanted us to see Gene. In the family room, Gene ran toward us. He told us that he no longer was scared of the toilet monster. Soon Gene would be going to a university. They grow up so fast.

Megan was delighted. Mrs. Danvers brought all of us, including Nanny Walsh, steaming hot chocolate with marshmallows and whipped cream. Even Gene sipped his from a regular cup, without a Sippy lid. Nanny Walsh thanked Megan for inviting her to the wedding. Megan assured her Daddy also considered her a part of the family and everyone was so appreciative of how she was helping Gene.

Then Megan wrapped her raincoat around her shoulders as if it were a cape, stepped out onto the front porch and opened her umbrella. Had she

been wearing a straw hat, she could have been Mary Poppins!

The next time I saw Megan was while we were dressing for the wedding rehearsal on the evening of Friday, November 26. Then Megan never looked lovelier.