

JANUUS

A JOURNAL OF FETISHISM AND C.P.
VOLUME 8 NUMBER 4



£1.90

**TALES OF SPANKERS
AND THE
SPANKING CLUB
READERS' LETTERS**

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A NEW JANUS SPANKING NOVEL

THE TRIBULATIONS OF CHARITY BELL

BY DAVE CARNEY

Sweet Charity Bell, blue-eyed, beautiful and blonde is as innocent and naive as a new-born lamb.

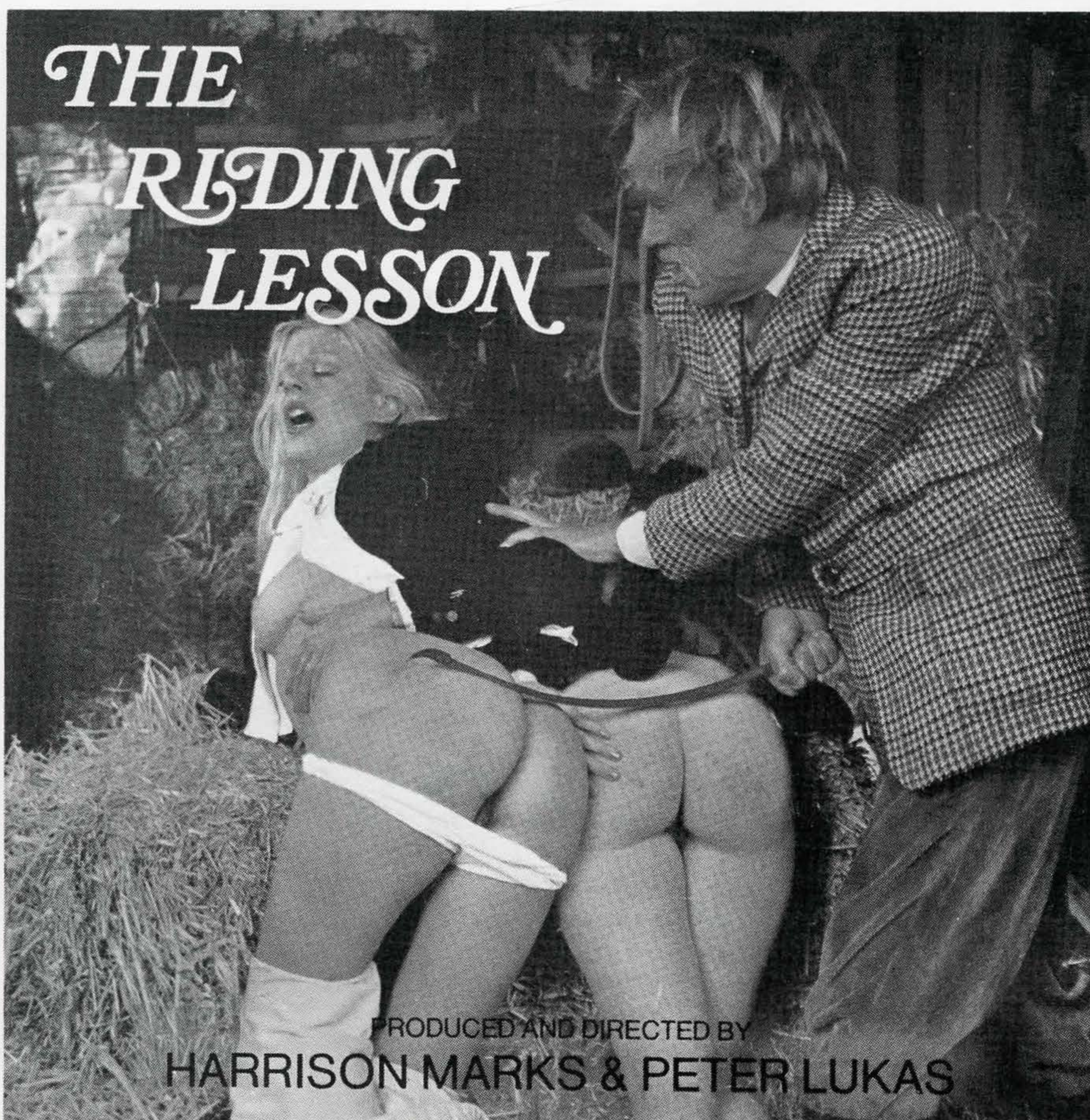
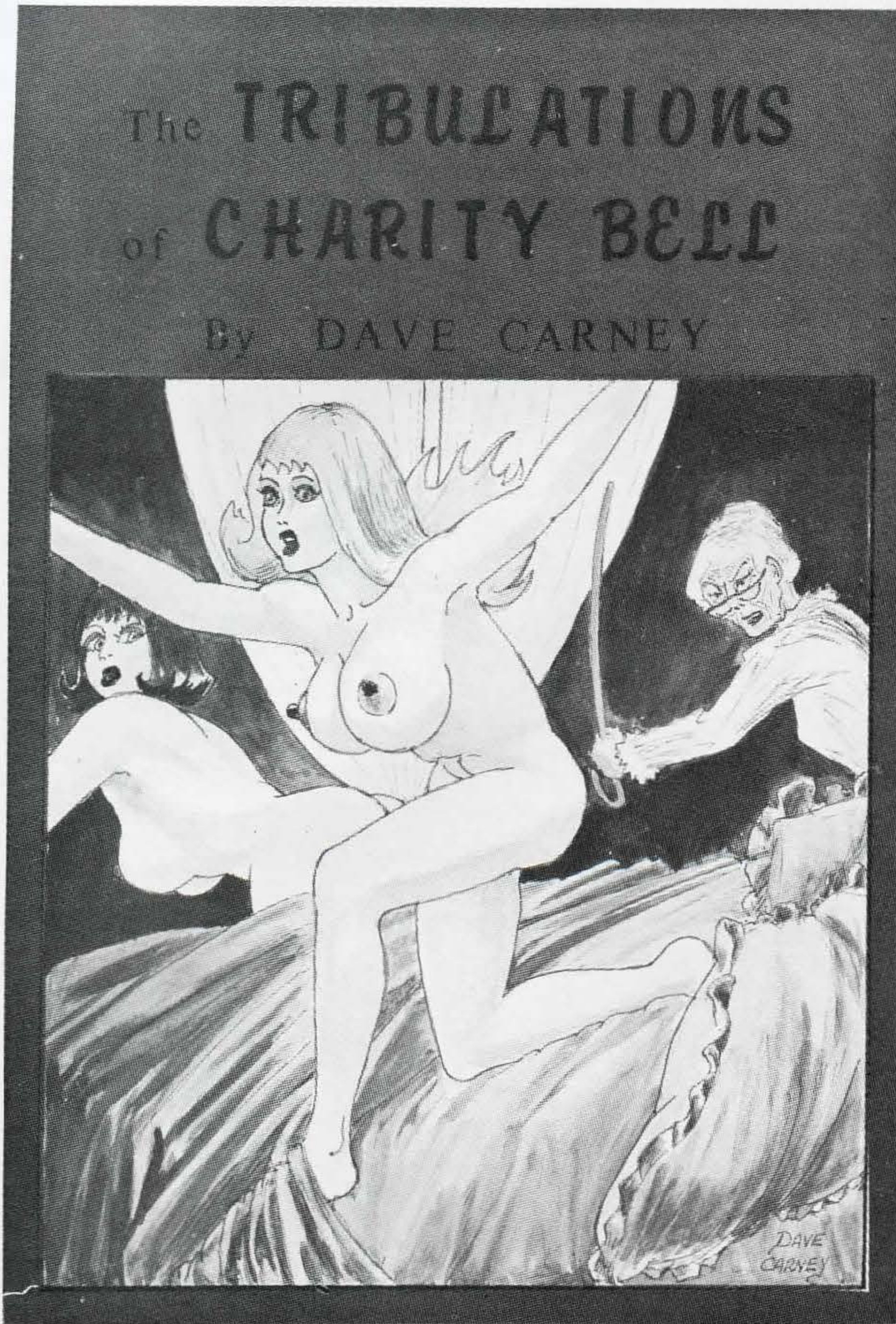
Her lushly curvaceous body arouses the passions of everyone she meets, starting with the Games Mistress!

In a series of incredible adventures in which she is seduced, caned and spanked, she never loses her delightful innocence.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

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Publication Date December 1st



Directed & Produced by Harrison Marks and Peter Lukas.

A brief summary of the Janus Film Review — *By the Janus Film reviewer John Donnelly.*

Returning from a days hunting, the beautiful blonde debutante — Elisabeth Anne is surprised to find her ex-school friend, 16 year old Susie, slugging away at a bottle of wine and frantically puffing at a cigarette. Being rather fond of her own sex Elisabeth Anne strikes a deal with her; Elisabeth agrees not to tell Susie's father, provided Susie will make love to her. Just as their love making is reaching its climax Susie's father, Jack Illsley walks into the stable, and, infuriated by the scene before him drags his pretty daughter across his knee and, raising her gym-slip and pulling down her navy blue knickers proceeds to give her the thrashing of her life. Turning then, to Elisabeth Anne, the instigator of the whole affair, he informs her that he is going to beat her, with her own riding crop, rather than tell her father of this unfortunate incident.

Now we reach the climax of the whole film with this highly attractive girl (as you can see from the box cover) pulling down her skin tight breeches and bright white knickers, then bending over a heap of bales for the most brilliant authentic caning sequence that we, at Janus have ever seen. The agony on Elisabeth-Annes face and the vivid stripes on her beautiful bottom make the climax of this film an absolute classic.

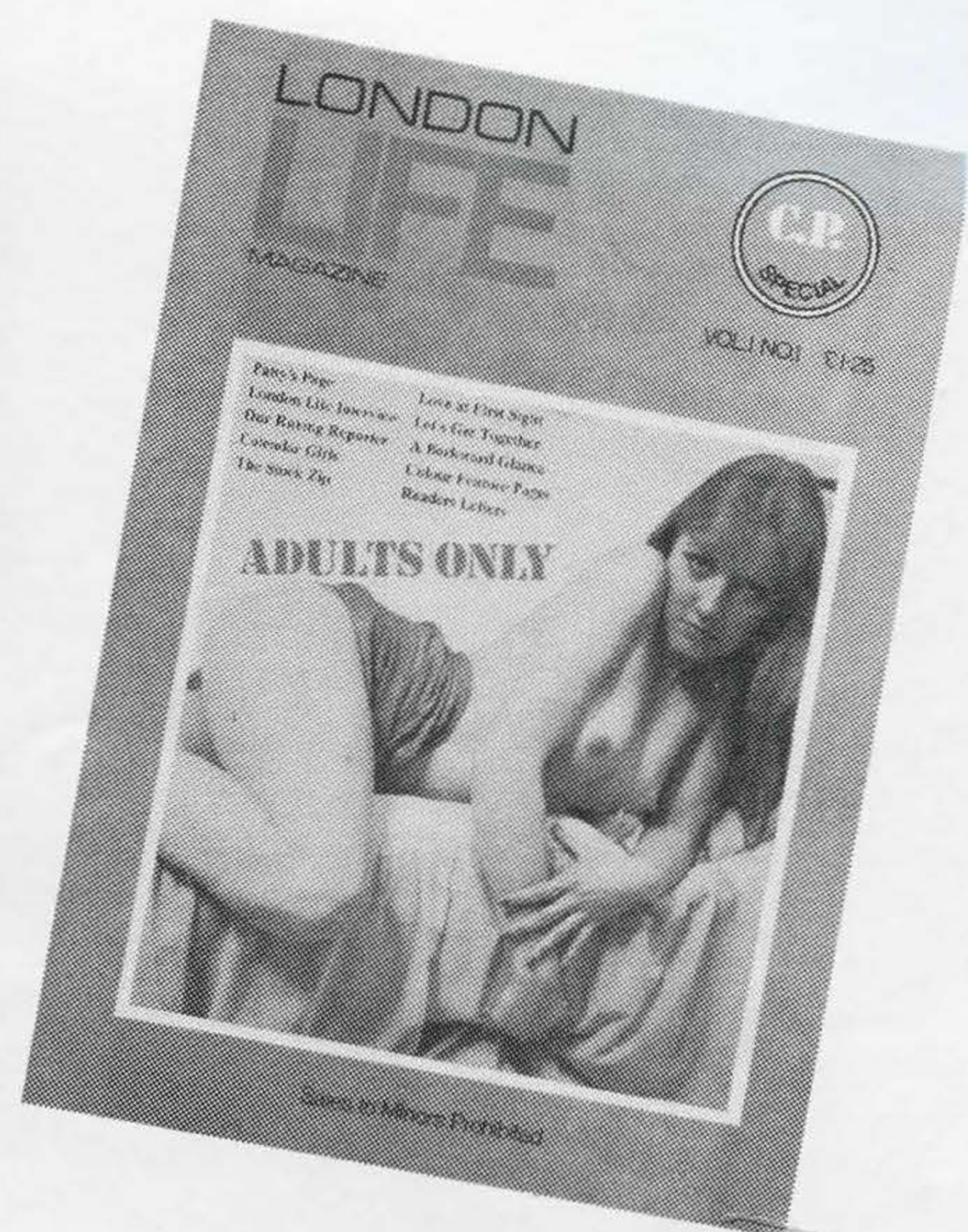
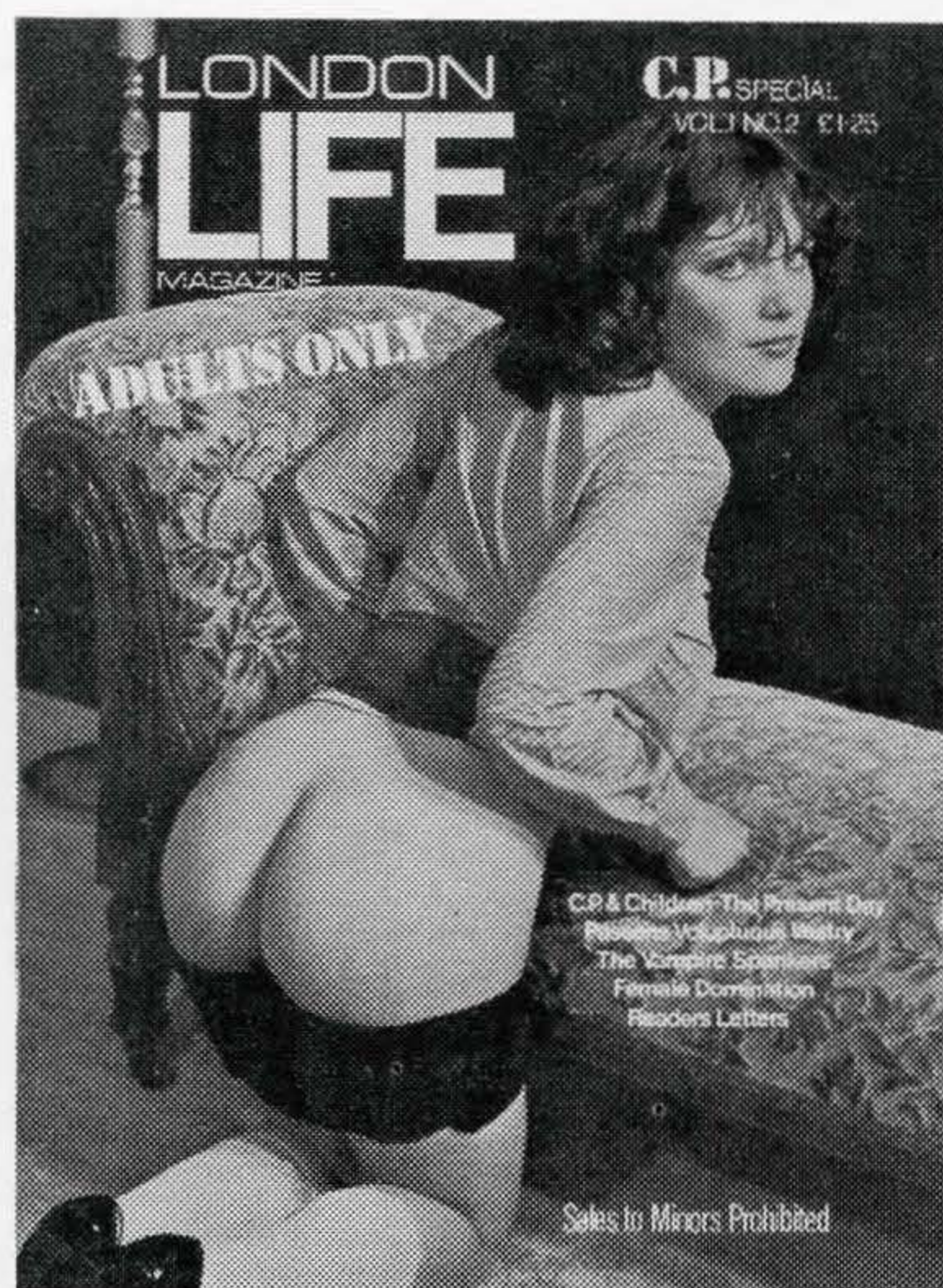
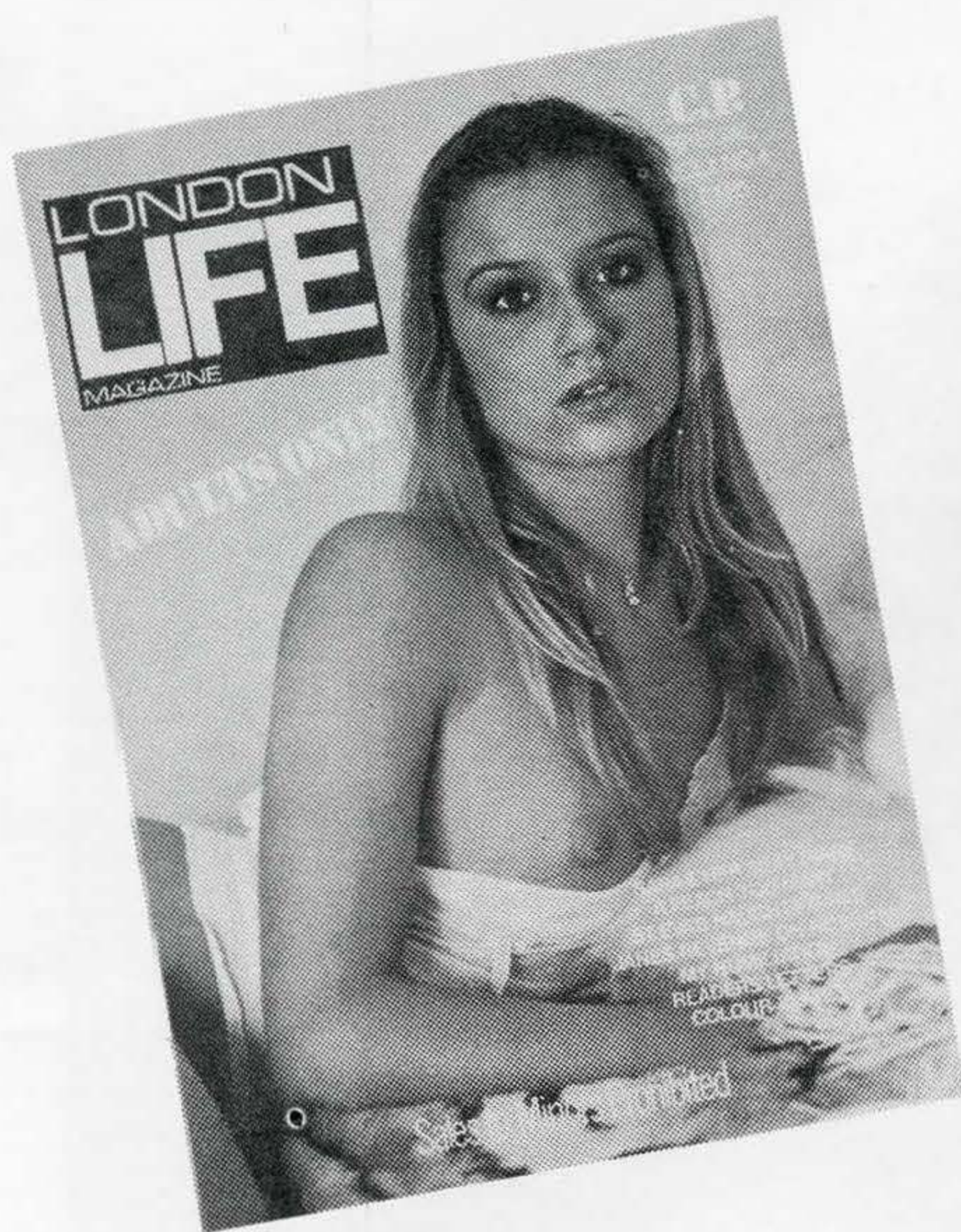
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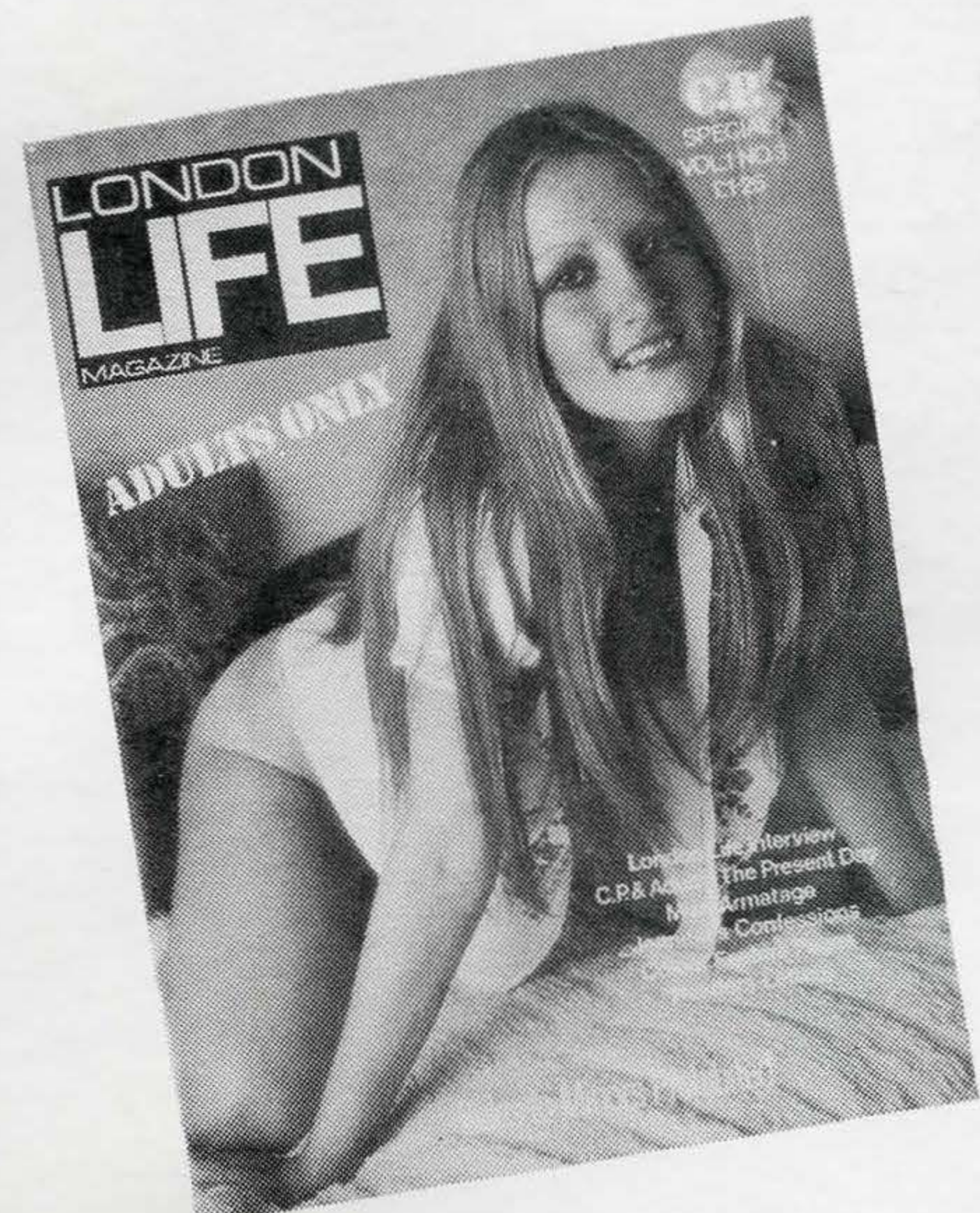
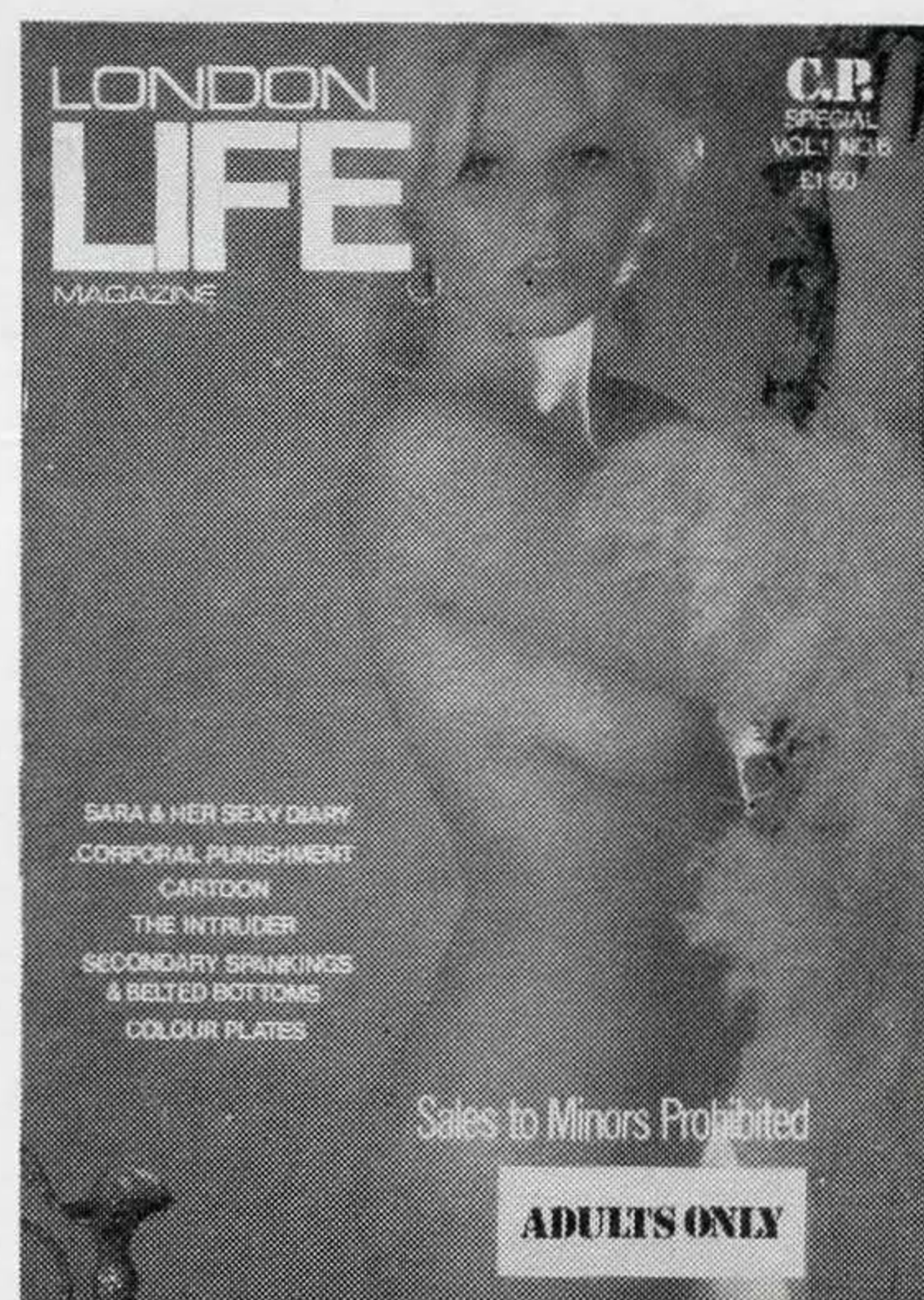
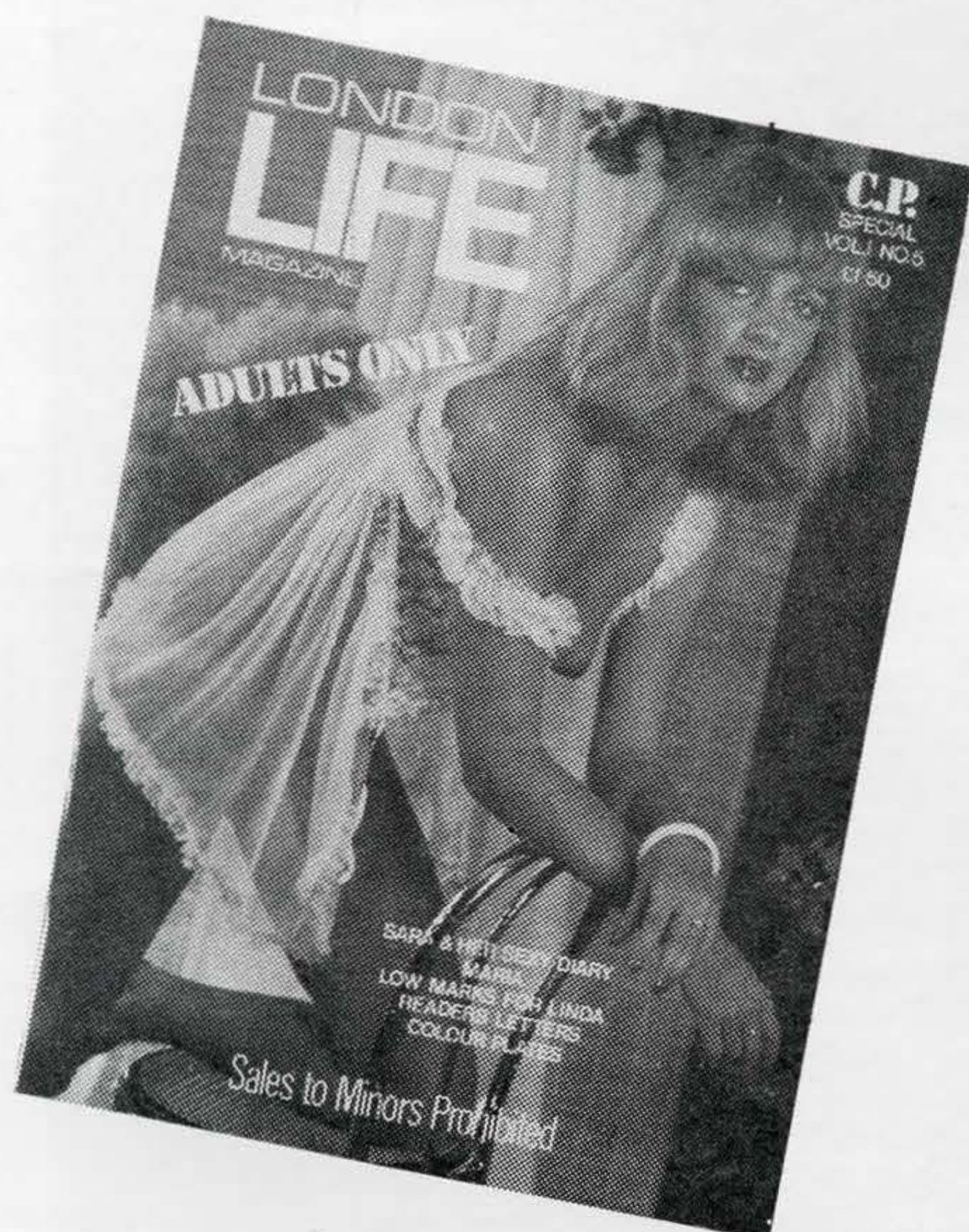
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JANUS

