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# Sally, Part 31

## Shopping For The Wedding—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

On Tuesday, November 16, the second Mommy drove me home from the office of my child psychiatrist (Dr. Wendy Keighley, MD) I placed a long-distance call to Daddy at his office. Actually I was hoping his secretary and fiancée Megan Calvert would answer his phone. There was a slight delay. When she did pick-up the line, Megan told me she was delighted that my French tutor Sheryl Holt and Dr. Wendy had accepted their wedding invitation.

Mommy had called earlier to RSVP, which really surprised Daddy. Mommy had agreed that Bobby and I could spend Friday after school, November 19 to bedtime on Sunday, November 21, with Daddy in Greenwich Village. Only because Gene had started to take his toilet training with Nanny Walsh seriously, Mommy did not want him to make the trip. However, if Gene continued to make toilet training progress, Nanny Walsh would bring him to the wedding.

Although Daddy and Megan would miss Gene, Megan was really pleased because she could take me shopping in Manhattan. I told Megan again how much I loved her family, especially her mother Tanté. Then I told her I thought it weird that Monday evening Mommy refused to take a few minutes to give me a spanking, instead making me ask Nanny Walsh. Megan agreed that was odd, but so was me asking to be spanked. We giggled about that.

Megan said that Daddy had walked back to his office, so she put us on the speaker phone. They said escrow on their co-operative apartment on Grove Street had closed. Minor repairs and alterations, plus some fresh painting, was under way. We all could see the apartment over the weekend. They were not sure how soon they could move in.

Megan needed to move out of her shared apartment on Wednesday, November 17. That was a furnish apartment, so she only needed less than thirty movers' cartons. Fortunately there was just enough space in the Grove Street apartment requiring no work she could store her things there. She expected to be living in the new apartment several days before the wedding.

The lease on Daddy's mostly furnished apartment on Waverly Place ran until the end of December. He had given the landlord written notice he was moving but could actually move his stuff at his leisure. Daddy had bought the bunk beds, the cubby unit, my vanity and Gene's playpen, crib and highchair. Over the weekend all of us could decide which of those things would be moved to Grove Street and which donated to charity.

When Nanny Walsh called me to dinner, I was very happy. Just talking to Megan always improved my mood, even when she was scolding and spanking me. I was as sure Megan loved me as I was sure of my Daddy's love.

Thursday afternoon (November 18) when I got home from Country Day School, our housekeeper Mrs. Danvers gave me a phone message to call "Megan Calvert" at Daddy's advertising agency. Until then I did not realize she had her own separate extension.

I did not recognize the voice of the woman who answered Megan's phone. That woman said, "Megan Calvert, account executive." That just thrilled me. As soon as I identified myself, I was put through to Megan. She giggled that although she was now an account executive, she was also still serving as Daddy's secretary. A switchboard operator was temporarily acting as her secretary.

After we got all that straight, Megan said that Mommy had agreed a towne car could pick up Bobby and me Friday afternoon without Daddy needing to make the trip. Besides the wedding preparations, both Daddy and Megan were in action servicing the Disneyland, Screen Gems and new Canadian accounts,

I assured Megan that I loved the idea of not wasting time, but I was surprised Mommy did not object. I sensed Mommy would do something nasty to spoil the wedding. I just had no clue what.

My dresses had arrived from Montreal. Megan said she had opened the carton, put them on hangers and was very impressed. "Sally, my Momma never bought me such beautiful dresses. I am jealous, Precious!" Of course I knew Megan was joking.

Since Bobby and I had several changes of clothing at Daddy's apartment, as well as many diapers, trainers and plastic panties, we only needed to each bring a couple of books. Without a need for suitcases, Mommy gave Country Day School permission to let the chauffeur take custody of us when school was out on Friday. We could travel to Manhattan in our uniforms with our school backpacks.

Megan was waiting at Daddy's apartment when the chauffeur pulled up. She signed the form accepting our temporary custody, so the limousine service no longer was responsible for Bobby and me. Megan asked how the drive down had gone.

