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# Sally, Part 24

## Flying Home—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Leaving the Disneyland Hotel very early on Tuesday, October 12, Columbus Day, was such sweet sorrow. Knowing Daddy, I am sure all the staff who had taken such good care of us had been tipped generously. While the bellman was loading his cart with our luggage, I was cuddling Gene and Megan was triple checking every room to be sure we left nothing behind.

DyDee Service would pick up both the used and unused diaper, plus their diaper pail. Since Mommy uses DyDee Service at home in Westchester County, New York, it was all arranged the Anaheim branch washed the used diaper we brought with us and our home branch would wash the diapers we took home with us. That seemed so sensible. This way we were not carrying a bunch of used diapers.

Gene was a bit sleepy, so when we closed the suite door for the last time, I handed him to Megan. We had left the Disneyland stroller in the suite, along with all the nursery equipment.

There was enough traffic driving to the airport to make life interesting. We were using the same seats we had done most of our stay. I was in front next to Daddy. Megan sat behind him on the back seat. Gene and his rented car seat was to Megan's right. Bobby sat behind me.

Daddy stopped at the Hertz Rental Car Los Angeles Airport return facility a few blocks short of the terminal. A team of their people transferred our luggage from the car to their shuttle van. One of them and Megan made sure nothing was left in the car.

At the passenger un-loading area, an American Airlines VIP hostess was waiting for us. A friendly Sky Cap tagged all our baggage. Megan put the bundle of receipts in a pocket of the pink diaper bag. My new personal diaper bag was squeezed into one of Daddy's suitcases, since Mommy need not know about it.

For the short ride in an electric cart to the Admiral's Club, Megan held onto Gene tightly.

Inside the club we were told our plane would depart on schedule, so the wait was going to be short. I needed to pee. Megan decided to change Gene and Bobby right then for the flight, even if they did not absolutely need a change.

Like the trip to California, we were boarded ahead of other passengers. We had the same seats. Bobby was next to the second row port window and Daddy sat next to him. I had the starboard second row window seat. Gene was safely strapped into a special seat they provided in the front row starboard aisle seat. The starboard first row window and second row aisle seats were reserved for Megan, so she could sit with Gene or me as needed. If she had to go to the lavatory herself or take Bobby for a change, I would sit beside Gene. The big pink diaper bag was on the deck crammed to the forward bulkhead in front of Gene. That system worked very well on the flight to California.

When nobody was close to us, Megan and I talked most of the flight. She told me that Mommy required her to provide a full report of the trip, especially any misbehavior and punishments. After Megan's report, Bobby and I would separately meet with Mommy while Megan was still there.

We mutually decided to tell Mommy I had needed spanking both Saturday and Monday evenings for the naughty things I had done. Megan intended to admit to Mommy that she had let some minor misbehavior slide early in the trip, largely because I had cooperated and been responsible taking care of Gene when asked. I was planning to say I thought Megan was very strict and mean to me. I was sure

Mommy would love to think there was a disciplinarian I liked less than Mommy.

While on the airplane I remembered to transfer all my tubes of Slicker from my purse to Megan's.

We talked a lot more. Megan promised to tutor me in French, which I had just started to learn at Country Day School. Megan let me rehearse the French songs she had taught us in the suite that night waiting for Daddy to return.

Megan and Daddy had taken many photos, all of which would be developed and printed by the service which did that for the ad agency.

I only needed to pee one time during the flight, but when our stewardess advised us we would be landing soon, I changed my diaper in the lavatory so I would not be sweaty on the limo drive home. Megan changed Bobby and Gene minutes after I left the lavatory. It must have been a slow day because there were on two other first class passengers. One sat behind me and the other behind Bobby.

At JFK Airport in New York, a limo was waiting to drive Megan, Gene, Bobby and me to our house in Rye. A towne car was waiting to drive Daddy to his office. My guess was Daddy did not want to be confronted by Mommy.

Because of the time zone difference and headwinds flying eastbound that day, the sun was about to set when we reached Rye.

The new nanny (Mrs. Marla Walsh), new housekeeper (Mrs. Florence Danvers) and new maid (Miss Nancy Oliver) greeted us. Nanny Walsh took over carrying Gene up to his nursery. He was sleeping so he went directly into his crib.

The Mrs. Danvers led me to my brand new bedroom, carrying my suitcase. Previously Mommy and I had made decisions. She had ignored many things I wanted. Frankly the room looked even more childish than my bedroom in Larchmont. The Rye advantage was I had my own bathroom, the room was bigger and so was my closet. In that was an organizer below my hanging clothing. The bottom drawer had a generous supply of diapers and trainers.

In the drawer above that were stored and organized (on one side of a separator) all my supplies, such as: Diaparene corn starch baby powder; Johnson

baby lotion; Desitin rash treatment; a bowl for a special wash rag and another with diaper pins.

