

Meredith

“But Mommy, I’m Too Old!”

Fiction by Angela Bauer

As told to her

Slender Meredith ‘Meri’ Gage had finished Ninth Grade at Marshall Junior High School the previous day. She would not turn fourteen until 9 July 1958. Yes, she was the youngest in her class.

Although Meri was 5’7” tall, she looked much younger than her age. Her hips and derrière were boyish. Meri had only reached puberty in April. Her bust had not developed.

Yet, Meri had been chosen as one of the Flag Girls, a cheering squad consisting of the very best looking young women in the Senior Class. There was no question that Meri was a superb dancer. She had been taking dance lessons since she was a toddler.

At Marshall Junior High School it was Miss Helen Knight who was the female coach teaching modern dance. She was well-qualified to do so having been a star with an internationally famous dance company. Thus Helen impressed the parents of her students by inviting her famous friends to demonstrate dancing at the school.

Of course Helen coached the Flag Girls and made the selection. Long ago at the start of her career, while in college, Helen was the roommate of Vivian Knapp, who also was a talented dancer.

While Helen continued dancing professionally, Vivian fell in love with a school teacher named Nathan Gage. Thus Vivian also started teaching dance at John Muir High School in Pasadena, California. When she became pregnant with Meri, Vivian resigned from school teaching.

When Meri was a year-old Vivian joined the staff of a dance studio. The schedule was flexible and Meri was welcomed to accompany her mother.

Often little Meri would dance along with a class of adults. She would be wearing her Onesies to hold her diaper snug instead of a leotard.

Several years later, a knee injury ended Helen's performing career. That was when she moved to Pasadena to become a physical education teacher at Marshall Junior High. She resumed her friendship with Vivian Knapp Gage.

Helen had been impressed when she first saw eight year-old Meri dancing. When Meri started junior high in Seventh Grade she was not taught by Helen. The same was true in Eighth Grade. However outside of school Helen saw Meri dancing at recitals. For Ninth Grade Helen made sure Meri was included in her Modern Dance class, where she was the most talented and dedicated student.

Vivian and her husband Nathan did not always entirely agree about parenting Meri. He felt that it was unnecessary to be overly strict, especially since Meri was a cooperative child.

Perhaps Vivian projected her own childhood fears upon Meri; that without constant supervision the child would be ravaged by someone. Because Meri was a bright student, she was a year ahead of schedule in school. Vivian felt to keep their daughter safe she needed to wear clothing more childish than her classmates. Surprisingly Meri did not object.

The summer Meri turned eleven she behaved exceptionally well. Nathan felt it was no longer necessary for Meri to be spanked. Vivian simply stopped spanking the child. That fall Meri and her classmates would be starting Seventh Grade at Marshall Junior High. Vivian would not allow Meri to wear lipstick or any cosmetics, unlike all of her friends. Again Meri did not protest, plead or pout.

Helen had been thinking about the talent Meri would bring to her Flag Girls. There were a couple of problems: Meri lacked confidence; Vivian was afraid that once older boys saw her daughter in action and uniform as a Flag Girl their interest would be prurient.

So Helen took an indirect approach; she began by explaining to Nathan Gage that Meri would inspire the other girls while gaining self-confidence. The closest Vivian ever came to explaining why she suddenly encouraged Meri to accept selection to Flag Girls was to rub her *derrière* while blushing.

As part of the selection process Helen and several of the outgoing Flag Girls taught the interested Ninth Grade girls one routine. The candidates then had a week to practice the routine. One of Meri's skills was learning and remembering dance routines. Her selection was so obvious there were no accusations of favoritism.

Flag Girl training was scheduled every Saturday and Wednesday of June and July during summer vacation. Those sessions were held in the school

gym, away from prying eyes. Promptly at 7:45 A.M. Nathan dropped off Meri. At 1 P.M. Vivian was waiting to drive the girl home.

Seeing her mother's station wagon waiting, Meri ran over, tossed her gym bag behind the front seat and sat beside Vivian. "So Meri, how did the first rehearsal go?" Vivian asked.

"The dancing was fun, Mom. Some of those girls need a lot of practice," Meri answered. "Popular girls who I expected to do well just cannot remember the steps and combinations."

"Don't worry, Meri. Those silly girls will just need to practice harder and longer," Vivian commented.

"Mom, after we changed into our gym clothes, Miss Knight had us line up. We all had to bend over with our hands on our knees. Then each of us got a swat from her paddle," Meri reported.

"So, Meri, how did that make you feel?" Vivian asked without diverting attention from her driving.

"Honestly, Mom, my swat was not very hard. It was about like when you used to spank me," Meri admitted. "After those swats Miss Knight warned us that Flag Girls needed strict discipline.

"Before each rest break she called a girl to the front and really paddled her until each was crying. You know Chris, Sarah and Marcia? They don't pretend to be the best dancers. Chris was next to me when we undressed to shower. Her derrière was bruised."