We all knew she meant how had we made do without diapers or trainers. Bobby said once he asked the chauffeur to find a men's room. A service station was at an off-ramp. While I waited with Bobby, the chauffeur made sure the men's room was empty. Bobby had no trouble using the toilet by himself. He does that all the time at school. While we were there I used the ladies room.

What we learned from all that was that Bobby could get along just fine wearing trainers or even school regulation underpants. There was absolutely no reason Daddy could not take Bobby to mens rooms. This was fair because nobody routinely took me to ladies rooms.

Once we had taken off our uniforms, Bobby and I got dressed for dinner at Papas 2, the Greek restaurant we all loved. Daddy would meet us there from a client creative meeting.

Despite our success during the drive, I wanted to wear my usual diapers to dinner. To get in as much practice as possible, I wore my Milory blue pumps with Kitten heels. I wanted to keep the white pair clean just in case they needed to be dyed to match my bridesmaid's dress.

More than once during the few blocks we walked Megan complimented me on how well I was walking in those short stiletto heels. "Sally, Precious One, when I was your age I was so clumsy I could hardly walk in Mary Janes with just one inch heels. You are a fantastic young woman."

Daddy had already arrived at Papas 2, gotten us our favorite corner booth by the window, and ordered a bottle of white wine. He was sipping from his glass. An empty glass was waiting for Megan.

Daddy sprung to his feet when he saw us approaching the glass front door. He smiled at us and gave Megan a big romantic kiss on her mouth. Then he gave me a fatherly kiss on my forehead and patted Bobby's left shoulder.

Megan asked me to walk past Daddy and turn around: "Don, doesn't she move like a lady? That is why I want her to have the slightly higher stilettos for the wedding." Daddy agreed that I was walking as well as many adults, grinning at Megan as he said that.

"Salamander, you have matured years since your departure from the office last summer." Daddy had not called me "Salamander" since I was seven.

At the time of that "departure" Daddy had been yelling at me and I had yelled back at him. I had slipped on the polished floor and done a face-plant. It was Megan who comforted me. That was when I fell in love with her. Maybe that was when Daddy had noticed Megan as more than an employee. Who knows, my fall could turn out to have been a good thing?

Megan told Daddy the ride down with the chauffeur went better than they dared hope. She said Bobby had asked for a toilet stop and controlled himself until he was using the toilet. Therefore Daddy and Bobby could manage their own Saturday adventures while she was shopping with me. Daddy agreed. Bobby was thrilled beyond belief.

As always the food and service at Papas 2 was great. I had my favorite sautéed Block Island swordfish. We all had some baklava for desert. It was still exceptionally warm for mid November as we walked back to the apartment.

During the walk Daddy asked us to keep it a secret that until the Grove Street apartment was ready

and had some furniture, Megan was living with him on Waverly Place. Bobby did not act as if he cared. I was so happy for them. Of course I was hardly going to tattle to Mommy. In fact I was beyond pleased this was karma for the mean things Mommy had done to Daddy and me over the years.

After Bobby had taken his bath all by himself, he boldly admitted that he still needed diapers for bed because he never woke up in time. Megan discreetly diapered Bobby and let him finish putting on his pajamas.

Meanwhile I took a quick bath, and then pinned on my diapers while standing up in the bathroom. I did not even try to be discreet when I filled my baby bottle with water and started working my pacifier.

Megan smiled, "Don Darling, one minute she is 11 going on 21 in heels and wearing lip gloss. Then she becomes 11 going on 4 wearing diapers and suckling a pacifier. Get ready for her teens!"

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As was my ritual mornings in the apartment, I got up first, started a pot of coffee and prepared to make all of us French toast. I was delighted the refrigerator was fully stocked, with plenty of eggs. There were spare bottles of both Mrs. Butterworth's maple syrup and the similar looking *Rum Jumbie*.

The fancy new skillet was heated when Megan got up. I handed her a cup of coffee, black just as Daddy drinks his. She was somewhat sleepy and gave me an affectionate kiss.

As Megan drank her first cup of coffee, I asked if she was ready for some French toast. Both of the "topping" bottles were on the table. Megan pointed to the *Rum Jumbie*. In a flash her toast was ready. Megan did not use much of the rum and added a splash of the syrup.