On the other side of the separator all my clean plastic panties were stored.

My own bathroom had a DyDee Service diaper pail, nicer than the one in California or at our Larchmont house. Mounted on the wall nearest my diaper pail there was a bar low enough I could hang my plastic panties to dry. It was like a towel bar, but further away from the wall.

One constant from the Larchmont house, the nasty hairbrush Mommy had bought while I was with her was out in the open on top of my bedside table.

I had taken off my travel diaper and changed to trainers, and then a simple dress, when Nanny Walsh came in to say that Mommy was ready to talk to me. Nanny led me down the stairs to a room Mommy called her home office. Next to it was the home office of my step-father Henry Francis.

Megan was seated primly on one visitor's chair. Moments before the limo stopped, she had put on her "nanny" cape. Mommy was seated on a sofa covered in dark peach velvet. There was one wooden chair that did not seem to go with the other furniture empty. Mommy told me to please have a seat, "While you have the chance, Young Lady!

Mommy went over Megan's report of my activities, good as well as naughty, during the trip. Mommy slightly exaggerated my misbehavior. I admitted doing all the naughty things Megan had reported.

Very sternly, Mommy demanded to know: "Young Lady, what do you have to say in your defense?"

Looking as contrite as possible, I met Mommy's glare: "Ma'am, I admit I did all those naughty things. Will you please give me a hard spanking so I will remember to behave myself in the future?"

"Young Lady, as a matter of fact, Nanny Calvert brought me something I understand has already been used to punish you." Megan had not told me she planned to give Mommy a martinet. I assumed that was so I would appear shocked and horrified.

I did what I could to look terrified: "Oh, No! Please Mommy, spank me with the hairbrush instead of that terrible thing. Nanny Calvert hurt me so much with it. I'll do anything to avoid that."

"That is precisely why it is so important that I punish you more severely. This martinet is going to be very useful for many years until you stop misbehaving.

"It was very generous of Nanny Calvert to give us this new martinet. Now go to her, give her a respectful kiss and thank her for caring so much she made us a present of this discipline implement."

I did my best to drop a courtesy to Megan, as I had been taught at cotillion. I gave her the required kiss, winking at her when we were turned away from Mommy. Contritely I thanked Megan for the martinet. She glared as she told me "You are most welcome. This will make you a nicer young lady."

Mommy continued: "Sally Beth Draper, since you deserve the spanking you requested, Nanny Calvert will remain so that she can coach me applying the martinet to your naughty backside and the back of your legs."

Megan showed Mommy how to position me over the arm of an over-stuffed chair, which was just far enough from a wall Mommy had room to swing the martinet.

I was ordered to watch as Megan showed Mommy how to twirl the martinet's thongs by moving her wrist in such a way the tips would travel from the top downward. When the twirling was fast enough the thongs looked like a solid disk. The closer the center of the martinet was to my skin, the more of the thongs would hit me. Mommy practiced moving the virtual disk closer so the strokes would be more painful on the other arm of my chair. Those thongs were only inches from my face.

Mommy lifted the skirt of my dress and held it in place with two clothespins, high enough part of my lower back was bare. Mommy lowered my trainers and told me to step out of them. Then I bent back over the chair's left arm.

Finally Mommy started lashing me. Knowing what to expect, I started crying very softly, so Mommy would think she was killing me. Actually she was lashing me less harshly than had Megan. There was an immediate sting, but as soon as the thongs were hitting a new place, the sting faded.

Mommy did not keep the thongs in one place long. She also only made a quick pass down the back of my legs and stopped lashing me once she reached my ankles.

During my punishment I cried harder by the second. Mommy was convinced I had learned a hard lesson.

Actually Megan had done me a solid favor—martinet strokes administered by the twirling method do not damage, bruise or leave marks lasting more than a quarter of an hour. The lashing stings when it happens, but there is no residual throbbing. When Megan had both spanked and lashed me, it was the hairbrush I felt the next mornings. Also, Mommy had not wet and oiled the area she lashed. On my dry skin the martinet hurt much less.

After I had been lashed with the martinet, Mommy restored my trainer and the skirt of my dress to their normal position. I was left standing in place while Mommy used the intercom to summon the Nanny Walsh. Nanny was instructed to march me to my bedroom. There I was to be stripped, given a bath and then pinned into diapers for the night.

"Nanny, this young lady has been naughty. She is not to have any supper tonight. If she needs anything to drink, serve it to her in a Sippy cup. Tomorrow get her up and ready for school. She is to wear ordinary school regulation cotton panties with her uniform.