A Magazine of Fetishism and C.P.

Volume Eight Number Four

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"naughty"

Anyone who reads this magazine has obviously an interest in corporal punishment and will know that there are certain words and phrases such as (bottom, bare bottom, spanking, six of the best, touch your toes, take your knickers down) and many others which will evoke in his mind memories and visions of things that have left a deep and lasting impression on him (or her). To me the most evocative of all is the word 'naughty' for I have only to hear it and my mind is flooded with visions of Miss Clark.

My first school was one of those peculiar private schools which catered for the daughters of middle class shop keepers and professional men who did not want to send them away to boarding school.

It took girls from kindergarten age up to eighteen when they took their university entrance exams and boys up to the age of ten. It was one of those schools that had its own specially designed uniform which could only be bought at an exclusive school outfitters.

The girls wore green gymslips with a long knitted girdle, a green and gold tie, a green blazer trimmed with gold with the school badge on the pocket. Brown stockings and shoes and a green felt hat with a green and gold band completed their uniform. Oh! Of course they all wore green gym knickers. In the summer they changed into green and white gingham dresses and straw hats. We boys wore grey knee socks, grey flannel shorts and shirts and a school tie, a blazer similar to the girl and a peaked school cap with the crest on it.

Miss Clark was our form mistress. She was in her early twenties. Tall pretty and gay. She had shiny dark brown hair and laughing eyes. She was always very neatly dressed, usually in a long sleeved white blouse, a tight waisted black or navy-blue skirt that fitted smoothly from her waist down over her hips and then flared out in pleats to somewhere between her knees and calves. I thought she

was beautiful and adored her.

She taught from a dais, about a step high, which ran across the width of the classroom. On it she had a blackboard and easel, a small sloping top desk and a stool on which she normally sat to talk to us.

In those days corporal punishment was part of the every day school life and our school was no exception. I never saw a cane used although it was well known that the Principal, Mrs. Simpson, had one and sometimes used it.

In the classroom the usual punishment for all the normal misdeeds was a spanking and our lovely teacher was ever ready to chastise any girl or boy who warranted punishment. 'Nancy,' she would say, 'you're being naughty again. Come here to me.' And as the culprit approached her she would put her left foot on the side rail of the stool, bend her right leg out to her right to make a convenient space between her thighs, push her skirt down into the gap and drawing the offending pupil between her legs bend her over her left thigh. Up would go Nancy's gym slip to be tucked around her waist, then she would tighten up and smooth the bottle-green knickers to her satisfaction before clamping her left arm around Nancy's waist, raising her right hand and delivering six or a dozen crisp spansks to Nancy's chubby little bottom. The spanking over she would stand the blushing girl up and say: 'Now go back to your desk and try not to be *naughty* again.'

It's impossible to convey the way she said '*naughty*', but it was always fully enunciated and had an intonation which I shall never forget.

Most of the girls in the class were older by a year or two than I was and so I was in the enviable position of seeing the often quite plump and well-formed little bottoms of my classmates bent across Miss Clark's lap for spanking. She spanked the boys in exactly the same way except that she took a firm hold on the back of your shorts and held them up as tight as possible all the time she was spanking you.

She was a very adept spanker and could make us sting even through the

seat of our grey flannel shorts especially as she would sometimes use an ordinary school ruler. But for me the sting in my bottom was far outweighed by the heart-racing excitement I felt when I was drawn down across her warm soft feminine thigh.

I knew I liked being spanked by her but did not understand why, and it did not occur to me that other boys and girls might have similar feelings. Most certainly it did not enter my head that my pretty teacher obtained considerable pleasure from spanking her pupils.

Those happy days drifted by and the time was rapidly approaching when I would have to leave my school chums and the delightful Miss Clark and move on, but before that dreaded day arrived whole new vistas of excitement were to be revealed to me.

One Monday morning Miss Clark decided that she would have a change in the seating arrangements of our class with the result that I found myself sitting in the front on the right hand side of the classroom. Things went normally until one of the girls was called out to face Miss Clark, and having been softly lectured for her naughtiness, was taken up on to the dais and turned over Miss Clark's lap for the usual spanking. For me, however, it was the most unusual spanking I had ever witnessed, for when Miss Clark put her foot on the side rail of her stool and turned her left thigh out I suddenly realised that I could see right up her skirt. There above the top of her stocking was the gleam of white flesh and as she drew the offending girl over her thigh her skirt rumbled up to show entrancing glimpses of her pale blue silk knickers.

Hardly able to breathe I sat transfixed by the vision revealed to me, and by the time the blushing girl was allowed to return to her seat my face was as flushed as hers.

As you can imagine I was in a fever of impatience to see if it happened again when the next boy or girl was punished, and I could scarcely believe my luck when it did. Twice more.

But everything has to be paid for and retribution was to catch up with me very quickly.

The bell for the end of the day's

lessons sounded and we chorused our usual 'Good afternoon Miss Clark' and started to troop out of the classroom, when she caught my arm and said: 'Wait a moment Johnnie, I want to talk to you.'

As soon as the room was empty she said: 'Just wait here Johnnie, I'll be back in a few minutes,' and left the room.

In the ten minutes or so while she was away I wondered a little worriedly what she wanted to talk to me about, but as I could not recall anything I had done wrong I was not unduly apprehensive. Consequently the shock was all the greater when as soon as she returned she sat on her stool, and taking me between her legs, began to undo the snake clasp of my school belt.

'You're a *naughty, naughty*, wicked boy Johnnie!' she said in her soft voice as she undid the buttons of my shorts. 'You know very well it's *naughty* and rude for little boys to look up ladies' skirts, don't you? And you've done it three times today.'

'B . . . b . . . but I—' I stuttered.

'There's no excuse, no excuse at all,' she continued as my shorts fell to my ankles and her hands slid up my shirt to the waist of my pants.

'You thought I didn't see you, but I did, and do you know what I'm going to do now Johnnie?'

My pants joined my shorts and her soft warm hands were on the cheeks of my bottom.

'I'm going to spank you Johnnie. Spank you very very hard indeed on your bare bottom! I'm going to spank you until you cry and promise faithfully, never to look up a lady's skirt again!'

She drew me down across her thigh and rolled my shirt tail up to my waist. Her left arm secured my waist firmly.

'Are you sorry you've been a *naughty* wicked boy, Johnnie?' she asked.

'Yes Miss, oh yes Miss,' I answered fervently as her hand came down to meet my bare bottom with a stinging ringing slap. All the spankings I'd ever had paled into insignificance compared to the spanking she gave me. Crisp sizzling spanks that soon had me protesting volubly as my bottom began to burn more and more with every spank that landed.

'Oh please Miss. Stop! Don't spank me any more!' I cried, twisting and squirming on her lap in a vain effort to escape, but all to no avail as her hand continued unerringly to dole out my punishment.

It seemed to go on for ages and I

was weeping copiously when she finally stopped, and after a moment or two said breathlessly: 'There Johnnie! Has that taught you a lesson? Has that taught you it's *naughty* and rude to look up ladies' skirts?'

'Oh yes Miss Clark,' I sobbed as she lifted me to my feet.

'Well, make sure it has,' she murmured, pink-faced as she pulled up my pants and shorts and rebuckled my belt. 'Because if it hasn't I shall give you another good spanking, even harder the next time. I might even cane you! Now you'd better go off to the cloakroom and bathe your eyes. You don't want your mother to see that you've been crying because I've had to punish your bare bottom, do you?'

'No Miss,' I blubbed.

'Very well then. Off you go Johnnie and don't forget what's in store for you if I catch you being *naughty* again!'

I did try, I tried very hard indeed, but the next day Miss Clark's knickers were pink and the day after they were white, with wide legs with lace around them and her skirt seemed to pull up even higher. But by then I knew that no matter what happened to me I could not resist the temptation. My lovely teacher had me completely in her power and it only needed a glance from her when the bell sounded to keep me in my seat and make my heart pound with a mixture of apprehension and longing.

To my surprise I was not alone. One of the girls was there too. Connie, who lived only a few houses away from me. Connie was two or three years older than me. A very pretty, dark-haired girl who was in the process of filling and already had a very nice shapely little figure.

Whilst we waited for Miss Clark to return from whatever she was doing, probably having a cup of tea, Connie got up and wandered around the classroom looking in all the desks.

'Are you going to be spanked, Johnnie?' she asked suddenly.

'I don't know,' I said, blushing furiously.

'I expect we both are. Have you been *naughty*?' she said with a fair imitation of Miss Clark's manner.

I nodded.

'Have you been spanked before, Johnnie? After school I mean? On the bare bottom?'

I nodded again.

'So've I. Twice!' she informed me with a little giggle. 'It makes you cry a bit, but it's better than being sent home with a note to your dad. My

dad tans me with his slipper and it's awful.'

Miss Clark came in.

'Oh dear,' she said, biting her bottom lip, 'I'd completely forgotten about you Connie. Oh well, it can't be helped. You've both been very *naughty* and know why I must punish you don't you?'

'Yes Miss,' we chorused.

'Very well then. Johnnie you go and stand in that corner while I deal with Connie and don't you dare look round or it'll be the worse for you!'

I trotted dutifully off to the corner and faced the wall. There was a short *sotto voce* conversation, a few moments silence, followed by the unforgettable sound of a hand smiting bare flesh, and a gasp. I counted the spanks: one, two, three, four five, and then I could endure it no longer and I turned my head.

Held firmly across teacher's thigh with her green and white gingham skirt up above her waist and her green knickers down to mid thigh, Connie's bottom was already beginning to turn pink from the effects of Miss Clark's spanking palm. The first thing that struck me was that it looked so much bigger and plumper than it did when covered by her skirt. It was beautifully smooth and white and pretty. Not for long though, for Miss Clark seemed to regard its whiteness as a challenge to be overcome as quickly as possible, for her hand rose and fell at a steady pace which soon had both of Connie's shapely hemispheres blushing scarlet and twisting and turning frantically as the spanking drew staccato protests and cries from her. But in spite of all Connie's writhing and kicking and her piteous little entreaties Miss Clark continued to spank until both of Connie's cheeks were a blazing crimson. Only when she helped the weeping girl to her feet did I face the wall again and await my own fate with no little trepidation.

A minute or two passed before Connie, sobbing and holding her bottom, joined me in the corner.

The siren voice of my teacher called softly, 'Johnnie, come here,' and with my heart in my mouth I went to her. As she took down my shorts and pants she murmured: 'I warned you Johnnie didn't I? But you're just a very *naughty* disgusting little boy so I'm going to have to whip you again, terribly, terribly, hard. And it will be even harder because I told you not to look while I punished Connie, but you did didn't you? Your *naughty* mind made you look at Connie's bare bottom being spanked! I really don't



DAVE
COVERLY

know what will become of you if you carry on like this!

My shirt was rolled up all round and I was urged down into the familiar position. Familiar but oh so different, for it seemed that by some accident Miss Clark's skirt had rucked more than usual and my bare belly was nestling against the bare warm flesh of her thigh between her stocking, top and the lace of her French knickers. The delicious feeling in my belly was so enthralling that I was barely aware that the spanking had begun until I suddenly came to realise that my bottom was already hot and stinging.

She really did spank me hard and it went on until I was crying like a baby and imploring her to stop. When she did I just lay there sobbing until she helped me up and pulled up my pants and shorts. Wiping the tears from my face with her handkerchief, she said gently: 'There Johnnie, you've had a really sound whipping this time and I hope it won't ever be necessary for me to punish you again. Just remember if you are tempted to be *naughty* again that I shall take you to the Principal who will cane your bare bottom very severely indeed.

'Y-yes Miss Clark,' I sobbed, quite determined that the final two weeks of the term I would be an angel in disguise.

'Right then, now both of you, off to the cloakroom and make yourselves tidy,' she said.

Connie and I, both very subdued, walked home together.

'Are you going to tell your Mum?' she asked.

'No fear! Are you?'

'No. You looked when I was being spanked, didn't you. Boys shouldn't look at girls' bare bottoms. It isn't nice.'

'Why? It's ever so pretty, Connie.'

'You mustn't say that, and you must promise never to tell anyone that you saw me having my bottom whipped.'

'I promise Connie, truly I do,' I said fervently.

'Does it still hurt?'

'Not much now. It's just sort of hot. What about you? She spanked you ever so hard.'

'I know, but it's not too bad now. Did you watch?'

'Umm. Your bum went bright red. Like a tomato! We'd better be good till the end of term. I don't want to get the cane again.'

'I didn't know you'd had it before, Connie,' I said in surprise. 'Was it awful?'

'Terrible! I had to bend over her

desk, and Miss Clark pulled my bloomers down and the Principal gave me three strokes. Ooh how it stung! I couldn't sit down properly for three days and the marks lasted for ages. I hated it. I don't want it ever again so I'm jolly well going to be the best girl in the school. For the next two weeks anyway! I expect I'll get a few spankings next term,' she sighed. 'Some how or other I just can't stop being naughty!'

* * * *

It was to be nearly five years before I had the thrill of seeing another girl being punished.

I was kicking a tennis ball around the playground when from the shrubbery which ran along the side wall of the school a voice hissed: 'Hey

Johnnie, come here quick!'

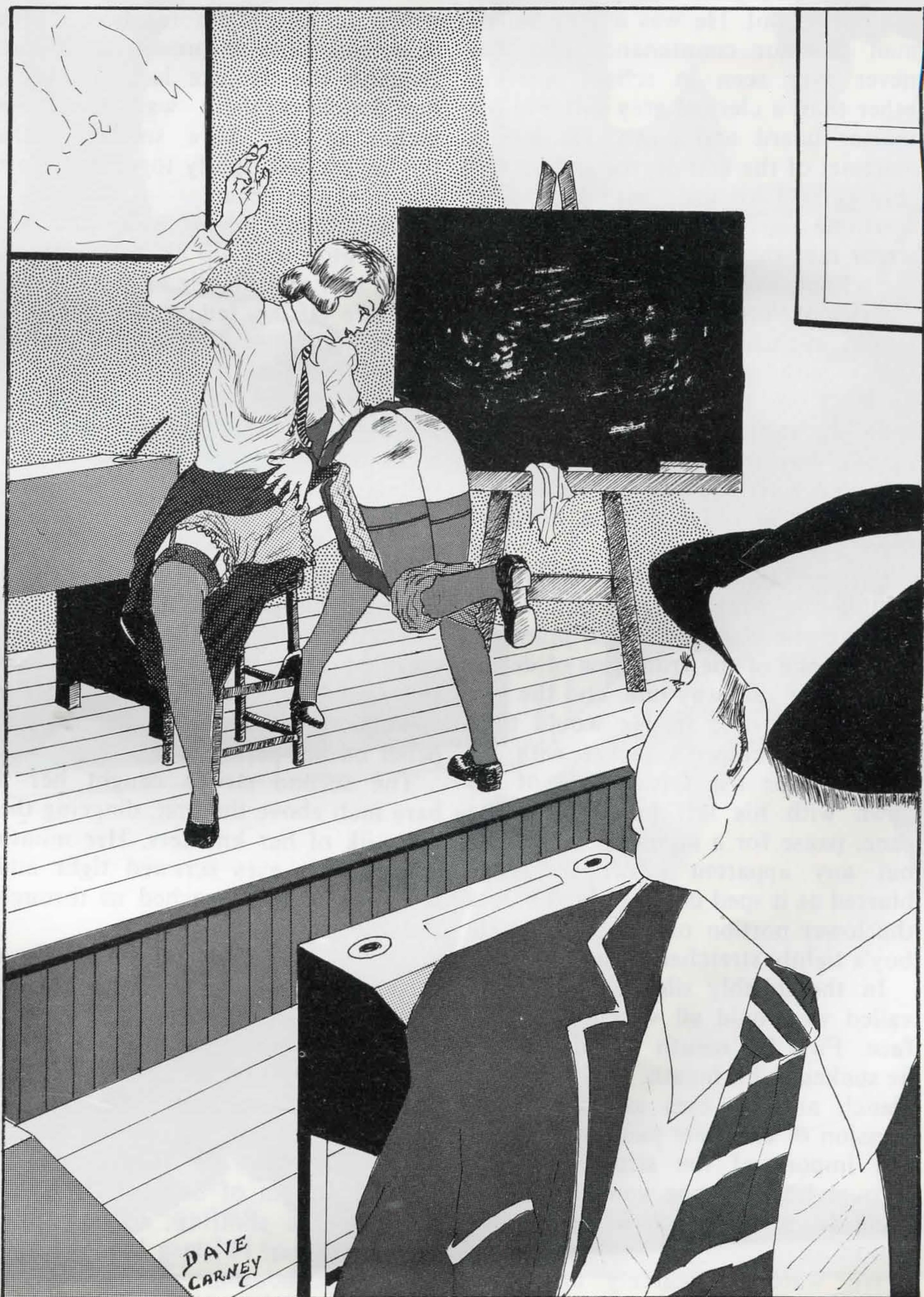
The face of my pal Jack appeared briefly between the laurel leaves. 'Quick!' he mouthed, beckoning frantically.