"Meri, I am sure Helen Knight knows what she is doing. Back in the day when I coached the Muir High School Drill Team I had to paddle a girl or two at each practice. That's tough love!" Vivian said without emotion.

“Mom, as I was leaving the locker room, Miss Knight pulled me aside. She told me I needed an attitude adjustment and more discipline. I am required to tell you to resume spanking me, like a child!” Meri whined.

“Well, then Young Lady, we must hurry home to take care of your discipline,” Vivian replied without raising her voice. Hearing Meri gasp, at the next light Vivian glanced at her blushing daughter.

“But Mommy, I’m too old for that. I’m not a baby anymore!” Meri answered in her most annoying whiney tone.

“Let’s hope a simple spanking over my lap is enough to teach you a good lesson, Young Lady!” Vivian promised.

“Mommy, I still am too old to be punished like a baby. Please try something else,” Meri pleaded, unfortunately using her annoying whine.

“Young Lady, remember I still have the paddle I used while teaching. Probably it swats the same as Helen Knight’s paddle. Is getting paddled really the alternative you want?” Vivian asked, turning to obscure her grin. Helen had kept her part of the deal which allowed Meri to be a Flag Girl.

“Oh, Mommy, how about an alternative like making me do extra chores?” Meri pleaded with less whining.

“You already do lots of chores and I do not want doing chores to be considered punishment. Besides, Helen Knight wants you to be spanked. That is what must happen,” Vivian said firmly. “My suggestion is that I put you over my lap and spank you with my hand, which used to improve your behavior.

“Of course the only acceptable alternative is that I paddle you like Christine Dinwiddie, Sarah Bolar and Marcia Baer received during practice.”

Surprised, disappointed and utterly defeated, Meri shrank from her mother and barely whispered, “Please Mommy, go ahead and spank me if that is what you want.”

“You mumbled, Young Lady,” Vivian stated. “Please tell me clearly what you are trying to say.”

Fighting back tears, Meri formed her words carefully, even sliding closer to Vivian: “Please Mommy, take me home and spank me.”

“Okay, Meri, since you asked me so politely as soon as we get home go to your room and prepare yourself for a spanking!” Vivian ordered.

“Mommy, what do you mean?” Meri asked.

“Young Lady, I do not intend to spank you while your derrière is covered by your shorts and trainers!” Vivian stated clearly. “Your spanking will be bare bottom. Get used to it.”

Meri started to tremble. Suddenly she was weeping like a child.

“Young Lady, you might want to save the waterworks!”

For the remaining few minutes of the drive Meri huddled on the front seat as far from her mother as possible, weeping quietly.

Arriving at the Gage’s home, Vivian reminded Meri to bring her gym bag with her. The weeping girl was led by her hand to her bedroom.

Vivian rummaged through the bottom drawer of the bureau until she found a particular short pink tee-shirt which had not been used recently: “This should still fit you, Young Lady. You have not grown all that much. If it is too tight we will just have to buy you a larger replacement.

“I’ll put your gym clothes in the washing machine. You must undress completely, including your trainers. Use the toilet like a responsible girl. Put on your pink shirt. Wait for your spanking like a naughty little girl until I am ready to deal with you.”

Before Vivian left the bedroom, Meri began to undress. Naked she seemed even younger than when she was dressed. It would not be difficult to believe she was a tall eight year-old.

Although in a few weeks Meri would turn fourteen and was going to start Tenth Grade, her bedroom was still decorated as if she was far younger. For example her bedroom lacked both a desk and a vanity.

When Meri was four she gained enough bladder control that she could wear training pants during the day, except on long car trips. Unfortunately when sleeping, even during a short nap, she still wet herself. To manage she needed pinned Curity gauze diapers and Gerber vinyl panties.

Until Meri finally reached puberty a few months previously one of her parents, or a babysitter, diapered her. Meri was proud that she learned how to change her own diapers without jabbing herself with the pins. However, a sturdy over-sized changing table still occupied the space normally reserved for a teenager’s vanity.

Her Curity gauze diapers were neatly stacked on two shelves below the changing table. The bottom shelf held a stack of absorbent underpads

which were waterproof on one side, as well as a larger than average traveling diaper bag.

The top drawer held diaper pins, plus baby lotion and powder, as well as tubes of Desitin. The second shallower drawer held Meri's supply of Gerber vinyl panties. She was just too big for Toddler Large so those had to be mail-ordered from the Gerber Adult Division factory in Three Oaks, Michigan. Her training pants were purchased by mail order and were kept in the underwear drawer of her bureau, along with her training bras and camisoles. She owned absolutely no "big girl" panties.

Washing, drying and folding her diapers, underpads and other clothing was Meri's primary chore. Doing most of the family ironing was her secondary chore.

To be fair never in her life had Meri been punished or even scolded about her wetting. She thought about that as she nervously waited for her spanking. Before only when she had been especially naughty had she been spanked bare-bottom. Meri fretted that from now on she must expect her derrière would not be covered when punished.