Daddy came looking for coffee. Since he had cut way back on his drinking and even reduced his smoking, his skin looked much healthier. I corrupted him by pouring on extra rum, to the point that Megan pretended to get stern: "Young Lady, the next time you do that you will be spanked!" I assumed she was only kidding. My plan was to ask Megan for a spanking to make up for the one Mommy refused to give me.

Once Bobby was awake and eating a big bowl of cereal with milk, Daddy told him their Saturday adventure would start at his office. Bobby loved being there with unlimited art supplies.

As I started to dress to go shopping, Megan asked if I felt comfortable wearing regular panties. I assured her I did that every day at school. She offered to style my hair and suggested I wear my Peach Slicker.

Megan would have preferred I wear tights over my panties, but I had none at the apartment. I made do with white knee socks and my Milory blue Kitten heels. Instead of my diaper bag I only carried my beloved mini-TWA purse, with Slicker!

All four of us shared a cab to the Time-Life building. From there a selection of up-scale department and ladies clothing stores were close because Fifth Avenue was only a really long block away, past Rockefeller Center. Before we started shopping, all of us took the elevator up to Daddy advertising agency.

Daddy's office was in the same spot, as was the desk of his secretary. That was where Megan was still working until her replacement could be selected. With the signing by Daddy and Megan of the three major new accounts, the agency had taken over the rest of the thirty-seventh floor they did not already occupy. Most of the accounting and similar support departments were about to move into the new space.

Megan's office would be on the side of their space opposite Daddy's in a row with the senior accounts services executives, nominally headed by name partner Roger Sterling, but run day-to-day by junior partner Peter Campbell. Ken Cosgrove was another important account executive. Megan's office would be next to his as soon as hers was redecorated.

While I was admiring the view from Megan's future windows, Mrs. Joan Harris approached us: "Sally, I hardly recognized you! You look so sophisticated. I love your lip color, it really suits you. I am impressed the way you walk in your high heels!"

That was a high compliment because Mrs. Harris had a figure reputed to drive men wild. She did not so much walk from place to place as undulate with her hips swinging. A few years before when Daddy brought me to work one Saturday because of rush

project, I was fascinated watching her move. Her name was Miss Holloway then. For years I wanted to grow up to be her, although I did not want to change my blonde hair.

Mrs. Harris told Megan that Mrs. Elana Lewis, a super good friend from the time Mrs. Harris was a manager at Bonwit Teller, was expecting us. Megan would get a good discount and Daddy already had an account there. This was in those days the most up-scale ladies clothing store.

Just in case there was trouble fitting me, another of Mrs. Harris' good friends, Miss Dana Poole, was an executive at Best & Company. That firm had started as a baby and children's store, but decades before had expanded into juvenile, teen and adult women's fashion and shoes. Best specialized in fitting petite women. For that reason Mrs. Harris had opened an account for Daddy and Megan there.

Another less famous up-scale department store with a marvelous ladies clothing department was Menken's just south of Tiffany & Company. Menken's was a client of the agency. The President there was Rachel Menken Katz. Daddy and the agency both had open accounts there.

Megan wanted me to see Tiffany. Bonwit Teller was a short block south. Our cunning plan was to take a cab to Tiffany, walk next door to Menken's and continue walking south to Bonwit Teller. If we had not found the right dress and shoes for me, we would take another cab further south to Best & Company.

Mr. Donald Meek, the wedding ring sales manager at Tiffany, personally waited on us. After introducing me to him, Megan asked if she could show me a pair of rings identical to the wedding rings Daddy and she would exchange. The actual ones were still being engraved and sized. They were stunning bands of white gold. Daddy's was slightly wider than Megan's.

Mr. Meek told us he only wished he had sold Megan's engagement ring, which also was white gold with diamonds. *(At first I typed 'diapers' and had to make the correction).*

He said that Tiffany & Company had made it in 1928, meaning it was not technically an antique, just an exceptionally crafted and beautiful ring.

Prudently I used the ladies room before we left Tiffany's.

Next door, Menken's had been lovingly transformed from an old-fashioned all-purpose department store into an actual rival to Bonwit Teller, under the direction, since 1960, of the founder's granddaughter Rachel.