I cast a quick look round, then slid into the greenery. 'What's the matter?' I asked.

'The old man's got a woman and two girls in his study. He's got his cane in his hand. He must be going to swish them!'

I didn't need any urging to hurry through the shrubbery to where it ended a scant five yards from the headmaster's ground-floor study. This area was strictly out of bounds, and we were silent and very careful as we peered through the leaves at the scene depicted behind the wide, uncurtained French windows.

Standing behind his desk was Mr Washington with his cane in his hands and dressed as usual in his full regalia.



In front of his desk, with their hands clasped behind their backs and their heads low, stood two girls. Big girls, full-grown, pretty, shapely young women about eighteen or nineteen. One was dressed in a black skirt, black stockings and a white blouse. The other was in a summer dress and light coloured silk stockings. Hovering in the background was a woman of about forty years of age.

'Who are they?' I whispered in Jack's ear.

'Don't know,' he whispered, 'but I reckon he's going to cane them. They must have been naughty!'

I felt my pulses leap as echoes of Miss Clark's '*Naughty*' sprang immediately to my mind. In spite of the terrific excitement I felt at the prospect of seeing the two girls punished, I felt sorry for them too; as I felt sorry for anyone facing a caning from the headmaster.

Mr. Washington was a teacher of the old school. He was a grey-haired man of dour countenance and was never ever seen in school wearing other than a clerical grey suit and his mortar board and gown. He was a martinet of the first degree and invariably carried his cane with him. This fearsome instrument, which struck terror into the hearts of every boy in the school, was nothing much to look at. About two and a half feet in length, slightly frayed at the tip and brown with age it produced, in the hand of Mr. Washington, the most appalling sting imaginable. He rarely gave a boy more than two strokes, but even with one he could reduce a fourteen year old boy to a flood of tears.

His method was always the same. Calling the wretched boy out to the front of the class, he would point his cane to one of the front row of desks, normally a gangway one, and the boy would bend over it. He would then flip up the culprit's jacket with his cane, gather the loose folds of his gown with his left hand, raise the cane, pause for a moment, then without any apparent effort the cane blurred as it sped down to land across the lower portion of the unfortunate boy's tightly stretched trousers.

In the deathly silence which prevailed we would all watch the boy's face. First his mouth would open as he sucked in his breath, his face would blench and his eyes assume an expression of exquisite pain, and, as the full import of the stroke travelled through his nerves he would utter anything from a gasp to a full-blooded yell of agony.

We watched, scarcely daring to

breathe for fear of discovery, as the Head finished his homily and walked round the desk. He said something to the woman who in turn spoke to the girls. The one in the black skirt moved back a couple of steps and the woman took the other girl's arm and moved her up against the desk. The girl bent forward and put her hands on the desk top, but at a word from the woman lowered herself to her elbows, then with some hesitation and obvious reluctance, laid herself flat across the desk top. I heard Jack gasp as the woman took the girl's skirt by its hem and lifted it to lay it high up on her shoulders, following it immediately with her white silk petticoat. As she stepped away we were regaled with the vision of the lovely girl now clad only in a pair of satin French knickers tautly drawn over a pair of fully-developed, beautifully rounded bottom cheeks.

I heard Jack gasp and I felt myself stiffen in immediate reaction to the delectable vision presented to us. Beneath the delicate lace edging of her knickers there was about six inches of her bare smooth white thighs, pressed tightly together before her stockings began.

The woman moved away and Mr. Washington took up his usual stance, to the rear and slightly on the culprit's left side. If he felt any emotion at the sight of the flimsily clad and so beautifully shaped bottom he was about to punish, it certainly did not register on his face. As if it was quite a normal procedure for him to cane fully-grown young ladies, he raised his cane and with scarcely a pause for aim, zinged it down to land fair and square across the centre of those gleaming silky knickers. Spellbound, we stared as the girl's bottom clenched spasmodically and her head jerked up and round, so that we could see the expression of almost ludicrous disbelief on her pretty face.

The second stroke caught her a bare inch above the first, dingeing the taut silk of her knickers. Her mouth opened, her eyes screwed tight and her gasp of pain reached us through the open transom.

'Christ, she's getting three!' Jack gasped as the Head's arm raised again. The girl was now rising, and on to her elbows. An attitude which forced her bottom to thrust itself out as her back hollowed. The stroke, which landed full across the plump curves just above her thighs, brought a shrill scream of anguish from her lips and she shot up, tears spilling from her eyes, to clasp her hands to her scalded bottom.

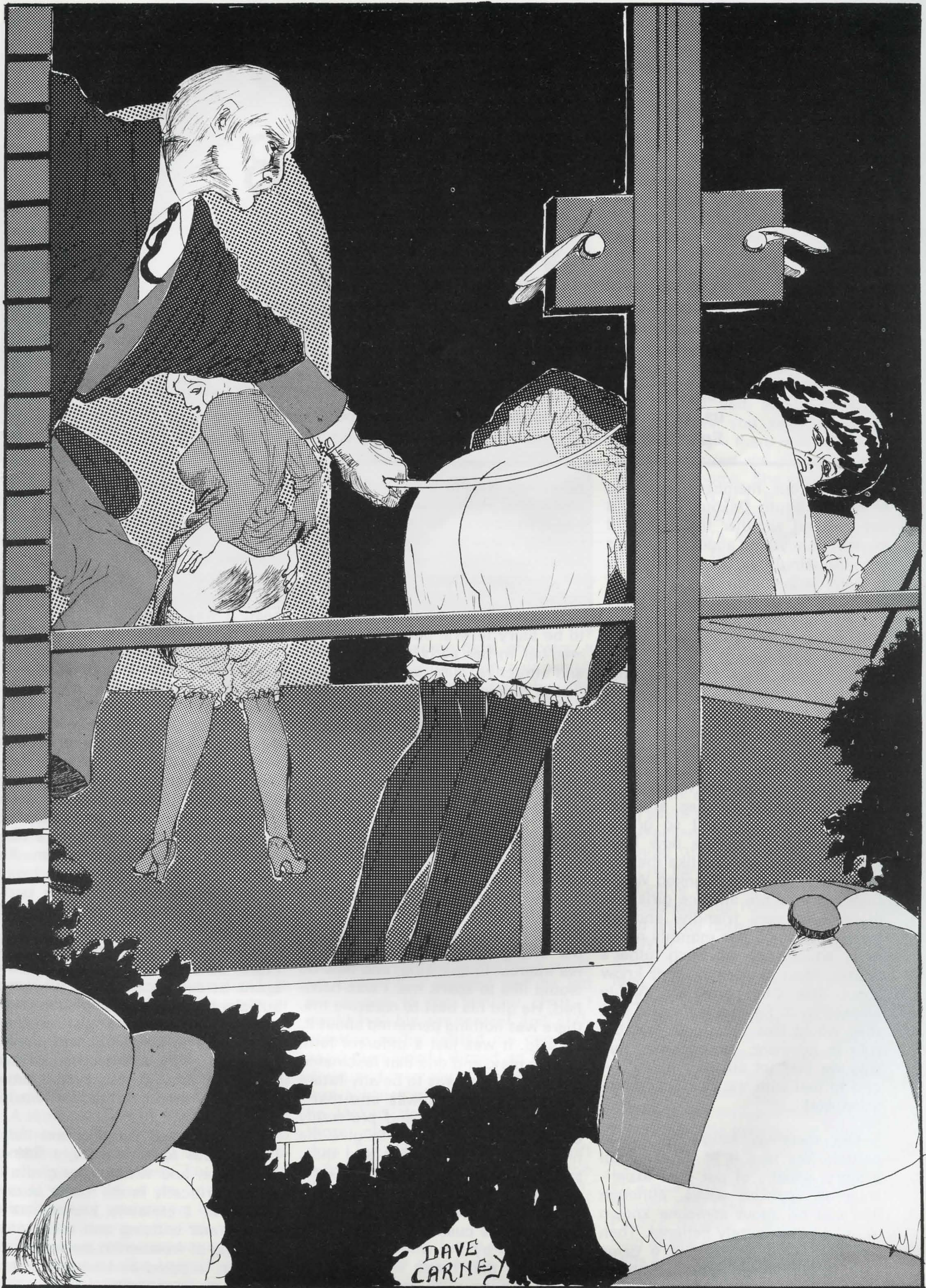
The woman took her and led her to the far side of the room out of our view and returned a few seconds later to usher the other girl to the place of execution.

This girl, already chewing her lips in apprehension, was made to lay across the desk, but when the woman started to take up her skirt it was so tight across her bottom and thighs it could not be raised, so the girl was made to stand up and raise it and her white petticoat herself. When she bent over again we were regaled with the view of a deliciously plump bottom clad in a pair of skin-tight white bloomers, with legs that ended about halfway down her thighs and into which the tops of her black stockings disappeared.

'What a gorgeous bum,' Jack breathed. I was too entranced to utter a word. The woman lifted the girl's skirt up a little and smoothed it around her waist, then moved away to allow Mr. Washington free access to his target. Without delay, although I had the impression that he surveyed the seat of operations for a slightly longer period than usual, Mr. Washington raised the cane and laid the ferocious instrument, as usual, with incredible speed, to strike the very centre of the stitch stretched bloomers.

This girl was obviously made of tougher stuff than her companion, for her only reaction to the awful sting which the cane must have produced was a slow clenching and unclenching of her bounteous bottom. The second whistling impact certainly made her take action, for she lifted herself, much as her friend had done, and what was visible of her face showed the usual expression of horrified agony, but to my amazement she lowered herself down again and presented her curvacious bottom for the final devastating stroke, which sped through the air at the speed of light and struck her broad juicy lower curves with all the venom of an angry hornet. She came upright in slow motion, her contorted face and the tears coursing down her cheeks testifying to the skill of the Headmaster and the punishing effects of his dreadful old cane.

The class bell forced us to retreat and we never found out who the girls were, or why they were punished, but as Jack said later: 'They must have been *awfully naughty!*' That scene was to be my masturbating fantasy for years, but in my dreams it was always my beloved Miss Clark who was wielding the cane or spanking those delicious bottoms. Bare!



THE CLUB

It is called simply, The Club, and it is probably unique in this country. I say this country because it was suggested by a ladies' society in the United States which I read about, The Spanked Wives Club of South Dakota. According to the press report the club had a membership of thirty, and a spokeswoman is reported to have said: 'Our husbands don't beat us. They turn us over their knees and give us a good sound spanking. Spanking has a proper place in the home when it is deserved.'

One of our members wrote to friends in South Dakota, but could not find out whether the club still existed, or anything about it, perhaps not surprisingly as South Dakota is a state larger than England, and the magazine item was several years old. Perhaps American readers may have more information. We would love to correspond.

This small news item was the seed from which The Club grew. I had been long, and usually happily, spanked by my husband Charles, and so had my friend Pat Edwards by her Bill. She too had a friend, Janet Brewer, who was liable to go across her husband's knee, and was not averse to this, and so gradually the club grew. We now have eight members, nothing like the size of the South Dakota Spanked Wives Club but they are all nice girls and the club is very friendly, and we thoroughly enjoy our monthly meetings, which are at each other's houses. Most of our husbands know about The Club and are highly amused by it. Several have said that they would like to attend, but the rule is adamant, ladies only, that way we can 'let our hair down' — and to hell with the Sex Discrimination Act!

Our meetings follow the same pattern. We take it in turns to tell a story, usually of our own experience as spanked wives, although this can be about someone known to us, or even purely fictional. Then we have a competition or a game with forfeits, then follows another story and we finally end up with tea,

cakes and gossip. What ladies' club could exist without gossip? To give you a flavour, I'll tell you about last month's meeting, which I have reconstructed from the Minutes, and which appears here with the ladies' consent.

It was the turn of Janet and Milly to be story tellers. Janet is a young member in her early twenties, dark and attractive, slim, but with a good figure. She looked a little embarrassed as she faced the circle of listeners, but after a slightly nervous start she warmed to her subject and told us how her husband Frank had gradually trained her to like spanking.

'I had never been spanked as a child,' she began, 'no not once. Oh I suppose that there was the odd slap on the legs when I was naughty, but neither mum nor dad had ever formally put me across their knees, lifted my skirts and smacked my bottom. So when, after about a month after our engagement, Frank told me of his interest in spanking, and how he would like to spank me, I was horrified. He did his best to reassure me, there was nothing perverted about it, he said, it was just a different form of love play, and one that fascinated him, so if there was to be any future for our marriage it was one that I should get used to, and preferably enjoy too. He proposed to give the first demonstration there and then, and sitting down on the sofa beckoned me across his knee. I positioned myself awkwardly, my face buried in the cushions. I felt a little humiliated by the whole thing, and very glad that I was wearing trousers and not a skirt, and very thank-

ful that we were alone. Fortunately Frank made no attempt to take down my trousers, but let his hand roam over the taut blue material which covered my buttocks, assessing the elasticity of my bottom. Then I felt his hand slap down on my trousered seat. It was not a hard smack, and certainly hardly stung through the protection of trousers and a pantigirdle. It left a slight feeling of warmth which was not unpleasant. None of the remaining five smacks hurt either, what an anticlimax! If this was a spanking I could not see that it could be much of a punishment. When he had finished Frank gathered me in his arms and kissed me passionately and I could see that in some way that spanking, a non event to me, had aroused him. Ah well, if that gave him pleasure I was more than ready to play my part. What strange things turn men on, I thought!

'Later, as he held me in his arms, Frank said that he would like to spank at every date when we were sufficiently private. But please, Jan, don't wear trousers unless you want them to come off, and *please* no girdle, you don't need one. How strange, I thought, but by this time I was in a mood to humour him in everything.'

'As I dressed for our next date I took care to wear a tight fitting silk dress, and without my girdle I looked critically in the mirror at my backview. I certainly looked more curved and enticing and there was a feeling of freedom in the way that my hips wiggled as I moved. I ran my hand over my buttocks under the



tight skirt, they felt soft and inviting. I could begin to see what Frank was about! That evening I went across his knee again for six fairly hard slaps over my skirt. This time I was not sprawled over his lap, but properly positioned over his knee as he sat on an upright chair, and I could feel my skirt pulled drum tight and blushed to think what an idiot I must look, bottom up over his knee. This time, with less protection, the smacks gave quite an exciting sting and hurt a little. I wriggled and when released rubbed my bottom, not quite sure that I liked it! But Frank gathered me in his arms, and his love making made it all worth while.'

'After that I got quite used to going across his knee for six over my skirt, and I suppose I became quite blase, for it came as quite a shock when Frank said: "On Thursday it will be a skirts up spanking my love, so come prepared for it!" A skirts up spanking! I was of course quite used to Frank petting me and in the process rucking and disarranging my clothes, but I was not sure that I liked the idea of him deliberately uncovering my panties. It was at once humiliating, yet at the same time rather attractive. I knew that I had a nice bottom and was not averse to showing it to him.'

'On Thursday I selected my panties with some care, choosing a tight fitting white nylon pair which covered my bottom fairly fully, and with elasticated lace at the hems. They fitted snugly around my bottom and I must say that I liked the reflection in the tall mirror as I stood before it, skirt and slip raised above my waist. I thought the gap of creamy thigh between the lace of my panties and my tan, suspended stockings particularly attractive. Yes, Jan, I thought, your Frank is in for quite a treat!'

'Later, after some preliminary kissing and cuddling, Frank said: "Spanking time my love, did you remember that it's going to be skirts up tonight?" I nodded and he led me across to the familiar chair. I could feel his excitement and anticipation as he settled me comfortably, then slowly turned up first my dress and then my nylon slip. There was a pause of almost a minute as he looked down at my bottom in those close fitting knickers, and then I felt his hand exploring the soft fullness of my buttocks beneath the thin nylon. "Lovely!" he breathed, before his right palm rose and cracked down.'

'By this time I was getting used to quite hard spankings and getting broken in by degrees did not find

the loss of two layers of "protection" too much of a deprivation. I became quite used, in fact began to enjoy, going across his knee with my skirts around my waist, and made a point of buying pretty panties which I knew would please him and show off my bottom to best advantage. Sometimes I wondered why, knowing him, he did not go the whole hog and pull down my panties and spank me on the bare bottom, and truth to tell I would not have objected, but he seemed quite content to continue spanking my pretty knickers, and if he was content, then so was I.'

'At last came the day of our wedding, and I must admit that I looked rather gorgeous in the usual white satin, veil, and all the trimmings. Have you seen the photographs? [Here there was a pause as we all admired the album of Jan's wedding photos. She certainly looked super. R.W.] It was after the wedding ceremony and Frank and I went upstairs to change and "put our things together" in the traditionally ribald wedding expression. Frank closed and locked the bedroom door and gathered me in his arms passionately. No he did not make love to me then and there, if you are wondering, but Frank said: "Darling there is one thing I must do to make you mine." And in full bridal regalia he put me across his knee. My full skirts and train were heaped around my shoulders, my slip followed and there I was in white silk stockings, rosebud garters and white satin panties, provocatively exposed! "This darling is the beginning of a new era" said Frank, and he carefully slipped down those seductive knickers over my shapely cheeks and his hand slapped down hard on my bare bottom.'

'Well that was two years ago. Since then I have been spanked long and often, usually on the bare, and with a variety of implements, and I must admit that I like it. But I bet that I'm one of the few wives to be spanked in their wedding dress, or to leave for the honeymoon with a glowing bottom!'

There was well deserved applause for Jan as she returned to her seat. Well after that it was competition time, and this by tradition is chosen on a rota basis by one member each month. This time it was the turn of Pauline Baynes, and she was grinning as she produced four ping pong balls and four bats. 'Right girls,' she said, 'it's a race this month. Four





teams of two each and the idea is to push the ball as far as "base" at the end of the room — with your noses! One half of the team pushing, the other half "encouraging" with the bats. Just to make it fair on everybody, when you reach base you swop over and go back again. The team that loses pays a forfeit, two whacks each from the paddles of the others. O.K.? Oh, and just so that we don't spoil our dresses, tuck them up and pin them. Right?!

There were groans of mock dismay at the announcement of this game, but everyone set to with a good will, clearing a space in the long room and setting up starting and finishing bases for the four

teams. Then we rolled up skirts and slips, pinning them at the shoulders. It was a bizarre sight as the four beginners lined up for the off. Four respectable ladies, ranging from young to middle aged, kneeling with their noses on the carpet ready to push the small celluloid balls, our raised bottoms clad in a variety of knickers from bikini pants to director's knickers. Wouldn't our husbands have liked to have been present! Behind stood the 'drivers' the bats ready to hand. There was a 'Ready, steady, go!' from Pauline, who was one of the drivers, and the four teams lumbered across the room urged on by encouraging cries and none too gentle whacks with the

paddles to the pushers' knickered behinds. When the leading team reached base, not without a great deal of despair and deviation, the team changing over, the driver became the pusher, and back we came.

Guess who lost? Yes I did, with my partner Joan Wells. Poor Joan is a plump girl in her forties and certainly no greyhound as a pusher.

Puffing and gasping, the members stood regaining their breath and rearranging their clothing, while the winners, Janet and Pat, received a box of chocolates as a prize.

'No, you two losers! Leave your skirts up!' cried Pauline, 'remember the forfeit. Two each with the paddle from the rest of us. Right, Rita, Joan across those two chairs!' Resignedly we draped ourselves over the back of the chairs holding on to the seats. I was wearing tights under pretty lilac French knickers, and I made a half-hearted and quite useless protest as Pauline dragged them down, followed by the tights. Joan was wearing light blue 'celon' director's knickers over a corselette and stockings, and the wretched Pauline pulled down the bloomers and unclipped the corset's suspenders before easing it up over Joan's maturely plump bottom.

We had to grit our teeth, hold on tight to the seats and stay in position, which was not easy, as a dozen hard swats of the ping pong paddles smacked down on our rapidly reddening and smarting buttocks which were already quite tender from 'encouragement' during the race. When it was over we hopped about rubbing our scalded cheeks to the great joy of the other ladies, who knew that it was the luck of the draw and they might well find themselves in the same position next time. It was gingerly and with a very stinging bot, that I sat down to take notes on Milly's story.

Milly is our senior member, being in her early fifties, but she is young at heart, attractive, and sport enough to join in all our activities and thoroughly enjoy them. She tends to take a somewhat motherly attitude to the younger girls, especially in the matter of dress, being herself very fashion conscious with all her clothes, underwear and outerwear being in immaculate taste and extremely pretty.

It was obvious that we were in for a mild ticking off on this subject before Milly began her story. Silver-haired but slim, and still very shapely, she indeed looked much

smarter than some of the girls who were going through the 'denim and cheesecloth' phase. 'Ladies,' she began, 'it's my turn for a story this afternoon, following on from Janet's excellent one, and I hope that mine won't be an anticlimax, but before I do, *really*, I must say a word about the underwear that some of you are wearing! Not all, of course, but some; I name no names! When we were playing that silly game a few minutes ago we all had ample opportunity to see what each of us had underneath, and *some* of you, my dear girls . . . It's enough to turn your husbands off spanking you, or anything else, for good! Now when I was a young girl underclothes were a mystery, an erotic mystery, designed to enhance the body, to make women feminine, entrancing and desirable in soft silks, satins and crêpe de chenes. A glimpse of lace was guaranteed to excite the most blasé male, and the sight of suspended thigh or knickered bottom when his goal was reached, could bring him to a fever pitch of anticipation.'

'But today you get a mere triangle of nylon covering your essentials and you cover *that* with tights which are about as sexless as a medieval chastity belt. Most of you have young beautiful bodies, and what do you do? You make no attempt to display them properly. It's like putting the Crown Jewels in a Woolies plastic carrier bag! Alright, I know that I'm on my hobby horse, while I'm really here to tell a story, but take heed! Next month it's my turn to set the competition and I'm choosing as subject "The most glamorous underclothes"! And God help the loser! I shall spank her and put her in old scratchy woollen bloomers for a week.' There was general laughter, some of it a little anxious!

'Now girls, to my story,' she said. 'I grew up in the 1920's, a time most of you know only from the history books, and unlike Janet my family *did* believe in corporal punishment as an effective way to bring up a large brood. Not only my parents, but their parents too, as I discovered when I was a wee girl, about five or six, and we went to stay with Grand'ma and Grandad in Sussex. I suppose that they would not have been much older than I am now, but at my tender age they seemed incredibly old and very strict. Aunt Lilly, mother's sister, was still living at home, being, I suppose about twenty-three, and it was evident that

she was still expected to obey her parents' orders, as was my mother.'

'I worshipped Aunt Lilly. She was beautiful and blonde, charming and cheerful, every ready to make a fuss of me, and I loved her. And how I admired her clothes! Always in the height of fashion, sweeping gowns loud with the frou-frou of lacey petticoats, and the occasional glimpse of a pretty ankle or slim calf in gossamer silk stockings. Once I had been in Aunt Lilly's room when she changed to go out, and had been overawed by the richness of her underclothing, the sheer soft fabrics, the ribbons and lace. I suppose that any affectation I have about *my* clothes I get from Aunt Lilly, so you see what you have to thank her for!'

'Sunday was a day of rest at the grandparents' and that meant church, for both morning and evening services, and no playing outside for me. Indeed I was very much expected to be seen and not heard, and had been threatened with dire penalties if I desecrated the peace of the Sabbath!'

'So this Sunday I was in the front room playing quietly with my bricks. I was hidden behind the sofa, which made an ideal cave in which to shelter from bears, and I was using the bricks to build a wall to keep them out. It was engaged on this when overcome by a very large Sunday lunch, I fell fast asleep.'

'I was awakened by the sound of my grandfather's voice, and there was something in the sternness of his tone which decided me to stay hidden where I was. Peering around the corner of the sofa I saw that he was facing my Auntie Lilly, who looked crestfallen and not a little apprehensive.

"So my girl," Grandfather was saying, "despite my instructions you came in late last night, long past twelve o'clock, your mother says, and with no good excuse. Well, I suppose that it's something that you haven't added lying to your other misdemeanours. I've warned you before, grown woman though you may think you are, while under this roof you will do as you are told, and if not you will be punished. Is that understood?"

"Ye-s, father."

"Very well, you are certainly not too old for a spanking, and that is just what you are going to get. Take your dress off!"