Meri used her toilet before completely undressing and then pulling her embarrassing pink tee-shirt over her head. It was too tight and a bit of a struggle. As a youngster she was always required to wear a pink punishment shirt before and after a spanking. At least her Mommy had not brought out the pink punishment skirt. With luck that had been given away long ago.

During the years when she was not spanked Meri did not forget the emotions or the ritual. Back then usually she retained her trainers. She was expected to wait standing in a corner, but while waiting she was allowed to use the toilet as often as she needed.

Now that she was again subject to spanking Meri waited in her corner. Ten minutes of fretting caused her to use the toilet again.

Downstairs the second Vivian left Meri she phoned Helen: “Thanks for setting up Meri! She is in her room waiting for her spanking. Is it convenient for you to come over now to supervise?”

Helen replied, “I’ll be there in less than ten minutes.”

It did not take Helen the full ten minutes. Vivian walked out to greet her friend with a hug and a kiss: “I told her to wait up in her room in just a pink tee-shirt.”

“What I regret while teaching is there never being the luxury of enough time for the anticipation to build. When I was a girl that was more effective than the pain,” Helen said.

“Maybe I have been a silly, overly-strict mother. I want to keep Meri safe. She has always learned more from waiting than the actual spanking,” Vivian admitted. “Today she claimed to be too old for spanking, but when I told her the alternative was a paddling, she asked to be spanked. That was when I decided to spank her bare derrière.”

As Vivian opened Meri’s bedroom door she called out: “Meri, we have a special guest. Miss Knight is very interested in an improvement of your deportment.”

“Good afternoon, Miss Knight,” Meri quavered, her face into her corner, her back and vulnerable delicate bare derrière facing the door. “I’m so sorry I was such a naughty girl today.”

“I hope you learn a valuable lesson,” Helen answered.

“Clearly, Meri, it has been far too long since your last spanking. Your shirt needs to be replaced. Besides I could not find your skirt. After your spanking there will just be time today to buy you a new skirt and shirt,” Vivian promised.

Helen stood against the wall beside the door.

Before Vivian approached Meri she reached under the changing table to find one of the underpads. Holding that, she led Meri over to the side of the bed.

Without letting go of her daughter Vivian sat on the bed and spread the underpad to protect the lap of her dress. The girl assumed the position of correction with her head to Vivian’s left side.

As spanking go this was not very hard. Still eventually Meri did cry. Vivian increased the force for several additional spans. Meri was allowed to cry it all out before she was helped to stand.

When she did so, it was clear she had wet the underpad. Vivian smiled and gently said, “Meri, please clean yourself and dress nicely to go out. You will need a diaper. When you are ready please join us downstairs for a quick lunch.”

In the kitchen Vivian asked Helen what she wanted for lunch. Hamburgers were selected. Vivian started the indoor grill. While Helen sliced a couple of tomatoes and washed a head of lettuce, Vivian formed three generous ground-beef patties.

While they worked Helen asked: “Does Meri still really need a changing table in her bedroom?”

Vivian thought before answering: “She has been diapering herself for several months. When she had to be changed it was easier on us to have her on the table. You have a point. Even when she was sick she still changed herself. A bench would take up less space.”

“So Meri still wets her bed?” Helen asked.

“She hasn’t had a dry night in over a year. We tried having her just wear her trainers inside plastic panties so she could use the toilet. However, she did not wake up before she wet during the night. She wets enough the trainers cannot hold it all, so the plastic panties leak. Since she reached puberty she actually wets more during the night. Her doctors doubt she will ever gain bladder control. At least she accepts the situation realistically,” Vivian answered while blushing.

“What about during the day?” Helen asked.

“Most of the time Meri manages to use a toilet in time. So far those training pants have soaked-up minor dribbles. She usually carries a pair of plastic panties and a spare trainer in her purse,” Vivian responded.

At that point Meri appeared. She was smiling sweetly. Her face had been washed. Her full skirt was inches longer than fashionable for a teenager and she wore no crinoline petticoats. She was still wearing the tight pink tee-shirt, apparently without embarrassment.

Meri kissed her mother and again apologized for having been naughty. She also apologized to Miss Knight.

Helen did not notice anything odd about Meri’s outfit. She walked over to her mother, who lifted the skirt to ensure a pinned Curity diaper was being

worn inside translucent vinyl Gerber panties. Vivian smiled, patted the seat of the diaper: “Good for you, Meri!”

While they ate there was little conversation. After lunch Meri cleared the table and washed the dishes without being told.

Meanwhile in the den Helen wanted to talk to Vivian: “Are there ways you can go easier on Meri? Look, it is not easy about her bladder problems, but the fact is she is a very nice, talented and bright young woman despite her diapers. Treating and dressing her like a child is not in her best interest. You know that, Vivian.

“I have already talked to most of the Flag Girl Moms. They know I will paddle each of the Girls at least once. They know Flag Girls must set good examples as student leaders. Nearly all will be getting corporal punishment at home, so Meri is not exceptional in that way.”