Minutes after we asked at the information desk for junior size gowns, Mrs. Rachel Menken Katz greeted Megan as a long lost friend. She thanked Megan for the wedding invitation and said her husband Tilden would accompany her.

Rachel told me the first time she had seen my picture on Daddy's desk I had not turned six. Over the years she had seen me grow and mature in the photos. She was so pleased to see me wearing lip gloss and high heels.

Previously Rachel had discussed bridesmaid dresses with Megan. They had agreed it was foolish to inflict identical dresses on those women. It would be much better to stick with a similar design, but adjusted to suit the woman. The colors would also vary.

Rachel agreed that since all the dresses would be pastel, the logical choice for me would be peach. We all took the elevator up to the Junior Miss department. Unfortunately I was still too short and thin to fit correctly in Menken's smallest peach semi-formal gown. Rachel made a phone call and said her friend at Best & Company, Dana Poole, did have smaller gowns. Dana Poole was friends with Mrs. Harris, who also recommended her.

As Rachel walked with us to the Fifth Avenue door, she stopped at the Lancôme cosmetics counter: "Sally, I love how you look wearing your peach lip gloss. But for the wedding I think you need more pigment, so you will not need to re-apply as often."

She asked me to apply some of my Peach Slicker to the back of my left hand. Then she applied a stripe of a pale sheer Lancôme peach lipstick. They were a close match, but the lipstick was slightly more obvious. Rachel told me, "I want you to have this as a gift. I hope the next time you need a nice dress and shoes we will be able to fit you. I have made a note to make sure my buyers stock even smaller sizes."

Megan had not told Rachel she had planned to stop at Bonwit Teller in the next block south on Fifth Avenue. Miss Elana Lewis there was holding a couple of dresses Megan was thinking about for herself. Given that Megan was built like a fashion model, fitting her would be a snap. She decided to buy both of those dresses, which would require only slight alterations. They would be delivered to the advertising agency Monday afternoon. While in the shoe department the smallest pump with three inch stiletto heels was still too big for me. Of course Megan found ideal shoes to go with her new dresses.

Despite her natural height, and wearing her hair high, Megan favored dangerously high heels. One pair she bought was from Yves Saint Laurent in jade green was open-toe with an ankle strap and four and a half inch stiletto heels. The other pair had a similar heel, but was dark magenta with a pointed toe. Those were made by Charles Jourdan. Her new shoes would be delivered along with her dresses by Monday afternoon.

At last we did catch a cab south on Fifth Avenue to Thirty Fifth Street, home to Best & Company and only a block north of B Altman, another up-scale ladies fashion store.

I made a serious mistake not using a ladies room while Megan was being fitted at Bonwit Teller—but somehow I managed to control my bladder.

While Megan was asking for Miss Dana Poole at the Best & Company information desk, I walked as fast as discreetly possible to the ground floor ladies room. I made it to a toilet with seconds to spare. While I was washing my hands, Megan came in to also use a toilet.

Before I applied more Peach Slicker, Megan asked me to blot it all off. She asked for the tube of Peach Lancôme lipstick. Once I handed it to her, Megan applied it to my lips. It felt and tasted different from the slicker, but I enjoyed the sensation. I saw in the mirror that Rachel was correct—that particular lipstick did look fabulous on me. On Megan it would have been washed-out.

Megan told me Miss Poole was occupied with another customer. However, she had made us a reservation in their dining room. Best & Company was said to have the best store restaurant on Fifth Avenue.

We were immediately seated in the dining room. Since Best & Company had started as a children's store, they made a special effort to include menu items for children of all ages, sizes and tastes. They even had giant paintings of strawberry malts in classic soda fountain glasses decorating the dining room.

Megan and I looked at each other and giggled. Finally she asked, "Do we dare?" I told her that if she spilled a strawberry malt, it would be only fair that I spank her with the martinet.

She admitted that was fair and a real incentive to be extra careful. With my malt I ordered a turkey club sandwich. Megan ordered a Cobb salad.

Before we finished, Miss Dana Poole, joined us at our table. We introduced ourselves. She ordered a cup of coffee. While that was coming, Megan brought out from her purse a Pantel standard color reference sample set. She had used that to describe the pastel colors of the other bridesmaid dresses. Dana knew exactly what we needed.