'I watched with eyes like saucers, as without a word my Auntie Lilly took off her best Sunday gown and stood in bodice and long silk petti-

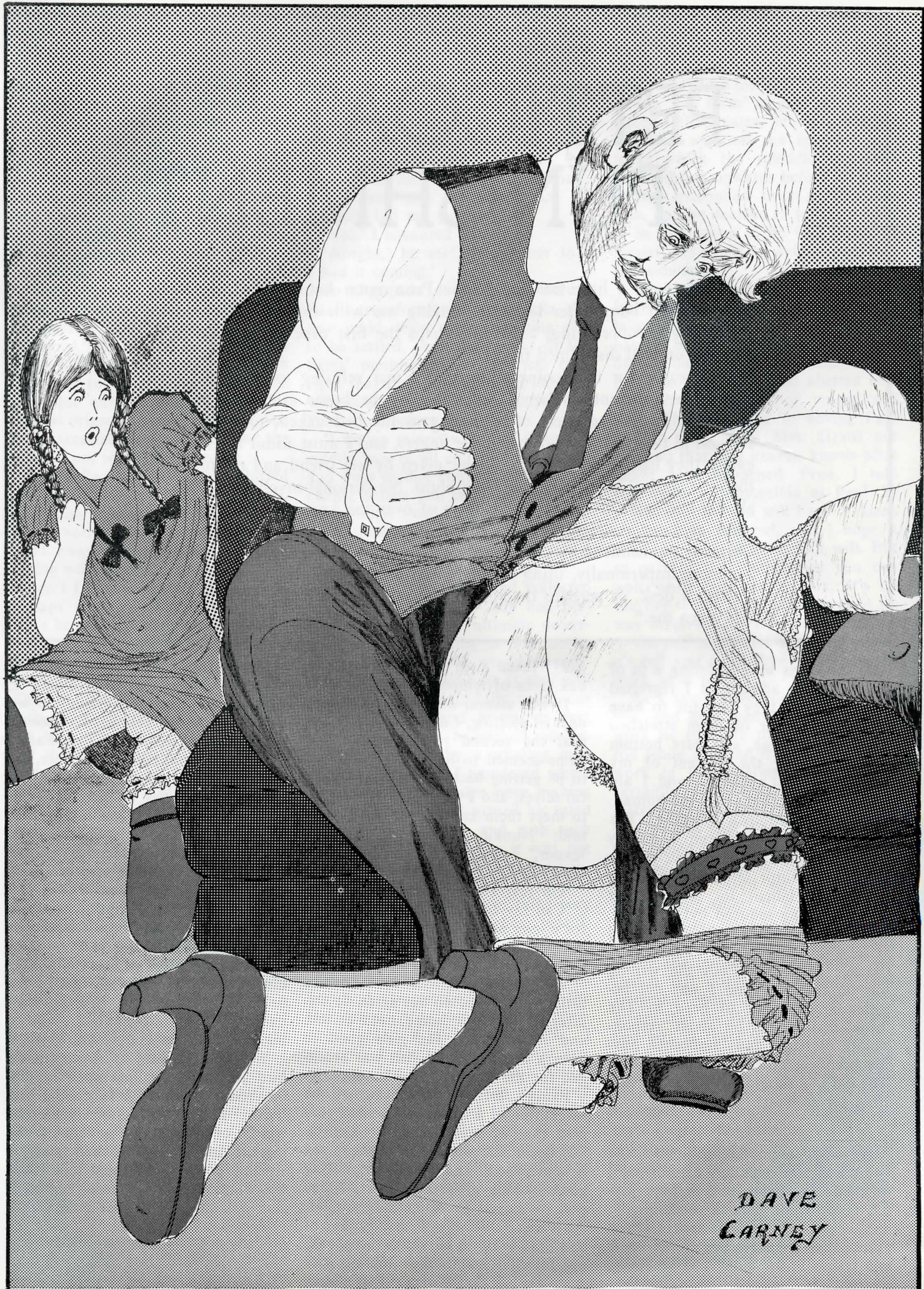
coat, prettily flounced and trimmed with deep lace.

"And your underskirt," said grandfather grimly. Lilly fumbled at her waist and the soft fabric fell to her feet. She stepped out of it and picking it up folded it neatly and placed it with her dress on a chair. She now stood in what must have been very "modern" knickers for the time, at least in the village where she lived. They came half way to her soft thighs and were of pink crêpe de chene, trimmed with ribbon and lace. Beneath them taut suspender ribbons held up sheer silk stockings which in addition were prettily gartered. Surely grandfather's hard heart would be melted by such beauty! But he made a clucking sound of disapproval at the sight of such frivolity, and taking off his jacket sat down in a hard upright chair. He motioned his erring daughter across his knee.'

'Meekly, Lillian placed her slim body over the disapproving knees of grandfather's serge Sunday suit, her soft young bottom looking very vulnerable in those saucy knickers, even to my infant mind. Goodness, I thought, grand'pa was going to treat Auntie Lilly just as mummy did to me when I was naughty! Down came those pretty drawers and down came grandfather's horny hand on Auntie's tender bottom! But that spanking was harder and longer than anything that had yet befallen me. For what must have been a good five minutes his heavy hand stung down on soft flesh, and I looked on aghast as my idol howled and wriggled and her pretty bottom became suffused with a cheerful glow that seemed to rival the heat from the coals cheerfully blazing in the hearth.'

'At last a very subdued and tear stained young woman was assisted to her feet, and gruffly bidden to get dressed and to get her face washed before tea! Grandfather followed her out in search of his Sunday paper, and I stayed where I was, digesting what I had seen.'

'At church that evening the sermon was made slightly more bearable by watching Aunt Lilly's tightly skirted bottom shifting uncomfortably on the hard pew in front of us. It was during a pregnant pause in the Vicar's discourse that I eternally disgraced myself by exclaiming in a loud voice, that echoed through the church: "Poor Aunt Lilly can't sit comfortably since grandad smacked her botty!" Neither, that night, did I.'



DAVE
CARNEY

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT

Relations were a little strained in the Pennington household. Lady Molly had returned home after her visit, leaving me with some excellent advice on the twins' upbringing, and for perhaps the first time life seemed to be running on well disciplined tracks.

The reason for the coolness was that I was refusing to respond to the twins' blandishments. When I first came to the house as their tutor they had done everything short of appearing in my bed naked, to compromise me and to twist me around their little fingers, and I must admit that to some extent they had succeeded. The advice given by my friend and ex-employer, the girls' aunt, Lady Molly, had been blunt. No personal involvement. Above all she had warned me of the dangers of over the knee spanking with my palm making contact with their bare bottoms. That way disaster lay! Corporal punishment by all means, perhaps the only way with those two, but more impersonally, using a cane, birch or tawse, and administered over a chair, a desk, or perhaps the special punishment couch which Lady Molly had given me.*

So the twins were suffering a fit of pique. I must admit that I regretted it as much as they did, for to have one or the other of them stretched out over my knee, soft bare bottom poised awaiting the descent of my palm had been a delight, and I am only human. Perhaps only too human, hence Lady Molly's warning. The message had been driven home by reading in that week's *News of the World* of a tutor sentenced to seven years' hard labour for seducing (or probably being seduced by) his pupil. Admittedly she was only fifteen, and at least my two sirens had reached the age of consent, but the writing was on the wall, and I was not besotted enough not to heed it. The 'beak' had bleated on about 'responsibility of trust' and 'innocence having been corrupted'. It was pathetic. The old fool should have met Sue and Prue for an hour!

Anyway, my relationship to the twins was now definitely a tutor-pupil one, and the twins, and perhaps myself too, were sulking accordingly. So, when, in this atmosphere, Prue asked, 'Can I have a boy friend come and stay?' I just took it as an empty request and snapped: 'No, of course

not!' From such tiny acorns do the oak trees of tempest grow!

It was several days later, following days of plotting, I now have no doubt, that the second request came. The twins seemed to have brightened up, to be getting back to their old cheerful selves, and I was more than happy to meet them halfway. So when Prue said: 'Nunkie, I want to ask you a favour,' I was already halfway softened up.

'Oh yes,' I said guardedly, 'what?'

'Can my friend Paula come to stay for a long weekend? She's only fifteen but you'll like her, she's ever such a good sport. Sue likes her too!'

Well in the circumstances there was little that I could do but agree. It was after all the twins' home, not a prison, and it would do the girls good to have a break. So the visit was arranged for the following weekend.

Paula's arrival turned out to be something of a disappointment. I suppose that we males tend to be eternally optimistic where the opposite sex is concerned, and the twins, being good looking girls themselves, I had perhaps hoped for something similar. As it was Paula was of medium height and thin, with no curves worth speaking of. She had blonde pigtails and thick glasses. She wore a rather shape-

less print dress and ankle socks. Altogether Paula was very much an ugly duckling and the friendship was obviously an attraction of opposites.

The twins welcomed her warmly and Mrs. Grant, the housekeeper, and I did our best to do the same. Although Paula was an awkward, ungainly girl with few feminine graces, sitting awkwardly and slummocking in her posture, neither of us suspected anything untoward, at fifteen girls often are like that. It was only after dinner that evening when Mrs. Grant was passing Prue's bedroom, that she heard the sound of giggling and scuffling. Even so she would have dismissed it as high spirited girlish behaviour except for hearing Prue exclaim: 'Oh look Paul, it's getting bigger! Do I do *that* to you?'

Well, Mrs. Grant is an astute old bird. She flung the door open and discovered Prue and Paula on the bed. 'Paula' had discarded her dress and was in only male vest and pants, the pigtails and glasses too had gone. A sizeable erection indicated that Paula was Paul, and all too male. Although slim and not tall he was quite hand-

* I have described these events in two previous Twins stories *Double Trouble* in *Janus* Vol. 8 No. 1 and *Twin Delights* in *Janus* Vol. 8 No. 2.

some, and very much a boy!

* * * *

With Paul wearing a dressing gown of mine over his underwear and the twins wearing sheepish grins, a court martial was held in the study. Mrs. Grant, as discoverer of the dastardly plot was also present. 'It was,' the culprits avowed, 'nothing more than a joke.' Mrs. Grant and I were not so sure, or of the outcome of the romp in the bedroom if it had not been discovered.

'Well,' I said, 'Paul will be sent home in disgrace, and I will telephone his parents and explain what has happened.' I went on to say that a session on the punishment couch with the birch rod would then not come amiss for either twin. A dozen for Prue as prime mover, and six for Sue as an accessory before and after the fact did not seem unreasonable.

At this Paul went white and blurted out: 'Do you have to tell my parents, Sir? Mum's ill, and I'm sure that the worry would be bad for her. And Dad's away. I've told them that I'm staying with a boy from school. Look, couldn't I have a beating as well, and perhaps stay on? I promise that I won't be any more trouble to you!'

There was a long silence while we considered, and then Mrs. Grant said: 'Well sir, I don't know what you think, but it seems wrong to send him packing, if his mum's really poorly and that. And it does seem to me that there's a way in which Master Paul would learn his lesson. Alright, so he wants to be a girl. Well let him be! I have one of the maids off sick and so we're a bit short handed in the kitchen. Well, let Master Paul, or is it Miss Paula? take her place. Joan's dresses should fit him quite well, and I'm quite sure that we could fit him out with underclothes from Miss Sue and Miss Prue. A weekend of work would be more of a punishment than being sent home. He might decide that he doesn't like being a girl after all! Well sir, and as to that beating, I'm sure that six of the best at the end of the weekend would drive home the lesson!'

I made up my mind. Why not? It would serve the randy little pest right to be taken down a peg or two, he was too cocksure by half. 'Alright Paul,' I said, 'I agree with Mrs. Grant, what's it to be. Out in disgrace, or a weekend in "service"?'

Paul's face registered a conflict of emotions. Wearing a dress and wig as a joke was one thing, but to be dressed as a maid and compelled to

do the housework quite another. And before two girls whom he had been hoping to impress with his masculinity! A beating would not be too bad, he'd had plenty at school, but this as well! He thought of his mother, and going home to tell her the whole sorry episode, and decided. He swallowed. 'Sir, if I agree, do I have your word, and the girls', that no one will tell my parents?'

'Yes,' I answered quietly.

'Alright,' he said, 'I suppose that I had it coming.'

So that was decided, but before Paul's transformation into Paula, the new maid, there was something else to be settled, the little matter of the twins' punishment, and it was only right that Paul should be on hand to witness it. 'Oh no!' protested Sue and Prue, 'not before Paul!'

'I see no reason why not,' I replied coldly, 'you're all equally responsible, and Paul in due course will have his caning before you two. Collective responsibility, collective punishment. Now, if Mrs. Grant will kindly secure you both to the punishment couch, I will get Lady Molly's birch rod.'

I went to my room and collected the rod which Lady Molly had presented to me as the 'ultimate deterrent'. Strictly speaking it was not a birch rod, and so it would be misleading so to describe it. It was professionally and beautifully made out of whale bone, and it was in fact scrimshaw work; beautifully decorated and carved by a whaling man in his time below. I wondered which genius, while his mates were making fans and combs, had turned his mind to female correction, and with such practical application. For it was not just an ornament, but a serious instrument of punishment. Eighteen inches long, it consisted of three very supple whale bone switches, beautifully matched and balanced, bound together and set in a magnificently carved handle. Running around the grip and exquisitely lettered was the inscription '*May my smart be beneficial*' D.S. 4.1897. Well D.S., I thought, I don't know who you are, or were, but thanks anyway! Reverently I took the rod from its carved oak case and returned to the study. This would be its first use, at least under this owner. The twins were now firmly secured on the punishment couch, and had been 'prepared' by Mrs. Grant.

Prepared indeed, for with a thoroughness to fit the occasion she had had them remove every stitch of clothing and it was two beautifully

bare twins who lay, bottoms up, awaiting correction. Paul, still in my dressing gown, did not know where to look! All his instincts told him that it was 'bad form' to gaze at the two naked unfortunates, yet he could not keep his eyes off the rounded buttocks which the splendidly-designed couch thrust upwards before his gaze. Desire triumphed over gentlemanliness, and he decided to watch, avidly. If he was going to be well punished himself, he might as well be punished for something!

'Now,' I said, 'you two had better learn that deceit will not pay in this house. I told Prue that she might not have a boy friend to stay. Not only did she disobey but was underhand in doing so. Sue aided and abetted her. Also Prue is guilty of vulgar and unladylike behaviour in having Paul in her room. Had Mrs. Grant not chanced that way heaven knows what might have happened. Prue, I told you quite as responsible as Paul. In a few minutes you will have a dozen strokes with this rod, and I hope it stings as much as I think it will. But as part of the punishment you can wait while Sue has her six. It's no use her telling me that she was in no way involved, for I know better!'

'Oh no,' said Sue bravely, 'I wouldn't tell you that. Prue and I always work as a team.'

As I say I have no idea who D.S. was, and how many hours of loving work he put into the making of his rod while relaxing from his gruelling work in the whaling ships, but he certainly constructed a magnificent instrument of correction. I only hope that he was paid well. As the switches, wielded with the force of my arm, splatted down across Sue's bare bottom, they splayed out bringing an excruciating smart to a wide area of the dorsal region. Sue yelled from the first, and a deep scarlet patch sprang up on the punished flesh, though the switch left no lasting bruises. That whipping was certainly the most severe that the twins had had to date. Sue was in tears well before her six and her pretty buttocks were glowing angrily from the application of the flexible whale bone. 'Moby Dick's revenge!' I remember thinking to myself somewhat inanely.

I can only imagine poor Prue's thoughts as she lay helpless, next to her sister, sensing, rather than seeing, the birch whip down so close to her and feel her sister's buttocks jouncing against the wide restraining strap, and hearing her yells of anguish. And then it was her turn, not for six strokes

but twelve!

Minutes of retribution which seemed never ending, as the wicked switches cracked down on her pinioned and naked rump, each stroke seeming to intensify the fire which the last had ignited in her ill-treated bottom, each 'splat' of the rod wringing from her a yell which was in itself a relief as was the blessing of tears. But oh how she longed to protect her searing hill-ocks, or to be able to move them, if only temporarily, from the path of that remorseless rod which had flailed down, how many times? She had lost count. Certainly the punishment seemed never ending, and she had plenty of time for repentance and thoughts between strokes for I was taking a good half minute between each. I paused longer after the eighth and looked down at the two smarting and sobbing girls, both sets of well-whipped buttocks a fiery red. 'Don't you think that it's time that you two stopped trying to break the system and conform?' I asked gently. 'It's not really worth it, is it? You two are nearly grown up, yet here you are, sobbing your hearts out, and with bottoms that you won't sit on comfortably for a week. And you deserve it, don't you?'

'Ye-s', sniffed the miscreants. Sue who had recovered somewhat from the worst of her whipping added: 'We do try Nunkie, honest, but sometimes things just take over!'

I smiled. 'Alright,' I said, 'just keep trying. But remember this evening next time that there's a take-over bid!' I whipped down the last four strokes on poor Prue's writhing behind with less force than I should, but even so they must have felt severe enough on a bottom throbbing to the extent that hers was. When the last had descended Mrs. Grant released the sobbing girls and hugged them to her.

'There my dears, it's all over. Now try not to be naughty again. Now, up to your rooms, the pair of you, and I'll get the maids to bring some nice cold cream for your tender bots, and later on some cocoa and biscuits. Then get to sleep. You'll feel better in the morning, though still sore, I'll warrant.'

Their clothes forgotten the twins, hand in hand, the other hand rubbing a scarlet bottom, slowly ascended the stairs sniffing plaintively. I looked at the two heaps of discarded clothing: 'That reminds me, Mrs. Grant, we've still to dress young Paula. Can you find some *really suitable* clothing and join me in the guest room in twenty



minutes?'

Mrs. Grant smiled: 'I think I can do that sir!'

Mrs. Grant was as good as her word and it was only a quarter of an hour later that she knocked on the door of Paul's bedroom where he sat glumly on the bed awaiting the inevitable. 'Here we are sir!' she announced briskly, laying down a little heap of garments. 'Now if Master Paul will kindly undress completely we'll see if we can transform him into Paula, our temporary maid.' Paul hesitated, then with a shrug of resignation he dropped the dressing gown to the floor and quickly took off his vest and pants. He had a hairless, boyish figure and would make a believable girl. His legs were slim and not too muscled, and his hips, for a boy, were quite rounded. Paul caught my glance and blushed, perhaps this was something which he had long realised, perhaps at the back of his mind when he had agreed to the twins' subterfuge.

First Mrs. Grant put him into a silk chemise, with lace and red ribbons at the neck and short sleeves,

and next fastened a suspender belt around his slim waist. This was in pink with flowers embroidered on it, and Paul was already blushing a deep humiliated scarlet. The housekeeper produced a pair of black silk stockings ('You're lucky, Paula, most maids can only afford lisle'), and watched, as rather awkwardly, he smoothed them over his legs and straightened the seams. She then showed him how to fasten the suspender clips to their dark welts. Already, was it not for a certain appendage which girls do not possess, Paul was looking quite feminine. This item of masculine equipment was soon concealed when Mrs. Grant gave him a pair of knickers to put on. These were from the wardrobe of one of the twins, I suspect, as was most of the underwear, and were white silk, gathered at the knee, with layers of deep lace. They would, on the right girl, turn the head of any man. I'm not sure what effect they had on Paul. He pulled them up tightly at the waist, adjusted them comfortably at the knee, and ran his hands over the smoothness of the silk. Although still

looking acutely embarrassed, as well he might, there was a look, almost of satisfaction, at the back of his eyes.

Next he was given a petticoat to put on. This was of white silk, deeply flounced, and again richly decorated with lace. It would make the dress stand out. Finally Mrs. Grant produced a black silk maid's dress, a best dress, probably belonging to the absent Joan. In it Paul looked every inch a young serving girl, all except for his short cropped hair, and that, I decided, could be covered by his 'Paula' wig. Mrs. Grant marched Paul to a mirror. 'There you are, you make quite a pretty girl, although I say so who shouldn't. You still need a cap and apron, but we'll find those in the morning. Tomorrow, young Paula, you put on these clothes and report to me in the kitchen at seven o'clock, and after your breakfast I'll get one of the girls to start your training. And no shirking mind! They'll all have strict instructions on what to do if there's any nonsense! They are big country girls and quite capable of doing it.' With amused 'Good nights', we left 'Paula' to his thoughts. On the pillow, as a final touch, Mrs. Grant had left a pretty and beribboned green nightdress!

The next morning, Saturday, Paula breakfasted in the kitchen with the other maids, and helped wash up. He was very conscious of his female attire and of the giggles and sly looks of the girls, but under Mrs. Grant's stern and reproving look nothing was said. Particularly Paula was aware of the shortness of his skirt, and the way it seemed to billow out when he stooped. He had to be careful when sitting, and tried to keep his knees decorously together as he had seen girls do. After the washing up Mrs. Grant put him in the care of Rose and told him that he was to brush the dining room carpet with a stiff hand-brush and dustpan. Paula looked with dismay at the vast expanse of thick carpet. 'Isn't there a vacuum cleaner?' he asked.

Rose smirked: 'Oh yes, a brand new Hoover, but Mrs. Grant hardly uses it, says that the old methods are the best! Now get down on your knees and start brushing. I'll be back in a few minutes, after I've made the twins' beds, and see how you're getting on!'

Paula got down on his hands and knees and began the seemingly endless task. He was very conscious that the kneeling posture prominently raised his bottom, and he was pretty sure that his stocking tops and knick-

ers were on view. Nevertheless he brushed conscientiously, working along the length of the carpet and around the table legs. Suddenly he heard giggling: 'Oh look!' exclaimed the heartless Prue to her twin, 'it's Paula, the new maid! How sweet. But we really will have to speak to Mrs. Grant about getting her a longer dress, you can see her knicks!'

'Rather pretty too,' said Sue, 'and familiar looking, I wonder where I've seen them before? Perhaps someone's been rifling my drawers!' She giggled at the pun. 'I hope that the new girl's seams are straight, otherwise Mrs. G. will want to know why not! Well we must leave her to it, we've got an extra lesson with Nunky. 'Bye!'

The twins departed, still giggling, and Paula fuming, threw down the brush, seething with shame and indignation. The ingratitude of women! He was in this mess because of them, and all that the cruel, heartless little bitches could do was mock him! He was near to tears of pure frustration.

'Well, why aren't we working? Tired already?' It was Rose, his wardress back again.

'Oh piss off!' he snarled.

Now Rose was still smarting, mentally if not physically, from the sound caning that she had received at the hands of Mrs. Grant only the week before, and was looking for a way of getting her own back. Furthermore the housekeeper had told her not to take any nonsense from this lad who had tried to rape Miss Prue. Well she wouldn't! She advanced purposefully on the unsuspecting Paula. Rose was a sturdy country girl, strong as a carthorse, two hefty arms caught the astonished 'maid', lifted him, and tossed him onto the dining table, face downwards. A large hand plucked up his skirt and petticoat, and another, the size of a York ham, or so it seemed, smacked down on his thinly knickered bottom. Paula yelped!

Some twenty resounding smacks later Rose dragged poor Paula off the table and thrust the dustpan into his hand. 'Now get on with it!' she gritted, 'and if it's not done proper you'll get another dose!' His behind glowing like a brazier, Paula got on with it!

Somehow Paula survived the weekend, gaining a new respect for the drudgery of domestic service, and on Sunday evening was called into the study. There I, the twins, and Mrs. Grant were waiting. 'Well Paul,' I said, 'I hope that you've enjoyed your weekend, though I doubt it. Somehow

I don't think that you'll be impersonating the fair sex again in a hurry. Before you go off tomorrow morning there's only one thing outstanding, a small matter of six of the best. I'm sure that you'd rather have them now than in the morning. Touch your toes please!'

From the look of horror on Paul's face it was evident that he had forgotten this part of his punishment amid all of the rest, but he gamely turned and touched his toes, legs in black stockings straight, curved bottom well presented. I turned up the black silk dress and white petticoat and tugged down the white silk knickers to the knee. Paul's bottom was white and hairless. It might easily have been a girl's. I picked up the slim rattan cane and measured it against the bare bottom, which twitched slightly in anticipation. Taking careful aim I brought it cracking down. 'One!' I counted.

* * * *

Next morning the twins watched Paul, dressed in shirt, trousers and jacket, depart on the bus for Cirencester. Although they waved goodbye warmly enough Paul seemed a little distant and reserved. Somehow the weekend had been a little different from his expectations, and I doubted whether we would hear from him again. As the bus disappeared out of sight the twins turned to me affectionately, taking my hands. 'You know Nunkie, you were quite right,' said Prue impulsively, 'Paul wasn't the right boy for me,' She giggled, 'even if he can do the housework!'

'Yes,' said Sue, 'you were quite right, as always. What a wise old Nunkie. In the future we are going to be changed girls. So changed that you won't know us. *Exemplary* girls! That's right, isn't it Prue?'

