

Aunt Betsy On Her Own

By Angela Bauer

The Summer of 1978 was an especially great time for me. Since fifth grade when I was 9 in 1973 I was part of a mentoring program sponsored by a major corporate law firm. At least one Saturday a month I was taken to their Downtown Los Angeles office to meet other young people being mentored and the many attorneys from that firm doing the mentoring. For me it was thrilling to be in such swank offices, with the very best equipment and a comprehensive law library.

None of us being mentored were pressured to eventually study law. I asked for that mentoring program precisely because I really wanted to become a corporate litigation attorney with a realistic expectation of becoming a partner. The law in California does not allow minors to work without a permit. You must be 14 to get such a permit to do physically safe work in an office. Days before I turned 14 I checked and double-checked that all the documents needed to apply for my work permit were ready. On my birthday Mom took a morning off from her job to take me to the state permit office. Once I had that permit I could start working part time in the law office. I would earn some money, although most of it would go into my education fund. I knew being in the office had to be better than hanging out at home surrounded by children.

For a month I happily rode busses each weekday to the law office. Because Mom and Granny had taught me to type and take shorthand very well, as soon as the regular office staff became confident in me, I was assigned very interesting tasks.

My parents were willing to provide me a basic office clothing selection. This was a compromise between garments a young adult woman would wear at the office and clothing traditionally considered age appropriate for 14 year-old

gals back in 1978. For example Mom had allowed me to wear pantyhose for some occasions for several years. I was even allowed discreet lipstick at age 12. Mom did not mind that I wore black pumps with 1" heels. I wore black skirts hemmed two inches above my knees, white blouses and a well-tailored dark jacket. I was only given permission to wear my hair in a ponytail. That would be okay at school, but as my office assignments became more sophisticated I wanted to be taken seriously. While on the bus to the office I took to styling my hair up, which I felt sure made me appear more mature. Part of my first take-home pay was spent buying a tube of Lancôme matte red lipstick, retro to the 1940's. At the office people were used to seeing me with my hair up. Not even my mentor mentioned that. Same was true when I showed up wearing my red lipstick. I did what I was told faster than expected. At the office everything was copacetic.

Of course I knew what I was doing was deceitful. Mom had given me generously liberal rules which I knew I was breaking. My lack of ethics was such that I was getting rather proud of my ability to style my hair up on the bus going to work and then back to my juvenile ponytail on the ride home. At first I would use a ladies room in our building to blot away my red lipstick so I could put on a less sophisticated peach for the trip home.

Then I started what I considered an innocent flirtation with a decent-looking man I assumed was a graduate student I saw most afternoons on the bus. He always got off a couple of miles before my stop, so I started cutting it close about my hair and changing my lip color. Still I had gotten away with all that for over a week. Mind you, I had all that justified.

The Friday of my fourth week my mentor, a woman attorney who was elected a partner in 1979, invited me to a small celebration at a Legal District restaurant after work. None of the other young interns were invited. I was the only one along with some women first year associate attorneys and a handful of paralegals. Because I would miss my usual bus, it

was arranged that one of the female paralegals who lived near me would drive me home. Clearly in her car I could hardly return my hair to my ponytail and re-do my lips.

Figuring the paralegal did not know my actual address, I did not panic. Instead I asked her to stop at Aunt Betsy's house. My cunning plan was that even if later my actual address was discovered, it was directly across the street. I also calculated that Aunt Betsy would still be at work, with her kids under Granny's care at our house. I was sure all was going swell because as we turned onto my street I saw Aunt Betsy's car was not in her driveway. I thanked the nice paralegal, got out of her car and walked around to Aunt Betsy's back door, which I knew was never locked.

Without bothering to knock, I skulked inside. I put my small attaché case down outside the downstairs lavatory. Quietly I set about redoing my hair and blotting off my red lipstick.

There is a saying in criminal law that crime is usually discovered because nearly all crooks get careless. The few days before that Friday I was so wrapped up in the office excitement I was not paying attention to conversations which did not directly interest me at home. Had I done so I would have known that while my sister Penny's really old car was in the shop, she had borrowed Betsy's distinctive newer car. The fact that Aunt Betsy's car was not in her driveway did not mean she was away from her house. Actually she had been in the pantry as I skulked through the kitchen to the lavatory.

Aunt Betsy saw me entering and was shocked I had neither knocked nor called out. Knowing me well, she assumed I was doing something naughty. My hair was still up when Aunt Betsy caught me working on my lipstick.

She was so furious I expected a hard slap across my insolent face. Turned out that was not her style. Aunt Betsy confined punishment to the bare bottom and upper thighs. With my hair up and the evidence of my unauthorized red lipstick still on my lips I was propelled up the stairs to Cousin Carole's

room. My backside was getting some significant smacks. Aunt Betsy was scolding and I started to blubber.

She stood me in the retched punishment corner, on that familiar plastic mat. With gusto Aunt Betsy completely undressed me, even removing my short camisole. She told me I would be neatly folding my clothing after my punishment. While blubbered in the corner, she placed Carole's wooden hairbrush on the bed. Aunt Betsy had to go to her own room for some gauze diapers to protect her lap.

The spanking was actually no more severe than the previous one, and the following spanking. Aunt Betsy also got her point across with a hairbrush on both my spank spots and upper thighs. I had started really sobbing as the spanking progressed. This time I was lectured while being spanked and I was promising future good behavior. The head end of Carole's bed is away from her hall door. My face was mostly buried in the comforter.

Only later, when I was stood up naked did Aunt Betsy call out to Carole, Ruth and Missy who all had watched most of my spanking from the doorway. I was so embarrassed.

Carole was sent to her mother's room to bring back some diaper pins and Gerber panties for me. Aunt Betsy pinned me into the borrowed diaper set, as expertly as she had spanked me. Carole was tall for her age, but still shorter than me. Her pajamas fit me like a baby doll set, with my midriff exposed. The bottoms were tight enough my diaper was obvious, but considering the pain that was the least of my worries. Carole's feet were slightly larger than mine, so it was challenging walking in her slippers.

While I folded my clothing, Aunt Betsy searched my attaché case and confiscated my Lancôme lipstick. She personally scrubbed my face clean while the three younger girls watched. Ruth was gleeful. Carole and Missy looked like they felt sorry for me.

As soon as I was marched across the street, I was put into bed without any dinner. About 11pm I woke up in a wet diaper. I needed to get up and change myself.

The rest of the summer I wore Mary Jane flats with knee socks to the office, with just a hint of sheer pink lip gloss. Never again did I flirt with the guy on the bus.

Of course my "reform" lasted about as long as Lindsay Lohan can stay sober. Months before I turned 16, I had managed to buy a really sophisticated all-black outfit, complete with garter belt, seamed black stockings and polished black pumps with 4" stiletto heels. I was devious enough to keep that outfit at the home of a gal pal from the office on another law firm in our building. That home was less than a block from a bus stop on my way home. Although during the many months I attended parties wearing that outfit Aunt Betsy spanked me for other reasons, I was never again busted for breaking Mom's dress code.

The good thing is in those days my bladder control was very good when I was awake. That made playing at parties with adults who wanted to believe I was over 18 a whole lot easier. How ironic that because I made good grades and was considered so responsible at the office, within our family I was given more freedom than Penny enjoyed while in high school. My folks never questioned what I was doing on all those Friday and Saturday nights when I did not get home until after 3am. Back then nobody in my family suspected my devotion to the adult spanking community. Probably if they did Aunt Betsy would have stopped spanking me as punishment!