Best & Company had sophisticated gowns of all kinds for girls much smaller than me. There were many styles that would look good on me. One of those was in almost the exact match of the Pantone sample. That gown was just short enough my shoes and a couple of inches of my hose would show.

Dana carried the dress with us to the Junior Hosiery department. Her first suggestion was pantyhose, then just becoming popular.

*In 1953 the Glen Raven Knitting Mills applied for a patent of a combination stocking and underpants. In 1956 independent inventor Ernest Rice applied for patents not only for a product similar to modern pantyhose, he also applied for patents on crucial devices to manufacture pantyhose in quantity at practical cost. The US courts upheld the Ernest Rice patents in 1961, months after his death. Topaz Hosiery Company was the first to license the Rice patents.*

Why should any of us care? That is because while Daddy and Megan were landing the Screen Gems and Disneyland accounts in California, Miss Peggy Olson, Daddy's former secretary and by the super-star copy-writer about consumer products for Daddy's agency, landed the entire Topaz account.

Best & Company had been successfully selling Topaz hosiery for decades, even before they added adult sizes and styles. Probably the opaque tights I owned were made by Topaz. Trying to get beyond my fear of tights when I wet, I asked to try a pair of pantyhose. Megan and Dana agreed they did fit me, but at the time the range of pantyhose shades was not large. None were ideal to coordinate with the dress.

Topaz made many other kinds of hosiery, including traditional stockings, but Megan admitted even she did not dare let me wear a girdle or garter belt to hold up stockings.

The compromise was a variation of the white knee socks I had to wear with my uniform. Going back to the era of long skirts, Topaz had made knee-high stockings with self-garters knitted into the tops.

*Just a few years later Topaz led the industry into successfully marketing thigh-high sheer stockings.*

There was a size of knee-high Topaz stockings that fit me as if custom knitted for me. Best & Company had several pair in my size in the perfect shade of pastel peach to wear with my dress.

The only thing I still needed was pumps with three inch stiletto heels in my size and the correct shade of peach.

Yet again, Best & Company came through for me. A few months previously they had asked several up-scale shoe designers to make smaller versions of their popular styles. Christian Dior and Yves Saint Laurent signed exclusive contracts for those shoes with Best & Company. Each had already introduced Kitten heels for young girls, so any store could sell those. The best & Company exclusives were higher heels, three to four and a half inches.

Dana herself measured my feet. She was impressed with the way I walked in my Kitten heels, but felt three inches was the maximum I could safely wear until my feet grew longer.

Of course they had my size of Yves Saint Laurent in white pumps with stiletto heels. They also had a pair that would coordinate marvelously with my dress. Those were the same hue, according to the Pantel samples, with a deeper saturation. That means the color was more vivid, which is usually ideal with shoes.

My peach gown would be sent to Daddy's office on Monday afternoon, along with my peach shoes and several pair of assorted knee-stockings. Dana had me take off my Milory blue Kitten heels, which were put in a shoe box inside a Best & Company bag. I replaced my knee socks with a pair of the peach knee-stockings. I wore the white pair of YSL stilettos, so I could practice walking in them.

On the spur of the moment, Megan withdrew a wedding invitation from her purse and asked Dana Poole to be a guest.

Even with all that shopping we reached the Waverly Street apartment shortly before Daddy and Bobby arrived. All of us had many adventures that day. If we hurried we could still visit the Grove Street apartment.

Megan suggested that we dress especially nice, so we could go to a good restaurant only a few blocks from that apartment. I just simply took a quick bath and put on the same dress I had worn shopping, with knee-stockings, the white stiletto heels and my Peach Lancôme lipstick.

It had been a long day and nerve wracking about my bladder control. My dress was long enough it would hide my diapers and plastic panties. I wore those and nobody noticed. My mini-TWA purse was too small for me to carry a spare pair of shoes. Besides I needed a change of diapers, so I put the Milory blue Kitten heels inside my teal diaper bag. Megan just shoved a spare pair of Bobby's trainers into her ordinary purse.

Together all of us rode the elevator down to the lobby to find a cab.