'Quite right Nunkie, you'll be proud to know us, we'll be so changed, you'll see!'

I looked into their eyes, wide with candour and truth, and almost believed them. Had they really turned over a new leaf?

It was at that moment that there was something of a commotion. It was the vicar, the Reverend Elias Toplady, and with him were four of the smallest choirboys, the youngest sobbing lustily. *All four had bright green hair.* 'Mr. Good!' said the vicar angrily, 'I wish to see those, those — twins, immediately!' The cold hand of foreboding clutched at my vitals. I turned, 'Sue, Prue!' I roared. But it was too late, the birds had flown!



DAVE
CARNEY

A LESSON LEARNED

Julie kissed her husband, David, rather perfunctorily, he thought, and watched as he walked down the drive, swinging his umbrella and briefcase. Then she went back inside and closed the door. The wind had blown her hair and she went to the mirror to adjust it, standing for a while examining her reflection — the pretty face, slightly freckled, the green eyes and the long, wavy, blonde hair. After a moment she went into the kitchen to clear away the breakfast things.

When she had washed up and made the bed, Julie went into the living-room and sat down with a magazine. However, she had only been there a few minutes when the doorbell rang.

She went to the door and opened it. Outside a man was standing. He was good-looking and youngish — perhaps in his early thirties, a few years older than Julie. In one hand he held a small case.

'Good morning,' he said. 'Julie Conroy?'

Julie nodded.

'Ah.' The man briefly flashed an official-looking card at her. 'My name is Jackson. I'm the Community Spanking Officer for this district.'

Julie's eyes opened wide.

'S-spanking officer?' she said. 'I think there must be some mistake.'

Jackson smiled, grimly.

'No mistake, I assure you,' he said. 'I think it would be best if I came inside.'

He did so and Julie closed the door behind him, her hands trembling. She followed him into the living-room.

'Surely you haven't come to spank me,' she said. 'I haven't done anything to deserve a spanking.'

Jackson opened his bag and drew out a piece of paper.

'No?' he said, and began to read: 'In that the accused, Julie Conroy, did on the 2nd July fail to

attend the meeting of the Community Committee she has been tried in her absence, found guilty of the offence charged and sentenced to be spanked on her bare bottom until she can't sit down''.'

Julie drew in a sudden breath. She remembered now. Involuntarily, her hand went to her bottom and touched the place which, she knew, would soon be smarting with the sting of Jackson's official hairbrush. As she did so, Jackson once more delved into his case and took out the very implement. It was large and looked hard and heavy. Julie thought that it wouldn't take a very long spanking with that to make her unable to sit down — however, she also knew that it was the Spanking Officer's opinion of whether she could do so which counted, not hers — and she thought that would probably mean a very long spanking indeed.

Jackson approached her, his face very stern.

'You've been a very naughty girl,' he said, 'and you are now to have your bottom bared and spanked very hard indeed. Take your trousers down.'

Julie went white.

'No . . . no . . . surely there must be some other way,' she said, falteringly.

'TAKE YOUR TROUSERS DOWN!'

Fumbling, Julie unfastened her belt, tears coming to her eyes. Then she unzipped her tight black trousers and pushed them down to her knees, revealing a pair of brief white cotton panties which clung to the curves of her bottom.

'Bend over,' said Jackson.

Julie looked at him, appealingly.

'I said BEND OVER!'

Despairingly, Julie bent over, her hair falling over her face and nearly reaching the floor. Her pants tightened across her bottom and her behind thrust out, inviting the spank-

ing which was to come.

Jackson consulted his piece of paper.

'Hm,' he said, 'bare bottom it says, so bare bottom it shall be.' And he stepped forward, tucked Julie's jumper up out of the way, took hold of the waistband of her knickers and slowly pulled them down towards her knees. A muffled sob came from the girl, but she showed no other reaction to the baring of her bottom in this manner — and what a bottom! Smooth, round and beautiful. It was going to be a great pleasure to spank it.

Jackson put one hand on Julie's back, holding her down, and then raised the hairbrush.

SMACK!

The hairbrush cracked down on Julie's bottom, leaving an angry red mark on her left cheek, and drawing an anguished cry from her. But that was only the beginning.

SMACK! 'Ow!' SPANK! SPANK! SMACK! 'Oooh, ow! Oooooowww!' SMACK! SMACK! SPANK! WHACK! SPANK! SMACK!!! 'OOOWWWW!! OOOOHHH!!! OWOWOWOW!!!!' SMACK! SPANK! SMACK! SPANK! SMACK! SPANK! SMACK! SPANK! SMACK! SPANK! SPANK!! SPANK!! SPANK!!! 'OOO OOOOOOOOWWWWWW!!!!!!!'

By now Jackson was holding Julie under his arm, keeping her bending over and preventing her hands from protecting her burning bare bottom. His other arm continued to rise and fall swiftly, each loud spank being accompanied by a scream from Julie, renewed struggling and a deepening of the bright red glow of her bottom.

'YOU WILL NOT . . .' SPANK! 'OW!' '. . . forget . . .' SPANK! 'OOH!' '. . . in future.' SPANK! 'OW!' 'You will NOT!' SPANK! 'OW!' 'NOT!' SPANK! 'OOH!' 'NOT!' SMACK! WHACK! SPANK! 'OOOWWWW!! OOOOHHH!!! OOOOOOOOWWWWWW!!!!!!!'

Suddenly, the spanking was over. Jackson released the girl and she collapsed moaning, onto the floor, both hands desperately rubbing her scarlet bottom. Jackson smiled down at her and she, blinking through her tears, smiled up at him.

'Darling,' she said, 'that was marvellous — the best ever — you were so convincing.'

Jackson dropped onto his knees beside her and tenderly began to massage her burning behind. Then he gently removed her remaining



clothes, while she unfastened his and pulled him down towards her.

Outside, Julie's husband, David, crouched listening, a thoughtful look on his face. He had often wondered why he could not satisfy his wife. Now he knew. It was simply a matter of technique. He rose to his feet and walked away, still looking thoughtful.

A few hours later, he returned, as if from the railway station. He hung up his umbrella and called to Julie.

'Hello, dear. I'm home.'

Julie came to give him a peck on the cheek.

'What have you been doing today?' he inquired, as he always did.

'Oh, the usual,' Julie replied. 'A bit of cleaning, cooking and what-not.'

David swung round to her, his face dark with anger.

'That's a lie and you know it,' he said. 'Sam Jackson's been here

and I know everything that went on.

He raised his hand as she opened her mouth. 'Don't try to deny it,' he snapped, his eyes gleaming fiercely. 'I'm going to teach you a lesson you won't forget!'

He caught her by the arm and dragged her into the bedroom.

'I'll teach you,' he went on. 'I'm going to take down your trousers and knickers and slipper your bare bottom far harder than you've ever been spanked by him.'

He pulled her to the bed and sat down. Her struggles were fruitless as he unfastened her trousers and pulled them down.

She squealed, half with fear, half with anticipation.

'Don't you dare spank me,' she said. However, even before the words were out she was face down across his knee, supported by her hands and feet, with her hair brushing the carpet and her white panty-clad bottom ideally placed for a

spanking and still showing pink through the thin cotton of her pants.

David reached down and picked up a leather-soled slipper.

'We'll start,' he said, 'with a sound spanking on your knickers. Then they come down for the bare bottom action.'

And without further ado he raised the slipper and brought it down resoundingly across Julie's tightly stretched panties. She gasped and squealed. The pain on her already sore bottom was intense. But David showed no mercy.

'Don't you dare,' SPANK! 'see that man again.' SPANK! 'Ever.' SPANK! 'Ever.' SPANK!

Julie was sobbing loudly, now. Six more times the slipper rose and fell; six more times a loud spank echoed round the room and six more times did Julie's bottom clench under her white panties as the slipper landed.

Then a pause.

'Bare bottom time, now,' said David and swiftly pulled Julie's pants down, revealing a brilliantly-coloured and extremely sore behind.

Then the slipper began its work again, but this time with no protection between its sole and Julie's smarting bottom.

SPANK! 'OW!' SMACK! 'OW!' SMACK! SMACK! SPANK! 'OWW!' SPANK! SPANK! SPANK! 'OOWW!' OOWWW!!! Stop it, stop it, please! Don't spank me any more, my bottom's so sore.' SMACK! SMACK! SPANK! SMACK! WHACK! SPANK! 'OOOWWWW!! OOOOOHHHHH!!!! OOOOOOWWWWW!!!!!! I promise I'll be good, honest. I won't see him any more. Please, no more spanking, PLEASE!!'

But still the spanking continued, the slipper raining down smack after smack on Julie's bare bottom.

Eventually, it was over, and Julie, sobbing uncontrollably, rolled onto the bed, her hands clutching her poor bruised bottom, trying to soothe away the fire.

'Now,' said David. 'Let that slipping be a lesson to you.'

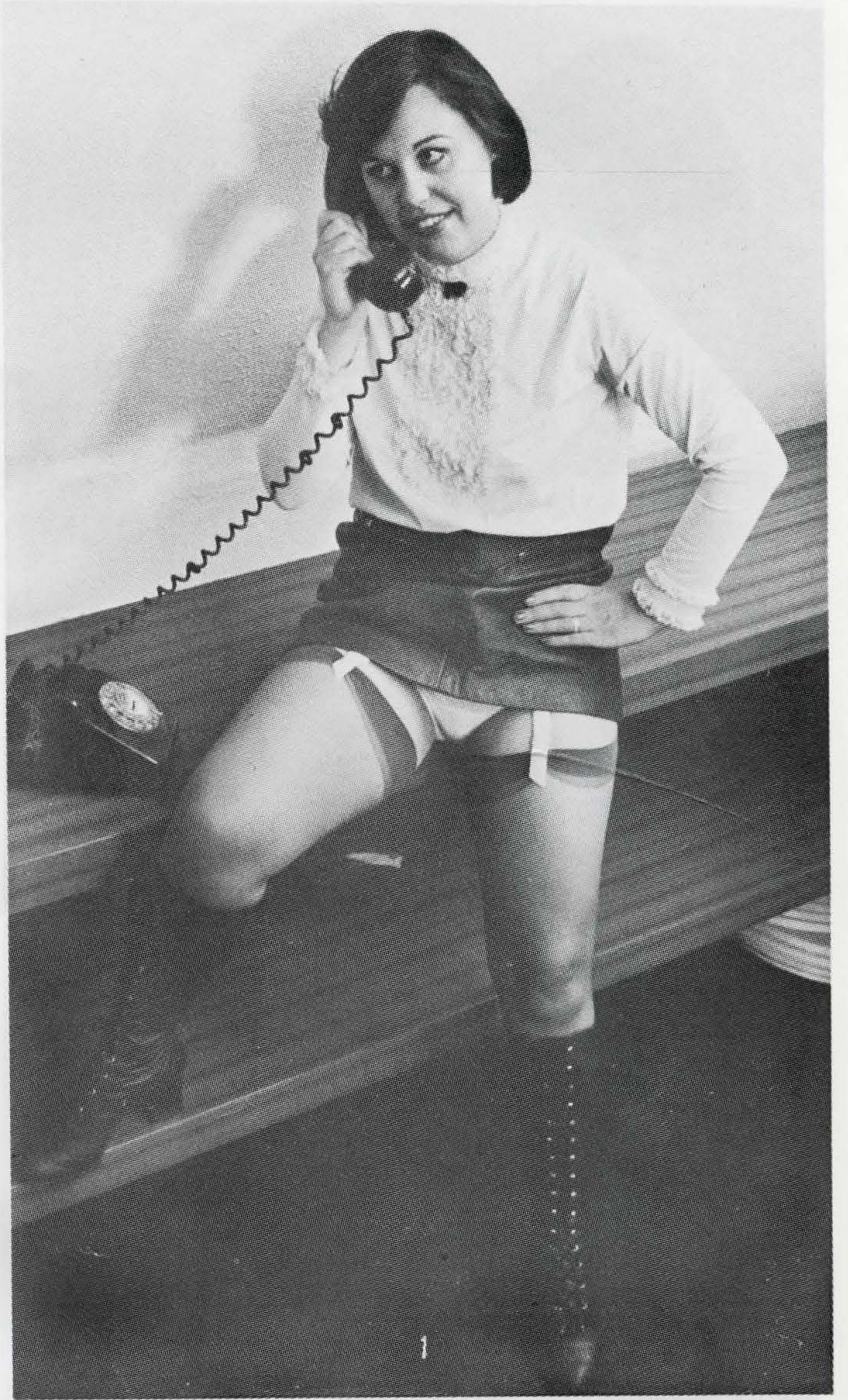
'Oh, it is, it is,' sobbed Julie. 'Oh, darling, now I know you're the only man for me.'

And she clutched him passionately to her in a manner which David had never experienced before. He smiled, thoughtfully, and then abandoned himself to the feelings which had been building up almost to bursting point within him.

Perhaps they had both learned a useful lesson.

AMIAABLE

ANITA



Anita is not only my assistant but my very good friend. We run a rather trendy little boutique together. Trendy rather than fashionable because a lot of what we sell went out of fashion years ago, like short skirts and stockings and suspender belts and girdles and so on — though some of them are coming back now. Our customers follow their own trends rather than the fashions and buy what they like best. And there are plenty of them, believe me.

Being my friend as well as helping me also means that I can (and do) give Anita a caning when she does something stupid or pointless — which she does all the time, so she is always getting her bottom caned.

For instance it's all right for me to perch sideways on the shelf where the telephone stands in our little back office, and if that causes my short skirt to ride up to show my stocking tops and suspenders and knickers, well and good, but that doesn't mean that Anita can recline in a chair with her feet up and legs crossed with her skirt so high as to show almost everything she's got. Not that she doesn't look very nice when she does so, but it's bad for discipline — and besides, somebody might come in.



So when I found her like that a few days ago I soon had her out of that chair and turned round to face the wide shelf. She knew what for at once — or if she didn't she soon found out when I made her bend over and began to pull up her skirt. It only needed an inch or two to uncover her knickers (she wasn't wearing any of our trendy French frillies that day) and she promptly produced our little cane from its hiding place behind a row of books on the shelf. It's only a very short cane but Anita knows very well what a satisfactory sting it can impart and lost no time in handing it over to me and bending forward again.





Two strokes across her knickers, which made loud smacks as they landed and elicited yelps of both pain and glee from Anita after which she proceeded, without instructions, to the next stage, which was to take her knickers down. If she had been wearing Frenchies there would have been an intermediate stage when she would have pulled up the wide legs to uncover her bottom for two more strokes before taking them down for the rest of her caning.

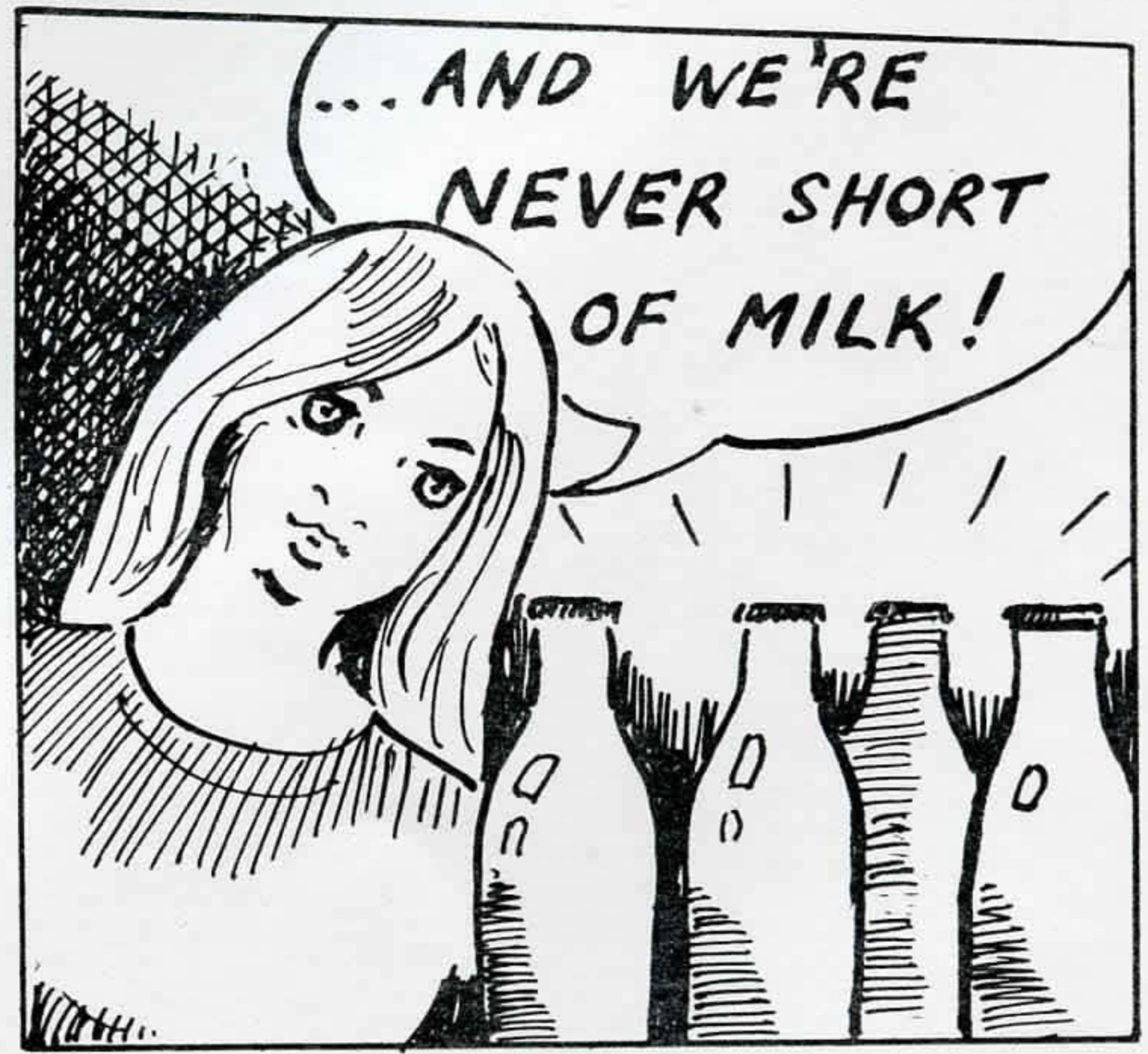
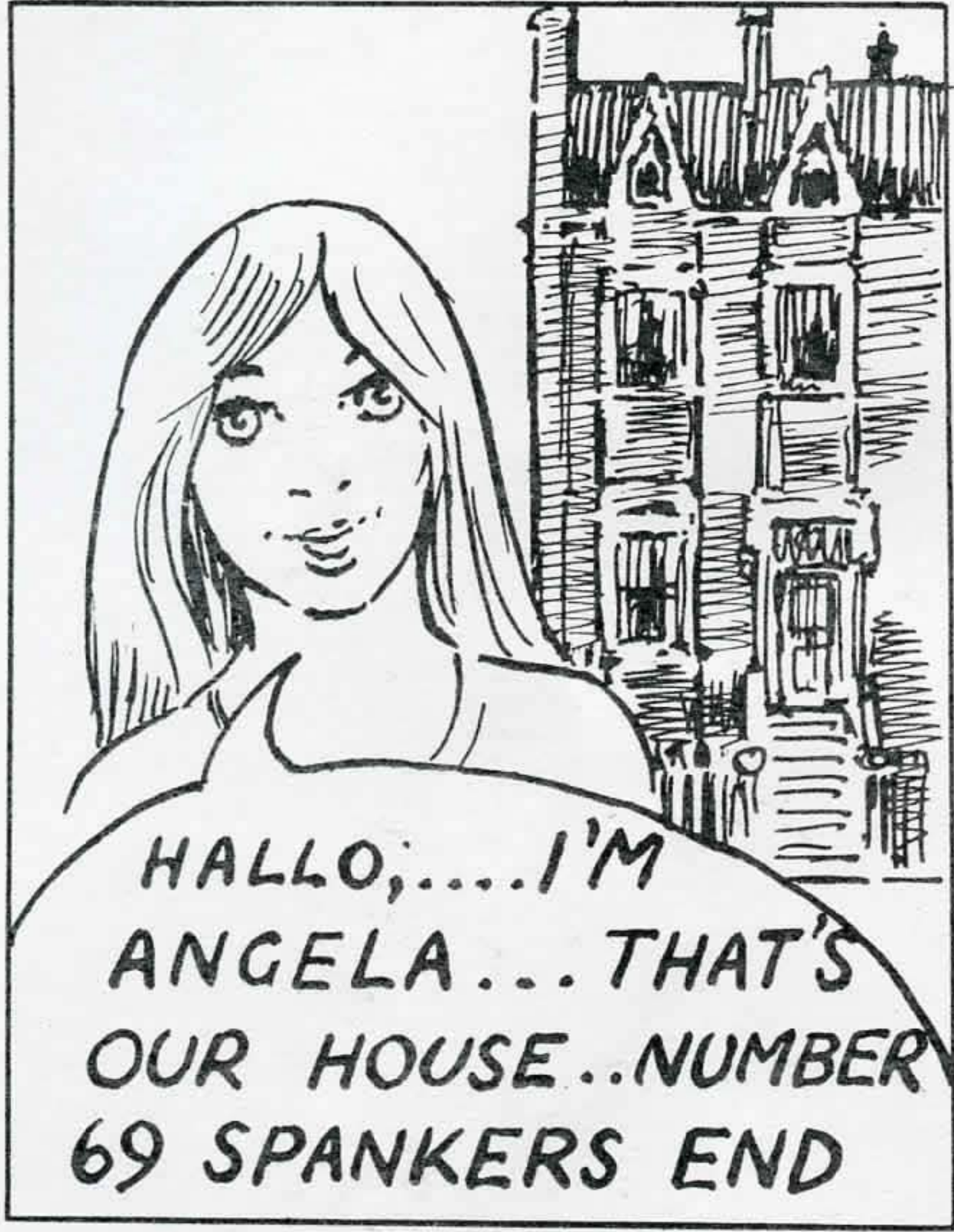
However, when she got her knickers down she was wearing a girdle — another of our trendy bits — which accounted for the very loud smacks which the cane had made. So, two more strokes — pretty hard ones too to allow for the protection she was getting from the stretch material — two more cracking impacts and two more yelps from Anita, and then, knowing what was to come she bent farther over and I transferred the attentions of the cane to her bare bottom under the girdle, which really did make Anita yelp.



But she'll be back for more in another few days, going through the same motions and letting out the same delighted yelps as the little cane stings her bottom. And next time I shall see that she *is* wearing French knickers and a narrow suspender belt instead of a girdle. That way she gets more strokes on her bare bottom. It stings more, she says, but there's something rather nice about having your knickers down and your bottom properly bared for the cane.