"As soon as my daughter comes home from school, she is to wear one of her older dresses. She has been having wetting accidents so often I want you to be sure she is diapered. However tomorrow she may pin on her own diapers and remove or change them as she wants when she needs a toilet. Until you are satisfied she correctly pins her diapers, inspect those as your time permits.

"Please ask Mrs. Danvers to bring in Bobby." On my way out I saw Mommy storing the martinet in a drawer of her desk.

What a way to meet a new nanny, with a lashed bottom and having her diaper me for bed so early.

Based on how she approached my diapering, I doubt Nanny Walsh had changed anyone older than 4 in her entire life. Half asleep I do a neater job.

A couple of hours after I was put to bed, Nanny Walsh came to my room with a Sippy cup of water

and a bowl of oatmeal. I gladly ate the oatmeal before it got cold.

Then I asked if she would take me to my bathroom and release my diaper so I could use the toilet. Nanny Walsh did that. At least she stepped out while I was on the toilet.

Perhaps it was a good thing I ate the oatmeal, because in addition to peeing I managed to produce significant poop. I called out to Nanny for permission to clean and wipe with toilet paper. Nanny said I could do that by myself.

Next I told her that I was ready to have my diaper restored to normal snugness. She said that since I was going to diaper myself in the future, there was no reason why I should not do so that night. I thanked her for the permission and for the oatmeal. Nanny said someone would bring me a plate of fruit and a cold sandwich later. I was allowed to re-fill the Sippy cup with water as often as I wanted.

Being confined to my room was for me not as bad as Mommy hoped. I had my own books and also my school books. Before I fell asleep I had caught up on all my reading assignments and was at least a chapter ahead in all my subjects.

One of many things I learned on the California trip was that a pinned diaper did not need to be any less comfortable than trainers. With all my practice I could pull a pin, pee on the toilet and re-pin easily and fast.

Life also improved in Rye. Henry was significantly more forceful with Mommy, and she actually seemed happier to be so strongly directed. Perhaps Daddy had been away so much that Mommy had to make choices beyond her ability.

One positive thing Henry accomplished was that Bobby and I could place and receive phone calls from Daddy daily until 8:30 P.M.

Our next regular weekend with Daddy was Saturday October 23 and Sunday October 24. When he phoned me, Daddy asked if I would mind Megan spending some time with us. I assured him I absolutely adored Megan and gladly would spend the rest of my life with her. Daddy said he felt much the same way. Bobby also talked to Daddy. He whispered to me he was waiting to see Megan again.

School was school. I liked the formal structure and that all the students focused on studies. There were no class clowns wasting time and distracting us.

A package of photos from our trip arrived on Saturday, October 16. Many of those were 8x10 color prints made by the Disneyland publicity photo department. Included was the picture of "Uncle Walt" Disney talking to me.

Best of all there was a picture of Daddy standing next to Megan, with Gene in his stroller in front of her. Bobby is in front of Daddy and I am standing beside Gene. Sleeping Beauty's Castle is in the background.

There were some close-ups of me taken by both Daddy and Megan. She took some of me playing on the grass with a very happy Gene under lemon trees in the back yard of the San Pedro bungalow. Beyond the grass the harbor shows. I can see why Daddy was so fond of that home.

After looking at all the photos several times I phoned Daddy at his office, where he usually goes on Saturdays when we are home. Megan answered, so I told her how much I missed her. I thanked her for being so nice to me. I complimented her on taking such great photos. I said I was looking forward to seeing her the next week as much as Daddy. Megan thanked me, said she loved me and only wanted the best for me. Daddy asked for my activity desires.

Because Mommy and Henry needed to go to breakfast with his political colleagues on Saturday October 23, Daddy was to pick us up at 7:30 A.M. Right on time he drove up. I had been awake since 5:30 A.M., had taken a bath and dressed. Only the first couple of days after we got back did Mommy insist I wear a diaper. After school I wore trainers without plastic panties. But for the long drive from Rye to Manhattan I pinned on a double diaper with plastic panties.

A new car seat had been installed in Daddy's Cadillac, so Gene was coming with us. The pink diaper bag was on the floor in front of Gene's seat. When we put our suitcases in the trunk, I saw a new folding stroller. It was smaller than the one at Disneyland, yet had room for the huge pink diaper bag.

Nanny Walsh carried Gene. Daddy took him from her and buckled Gene in his seat like had had always done that. It was a slight surprise when Daddy asked me to sit behind him, with Gene separating me from Bobby. That left the shotgun seat vacant. Before we reached the toll highway, Daddy stopped at a coffee shop near the railroad station.

To everyone's delight, Megan came running out to greet us. She jumped into the vacant seat and gave each of us an affectionate kiss.

Leaving the highway in New Rochelle, Daddy pulled into the parking lot of a Howard Johnson's restaurant. Megan got out and opened the trunk to get the stroller.

