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Sally, Part 17

California, Here We Come!—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

The Country Day School granted the request so Bobby and I could be absent a few days during our trip to California. Because Columbus Day (October 12) was a Tuesday, Monday October 11 was also a school holiday. We had to be back in school with everyone else the morning of Wednesday October 13.

We went to school as usual on Monday, October 4. We were going to fly on Tuesday October 5. That morning I woke up before dawn. By the time it was getting light I had taken a quick bath, dried and brushed my hair and put on my travel dress. In my suitcase I had packed two pair of new sneakers. For the flight I was wearing new black Mary Janes. Mommy had bought those so I would look nice during the trip. Unlike the black Mary Janes which were part of my school uniform, the special ones for the trip had heels almost two inches high.

Because I needed to wear a diaper on the plane, Mommy allowed me to not wear tights. Usually Mommy insisted that I wear tights when dressed up. Tights would have made dealing with my own diaper a nightmare. Instead I wore simple ankle socks. Megan had suggested those would be far more comfortable and practical in California. Yes, I did pack two pair of tights, and some ordinary panties, just in case I needed to actually dress up during the trip.

As Megan had predicted, Mommy willingly bought separate tubes of Chap Stick with Sun Block for Gene, Bobby and me for use on the trip. I put on some of that, pretending it was Slicker.

Before 6 A.M., Megan arrived at our Larchmont house in a black stretch limousine. It was just chilly enough she was wearing a cape around her shoulders. That made her fairly simple dress, hemmed below her knees, resemble a classic nanny uniform. All she would have needed was a dark straw hat and an umbrella to become Mary Poppins. She was carrying the new large pink diaper bag.

Mommy was especially cordial toward Megan. She put two of Gene's favorite Sippy Cups in the bottle pockets. A few pair of trainers for Bobby and me, as well as several pair of our plastic panties, were already packed. Besides the Sippy Cups, Megan added as many Dydee Service 21x40 inch Curity "Night-Weight" gauze diapers as would fit. There was still room for some of Gene's toys. Mommy said she had put a few more of his toys in Gene's suitcase, which was larger than the others.

After Megan had made sure my diaper was dry, she expertly diapered Gene and Bobby for the trip to the airport.

Although Mommy had been friendly and helpful getting us ready for the trip, at the last minute she handed Megan my very special nasty hairbrush.

"Miss Calvert, knowing Sally and even Bobby, I am sure you will need this!"

Reaching into one of many outside pockets of the pink diaper bag, Megan brought her own oval wooden hairbrush out just enough that Mommy, Bobby and I could clearly see it. "Mrs. Francis, if you don't mind, I am used to using my own hairbrush when needed. Your children already know I do tolerate nonsense or silly misbehavior. They will behave or they will be spanked! The choice is entirely up to them."

Mommy grinned in absolute glee. I am sure she was hoping Megan would spank me so I would be sitting on a sore bottom the entire flight to California.

When the limo's chauffeur opened the trunk to store our suitcases, I saw that the ones Daddy always used were already pack, as were three similar but newer suitcases with Megan's things.

Mommy hardly looked sad that we were leaving. Henry came down to kiss all of us good-bye. I knew I would really miss him. Mommy I would not miss for a second!

In the limousine I sat on the jump seat behind the driver. Bobby sat in the other jump seat. Megan sat on the back seat facing me. Next to her, Gene was buckled into a car seat that matched the limo's black upholstery. They must think of everything. Separating Bobby from me there was a small refrigerator. Megan said it had milk, juice and snacks in case we got hungry.

The second we were out of sight of the house, Megan asked the chauffeur to pull over and stop. She leaned forward, wiped my mouth with a Kleenex and applied some of the bright peach Slicker. "Sally, I think that is your shade. It suits you perfectly!"

We drove on until we reached the coffee shop, the same one where I had changed clothes, where Daddy was waiting. Clearly he was not in a mood to have a confrontation with Mommy that early in the morning. As always, Daddy was handsome wearing a very well-tailored suit, his white handkerchief barely visible as a thin line peeking out of his left breast pocket. He was wearing a fedora that coordinated with his suit. Daddy sat on the right side of the back seat facing Bobby, with Gene's car seat separating Megan and Daddy.