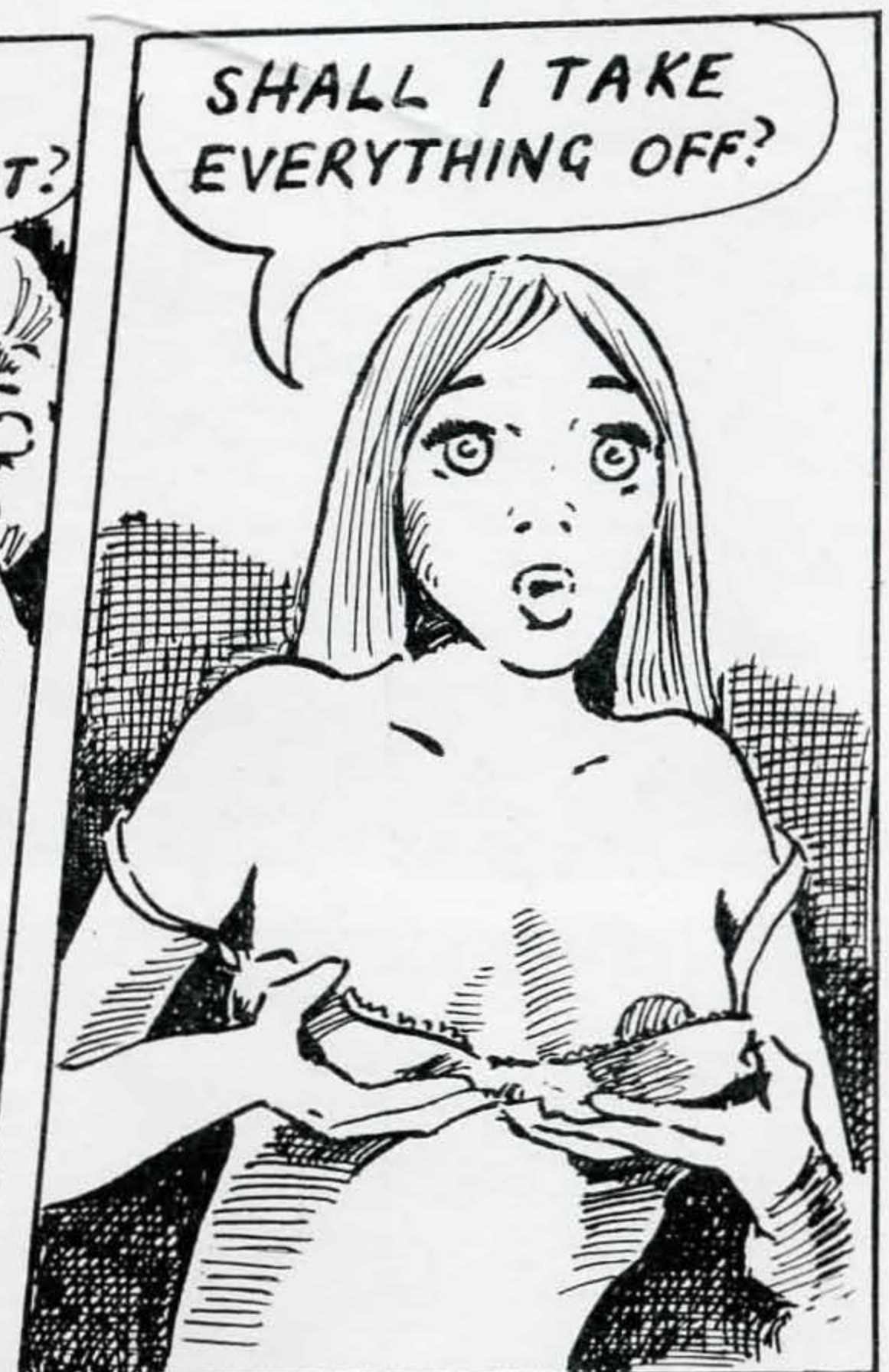
Tales of SPANKERS END 1











NEXT DAY

OH NO! MR. BRIGGS HAS COME TO SEE MUM!

I MUST KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON

MORE KEYHOLE SPYING!

AND SHE'S BEEN SHOPLIFTING

PLEASE DEAL WITH THIS WICKED GIRL MR. JONES

MR. JONES KEEPS A PROMISE...

WHAT... SOB... I WANT TO KNOW IS... SOB... IF THE LODGERS ARE ALWAYS COMPLAINING...

AAAH!... SOB... WHY DO THEY STAY HERE?

I MEAN, WHAT'S THE ATTRACTION?

NEXT MONTH - MORE MISADVENTURES WITH THIS MISCHIEVOUS MODERN MISS.



LAURA WELLS IN CHINA

During her business visit to China, Laura Wells, our exclusive Asian correspondent, learned much about historical sexual practices and the administration of corporal punishment for the purpose of preserving harmony in the domestic circle. In the first part of her report, published last month, she told of interesting erotic games which were traditional in well-ordered Chinese homes. Despite all official denials, there are strong reasons for believing that they are still enjoyed. In this concluding half Laura Wells deals mainly with the problems of handling concubines with both pleasure and justice as described in the rare illustrated manuals of Ancient China.

'It was then my duty to take down my silk trousers and stand before my seated master. They were then taken up and carefully folded by one of my five partners in concubinage. The trousers were put by on a chair alongside one of the three official wives.

'One of the concubines had then to open my master's gown and allow his jade stalk to enjoy the fragrant air. Another of my partners then slapped my bottom, starting slowly and working up to a brisk pace, each buttock getting a slap in turn.

'This was exciting for me. When this had gone on for a minute or so, another partner would begin to bounce and massage my breasts further to engender in me a desire for the master's jade stalk to pass into my front opening.

'When the master judged himself to have raised his stalk to a sufficient hardness he would raise his left hand as a sign to the principal wife who would then issue a sharp order for the slapping concubine to resume her place in the rank of the other four.

'It was then my duty and extreme joy to turn to my master take him by the hand and lead him to his ivory couch. As he walked along with me the other concubines would divest him of his gown.

'I would assume a recumbent position on the couch and the other concubines grouping round him, one

would take his now solid stalk gently between the finger and thumb of her right hand and direct it into my opening.

'My master would then glide it deep down into me and I would raise my legs so that they came up by his sides. Two concubines would then take my legs, one apiece, as another two placed their hands upon my master's buttocks, one apiece.

'So he would be pressed into me as I was pulled into him, this action giving him the least trouble and effort.

'Seeing this process satisfactorily under way, the three official wives would leave to resume their domestic duties in other parts of the house.

'When the master had released his storm into my joy hungry belly, he would be raised up and returned to his position in the chair. Thereafter we all played together according to his whim and pleasure. By the time he was once again seated the silken trousers of my partners had been removed and placed neatly on the chair in the company of my own. It was a most happy time.'

That is a passage from a meticulously kept illustrated volume of memoirs from Tsing-lu, a one-time concubine belonging to a high official at the court of Chia Ch'ing (1796-1821). After a thorough training into the art of sexual pleasure which took

her from the age of seven to 13, she then passed into the possession of her master and pleased him so well that on the death of his third official wife in 1818 she was raised in domestic status to assume the vacant place.

She lived to a great age passing on to join her ancestors in 1882, in the eighth year of the reign of Kuang Hsü. She had outlived her master by more than half a century. Becoming well educated under her concubinage and wifely periods, her memoirs are an invaluable record of the life and times as lived by the elevated mandarin class. Several times her writings have received the artistic benefit of erotic illustrations.

I first made her acquaintance across the many years in the company of an elderly and most cultured member of the now all-powerful Communist bureaucracy with whom I came in contact during the course of the commercial mission I had undertaken on behalf of my Japanese baron's interests.

It was necessary for me to cultivate the bureaucrat's goodwill but I have to say that it was never a bore since his knowledge of Chinese erotic foreplay and vaginal invasion was profound and his performances exquisite.

They always began with his opening a volume of erotic poetry, elaborately and marvellously illustrated, and with his left arm about my waist, he

would gradually reveal the meaning of the stanzas as he explored the rest of my person raising up delicious stimulations as I listened to the translation and inspected the pictures.

Pondering erotic pictures of superb artistry has always been a favourite leisure past-time for educated Chinese. It still is although the authorities every now and then make annoying drives to acquire and supposedly destroy what they find. I say 'supposedly' because it is widely believed that the pictures and magazines simply pass into the ownership of the top official responsible for the raids.

In any case, it is not to be thought that the officials, who are under the severest instructions to do everything in their power to rescue and preserve the cultural and artistic heritage of the glorious Chinese past, would do any harm to the magnificent specimens of classical pornography which turn up in private libraries now and then.

The persecuted upper classes in modern China have had to dispose of much inherited wealth, or have it ruthlessly taken away from them, since the Communists came to power. But it seems to me and others much better informed about the Chinese scene, that the last objects of value to which the owners strive to cling are the delicate depictions of sexual play and intercourse; and the curious thing is that there are probably more of them in circulation today than at any other time since they were produced.

The reason lies in the thriving black market in fine reproductions of the classical illustrated stories. Knowing that there is an ever-present danger of their being confiscated, the owners and their friends have employed crafts and art students to render as near faithful copies as possible and then distribute them to private collections.

The young translators who accompanied me on the negotiations had access to a simply magnificent collection of authenticated original ancient erotic manuscripts through which I was privileged to browse and it was no hardship for me to have him make the condition that he should be with me all the time to draw attention to the finer points of the pictures as I went along.

His youthful eagerness to help me in this manner was particularly appreciated since as we passed from one scene of sophisticated copulation to another, he grew as stimulated as I though he must have studied the pictures with great attention to detail

time and time again. Which, of course, is the great power of superior erotic art: its appeal never fails. No matter how the morality of sexual behaviour may change with the passing of the centuries, the basic approach to the climaxing of the man inside the woman and the woman responding joyously in co-operation remains constant.

Of this young man's virility I shall write a little later on because it was a revelation to me who until then had only enjoyed rather elderly Chinese gentlemen and then only rarely, which is to say that nothing like a full repertoire of cock insertions had been experienced.

I must not though, at this stage, be distracted from reporting two very significant aspects of classical Chinese copulation of which I learned through this guided study of the ancient erotic tales and paintings. One of the picture sequences showed a wealthy mandarin at home with his wives and concubines.

It was all most surprising even though I had some background knowledge of the extremely civilised approach which the nation's upper classes of the past had made to sexual enjoyment and the arrangement of hierarchy among the women-folk of the household.

To me, except in one aspect, it represents one of the supreme achievements in cultured living. The one exception I shall mention in due course and it may be that some of my *Janus* readers will venture to disagree and I readily accept that, all things considered, I may be wrong.

The most important feature of the classical Chinese domestic scene, so far as sexuality is concerned, has to be the place of the newly arrived concubine in the family circle. It seems to me that this inevitably sensitive situation was solved in a quite wonderful manner.

One has to remember that concubines were never cheap unless captured as prizes of war. In which case, quite a number may have come into the home at the same time. You can imagine the disruption it caused! But the more common development was that, finding himself able to buy a new woman and having exhausted his knowledge of the sexual capabilities of those already in ownership and keen to break new ground, the gentleman made it known that he was in the market for an addition to the sexual team. Subsequently he concluded a deal.

Came the day when the new con-

cubine arrived.

Her charms would, naturally, have been inspected by the gentleman in every precise particular: good appearance of face, demureness of manner, firmness of breasts, high elevation of bum (the Chinese have always been specially appreciative of this quality), shapeliness of legs, size of vagina, curve of belly and absence of warts and discolouration of skin, would be the main qualities sought for.

It would not always follow that, prior to purchase, the gentleman would have enjoyed her sexually although it would always be required that the disposer (in many cases the father or senior brother) should guarantee that the girl had no irrational fears of the cock and knew about the process of copulation in theory.

Merely because the new arrival had been selected by the master on the basis of admired features extending to all parts of her person, it can easily be understood that the wives and existing concubines would tend to entertain feelings of hostile jealousy. For the sake of domestic harmony, always the prime aim of a classical Chinese household, this had to be dispelled. It was done, as the original pictures in one famous but extremely rare set of illustrations makes clear, by a subtle process of easing the new woman gradually into the routines of sexual enjoyment.

The story and the accompanying illustrations date from the Ming dynasty (1368-1644) and the purpose was to instruct gentlemen how they should go about the correct ordering of their homes so that perfect harmony should prevail.

It is stressed that wives and concubines 'are daily occupied with the control of all the trifling household chores and except for attending to their hair style, face powder and rouge and engaging in music and card games, they really have nothing to gladden their hearts except the acceptance into them, one way or another, of the cock of the master.'

The duty of the latter was clearly to acquire a thorough knowledge of the arts of the bedchamber and secluded summerhouse in order that he should be able to supply full satisfaction to his women every time he copulates with them.

A moral tale is then recounted: a sort of parable, you might say:

'East of the street lives a young and vigorous man of imposing physique and manner. But his women quarrel from morning till night and do not

heed him. West of the street lives a greybeard who walks with a stoop; his women do their utmost to serve him obediently. How can this be explained?

'The answer is that the latter knows the intricate secrets of the Art of the Bedchamber, while the former is ignorant of it.'

One of these secrets is then disclosed:

'Recently I heard about a certain official who took unto him a new concubine. He locked himself in with her behind double doors and did not appear for three days. All his wives and concubines were highly incensed at his behaviour. This indeed is the wrong way of introducing a new woman into the household.

'The right method is for the man to control his desire and for the time being, not approach the newcomer, but concentrate his attention on the others. Every time he has sexual intercourse with his other women, he should make the newcomer stand at attention by the side of the ivory couch. Then after four or five nights of this, he may for the first time copulate with the newcomer, but only with his principal wife and the other concubines present. This is the fundamental principle of harmony and happiness in one's woman's quarters.'

I find that an absolutely correct approach to a most complex problem of human relations and am all the more impressed because of something about which that fine anonymous author chose to be silent. I expounded it to the young translator who carefully, and at times emotionally, guided me through this priceless work. I am glad to say that he agreed with me all the way.

Brilliantly, as it seems to me, this system would enable all parties to benefit in a *definite* way, as distinct from benefiting through the creation of a *general* harmony. Let me put it like this.

Suppose the master has acquired a personal taste for sexual intercourse in an unusual manner. Such as having the woman get astride him, receive the cock into the vagina and as she works up and down the column, simultaneously swings her breasts so that he takes each one in turn into his mouth to give the nipples little nips and kisses. This is a most complicated action to perform smoothly and high praise is due to any woman who can bring off an orgasm gracefully and without unseemly jerks.

There is no chance, I submit, that a woman can do that without prac-

tice. But by watching others who have perfected the technique and discussing it with them fully and frankly, any woman of intelligence, self-control and steady application to the task in hand, can quite rapidly perform it with credit.

So that, standing to attention by the side of the couch and closely watching how it is managed, a new concubine could soon acquire the skill and so give her master the satisfaction to which he was entitled with the minimum of delay. Moreover, she would acquire it by noting first that the longer serving members of the home begin as her betters in this crucial activity. Honours would therefore be shared all round and harmony facilitated.

Then again, one must recognise the exciting possibilities which a newcomer might open up for those among whom she takes her place.

When the master begins to work her in the variety of intercourse manners best pleasing to him, it may be that she, under the influence of his erotic procedures, gives way to an instinctive reaction which neither he, not the attentive watchers, will have experienced before. A reaction, let us add, which gives him enormous and unexpected pleasure.

For example, as she is being brought to climax she might, quite spontaneously and because of the maddeningly wonderful sensations rising within her, be tempted to kiss his nose and take a daring bite of an ear instead of preserving the dutiful but quiveringly excited immobility which until that moment the master had laid down should be strictly maintained.

Let us further assume, as quite reasonably we may, that this departure from his normal intercourse routine strikes him as a notable contribution to the total sensuality of the intercourse.

He may then desire that it should occur thereafter with regularity and call upon the wives and concubines, who will have witnessed the spontaneous innovation, to perform the same action when they take their turn in the system of household copulation.

Or, it could be, that the concubine, having been specially educated into a wide range of successful erotic variations before passing into the possession of the new master, can suggest a technique of cock placement, or an oral approach, of which the master was ignorant. To keep it as her secret would be grossly unfair to her colleagues in sexual gratification and if discovered afterwards (possibly

through spying on what went on when she was alone with the master) almost certainly cause domestic disharmony.

She would therefore be well advised and as soon as possible following her period as a mere witness to the copulations, to come forward and explain what she has in mind. If it is welcomed as a positive contribution to the sum total of the family's sexual repertoire, then we can be sure that she would quickly be accepted as one of a happy team and disagreeable pettiness and jealousy never raise their disturbing heads.

It is not in regard to the subject of equal shares in sensuality for all the women of the household that I wish to enter a reservation, but to one of the processes of corporal punishment as carried out in an upper class ménage during the Ming dynasty. On the contrary, I find it wholly admirable that a master should take the most detailed steps to prevent his women from suspecting that a newly acquired concubine has charms of an order which might lead her to diminish the others in his affections.

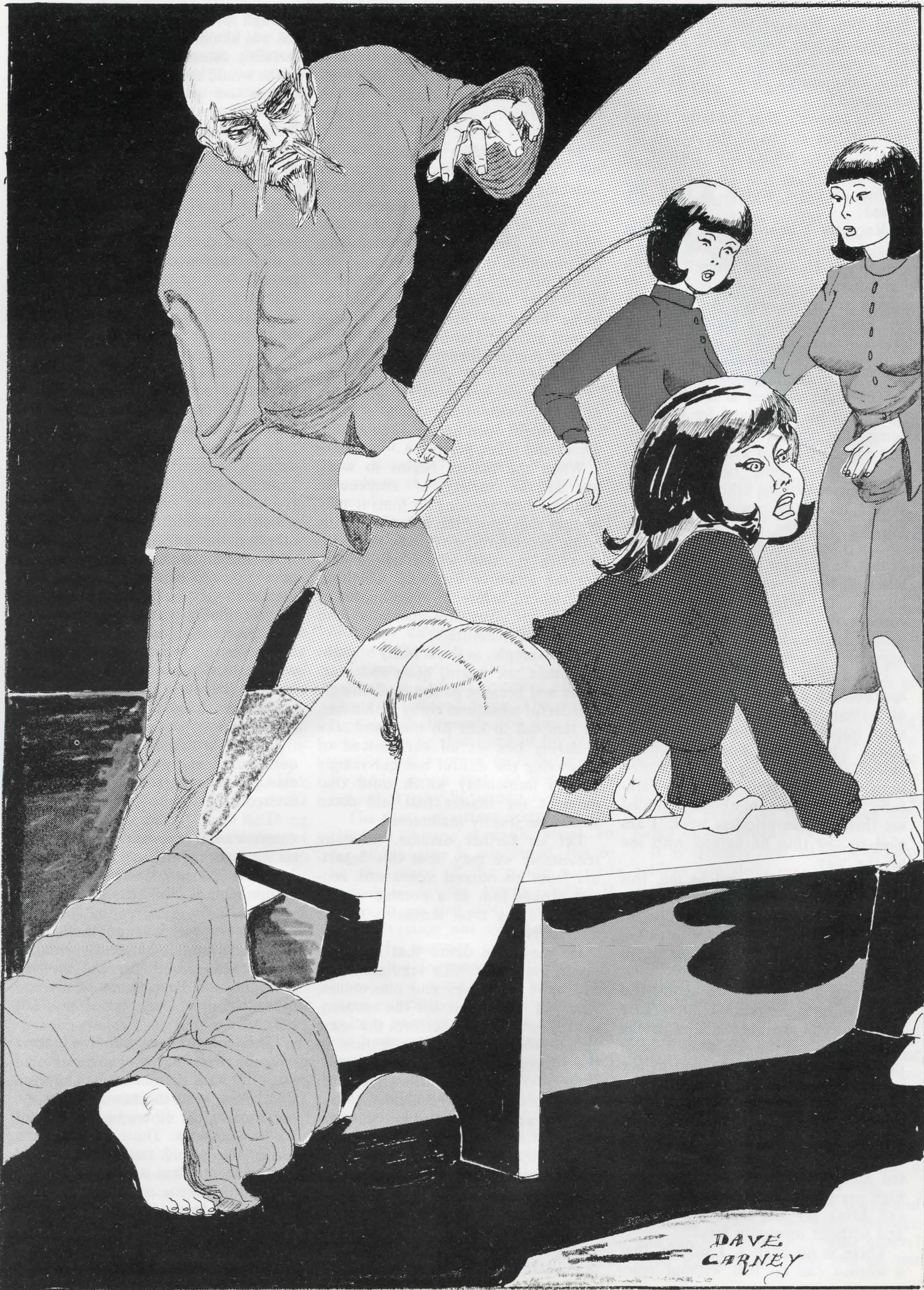
As the illustrated story to which I have referred explicitly states: 'The master should make it clear from the very beginning that the other women take precedence over the newcomer. Moreover, he should always copulate with at least two others before giving her the first taste of his sensual skill before the close witnessing of his other women.'

It was at this point that I put a question to my young tutor into the classic Chinese traditions of sexual intercourse:

'The words declare that the newcomer should give way in precedence to the existing women in the household. Would that inferior status be maintained, or could she be upgraded later on?'

'A very perceptive question,' said the young man as he gently arranged me between his thighs and inserted his right hand beneath my blouse and moved it over to fondle my left breast:

'The precedence of the other women, wives and concubines, would last only until the master had enjoyed intercourse with the newcomer in the presence of the others to the limit of six love sessions. Those having taken place, she would rank as an equal among them. That is to say, as far as erotic enjoyments would be concerned. In the day-to-day running of the household, however, things would be quite different. The supreme head over that vitally important realm



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would always be the principal wife, who might not be, you understand, the very first wife because aristocratic lineage carried its own system of precedence.'

'What exactly does that mean?'

'If the master had taken as his first wife the daughter of a prosperous merchant and then, his fortunes either in commerce, learning, administration, or war having significantly increased his wealth and social standing, he would be eligible to win the hand of a daughter of a member of the minor aristocracy. In that case the second wife would become the principal one.'

You will quickly appreciate that what I have been discussing represents ideal circumstances desired by the wise men of the China of classical times. But, as with everything and at all stages of history, ideal circumstances seldom prevail. So it not infrequently happened that discord broke out between the women and it became the distasteful task of the master to impose discipline in a bid to reestablish harmony.

He could, if he chose, leave it to the principle wife to enact the necessary punishments. It has to be acknowledged, however, that try though a master might to treat all his women, wives and concubines with impartiality, nevertheless he might have favourites and so be tempted to treat some, or one, rather better than the others. Or, on the other hand, bear down more severely on some, or one, than on the others.

Even handed justice, one is tempted to think, can never be achieved when matters of the sexual emotions are involved. But at least most Asian cultures have striven for it in the past and influences affect behaviour even today.

This is all the more praiseworthy since the religious and philosophical attitudes of the East have never denied the pleasureable factors to be obtained through sexual intercourse. In the West they were continually looked upon as wicked and only to be undertaken for the purpose of creating children. By sharp contrast, the Asians strove for a balance between the regular indulgence of sexual pleasure in manifold forms and the carrying on of the family line.

To maintain that balance it was necessary, for the master from time to time to resort to corporal punishment and ways of its carrying out were under serious and permanent review by the thinkers of the day. Here is how the guidance was given

by them in the era of the Ming Emperors. I leave it to my *Janus* friends to judge and appreciate the inherent wisdom of every word:

'No human being is entirely without shortcomings. How then could one expect his women to be without them? If one of them makes a mistake she should be admonished. And if she then still does not correct herself, she should receive corporal punishment by being caned. But this punishment has its proper rules and limits.

'The correct way is to have the woman lie face down on a bench, loosen her trousers and administer five or six strokes on her buttocks with the cane, never hitting below the back of the thighs nor above the coccyx.

'Occasionally, however, there are men who when administering punishment to a concubine will strip her naked and bind her to a pillar with ropes and whip her indiscriminately till the flesh bursts and she is covered with blood. This will not only harm the woman but also the man himself and thus one's women's quarters are degraded to a torture chamber as that of the tribunal. This should by all means be avoided.'

It was this section of the illustrated manual of olden times which gave rise to certain critical thoughts on my part. Not, I hasten to add, in the sense that the heart and soul of the philosophy of punishment was wrong, but that there could arise circumstances calling for a varying approach which had not been described. These thoughts were discussed with my young tutor:

Myself: It seems to me that there must have been occasions when misbehaviour on a concubine's part called for a more severe chastisement than merely five or six strokes on her bum. But the guidance says nothing about that.

Tutor: Yes, you are quite right. However, the underlying ethos of the corporal punishment system recommended is that if a proper discipline is maintained all the time, if that is, the women know that their master is unceasing in his watch upon their behaviour, especially in sexual matters, then five or six strokes might suffice to keep domestic harmony.

Myself: In other words, the recommended course of action refers to deviations of behaviour within the context of a constantly well-ordered domestic regime.

Tutor: Precisely.

Myself: But should a deviation

nonetheless take place of an extremely serious nature, then a heavier chastisement would follow.

Tutor: That is correct. You have a saying in the English speaking world that if one spares the rod one spoils the child. The identical sentiment was applied under the Ming Emperors to the matter of ordering harmony and general happiness among concubines in the home. Five or six strokes on the bottom, impartially inflicted by the master whenever an instance of misbehaviour should come to his vigilant attention, ought to suffice. But if a grave and wilful contravention of the master's wishes should be detected then, of course, the punishment would quite permissibly be correspondingly more painful. But never, you will understand, carried to the extreme of binding the woman to a pillar and whipping her until blood flows.

Myself: I understand that very well and you have so far completely satisfied me with your answer. Can you further set my mind at rest about the observation that excessive caning harms the master as well as the concubine?

Tutor: I can, but I am sure that with your excellent knowledge of psychology, so rare in a woman of the Western World, you are already more than half-way to an understanding.

Completely to strip a woman, and whip her severely while she is under bondage is the action of a sadist. Or if not a sadist when, perhaps for quite understandable logical reasons the master may think such severity well merited by the misbehaviour, he begins the task he may finish by actually enjoying it. He would then be on the way to becoming a sadist.