“Actually, Helen, I never considered if any of her friends still gets spanked at home. Nate asked me to stop spanking Meri and I did because she is well behaved. He knows about Flag Girl Discipline, so the deal is that for every spanking I give Meri I will get spanked harder. We agree that spankings are good for me,” Vivian quavered as she confessed.

“Nathan sounds like a very sensible fellow. You two are well matched,” Helen proclaimed.

“I agree completely about Nate. Besides I can be very, very naughty!” Vivian said with a wink.

“Getting back to Meri, you Brazen Slut, many of the Flag Girls have signed-up at the William Adrian Teen Modeling Agency and School. It is absolutely vital that Meri takes those lessons.

“Look, she will start to wear makeup with or without your approval. It is better she learn how to wear makeup appropriate to every situation; same with walking in high heels. I avoid high heels and I know you feel the same. We are dancers and are expected to be eccentric. But Meri needs to learn how to dress and move like a woman now, so later she can decide,” Helen was speaking like a wise sister.

“Okay, Helen, maybe when Meri is at modeling school Nate will have more time to attend to my needs,” Vivian added with a very naughty smirk.

“That is a wise move. I’ll call Bill Adrian to save a place for Meri as soon as I get home. Don’t worry; you’ll get the ‘professional courtesy discount’. You could pick up some commissions by referring your teen students to Bill,” Helen suggested.

“Actually, I think the owners already pay Adrian for referring his students to us,” Vivian laughed.

When the dishes had been dried and put away, Vivian drove Meri to Pasadena School Uniforms on Allen Avenue just north of Colorado Boulevard. Besides conventional parochial and private school uniforms, sold in the front room, this store stocked baby blue and pink punishment outfits, as well as sturdy discipline implements, in a discreet back room. That was where most of the teachers and sensible parents in the Pasadena area bought paddles.

This time Vivian selected a larger pink tee-shirt embroidered with “NAUGHTY GIRLS GET SORE BOTTOMS”. To ensure it was the correct size Meri was taken to a fitting room. There the sales lady saw the diaper and plastic panties: “Mrs. Gage, I’m sure we can find a skirt to hide your daughter’s diaper.”

“No, if she is foolish enough to misbehave, then the bottom of her diaper should show below her skirt. That’s a natural consequence. Her pink skirt needs to be the usual length, shorter than school skirts,” Vivian made clear. Meri did not even blush as she was fitted with a new skirt.

Stopping at the implement display, Vivian selected several crook-handle discipline rattan canes and a sturdy oval wooden hairbrush: “Meri, these are just in case you continue to think you are too old to be spanked with my hand!”

“Mommy, you know best. Thank you for my new shirt and skirt,” Meri said shyly, without a hint of irony or sarcasm.

As they drove home Vivian asked: “Meri, how do you feel about still using a changing table?”

“Without it how would I change my diapers, Mommy?” Meri responded.

“You have proven that diapers are hardly just for babies. We don’t want you to feel you are being treated like a baby because of the changing table,” Vivian tried to explain.

“Mommy, I have no problem using the changing table. It is practical and I do need diapers. As a matter of fact, I do need to get home because I did just wet for the second time. What I need is a dry diaper and my changing table is very convenient,” Meri said.

“Okay, then let’s get you home!” Vivian agreed.

“Mommy, when I said I am too old to be spanked like a baby, I did not mean I have outgrown a need for strict discipline. The last thing I want is to run wild and get in trouble.

“One of those girls who got paddled today confessed that at home she gets spanked fairly often with a hairbrush like the one you just bought. She felt she had matured when her mother started punishing her with that instead of her hand.

“So, if you want me to feel more mature when we get home how about giving me another spanking with the hairbrush?” Meri asked.

What happened was that once the car was parked, Meri carried the bags with the implements and her older clothing to her bedroom. She removed her shoes, socks, skirt and diaper. She used her toilet and then put a dry underpad on her bed before waiting in her corner.

A few minutes later Vivian took a seat on the side of the bed. She protected her lap with the underpad and picked up the new hairbrush. Then she called Meri to assume the position.

“Meri, are you sure you can handle another spanking?” Vivian asked.

“Mommy, I was a naughty silly girl. I am not too old to be spanked with a hairbrush. Christine and Marcia are older than me. They even kiss boys!” Meri explained as she perfected her position with her slightly pink bare *derrière* exposed upward.

The hairbrush caused more pain than did the hand. Meri squirmed with every spank. She started to weep very soon and was sobbing freely before Vivian put down the hairbrush.

“Young Lady, that was your first hairbrush spanking; I wanted to be sure it was a good lesson!” Vivian said.

A minute later, when her tears had subsided and before attempting to get up, Meri admitted, “Mommy; that was the spanking I deserved! Thank

you for respecting my need. Now help me up so I can put on a diaper before I soak your underpad!”

At dinner Meri was wearing her new pink shirt and skirt. She admitted: “Daddy, I have been a naughty silly girl. I told Mommy I deserved to be spanked with a hairbrush, so she took me to buy one and a larger punishment uniform. Mommy taught me a good lesson, so please don’t be mad at her.