The limo made excellent time. Obviously the chauffeur knew all the shortcuts and thus avoided traffic. We arrived so early that a Skycap said the VIP hostess was not ready. She appeared in a couple of minutes. All of our suitcases were given baggage tags. Daddy took the receipts, which he handed to Megan. She put those in a pocket in the diaper bag.

There was an electric cart waiting, with a driver. The hostess was in a backward facing front seat. She said she was taking us to the American Airlines Admiral's Club. We could relax there until it was time to board our airliner, a new Fan Jet Boeing 707. I had been reading about those.

Once we were comfortable in the club room, the hostess told Megan that a safety seat was had been installed on the airliner for Gene. He was going to be on the starboard front row aisle seat, with that window seat vacant. The rest of us were in the second row, since First Class was only four seats wide. This way Megan could moved next to

Gene when he needed attention and sit next to me when she wanted. "American Airlines assumes our young passengers will want window seats. Just ask the club steward if you need anything. The family restroom has a changing table for the baby." Before the hostess left us alone, she pinned a set of Junior Stewardess Wings on the upper left of my dress. Bobby got Junior Pilot Wings.

Little did that woman know in my purse I had a genuine set of TWA stewardess wings Daddy had brought back from a trip to Baltimore he had made before my ninth birthday. At the time Mommy was extra mad at me. Receiving those wings, which I had found where Daddy had hidden them in his suitcase, really cheered me up. Consequently I treasured those wings and almost always had them with me.

Several minutes later, as I was enjoying a glass of apple juice, a club hostess whispered to Megan that we would be boarding soon, so this would be a good time to change the baby. That mature woman looked surprised when Megan carried Gene and led Bobby and me to the restroom. I carried the diaper bag.

Inside the family restroom there was no private stall. I was shy changing my diaper with Bobby watching. Megan sensed that and handed me a couple of clean diapers and a fresh pair of plastic panties. With no embarrassment I carried them down the hall to the ordinary ladies room. Nobody else was in there, yet I used a stall so I would have a wall to support my diaper. After over a week of practicing in my own bathroom, I could pin on my diaper while standing up as fast and snugly as I could reclining on a bed.

After Megan had applied my Slicker in the limo, she had given me the tube. Before I left the ladies room I refreshed my Slicker. I carried my sweaty diapers and plastic panties out in the open back to the family restroom where Megan stored them in a special compartment of the diaper bag. She complimented me on changing my diaper so quickly. "Sally, you also are wearing your Slicker like a grown-up lady!" I gave her a kiss on her cheek, and then wiped away the slight stain.

Before we left the Admiral's Club, the chief club hostess assured Daddy that they had sent a TWIX to Los Angeles with all our baggage claim check numbers. Our stuff would be pulled ASAP upon arrival. The baggage department would phone us in

the LAX Admiral's Club when our bags were available.

We did not need to wait at the departure gate. We were escorted onto the plane and to our seats ahead of the other passengers. Megan put Gene in his travel seat, gave him a pacifier and he went to sleep. It was decided that Bobby would have the port window seat with Daddy on that side of the aisle. I had the second row starboard window seat. Megan could sit either next to Gene or next to me.

Probably for the first time in his life Daddy, did not bring a brief case on the plane with him. This trip was about fun in the sun and surf, for all of us. Bobby and I each carried a book in our hand. I also had my favorite purse.

A couple of weeks after Daddy gave me those TWA wings he brought home a wrapped gift for me. It was identical to a TWA stewardess purse, just somewhat smaller. Because we were flying on American Airlines I tried to keep the side of my purse with the TWA logo toward my body.

On that 707 version First Class was separated from the other passengers by the galley on the starboard side and a curtain forward of the front portside entry door. Because of that ahead of the front row there was the bulkhead of the First Class lavatories. Our assigned stewardess stowed the pink diaper bag in front of Gene against that bulkhead, so it would be handy when Megan needed it.

Daddy and Megan were served Champaign in crystal glasses before takeoff. I asked for a coke, but Megan, sounding too much like Mommy, asked the stewardess to bring me 7-Up instead. To be fair, Bobby also had 7-Up.