Myself: Exactly. But that is to credit the Ming sages with an awareness of deep psychological motivations which were only laid bare by thinkers concerned with sexual behaviour and the processes of corporal punishment many, many generations later. You yourself in using the term sadist must know that it could not have been invented until the late 18th Century.

Tutor: That is true, but one must not suppose that those basic human inner drives, instinctive motivations and irrational suppressed desires were not experienced and widely known about from the very dawn of Civilisation. It is, I agree, not until we come to the European sages of the 20th century that it was possible to formulate a kind of science to explain disturbing thoughts and excitements, most commonly, of course, those con-

cerning sexual matters.

Confronted by such thoughts and excitements, the ancient sages of my country directed their attention not to plumbing the depths of the human mind and soul for explanations, because they had not the means to do so, but to formulating rules of behaviour to avoid them. Furthermore they had to be sensible rules such as ordinary men could understand.

Thus, the observation that a master might damage himself as well as his concubine if he thrashed her too much, was meant at that time to stress that he would sully his reputation within his family extending perhaps even to the neighbourhood. For a master to have to give such flagrant evidence that he had been unable to keep a woman of his on the path of normal behaviour to the extent of finding it necessary to act like a torturer, was damaging to his social standing to the highest degree. He would unavoidably lose a great deal of face.

Myself: And the poor concubine a great deal of blood. Thank you for that patient explanation. You have brought me great and valuable enlightenment which I shall be sure to pass on to my readers.

The whole mission to China was a valuable enlightenment not only from the standpoint of on-going commercial opportunities for the consortium over which my beloved Japanese protector-companion presides, but also socially and last but certainly not least, sexually. Perhaps I should at this stage make clear that no question of jealousy ever arises on the baron's part concerning my intercourse experiences with others.

He fully appreciates that my inquiries into the sex and corporal punishment practices of other nations and religious communities often demand a personal experience if the true and essential facts are to be established and understood.

This business visit to China gave me a unique chance to learn much of that great nation's sexual past. As a result, the foreplays and sexual indulgences which take place so wonderfully between the baron and myself have been still further enhanced.

I found a great contrast between the intercourse techniques of the very mature Chinese males and the young ones which is not wholly accounted for by the mere accident of age. Philosophical reasons also lie behind the variation.

For example, the elderly bureaucrat who introduced me to the mem-

bers of Tsing-lu, took a long time patting and gently pinching my bum before he inserted his cock although I could see very clearly that it had been ready for quite a spell. And then he first took me from the back, with myself bent over and himself standing up and close-positioned between my legs.

Even then he did not hurry with the plunging strokes but, having lodged himself well in, remained without movement. Nor would he allow me to wiggle about as I very much wanted to because he had handled me so sensuously all through the inspection of the erotic volumes.

There was a philosophical reason for the immobility: he wanted, through the acute sensitivity of the bared top of his cock, to become mentally and physically aware of all the thrilling sensations that were developing in me.

Thus he benefitted not only from his own rising excitement but also from mine; and of course, the more he sensed mine, the more intense did his own become.

When he judged the inevitable orgasm to be but a brief period away, he glided his cock up and down with

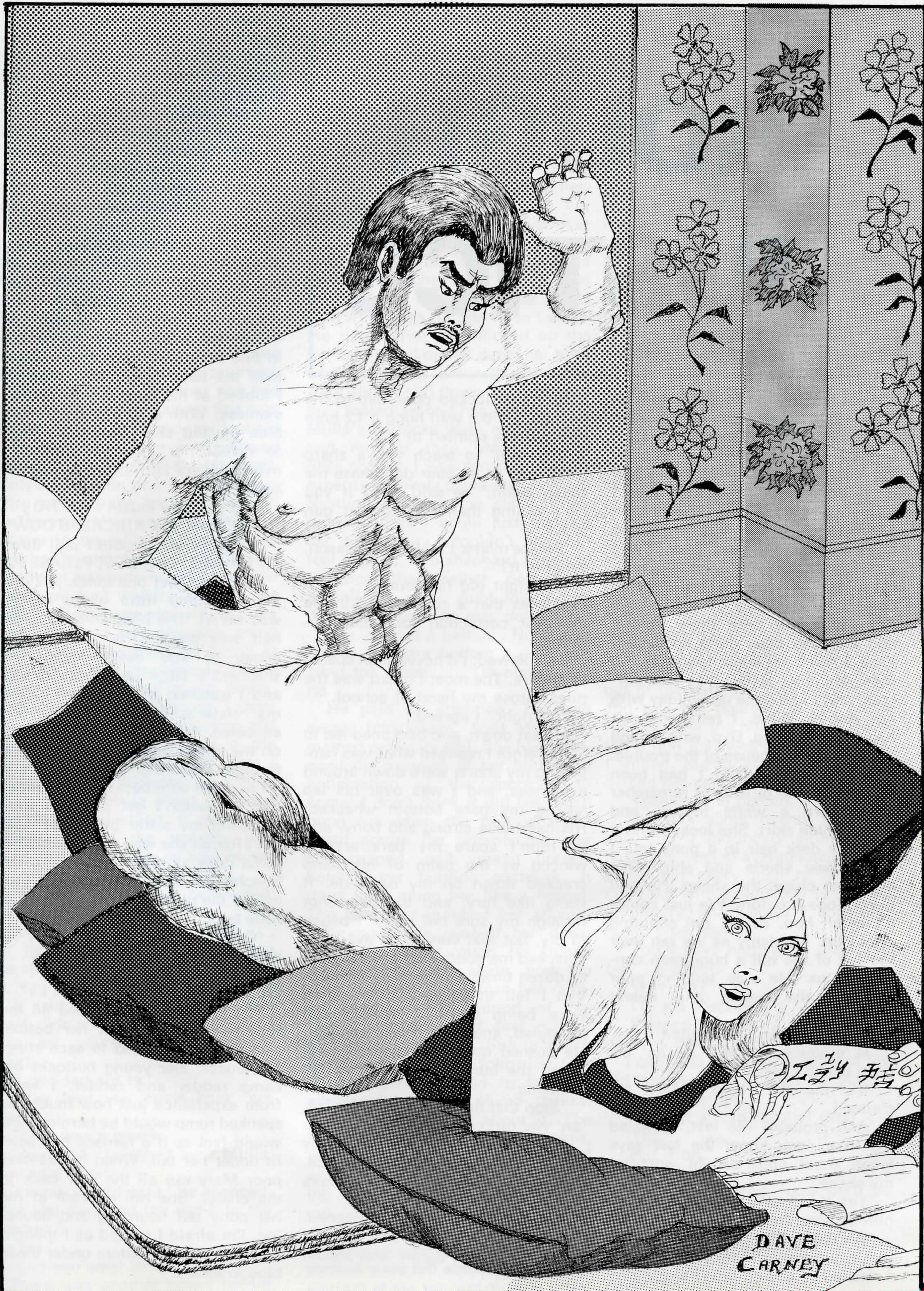
smooth and even movements. At that phase in his performance he shifted his hands from my waist to the breasts and held them tight, the nipples between fingers and thumbs. Then and only then did he permit me to synchronise with his rhythm. Never throughout the night I had with him did he adopt a fast and ill-considered tempo although each insertion was subtly varied. Thus it came about that he lasted in active love almost till dawn.

With the young translator things were all the other way but I have to confess that for all the crudities, hastiness, and attempts to do the frankly impossible, he was far from wholly unenjoyable.

His preliminary spanking was exceptionally enthusiastic and this he explained by pointing out that a fulsome bum was something of a rarity in particular parts of the province and he was unashamedly in favour of ample bums.

Thanks to his inability to pace his copulation he was tired out after his fifth orgasm. Thus I got an excellent night's repose which was as well because I had to leave for Tokio on the mid-morning jet.





DAVE
CARNEY

ROUGH JUSTICE

I sat looking out of the train window as it sped smoothly through the green English countryside. It was summer, and the sun was shining. I was looking forward to a few days break from my first job. I vaguely wondered why I had chosen Sootherleys. A tiny village tucked away amongst the hills. True, it was a favourite spot for rambling holidays, and there were self-catering chalets on the edge of the village. Actually I had been there before, and that had been quite an experience. I had been about ten years old then. My elder sister, who was thirteen, and I had gone on holiday with our Auntie Millie. I remember we had taken our dog, Gyp, with us and he had been the cause of the trouble. My sister, Mary, and I had been playing on the hillside. I remember Mary wore a white blouse, and pleated blue skirt. She looked pretty with her dark hair in a pony tail. I wore khaki shorts and shirt. Gyp began to chase the sheep. He had never done it before. We just couldn't catch him, as we ran shouting after him. Suddenly as we ran over the top of the hill a huge man confronted us. He was holding poor Gyp by the collar, and nearly strangling him.

'That's our dog,' I shouted.

'Is 'e now young fella . . . an' 'e's been sheep chasin'.'

'It's the first time,' Mary exclaimed.

'And probably the last,' growled the man, 'you know the law says I can shoot dogs caught worrying my sheep?'

'Yes sir,' I said, 'but please give him another chance.'

'We'll see,' he grunted, 'but first just you come wiv me.'

He led us to a cottage nearby, and

once inside locked poor Gyp in the kitchen. On the wall hung a 12 bore shotgun. He pointed to it.

'I'm goin' to teach you a sharp lesson not to let your dog chase my sheep again,' he said, 'and if you ain't willing then I takes that gun to it?'

'Please mister I'll learn my lesson. What is it?'

'I'm right old fashioned . . . an' I believes that a sound spanking is the best correction for misbehaviour.'

I swallowed. I'd never been spanked before. The most I'd had was the ruler across my hand at school.

'All right,' I agreed.

He sat down, and beckoned me to him. Before I realised what was happening my shorts were down around my knees, and I was over his lap having my bare bottom whacked. His hand was strong and bony, and he didn't spare my bare arse. I winced as the palm of his hand cracked down on my backside. It stung like fury, and the pain shot through my sore hot rump. I began to cry, but that was to no avail. He smacked me good and hard a couple of dozen times until it hurt so much that I felt the cheeks of my bum were being burnt. I howled and struggled, and then it was all over. He pushed me to the floor. I massaged the burning hot flesh of my backside.

'Stop that noise boy,' he growled, 'an' you girl come 'ere.'

I looked at my sister through my tears. She was as surprised as me. She didn't move. Her blue eyes flashed with defiance and fear.

'But it was my dog sir,' I moaned.

'An' your sister was wiv you . . . an' she's older . . . an' she should know better . . .'

The shepherd stood up, and grasping Mary by the wrist pulled her towards the chair. He sat down again with her standing reluctantly before him. She began to cry.

'I am not going to be spanked . . . You have no right to spank me . . . I'll tell my aunt . . . Oh please I don't want to be spanked . . . You mustn't smack me . . .'

My sister began to struggle, and tears were running down her cheeks. I could see that she had been frightened and upset at seeing me punished. She didn't fancy the same. The big shepherd stood up. He had obviously had enough of Mary's tantrums. He grabbed both her wrists in one hand, and jerked her bodily over the back of the big armchair. I looked at his face. It was expressionless. With a flick Mary's smart blue pleated skirt was raised high to reveal her blue knickers. The man's fingers slid under their waist band.

'NO . . . You mustn't . . . NO . . . DON'T PULL MY KNICKERS DOWN . . . Please you mustn't pull down my knickers . . . NO . . . PLEASE . . .'

However, just one quick jerk and Mary's plump little white bottom was bared. The blue knickers were half way down to her knees. She began to sob despairingly. The shepherd's large hand was raised, and I watched it slap down across my sister's bare buttocks. She squealed. A big red mark appeared on the tender flesh. I was beginning to enjoy watching. It took my mind off my own sore backside. I realised that I shouldn't get pleasure from watching my sister being spanked, but after all she was only getting the same dose as me. The palm of the Shepherd's hand smacked down across the plump cheeks of her pink little bum.

'Ooo . . . Stop . . . ouch . . . please . . . aah . . . stop . . . ooo . . . you're hurting me . . . ouch . . . I'll . . . ahh . . . tell my aunt . . .'

She wailed and squealed all the time as the cheeks of her bottom trembled and danced to each stinging smack. Her young buttocks became redder and redder. I knew from experience just how much her spanked rump would be burning. She would feel as if a furnace had been lit under her tail. When it was over poor Mary ran all the way back to the chalet. She ran in front of me her pony tail flouncing and bouncing. I'm afraid I smiled as I thought of her reddened bottom under those blue knickers.

She told our aunt Millie. She was a woman of 26 years old. A very grown up person to me in those days. However she was a beautiful woman with long blonde hair, and a lovely big pair of boobs. She wore all the latest fashions, and her mini skirts showed off her long shapely legs to perfection. Really I was proud to be seen with her. Especially when I saw all the men looking at her.

She made both Mary and I tell her our stories, and show her our red bottoms. Anyway she went storming off to the cottage to give the shepherd a piece of her mind. She might even go to the police about it she said angrily. It was nearly an hour before she returned, and we wondered whether she had been to the police station. She was in an odd mood, and said she'd been thinking it over and believed that the shepherd had been right. Only he shouldn't have slapped our bare bottoms she hastened to add.

The next afternoon I was playing at war in the hills. I was a sniper waiting to shoot at the shepherd's cottage. I was very naturally curious I saw my aunt walking towards the cottage. I as very naturally curious and wondered why she was going back there. I watched her knock at the door, which was opened by the shepherd. I decided to be nosey, and see what was going on. I crept around the side of the building and peered through the crack in the drawn curtains. Inside the room I saw my aunt Millie standing behind the big armchair in about the same spot Mary had stood. It was a hot afternoon, and the window was open so I could hear as well as see everything that went on.

'I said you'd be back,' he grunted.

'You're an old Svengali.'

'Losing your temper like that . . . an' threatening me . . . an' calling me all them names . . .'

'You deserved it.'

'I said go to the police if you want didn't I . . . drag them poor kids an' yourself in front of a court . . .'

'I decided not to.'

'Why 'ave you come back 'ere then?'

There was a pause.

'You said,' breathed aunt Millie, 'you said . . .'

'I know what I said,' he snapped, 'that you deserved the same as the children.'

'Yes.'

'And you want it?'

There was another pause before

I heard my aunt Millie draw in her breath.

'Yes,' she whispered nervously.

I suppose I was too young to wonder why my aunt should want to be spanked. I thought perhaps it was something to do with her feeling guilty about us. Even now I would have no slick answer. Anyway the big shepherd approached her, and placing a huge hand on her shoulders pushed her forward over the back of the armchair. She stretched downwards, and gripped the arms of the chair. Her tartan mini skirt rode up to show all her lovely long white legs for she wasn't wearing tights. The man flicked up the mini skirt, and pulled down her brief white knickers. I watched as they were slowly slid down her legs until they rested around her ankles. Aunt Millie's buttocks were much bigger and rounder than Mary's plump little cheeks. I was surprised by the expanse of lovely curved white flesh. Nestling between the cleft of her round cheeks I could just glimpse her pubic hair. I couldn't help but feel excited. The shepherd began to unfasten the leather belt from around his waist. Aunt Millie suddenly saw what he was doing.

'No . . . not a belt . . . Not a belt across my bare bottom . . . It will sting too much . . . Oh please . . . no . . .'

He paid no attention. The belt swung into action. Aunt Millie remained perfectly still. She had tightened the muscles of her bottom in anticipation of the spanking to come. I don't think it did her much good for when the belt whacked down across her unprotected rear she gasped, and sprang upright holding her burning posterior. It must have stung her like a hornet. The shepherd grabbed her shoulders, and firmly pushed her down again. He wasn't rough. He flipped up the mini skirt again, and the second stroke fell across her curved backside. The sound of the leather on her naked seat echoed throughout the room. She groaned, but stayed still. The following four strokes were directed to fall two across each of her plump cheeks. There was no hurry about it. The man took his time between strokes, so that aunt Millie could gasp and wriggle to try and relieve the burning sensation that spread throughout her thighs. Already her tender skin had turned from a pretty pink to a gorgeous red. The last four strokes were full across both cheeks starting at the top and moving down

in parallel lines leaving lovely thick red weals covering her whole bottom. The last stroke fell on the really tender fullness at the bottom of her ravished buttocks. She groaned and sobbed at each of the last four strokes, and jerked and twisted her body as each stroke made her globes dance and jiggle. Her knuckles were white from gripping the chair. Aunt Millie's backside finished up looking like a beautiful ripe tomato, and it must have felt as if it had been stung by a swarm of bees. What followed made my eyes pop out of my head, and certainly put me years ahead of my biology class.

Mary never would go back to that holiday village, but aunt Millie holidayed there every year until she married. To a husband with a firm hand I hope.

The train was arriving at Sootherleys. I stopped my day dreaming. The village had hardly changed. I settled down in my chalet, and cooked a good breakfast for myself in the morning. The hills attracted me. I dressed in boots, jeans and an old leather waistcoat, and set out for a tramp on the hillsides. Rather naturally I found myself heading towards the shepherd's cottage. It was deserted. Obviously hadn't been used for a year or so. Yet the sheep still grazed on the hills. As I came out of the cottage I heard shouting, and saw the figure of a girl come running over the hill. She was chasing a dog that was worrying sheep. I smiled. Memories flooded back. I helped her catch the dog.

'Thanks,' she panted.

She was about twenty years of age, and a gloriously striking red head. She was of average height and build, but every inch of her was filled out with exquisitely fashioned femininity. She wore a T shirt and faded blue jeans.

'You'll have nothing to thank me for,' I snapped.

'Why not?'

'I'm the shepherd.'

'Pleased to meet you,' she laughed, 'you don't look like a shepherd.'

I conjured a mental picture of the old shepherd and tried to act as sternly as he did.

'You got a lead for that dog?'

'Yes.'

'Put it on.'

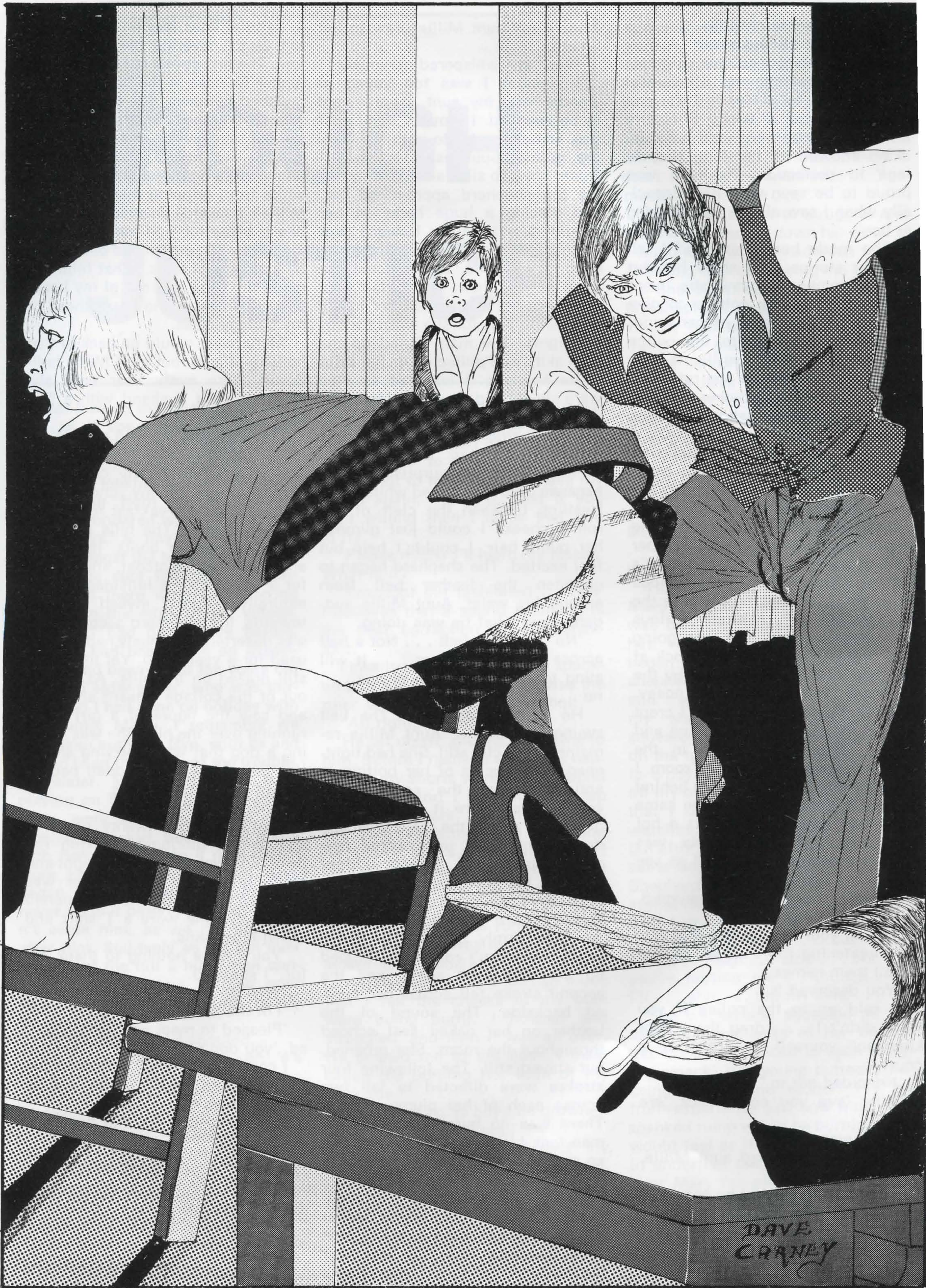
She obeyed.

'Right,' I growled, 'now we'll be going.'

'Where?'

'To the Police Station.'

'You wouldn't,' she cried, 'he's never chased sheep before.'



'So you know it's against the law young lady,' I exclaimed, 'you know I could shoot that dog now and it would be legal . . . but I haven't my gun with me . . . so it's to the Police Station.'

I took the dog's lead, and began to walk away. She followed me.

'No please,' she pleaded, 'I'll see that he never does it again.'

'Dogs cannot understand they mustn't chase sheep . . . its absolutely no use punishing them.'

'I'll keep him on a lead.'

'I've always believed,' I continued, 'that it's the owners who should be punished.'

'How.'

'We're old fashioned about here . . . we still believe in old fashioned remedies . . . a sound spanking . . .'

She grabbed my arm, and forced me to stop. She faced me. She was trembling and obviously nervous.

'If you were to give me a good spanking,' she blurted out, 'then you'll have punished the owner like you said, and the dog could have another chance?'

I was deliberately hesitant.

'I suppose that's sense,' I said slowly, 'so long as you promise to keep it on a lead from now on?'

'Oh yes,' she said eagerly.

I looped the lead around a bush, and going to a nearby tree selected a thin switch. I cut it with my penknife, and stripped it smooth. It was about three feet long and thinner than a cane, but much swishier.

'What's that for?' she asked.

'Your backside young lady.'

She gulped, but said nothing. Instead she rested her hands on her legs just above her knees, and gingerly stuck her bottom out. She had a lush beautifully modelled derriere, but was hardly presenting it in the way I had in mind. I stung the seat of her tightly stretched jeans with a sharp stroke of the switch, and watched the dust fly.

'Ouch,' she said, and stood upright.

'This is no game young lady,' I scowled, 'now get those jeans down.'

'I certainly will not.'

I shrugged, and turned towards the dog.

'All right,' she agreed hastily.

I watched as she unfastened the jeans, and eased them down over her hips. She pulled them down to just above her knees.

'Now you bend right over and grasp your ankles young lady,' I commanded, 'just you remember this is a serious business, and you

keep perfectly still with your bum well up into the air.'

'You bastard,' she said; but she obeyed.

Once she'd grasped her ankles I quickly grabbed at her brief bikini knickers, and jerked them down to expose her magnificent naked bottom. She gasped and tried to get up, but my hand was firmly in the middle of her back.

'You just stay like that young lady until you've had the stick.'

The first three strokes I switched sharply without raising my arm, but using my wrist to swish the thin pliable rod. It bounced off the delicate flesh of her curved rump leaving three thin pink weals on the milk white skin. She had been sunbathing in a bikini, so the tenderest parts of her plump buttocks were still beautifully white, and were the target for my attention. I raised the switch slightly, and brought it down with two stinging whips across each of her fleshy globes. She gasped. She was taking her punishment well. I decided it was time to give her the sound spanking promised to her. I laid the switch across the lower fleshy areas of her well raised and unprotected bum. She squealed and subbed at every stinging stroke. The muscles of her rump contracted and she drew in her breath sharply after each crack of the thin switch. Soon her gorgeous buttocks were criss-

crossed with thin pink and red lines. She stayed bent over as she'd been commanded, but swayed her body so that her raised rump became a moving target. She was sobbing openly now, and the glow of her skin screamed out that the burning heat in her tail was like a bonfire. A particularly stinging stroke was the signal that she had received her punishment. She stood upright, and massaged her throbbing seat with both hands. She stood facing the sky, and rubbing the sting from her well-punished rear for a long minute.