How very interesting that she had keys to Daddy's car. She asked me to carry the pink diaper bag. Hidden under that was my own diaper bag, which I also brought into the restaurant. By the time Megan parked the stroller and I stored both diaper bags, Daddy had gotten us a booth with a booster seat for Gene.

Clearly Daddy and Megan were excited, like they had news they would burst until they shared. After Gene was in his seat to my left, with Bobby to my right on the aisle (like at Bob's Big Boy) Megan had slid back, so she could stand next to Daddy. They started holding hands.

"Sally, Bobby, Gene, we want all of you to know that we are so happy. Megan has consented to marry me!" They embraced and kissed each other. Only then did I notice Megan was wearing an antique engagement ring with a major diamond.

Mind you, I had never previously seen them being familiar with each other. Still, I was sure from the easy way they did it, they had kissed many, many times previously.

Following such wonderful news, I have no clue what we ate. I do know that Megan asked if Bobby wanted a chocolate shake and if I wanted a strawberry malt. Bobby did want his shake.

"Thank you very much, but no thanks. I do not want to take a chance my malt might include a martinet." Megan and I giggled. Bobby and Daddy looked like they had no clue.

That weekend Daddy often had a distracted look on his face. At odd moments he would cuddle and hug

Megan. In fact all of us cuddled and kissed each other a lot.

As usual Daddy parked his car in his assigned spot in the Time-Life Building garage. Between us we had just enough hands to carry everything we needed to the taxi waiting area. We were loaded and in traffic very soon.

It had been almost four weeks since I had seen Daddy's apartment. It was less than two weeks since our return from California. Clearly Megan had done some re-decorating.

The living room was better organized, with a new Smith-Corona electric typewriter on a desk with a typewriter well. Daddy old manual Underhill typewriter was cleaned and on a shelf as decoration. Along a wall between Daddy's bedroom and our bunk room, a folding crib for Gene had been set up. It had a top that became the changing table. Very cunning.

Our bunk room had new cubbies for Bobby, Gene and me. The kitchen had much more food in boxes organized on the shelves and in the refrigerator. Cooking pans and pots hung above the stove.

Daddy and Megan said they wanted to have their wedding fairly soon. Meanwhile they wanted to use our next visitation for a quick trip to Montreal so all of us could meet the Calvert family. Megan said the Daddy had been taking extensive French lessons three evenings a week and she was tutoring him as much as possible at the office.

Because they wanted us to be the first to know, they were going to tell Daddy's partners and staff Monday morning. For the time being Megan would continue as Daddy's secretary until her replacement could be recruited and hired.

They were planning to live in Manhattan and had purchased a co-op apartment with four bedrooms in a new building at the northwest corner of Grove and Bedford Streets. That was near the drug store where Megan bought me my slicker.

Speaking of which, squeezed into our bunk room there was a miniature vanity for me, complete with a blow drier, styling brushes, a can of Aqua Net hair spray and all my Slicker tubes.

To celebrate we had reservations on The Circle Line for a boat tour around Manhattan Island. We

could have snacks on the boat. We all had early dinner reservations at the Tavern-On-The-Green on the west side of Central Park.

The whole day was lovely. Seen from water level Manhattan is very beautiful. Sailing under so many different kinds of bridges was fascinating. Megan took a couple of rolls of photos. On the Circle Line an employee used Megan's professional Nikon camera to take group pictures of all of us, as well as Daddy and Megan together. I could not wait to see those pictures!

Sailing on that boat there was a lot of time to talk. Alone with Megan, while Daddy and Bobby were looking at something, I assured Megan I would be a very good girl and help as much as possible. I also told her how much I loved her and accepted her authority. "I know when you must be strict it is to save my life." We cuddled and kissed.

Later I told Daddy that I wanted a camera so I could start taking pictures. He said he would consider that. We also joked about the expected reaction when they told Mommy about their engagement.

Bobby was the one to bring up a topic we all needed to seriously consider: "When you marry my Daddy, what do I call you? I already have my Mommy. In California I called you "Nanny." I am so confused!"

From the moment she comforted me after I tripped in Daddy's office, telling me she falls a lot, I have always thought of her as "Megan." Starting the day of her "nanny audition" to her face I called her "Miss Calvert" and on the trip I sometimes called her "Nanny Calvert." Somehow, although I called my shrink "Dr. Wendy", I was scared to call an adult by a first name.

"Bobby and Sally, call me what you like, but be sure to call me to dinner!"

I said: "You know I will always respect and obey you. That first day we met at the office everyone else called you 'Megan' and I didn't even know your last name. Would I be horribly rude if when we are alone I call you 'Megan'?" There was no immediate answer from her or Daddy. They might have also been considering alternative names.

Life was pretty darn good! Megan (by any name) was going to be in my life for a long time.