Gene was less than six months old when he flew with Mommy and Henry to Reno so she could get the divorce. The best part to me was that during those six and a half weeks that included Christmas of 1993, she was far enough away she did not spoil the holidays for me. Carla moved into our house. Daddy came most Wednesday nights and every weekend we spent in Greenwich Village with him, giving Carla time with her own family. That was the very best Christmas vacation I remember!

The only other time Bobby and I had flown anywhere before this was a round trip to Florida between Labor Day and the start of school in 1963. That

time we were on National Airlines. They had not given us nearly the same level of VIP treatment as we were getting from American Airlines.

After takeoff, when the "Fasten Seat Belt" sign was turned off, Megan moved to the seat next to me. Bobby and Daddy were having a fine time on their side looking out the window. There were only four other First Class passengers. They were all traveling together and were sitting alongside one another in the back row, so we could not hear them and they could not hear us.

Once Megan was comfy in her seat, I asked if I could talk to her. I admitted that several times since our day in the museum and zoo I had thought about French Admiral Joannes Martinet and the whip named for him. There was no information about him in the school library. There were very short articles about him and the whip in the Encyclopedia Britannica at home. Based on that, I found more information at the county library branch in Larchmont. I had made a drawing from an illustration. I showed it to Megan and asked if it was accurate.

"Sally Darling, I never took a photo of that horrid thing my mother used on me. I also did not measure it. As I told you I think the handle was ten inches long and one inch in diameter. There was a loop of leather running through the outside end of the handle, so it could hang with the thongs downward. Those were about ten or so inches long, but they felt much longer when mother was punishing me with it.

"You need not worry about that. My mother still has it up in Montreal. She has no interest in visiting America, partly because she is still angry that I became an American citizen over a year ago. So it is unlikely she will be bringing it to Manhattan."

For an hour or so we talked about general things. Gene started to move around, so Megan moved next to him. Our stewardess saw Megan change seats and asked her if she needed anything. They were going to serve us lunch in a few minutes.

Megan asked if there was anything soft she could feed Gene as a snack. "His mother wants him off the bottle. Actually he is a year older than he looks. He is almost 28 months. I am allowed to give him milk in a Sippy cup. Would it be too much trouble for you to fill that? Gene drinks his milk

cold now." Megan got up and retrieved a Sippy cup from the diaper bag.

Moments before our lunch was served, Daddy came over to ask Megan to take Bobby to the lavatory. She asked me to sit with Gene. Then she led Bobby to the starboard lavatory. Seconds later she came out and took the diaper bag with her. Several minutes later they emerged. Bobby looked like he had been crying.

When Megan had finished her lunch, it was time for her to change Gene. That had to be easier than changing Bobby in a cramped space without a changing table. It was ages later those were installed on some airliners.

After Gene fell asleep again, Megan said that Bobby had messed his diaper, not just wet it. He cried out of embarrassment.

Later I decided to use the toilet before there was a rush. I had no difficulty dealing with my diaper and pin. My practice was already paying dividends. When I sat beside Megan I thank her and gave her a kiss.

Landing at Los Angeles International Airport was routine and so smooth I did not notice when the main landing gears touched the runway. We had our things all ready to deplane before the seatbelt sign was lighted. The second the plane stopped at the gate, a ground hostess escorted us to the LAX Admiral's Club. We were there so briefly that Daddy and Megan did not have time for a drink. Bobby and I had ginger ale. Gene only wanted a few sips of water. It had been so nice of our stewardess to have washed Gene's Sippy cup.

Megan told me she had reserved for Daddy a fire-engine red brand-new 1966 Cadillac Series 62 Eldorado convertible from Hertz. "It would be a complete waste of California to drive an ordinary car here" Megan told me.

Very soon the senior club hostess told us our baggage was ready and that Hertz had been notified to pick us up. The moment the Hertz van pulled up, a nice Skycap loaded it with our baggage.

When making the Hertz reservation, Megan told them there needed to be an infant seat installed in the middle of the back seat of the Cadillac. She was annoyed they did not have one in the van. Still she gave the driver her million dollar smile and

held onto Gene. The ride to the Hertz building was not very long.