“If you need to be mad at someone, spank me. I was naughty.”

Meri silently cleared the table. She washed and dried the dishes before going to her room. There she undressed, felt her bruised derrière, took a shower, pinned on a diaper and wore a summer-weight Onesies to bed. Both of her parents came in to kiss Meri good night.

In the master bedroom, despite the plea from Meri, Vivian dug into a drawer to find her own heavy oval wooden hairbrush with a handle wide enough to fit Nathan’s hand: “Daddy, I’ve been a seriously bad girl. Please teach me a lesson!”

Nathan was experienced and pragmatic enough to stop spanking his wife before the sting became anti-erotic.

When they woke up on Sunday morning Vivian explained that Helen had convinced her that Meri needed the Adrian modeling lessons: “I asked Meri about getting rid of the changing table, but she is in no hurry. Probably she will need a vanity with a lighted mirror, as well as cosmetics. Already she needs a couple more pair of pointe shoes. Helen suggested waiting about high heel dance shoes. Adrian likely will want to teach Meri how to walk in street stiletto heels first.

“Daddy, our daughter is growing up!”

On Monday morning Meri got up at 6:30 A.M. She removed her wet diaper and used a warm damp wash cloth to clean enough she could put on trainers, a tee-shirt and shorts to go for a jog. This would be her first meeting at the William Adrian Teen Models Agency and School.

After her jog Vivian fixed Meri a light breakfast. Meri took a bath being careful to keep her hair dry. After she used a towel, Vivian helped her style her hair. For the meeting Meri would wear a white training bra, camisole and blouse. Of course she wore trainers with a garter belt to hold up her sheer tan Nylon seamless stockings. Her skirt was pleated wool hemmed just above her knees. She wore Capezio ballet flat shoes. Miss Knight had told Meri that Bill Adrian preferred ‘girl next door’ innocent models.

The Adrian Agency and School occupied the entire top floor of 350 South Lake Avenue at San Pasqual Street. It shared a large parking lot behind the building.

That morning several other attractive girls were also starting training, among them Marcia and Christine. A photo of Sarah Bolar was included with many established Adrian Teen Models. Most of the other girls starting training would be members of pep groups from other junior highs. To accommodate the pep squad members, none of their modeling classes would be held on Wednesdays or Saturdays.

William Adrian was then only 39 years old. He looked like he could be a male model. He greeted the group and asked each girl to introduce herself. There were sixteen new girls, each with a mother or aunt. He explained that every girl and her adult would have a meeting with one of his sisters,

Dorothy or Jean. Then before they left at 1 P.M. Dorothy would photograph each of them.

Meri and Chris were the first to have meetings. Dorothy introduced herself to Meri and Vivian. She made it clear they were from New Jersey and that they were not related to the MGM costume and fashion designer Adrian A. Greenberg. Bill had started his agency in late 1946 near the University of Southern California with just three teen models. Soon he moved to Pasadena.

Adrian models were held to very high standards of conduct, which also applied to students. Any misconduct which would disparage the modeling profession could result in expulsion.

Vivian had Meri lift her skirt to reveal her training pants. Apparently Helen Knight had already mentioned Meri's bladder problem. Dorothy assured Meri that would not be a problem.

Next Dorothy said that model training would be more effective when girls did not wear makeup or high heels until those subjects were taught. Meri answered that she had never worn makeup or high heels. She did dance *en pointe* and owned appropriate shoes, as well as low-heel tap shoes.

Meri found the modeling classes fascinating. As a dancer her posture was quite good and she had a natural grace. Under the instruction of the Adrian sisters she learned to move, stand and sit in ways appropriate the situation. The idea was to avoid appearing as a stereotypical 'model' as the public would imagine.

The body movement training went so well that before being dismissed on Tuesday all the girls were told that Friday they would be given a shoe shopping list. At Last Meri would own high heels!

Flag Girl practice that Wednesday started off harshly for Meri. The entire group was not lined up for swats. However, after all were assembled, Meri was called to the front of the group. She was told to bend over.

Helen Knight administered ten hard swats with the paddle. Meri could not avoid sobbing. Even with the padding of her training pants the swats hurt and throbbed.

Her consolation was that apparently Miss Knight was paddling in alphabetical order. On the first Saturday it had been Marcia Baer, Sarah Bolar and Christine Dinwiddie who were paddled. At the start of the second practice period it was perky Dixie Grieve who sobbed; starting the third period it was the studious Kathy Griffith being paddled to tears.

The Thursday and Friday modeling classes flew by. All of the gals were moving beautifully and with confidence. Sure enough, before being dismissed each girl was provided a personal shoe shopping list by Jean and Dorothy Adrian.

Vivian was waiting to drive Meri to the designated shoe store on South Lake Avenue. She was fitted for polished black pumps with two and three inch stiletto heels. The shorter ones are also called 'Kitten heels'. Those help when starting to walk in high heels. For even modestly tall girls such as Meri Kitten heels can be very attractive, especially when the woman is with a shorter than average man.