The cunning plan was classically simple. We had reservations at the Disneyland Hotel in Anaheim in Orange County about an hour and fifteen minutes south of Los Angeles airport. We had left JFK International in New York on time at 9 A.M. Eastern Daylight Time, which was 6 A.M. PDT in Los Angeles. The flight was five hours and twenty minutes, so it was before noon local time when we landed, having had lunch. We were in the rental Cadillac, with a full tank of gas and the top down before 12:15 P.M. Pacific Daylight Time.

Daddy had meetings with executives of The Walt Disney Company on Wednesday. We could take the Monorail to Disneyland, so Megan did not need the car. Once we got unpacked and settled in our rooms, we could either immediately go to Disneyland or use the swimming pool. We debated that choice most of the way to the hotel.

It was impressive that Daddy knew the route as if he were a Southern California limousine driver. Before we even saw any part of Disneyland, Daddy pulled off the highway (called "Freeways" in California) onto side streets. Soon we pulled up to the valet station at the Disneyland Hotel.

Daddy and Megan each had a double room, on either side of a suite with separate rooms for Bobby and me. Everyone except Gene had a private bathroom. All our windows looked over toward Disneyland. We were on the top floor of the nearly new "Bonita" Tower. In the lobby of the tower, which was behind the main part of the hotel, there was a display all about an actress of the 1930s and 1940s named Bonita Grandville. It turned out she and her producer husband were old pals of Walt Disney and they built and owned the hotel. The sign said Bonita had played "Nancy Drew" in several Warner Bros. movies. In those days she looked very cute.

When we were checking in, the manager said all the special things had been sent to and set up in our rooms. There was both a top quality crib and a separate changing table in Megan's room. There were four large wrapped bundles with the distinctive pastel blue and pink Dydee Service paper. Next to the changing table there was a loaner Dydee diaper pail. On the other side of the changing table there was a new highchair, nicer than Gene's own highchair at home. Between Megan's queen-sized bed and the window there was a comfy

rocking chair, just like the one in Francine's nursery.

The bellman remarked that was a whole lot of diapers for a one week visit. Megan answered "My experience is to order more diapers than I expect to use. Dydee will credit our account for any not used."

Each of the rooms had small refrigerators, so there would be no problems with milk and snacks for Gene.

Megan assigned us our rooms in the suite. Mine was the one closest to her room. Bobby was in the room closer to Daddy. Both of the double rooms connected to the suite. Between the suite bedrooms there was the common living room all of us would share. As soon as I sat on my bed I could feel it already had been made up using one of the Dundee waterproof sheets Megan had told me she had drop-shipped by the Carmela's Bambinos infant store.

While Gene took a nap, Megan brought me a stack of diapers which I put the lower drawer of the bureau in my room. She also brought me all the plastic panties she packed for me, as well as my pacifiers and my own baby bottle. I unpacked my suitcase, hanging those items needing hanging and folding everything else neatly in my remaining drawers.

For me, life would be simpler if I could wear trainers. But, by then I was used to wearing diapers most of the day. To keep them comfortable I needed to change my diaper every three or four hours while active, so my sweat would not irritate me.

What I had noticed since returning to diapers at night and afternoons was that my poop was much firmer than usual. I was shy discussing that with Mommy, but Dr. Wendy told me to drink some extra water and to eat a lot of fresh fruit.

Later Megan told me Dr. Keighley had phoned her suggesting some stool softener capsules be packed in the diaper bag. While I was finishing organizing my drawers, Megan brought me one of those capsules and a baby bottle of spring water.

The reason we decided to spend part of the afternoon at the pool was so Bobby and I could be out of diapers a few hours. I had my older summer swim suit and a stylish two-piece Megan had bought

me. When Bobby and I had changed into swim suits, Megan covered us with sun block.

Daddy looked even more handsome with his chest and legs bare. Megan had changed into a yellow two-piece bathing suit that fitted her as if custom made, showing her womanly figure to full advantage. Daddy did not bat an eye, but everyone else, women included, took long looks at Megan. Dressed for California, without the cape, Megan did not look like the average nanny. She was pushing Gene in a foldable Disneyland 4-wheel stroller provided by the hotel. Gene was wearing a floppy hat and having a marvelous time.

We knew that since the divorce, Daddy had joined the New York Athletic Club. Bobby and I had seen the indoor pool there where Daddy took a swim before work nearly every day. After Daddy, Bobby and I had taken a dip, Megan asked if I could watch Gene for a few minutes.

Megan slowly walked to a low diving board. Obviously she had competed as a diver. Many people looked at her as she got out of the pool near our umbrella and removed her latex swim cap. Damp and flowing freely, her extremely long brunette hair was stunning. She acted as if she belonged beside a pool, with no hint of showing off.

Bobby had been told to use the toilet and not pee in the pool. Fairly soon he asked Daddy to take him to a restroom. Later while Daddy watched Gene and Bobby, Megan and I went to a ladies room together.

"Does it feel better using a toilet without a diaper?" Megan asked me with a smile in her voice. I assured her it was nice without a diaper, but it also worried me. Sometimes I had little warning I needed to pee, especially in places I did not know well.

Megan told me I had been a marvelous sport about wearing a pinned diaper on the plane. She said if I decided to wear ordinary panties or trainers at Disneyland that would be our secret. Megan had arranged to have trainers laundered by the hotel valet if absolutely necessary.

Shyly I answered that Wednesday I would start the day wearing a diaper. If later I felt confident enough to change to trainers, I was sure she could find room in the massive pink diaper bag for them.

Since all of our bodies were still on Eastern Daylight Time, even Daddy was dragging by the time it got dark. In those days Disneyland did not show fireworks during the week after Labor Day. We would see those Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights.

Rather than have the car brought to the valet stand, we ate in a hotel restaurant. Daddy put on a clean white shirt, without a tie. He wore trousers from a suit as if they were slacks. Megan wore another stunning dress that fit her perfectly. It was elegant, stylish and seemed comfortable. Dinner was a huge success.

Up in the room Megan changed Gene and put him in his crib first. While I took a bath on my own, Megan bathed Bobby, dried him and diapered him for the night. She told me he was asleep before she even started to read him a story. She did spend a few minutes making sure I was content and ready to sleep. "Precious One, please do not worry if you are so sleepy you wet your diaper before you wake up. Nobody is judging and no one will care. Get a great night's sleep. Tomorrow is going to be an adventure! During the night when I get up to check on Bobby I will also check your diaper. If you need changing we will deal with it, okay?"

Vaguely I remember being moved around during the night. Megan must have changed me at least once because when I woke up my diaper pins were a different color than the ones I normally use. My diaper was wetter than damp. I took it off and took a brief shower. Eventually I put the wet diaper in the common pail. I rinsed my own plastic panties, hanging them on my own shower rail temporarily. Before we left the suite I moved those to Megan's shower rail.

Megan had the paperwork for all of our multiple-entry Disneyland passes, so we could take the Monorail back and forth when we pleased.

There was an extra pass for one of Megan's friends, Camille Ducotel. She was a couple of years older than Megan. Her parents were friends with Megan's parents. As youngsters they lived near to each other in Quebec, but when Megan was eight, Camille moved with her folks to Toronto.

It had been Camille who inspired Megan to go to university in Manhattan at Hunter. Camille had started working as a nanny when she enrolled at Hunter, so she arranged for Megan to work through the same nanny agency.

Since Daddy would be in his meetings all day Wednesday, Camille was taking the day off. She would meet us at the hotel before 10 A.M. when Disneyland would open. That early we would need to take a tram, which was no problem. The diaper bag would easily fit in the back of the sturdy Disneyland foldable stroller.

Camille was very attractive, a major-league blonde. Camille was a couple of inches shorter than Megan, and only slightly heavier. She was an actress on the new TV series *Hogan's Heroes*.

Camille was as much fun as Megan. She previously had spent a lot of time at Disneyland. It was like we had our own tour guide. She could stay with me while Megan changed Bobby and Gene.

Megan had decided that she was going to change both Bobby and Gene at the same time, to make everything simple. Camille made no comment that a boy as old as Bobby still wore diapers all the time. I am sure she wanted to know why I was diapered, but Camille was too polite to ask me. Probably Megan had already told her about us.

Before we left the hotel on the tram, the concierge presented Megan with a pager. Daddy would let her know when he got back, so we could arrange a meeting time and place.

Humming "Hi Ho, Hi Ho..." we waited impatiently for the tram to take us to the Disneyland main entrance. The day was beautiful and going to be a lot of fun!