On Saturday three different girls got paddled. The combinations and routines became more complicated.

Meri had wet more than usual after lunch on Saturday and needed to change her diaper long before Sunday dawn.

Therefore Sunday morning for church Meri decided to fold a gauze diaper and place it inside her trainers which she covered with Gerber panties. To disguise her vinyl panties Meri covered those with a pair of square dance ruffled fancy pants.

Monday morning all the trainee models brought their new shoes to class. They did some stretching and warm-up movement before being taught how to correctly put on high heel pumps. Perhaps a few of the girls had previously worn high heels because from the get-go they could walk in heels.

All of the girls started off walking in their Kitten heels.

Many girls were more awkward than Meri, but with the expert coaching from Jean and Dorothy before being dismissed every girl had gotten the hang of walking in heels. They were promised over the remaining weeks they would learn much more.

After a couple of hours they retained their Kitten heels during all the other lessons on Monday and Tuesday. Just before the Tuesday dismissal the girls were given permission, and actively encouraged, to wear their Kitten heels as much as they wanted. They were to wear Kitten heels to class on Thursday. They also were told to bring their 3" heels then.

Wednesday Coach Knight invited a handful of recent former Flag Girls to help teach some of their classic routines. Included was Kathy Dinwiddie, one-year older sister of Christine; Kathy had graduated from Marshall in June.

Three different girls were paddled. All cried. Meri was asked to demonstrate one of the new routines she had learned so quickly.

When Vivian picked her up after practice Meri was still beaming over being honored. Vivian embraced and congratulated her daughter. On the way home they stopped at a Carl's Junior restaurant for a late lunch.

Meri decided to use the ladies' room after a waitress took the order. Unfortunately without realizing it was happening Meri had dribbled into her trainers, which were starting to feel damp on the outside. After finishing peeing into the toilet, she decided to put on a pair of Gerber vinyl panties over the damp trainers.

It was just bad luck that she did not completely pull down her skirt in the stall. When she walked out she nearly collided with Kathy who was wearing a waitress uniform. She smiled sweetly, saying, "Here Meri, let me help smooth your skirt. You certainly are a marvelous dancer. Chris tells me you are such a good role model."

Meri managed to reply, "Thank you so much. I have always enjoyed seeing you perform dancing and singing."

They emerged from the ladies' room together. Meri led Kathy to the table: "Mom, I am proud to introduce you to Kathy, Chris' sister. She just graduated and taught us some classic routines today."

Once they got home Vivian ordered: "Young Lady, so to your room. Strip and put on only your punishment shirt. Wait for your spanking in the corner!"

Ten minutes later Vivian entered Meri's bedroom. She selected an underpad from that stack and picked up the new hairbrush. Then she sat on the bed in her usual place: "Young Lady, come here and assume the position. It is important you receive this spanking so your head does not swell because today you demonstrated a routine."

The spanking was hard enough Meri sobbed her eyes out. She wet the underpad. Vivian instructed her: “After you dry your eyes and wash your face, pin on a diaper for the rest of the day. Then you may continue practicing walking in high heels.”

Thursday while Jean Adrian was teaching, Dorothy phoned Vivian: “Good news, when the girls are dismissed Friday they will have shopping lists for cosmetics and 4” stiletto heel pumps.

“Helen Knight told me Meri does not have a vanity with a lighted mirror. She told me you asked for a head’s up. Call Charlotte Fedde at her family store. She was one of our best teen models until she outgrew us. Mention my name. She knows the recommended vanity. They can deliver and install that Friday morning so it will surprise Meri when the two of you get home after buying her cosmetics.

“Wow, Mrs. Gage, you and your husband should be so proud of Meri. I know Helen shares my feeling.”

Immediately Vivian talked to Ms Fedde and placed the order.

After class on Friday, Vivian took Meri back to the same Carl’s Junior for lunch. All the girls had been given permission to wear their 3” stiletto heels as much as they wanted all weekend. Before leaving the Adrian school Meri had prophylactically put on her vinyl panties.

Vivian was beaming as she saw Meri walking towards the car so confidently in her new higher heels.

When Kathy saw Vivian parking her car she asked the hostess to seat them on her station. She greeted Meri like a dear friend, commenting, “Meri, you walk far more confidently than I do!”

At the designated shoe store the same associate who had recently fitted Meri also complimented her about being so confident wearing high heels. Very soon she made sure the 4” stiletto pumps fit correctly. As instructed by Jean Adrian, Meri wore her 3” heels out of the store. The 4” pumps were returned to their box.

The manager of the designated cosmetic store was clearly impressed that such a tall and young-looking Meri moved so well in high heels. She smiled a greeting. After reading the shopping list she filled the order.

Actually Dorothy had previously phoned to alert the store that all sixteen new students would be buying the ‘standard Adrian first makeup set’ so those had already been pulled from stock and placed in individual trays ready for presentation at the demonstration sales counter.

Vivian paid for the order.

On the drive home she was surprised when Meri said, “Mommy, I am going to need another hairbrush spanking so I can resist trying any makeup before class on Monday.”

Without being told as soon as they got home Meri went to her room to prepare to be spanked. The second she saw her new vanity with the lighted mirror Meri shrieked in delight. She dashed out of her room to find and embrace her mother: “Oh Mommy; thank you and Daddy for my makeup table! I’ll be responsible.”

Meri kissed Vivian: “Of course I still really need to be spanked until I cry and have learned my lesson. I’m going back to my room to prepare.”

Vivian did not keep her waiting very long. She spanked only just hard enough that Meri would accept that as a serious lesson.

Saturday morning Helen Knight was furious a handful of the Flag Girls were wearing carelessly applied lipstick in contravention of the instructions of the Adrian School. Needless to say all of those foolish girls received twelve hard paddle swats and were ordered to scrub away all lipstick traces.

For church on Sunday morning Vivian allowed Meri to wear her Kitten heels with seamed stockings. At the last minute she had Meri sit on her vanity stool to have a light application of subtle coral pink lipstick.

Andrea Van deKamp, one of the Flag Girls paddled by Helen Knight on Saturday, was attending the same church service accompanied by her parents, Michelle and John. The girls greeted one another. Both sets of parents were introduced to one another.

Meri noticed that Andrea was not wearing any makeup. She was dressed childishly, in a juvenile frilly frock with flat Mary Janes.

In the church ladies' room before the service started, Andrea complimented Meri on her Kitten heels without mentioning the lipstick.

Meri quickly explained, "Andy, at the last minute Mom sat me down and put on my lipstick. This is the first time I have ever worn lipstick."

Andrea hung her head. She whispered: "Yesterday I did not tell Mommy about putting on lipstick after she dropped me off and being paddled. After we got home Coach Knight phoned Mommy. I got spanked over her lap like a baby; then I was kept in these baby clothes. I am so embarrassed."

Meri gave her older pal a hug, "Andy, look on the bright side. At least you are not wearing a diaper like me!"

After The Gage Family returned home Meri privately told Vivian about the Saturday punishments because Andrea and the other silly girls violated the instructions about not wearing makeup prematurely.

Monday's modeling class was mostly devoted to cosmetics instruction, after all the girls changed into their 4" stiletto pumps. Most of the class, including Meri, needed extra coaching walking in those higher heels.

Before dismissal all of the girls returned their cosmetics to their makeup cases, cleaned their faces and put on their 3" heels. Dorothy Adrian reminded them to not experiment with makeup or practice walking in the 4" heels until after the Tuesday class.

When Vivian saw Meri casually walking to the car Tuesday wearing tasteful blusher, eye shadow and lipstick, confident, almost sassy, in her very high heels, she realized her girl was becoming a beautiful young woman. After Meri was seated Vivian kissed her cheek: "Precious, I'm taking you to lunch at Bullocks!"

"Mom, instead could we go back to Carl's Junior? Chris told me she was going there with Marcia, driven by Mrs. Baer," Meri almost begged.

"Of course, Precious," Vivian replied.

Sure enough all three of those girls made the Adrian Teen Model Agency and School proud. There they were joined by Sarah Bolar who had just finished an actual well-paid photo shoot. Sarah was accompanied by her mother. Kathy was delighted to see her kid sister and the other girls.

Because Friday was 4 July the Adrian School was closed to celebrate Independence Day.

Just to prove their dedication to being the very best possible Flag Girls, there was practice at the usual time on Saturday 5 July. Only the minimum three Flag Girls were paddled; none were actually punished.

Before dismissal Coach Knight gave each girl a form with the date and time to be measured by the store making their black Flag Girl uniform dresses with the alternating orange skirt pleats.

The rule was that all of the Flag Girls, when in uniform, wore the same vivid glossy deep orange/red lipstick. It had been made by Max Factor since the pioneer days of 2-strip Technicolor movies in the late 1920s. That was when the Marshall Junior High School Flag Girls were founded. Although by the late 1950s such deep shades of lipstick were out of fashion for teens, that tradition lived on.

Of course that news about her dream uniform dress so excited Meri she asked for another spanking.

The next Monday was the start of the final week of modeling school. That Friday (11 July) well before noon the entire graduating class would be driven to Bullocks in a fleet of limos.

At the store each would be helped into a new gown. Leading professional makeup artists and hair stylists would get them ready for their graduation fashion show attended by William Adrian, his sisters and invited Bullocks customers, plus the parents (and some kid sisters) of the trainees.

After Monday dismissal Vivian drove Meri to Bullocks for a first-fitting of her gown. The final few classes were devoted to fine-tuning the lessons already learned.

Wednesday 9 July was Meri's actual fourteenth birthday. Her birthday party was scheduled the next Sunday (13 July) starting in the late afternoon.

After Flag Girl practice that day Vivian drove Meri to her uniform dress first-fitting. The uniform includes black tights and black athletic shoes. At the store Meri changed into those.

The Friday graduation fashion show and luncheon at Bullocks was a very fine event. The graduates presented their new gowns on the runway. The guest stars were current Adrian Teen Models Sarah Bolar, Carol Cleveland and Ginger Dubberly wearing outfits from the Bullocks Exclusive Resorts Collection.

Ginger was a newspaper and TV sensation because at 19 she married Los Angeles Dodger nine-time All-Star and future Cy Young Award winner Don Drysdale on 27 March. In fact Don was only three years older than Ginger. 1958 was the year the Dodgers moved to Los Angeles from Brooklyn, NY.

The Special Guest Star was the beautiful Queen of the 1956 Rose Parade and former Adrian Teen Model Margaret "Peggy" Queensbury wearing a lovely white gown from the 1958 Bullocks Wedding Collection. At that time Peggy was back in the newspapers. Her engagement to a prominent young Pasadena businessman named John King, Junior made headlines as 'The First Rose Queen to Become a King'. She did look radiant in that wedding dress.

For the luncheon all of the guest stars changed into gowns similar to the ones worn by the graduates. All the young women were so confident and poised as they sat at a long head table elegantly eating and sipping hot tea. Bill Adrian sat in the middle of the head table.

Mingling with the other guests at the Graduation Luncheon was Helen Knight, wearing a fashionable frock with seamed stockings and exceptionally high stiletto heels on her strappy sandals. Her makeup and hair were stunning.

Jean and Dorothy Adrian were joined by a few professional fashion photographers, as well as a famous female news photographer, Agnes Sullivan, from the Pasadena Star News. Her group photo of the class, with Bill and the guest stars, ran on the front page of that Sunday's fashion section of the Star News. Proud parents bought many extra copies.

Before Meri pinned on her bedtime diaper the night of the graduation she asked for and received a hard bare-bottom hairbrush spanking, ensuring she would sleep on her tummy.

Training Flag Girls waits for nobody; not even Adrian Modeling School graduates. They all managed to be on time the next morning. To put the priorities in appropriate perspective, Coach Knight had all of the Adrian Models form a line. All received a stinging swat to prove there was no favoritism in the Flag Girl universe.

Sunday 13 July was one of those picture postcard-perfect days which attract tourists and new residents. The Gage Family attended the earliest church service. Vivian needed to be home soon to supervise the caterers setting up the backyard for the birthday bash with a sit-down buffet dinner.

All of the Flag Girls were invited, of course, as were the Adrian classmates from other schools. Bill Adrian and his sisters had RSVPed; so had Marshall classmates Carol Cleveland and Sheri Rice, who were not Flag Girls but were Adrian Teen Models.

Ginger Dubberly came alone because Don was pitching a day game.

Kathy Dinwiddie represented the former Flag Girls; of course she was also a current Adrian Teen Model.

Helen Knight attended the party without her paddle.

Possibly the present which meant the most to Meri was a contract to be an actual Adrian Teen Model presented by Bill, Dorothy and Jean!

People brought copies of the Star News so autographs could be exchanged.

The next day Vivian and Meri returned to Kathy's restaurant for lunch. They had forgotten at the party Kathy had said she would be taking the day off because she was booked for a photo shoot.

Meri felt she had been in the sun too long at her party, so she sat with Vivian in a booth as far from the front windows as possible. They had not been seated very long when three of the Flag Girls (Dixie, Andrea and Betty Jean Druce) strutted in dressed to the nines, sporting full makeup and dark glasses.

What shocked Vivian was that each was ostentatiously smoking a cigarette. None of them was older than fifteen. That was six years before the 1964 Surgeon General's anti-smoking report.

Vivian slipped out of the booth and phoned Helen Knight, who must have bent traffic laws driving from her home to that restaurant.

Within seconds of marching in, Coach Knight had all three of those silly, naughty miscreants in custody. At least those girls would have preferred to be in the custody of the police!

The mothers of those girls were invited to the scheduled Wednesday morning practice. So was Dorothy Adrian. She had taught those girls that smoking was dangerous.

In the girls' locker room the mothers undressed their naughty daughters to just pink sports bras. Each mother sat on a bench with a towel over her lap and a hairbrush in hand. The smokers were spanked long and hard. They cried their eyes out like baby brats. Their spank spots were red and very sore. All promised the world they would never smoke again until they were eighteen.

They were then told to get dressed for practice.

That Friday Meri booked her first modeling assignment, an advertising photo for the gardening department of the local Sears Store. Until Meri 'out-grew' the Adrian Agency when she turned 22 and decided to 'retire' instead of signing with another agent, Meri was in demand for product advertising. She did grow to 5'10" by age sixteen, but was not interested in runway bookings or fashion in general.

Meri had a lot of fun her Senior Year at Marshall Junior High as a Flag Girl. That ended her 'pep' career. She preferred modeling to practicing as a high school drill team member.