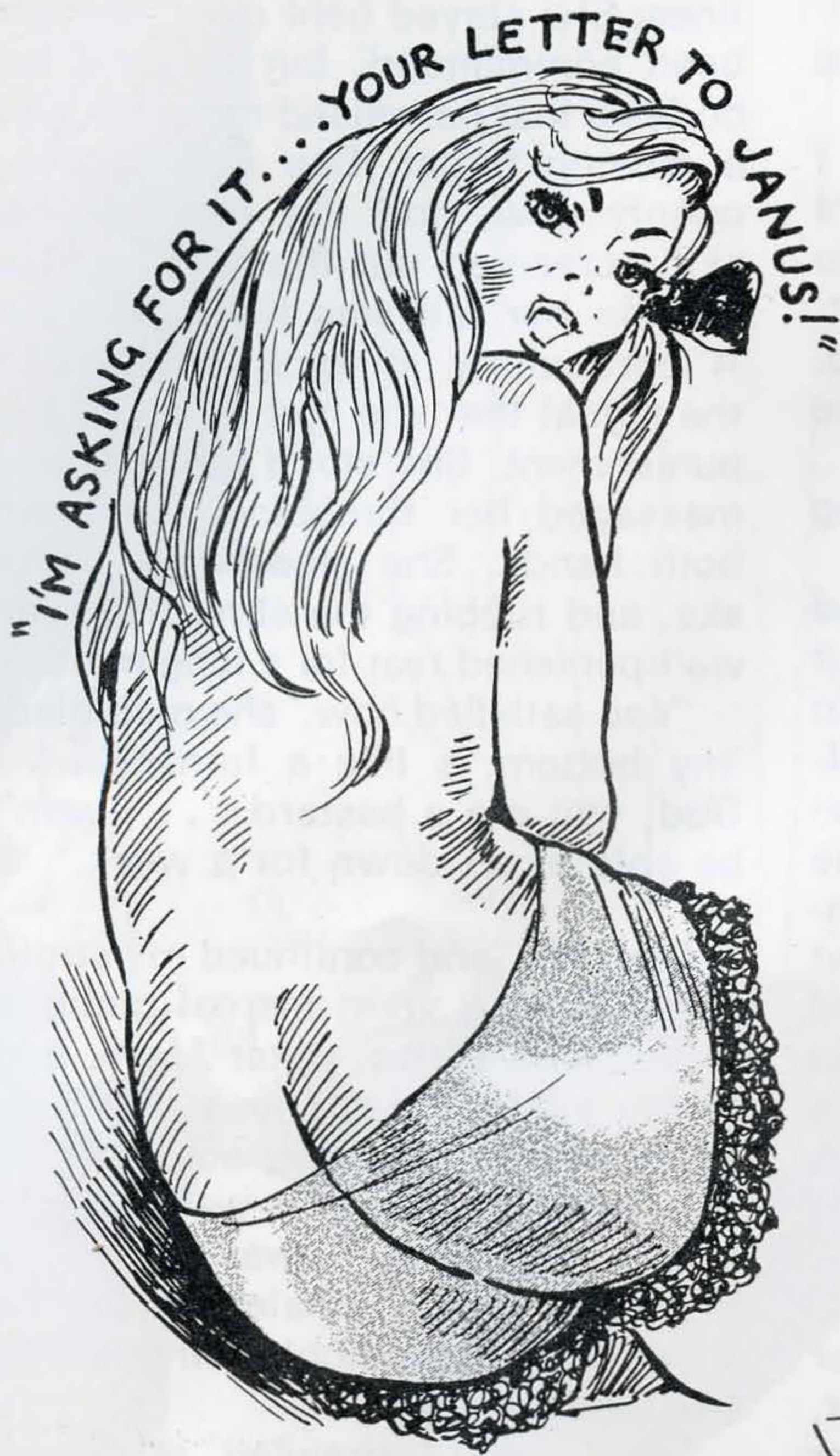
'You satisfied now,' she mumbled, 'my bottom is like a furnace . . . God, you are a bastard . . . I won't be able to sit down for a week.'

I left her, and continued my stroll. I kept getting vivid mental pictures of her, and of my sister Mary, and of my aunt Millie. These hills certainly seemed to bring out the best in a female bottom. It was evening when I got back. I was unlocking the door of my chalet when the window of the neighbouring chalet flew open.

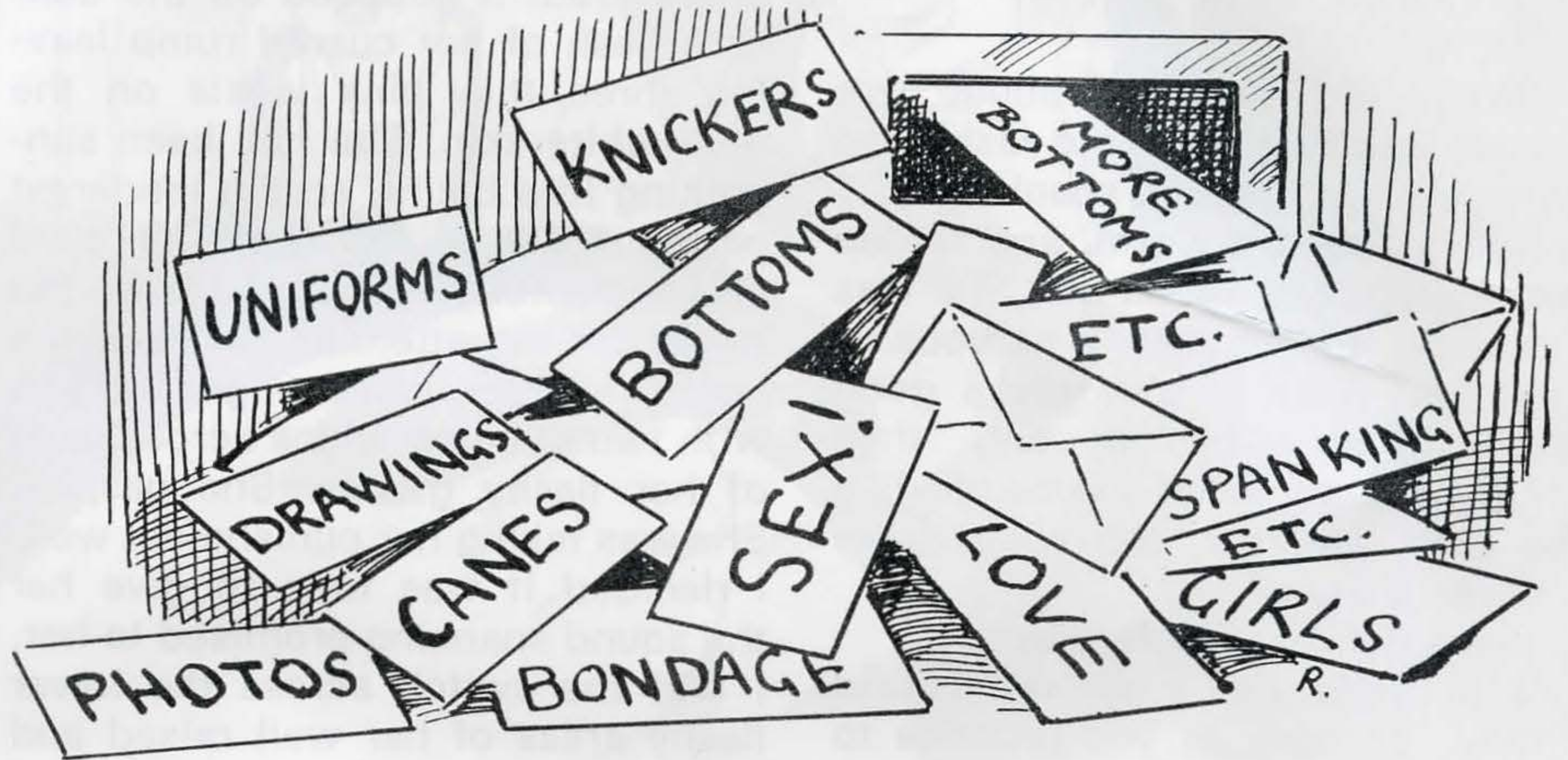
'Well, well,' drawled a female voice, 'I see we have a shepherd living next door?'

I froze. Slowly I looked around. I wondered if I would have to pack my things and leave the village; or whether perhaps there might be a touch of my aunt Millie in her?





READERS LETTERS



THANKS TO AN OLD-TIME BOBBY

May I add to your letter section, a part of *Janus* that we enjoy so very much.

I wonder just how many children have to thank discipline and the cane for bringing them to heel and for turning them into good living sensible citizens — albeit if at times the punishment seemed and in fact was hard. My real Dad died when I was small and Mum had to work and I got completely out of hand. Oh she smacked and clouted in her way and she shouted, but she didn't hurt and I couldn't have cared less. I passed for the Grammar and she got a grant for my uniform but I never properly wore it and I played truant and at eleven smoked, drank, swore like a trooper, was having a poke and was just starting on that awful slippery slope.

Picked up one night by an old-time copper he took me home, Mum had just married again and was expecting and my step father

met us at the door — the copper was a typical Dixon of Dock Green type — I can hear him now telling my step dad — 'she's too nice to take to court and too young to prosecute, but going the way she is it won't be long now, then she'll have a record for life. Down at the station we've been watching her for months, as we have other difficult local kids — all she wants every time she breaks the rules is her pants pulling down for a darn good belting.'

Standing sobbing, rebellious, on the stairs, the door open, the blue uniformed copper wearing his helmet, I can hear his words — all she wants, every time she breaks the rules is her pants pulling down for a darn good belting —

I was sent to bed — it wasn't made, it never was. I wouldn't, and Mum refused to. I undressed, bugged them all I thought — and the door opened — I was standing in my knickers and socks. My step dad said: 'Make your bed.' I hesitated, and slap, slap,

slap, and he slapped me all the time I reluctantly made my bed; I probably had about thirty slaps all on the same place as I bent across to tuck in the clothes.

'Neater,' — slap — 'do the job properly' — slap — 'straighter' — slap — until it was done. 'Clean up this bloody dirty room' — slap, slap, slap, everytime I bent to pick something up on the floor — slap all on the same spot as hard as he could. My old bum, my legs both back and front were on fire. The room at long last was tidy, and in front of him for the first of many times I dropped my knickers and leapt into bed before he could deliver another salvo of swipes across my rear.

Little did I know as I slept that night, that downstairs my Mum and new step dad were planning my future discipline — what the copper had said to them had brought home how vulnerable I was, and it appeared after I had gone upstairs he had told them, off the record, all he knew

of my comings and goings — truancy, shoplifting, breaking into disused buildings with boys, breaking windows, oh yes I really had mixed with a bad lot; mainly not from my school. But all this was not to last long.

Dad went out that night — Dad returned, with a cane. Next morning I was stiff and sore when I got out of bed. The door opened — I stood up still in my white socks but stark naked — my step dad said one word: 'Dress.' I hesitated a fraction — then a hand descended, whack. I dressed — knickers, vest, frock in double time.

'Now young lady,' he said, 'I will give you one hour to clean your room — Hoover it, clean the windows, mirror, dust it, polish it and put everything away properly and then and only then, after it's been inspected, can you have your breakfast.'

I was bloody well starving — the Hoover was pushed in the door, cleaning cloths, polish, windowlens, the lot, and the door was

shut — the sun shone and the radio was on downstairs and I was hungry. No tea and no breakfast — bugger them all, I thought.

Well I got the message that somehow things had changed, and I went to town on my room and folded everything up, put everything away, cleaned the windows and woodwork, hoovered the carpet, and I thought that the place was spotless and I went downstairs. I was met by my step dad. My hair was not brushed, my socks were down; he had a cane in his hand, a cane I had never seen before — two strokes for untidy hair, two strokes for not pulling my socks up, two strokes for having dirty fingernails, two strokes for not having a handkerchief — do I want it NOW or after breakfast? I was dumbfounded—what had happened in the past twelve hours? I used to rule the roost. Well I pleaded for a start, all nice like, then I got cross and cocky and all cheeky and rude, so I got my face slapped and held by my pony-tail and dragged across the kitchen chair for six of the best across my wriggling bum and bare legs, and back to my room with no breakfast. The door was locked, being told I would be let out at lunch time. I was sent for at 1 o'clock. My hair was brushed and neat, I had a hanky, my socks were pulled up and my nails had been brushed, even my knees had been washed and oh my bottom was still very tender with bruises and marks beneath my skin-tight bottle-green school knickers which I hadn't really worn since I was eleven. I went downstairs.

Without further ado I was told that any misbehaviour at all of any sort will now onwards be dealt with by the cane — three strokes for every offence and I was reminded that I had eight strokes to come. I pleaded that I had had a hiding but was told that that was for being rude and cheeky.

I was on a hiding to nothing, what could I do, so I bent for eight hard strokes gritting my teeth, but I took it then stood up

to eat my lunch. From then on when I was naughty a card on the wall was marked — the cane lay on the sideboard, I could take my punishment there and then or wait until I had earned nine whacks when I had to take it, I usually had it at the time. I was made to bend across a stool, my hands on the floor. I was beaten right across the tops of my legs, just covered by my regulation school knickers. But a better relationship grew up. I talked to my parents and as they said I didn't have to be punished, it was up to me to behave. They never let me off, but didn't make me strip or undress as some kids had to. After the first couple of dozen whackings, they just made me slip off my tunic and take it in my blouse and knickers — it hurt just the same.

Well it was hard, but it did me good; quite frankly if it hadn't been for that copper I don't know where I would have finished; certainly not with the good job I have now with a happy family relationship. I still have the cane put away for when I get married and have a family. I now realise you can't beat strictness with love and kindness, and there are times when one must be cruel to be kind.

With all good wishes to your readers, I hope my letter is of interest.

Nancy
Chewton Mendip,
Somerset

AS IT USED TO BE

Below are cuttings from a newspaper review of a book by Christina Crawford about her film star mother — they sound awful don't they, but do you know in my childhood days, and I'm not very old, this was uite common practice, to spank, to smack, to punish, to cane, a naughty child—and a child in those days was a person still at school — could be a boy up to ourteen still in shorts, or even a girl at a big school up to eighteen still in tunic, ankle socks and navy blue knickers, but they expected and accepted punishment and the added



humiliation of what went with it.

Children today are so spoilt they make me sick. They are mean, selfish, vain, and are too grown up for their years; it is time that all parents and teachers took them in hand and took them down a peg or two. To hell with fashion, they should be dressed like school kids — have we all gone mad?

My brother went like I did to a Prep School, then on to a minor Public School—we were all proud to wear the uniform (even if we didn't like it) we were proud of our school, its badge and its motto. The words punish, forbidden were used daily and accepted both at home and school. I suppose we were what would be called upper middle class, gosh, life was jolly strict for us. At home if we were naughty we were taken into the dining room, a big cold room with little furniture and no fire — we often had to wait an hour or more to be punished. Then after explanations, excuses never accepted, we were told to 'go and fetch the cane' or 'go and fetch the hairbrush' (a big black

brush kept on my dressing table). On returning with the weapon, tearfully it would be handed to Mum or Dad, well knowing that we were going to be beaten with it.

It was a case of skirt up and knickers down for me, right down to around my ankles. Then bent and grip my ankles, keeping my knees straight. Twenty to thirty smacks later and on fire all over, I was put in the corner, hands on my head to cool down, or sent to bed. Charles had the stick, in his case he had to take his shorts off and put them on the table, he had to bend, legs apart, and Mum pulled his underpants down; didn't they lay on that cane, but it was usually fair. When I got older I also got the cane, but never as hard or as many strokes as Charles. Most of my friends got punished by their parents and at school; we used to exchange information.

But my point is that the pain, disgrace and humiliation didn't matter in those days. The courts punished hard, they birched naughty boys, men and women were sent to prison and disgrac-

ed, so what were a few strokes across a schoolboy's or schoolgirl's bare bot — and if Mum or Dad can't pull pants down to punish then who can? After all, who washed and powdered your bum when you were small. Of course the heat created was dreadful, and the welts could be and were seen at school, especially in the showers, and in Charles' case when swimming, done in the nude; but so also were the stripes left by the headmaster and his housemaster.

Yes we are soft, a country of do-gooders. Let parents and teachers get on with the job, and the job of bringing up a kid and teaching it is also discipline. Yes, I know what went on at Helston School and it didn't do those girls any harm — it was a darn good school with darn good results; well dressed and obedient boys and girls went through those granite portals to learn, and from the results the school got, learn they did, and it was a good school.

With every wish for a long life to *Janus*; I feel as a C.P. Mag you are doing a very good job, so keep up the good work.

Peg
Falmouth,
Cornwall

MORE TRIBULATIONS OF CHOIRBOYS

Do you want your Sons to sing like Thrushes? Your letters about Boarding Schools interest me as I passed a scholarship to a well-known Choir School when I was very young and only having a Mum I was very homesick — life was very hard, we were bullied, we had a very rigid uniform: short shorts and knee socks, grey shirts, jumpers, ties, caps, blazers with our school colours and badge on simply everything; we had to walk everywhere in silence in long crocodiles. Mum thought I would be better in a boarding school.

We had awful food and hard lessons; life was strict. Poor work or bad behaviour resulted in an order mark, and three order

marks (often obtained in one day) resulted in a whipping from the housemaster, shorts down and off across his desk or table. He was a 'past master' in laying parallel stripes across boys' tight upturned chubby cheeks. You never got less than six, often eight, ten or twelve. We always had our dorm prefect in attendance. In fact you had to go and get him out of the prefect's room in the Tower Block to go along with you for your whacking at the appointed time; and he would often keep you waiting outside on purpose, thus making you late and the housemaster cross, and you were late so you got more and harder if he was in a temper. Prefects were very superior beings and demanded instant obedience.

We all had good voices and spent hours at choir practice, any talking, fooling around, late for practice and you had to stay behind for a tanning — the head chorister, a senior prefect, was always present and would supervise your shorts coming down for the bamboo cane kept behind the organ; your pals would wait outside for you to come out rubbing your bot like mad. Senior boys locked us in the Abbey or in the cloisters, saying they were haunted, and as there were lots of tombs in the church we were frightened. They stripped us naked and tied us up; they took away all our clothes; they whacked us and reported us for nothing, and the prefects believed them and we got more order marks and more whippings.

I have attended many a service and wedding in my robes looking just like a little angel without a stitch of clothing on underneath, because some senior had taken them all before the service; I have sung many a hymn or anthem or solo with a boy feeling my bare bottom and trying to wank me, but not daring to take my eyes off the choirmaster or letting it affect my voice, and I have sat through many a service with a red hot sore burning bottom after a whipping.

Mum saw my marks in the hols and put it down to

a strict school and fully approved, I never really told her of what went on. The head prefect slipped us, the Headmaster caned boys naked but I never got it from him, but his two daughters took us for Cubs and Sunday school and they spanked any boy as often as they could with shorts and pants down, and I had it from them lots of times. I must have been about sixteen when I became an alto and still getting the cane about three times a week, often for nothing.

I have been wanked in the church tower, the sacresty and caught in the act and thrashed afterwards when all the congregation had gone, and caned for being caught out of bounds in the belfry, pants down and stand with my hands on my head afterwards for an hour.

The Head's eldest daughter and a young master's wife caught me out of bounds down by the river twice and offered to report me or a thrashing, so I had to cut myself a stick — a thin length of sycamore — and bare my bottom for a round dozen.

I don't think things like this happen these days — perhaps it's just as well, but never were we interfered with by men — all our teachers were fair and our punishments, if hard, were always witnessed; and if you couldn't stay down after six whacks then they let you up for a minute to have a rub and a cry, and down you had to go for the remainder, and they told you how many you had to come, plus two extra for standing up before they had finished with you.

My school was hard, but honestly I don't regret one minute of it.

With all good wishes to *Janus*.

A.T.
High Wycombe,
Bucks.

A PROBLEM AND A FANTASY

I have a problem which your readers may be able to help me with. I have recently married and now have two lively stepdaught-

ers, aged 15 and 17. They are good girls really, but lately they have been getting cheeky and misbehaving themselves and my wife says they both need to be spanked. They have never been spanked before and I have no experience of spanking naughty girls so I am not sure how to go about it. I have decided that, if I do spank them, I will use my wife's hairbrush — a solid wooden-backed one, but my problem is how many strokes should I give them? I read stories of teenage girls being given fifty, even a hundred spanks with a hairbrush, but this seems to me to be far too severe. But then I have no way of knowing — my wife has never been spanked, so she doesn't know how painful it is to have a hairbrush applied to her bottom. So can any of your readers tell me whether if I give my two nice but naughty girls 24 whacks with a hairbrush, will I be giving them a severe spanking, a moderate spanking or will I be laughingly lenient? Also, my wife says I should take their knickers down before punishing them, but I am reluctant to do this with girls of their age and the tiny, flimsy pants they wear would not offer much real protection to their tender bottoms. So, *Janus* readers, knickers down or knickers up? I hope someone can advise me through your columns.

May I say that I very much enjoy reading the letters on the Order of the Burning Bot, and I would like to give you my choices. I can be more positive in the punishments I recommend for the OBB because it is only fantasy and will never happen!

First of all, I should like to nominate Bonnie Langford (who played Violet Elizabeth BOTT in *Just William* on TV), for a sound, bare-bottomed spanking with a slipper to take her down a peg or two. I can never watch ABBA without wishing that I could see the blonde girl (Agnetta?) lying across someone's knee sobbing her heart out as her beautiful bottom is spanked with



a hairbrush. After all, she does flaunt her gorgeous bum in a most provocative way that seems to me to invite a spanking.

I too must nominate, as other readers have done, the lovely Felicity Kendall. I would love to put her across my knee, take her knickers down and smack her bare bottom — not too severely but enough to reduce her to tears. Similar treatment would also be appropriate for athlete Sharon Colyear but for tennis star Chris Evert, six of the best with a cane across her bare buttocks.

Another candidate for the cane would be Loretta

Swit, who plays Hotlips in M.A.S.H. After ten strokes on her bare bottom it wouldn't just be her lips that would be hot. Two favourite actresses for the hairbrush — Jane Asher and Lesley Dunlop. For Diana Rigg I think only the cane would suffice. Ten strokes as she bent over a chair with her pants down should bring the tears to her eyes. Finally, why has no-one so far mentioned two of the most spankable stars of the screen Brigitte Bardot and Raquel Welch? For Brigitte, as she is French, ten strokes with the martinet across her saucy behind — suitably

bare of course — and for Raquel a dozen stinging spansks with a large paddle' as she bend nude over a chair.

C.L.
Brixton

NAUGHTY BOYS TOO!

I am a reader of your magazine and can, from personal experience, add to the evidence that corporal punishment is very effective as a cure for a naughty child.

It was 1964 and I was 12 years old. I lived with my mother and sister, who was 18 years at the time. Our father had left us and Auntie Enid came to live with us. She was single, domineering, very smart in appearance and held an executive position in the city where she was in charge of a punched card machine installation. She had a number of girls under her control and was excellent at getting the best out of them. Auntie was waiting for a bungalow to be built and resided with us pending its completion. It was well-known to us that she had definite views on corporal punishment and, although she was unmarried with no experience on this matter, she had written to a woman's magazine and had a letter published which stated that a few strokes across the seat was very good for boys, but she did not consider that this type of punishment was suitable for girls since the marks resulted in the girl receiving sympathy.

My father had not bothered about myself or sister and since my mother was rather timid it had resulted in me running wild and doing almost as I pleased. As soon as Auntie arrived my sister let it be known that I needed the stick put across my backside and as a consequence Auntie persuaded my mother to let her take over the responsibility for my upbringing. The first Saturday after she arrived Auntie Enid motored to Eton and obtained a punishment cane from a barber's shop which supplied canes for prefects at the College. It was a

straight cane without the normal crook handle but, I imagine, made from the same type of cane as the crook-handled type.

When she considered that I was naughty Auntie sent me to her bedroom. She followed me up the stairs immediately and shut the bedroom door. Auntie then went to the wardrobe and removed the cane, resting it on the bed. In the bedroom there was a heavy chair and this was pulled away from the wall. A cushion was placed against one of the arms of the chair. Auntie then removed my shoes, trousers, underpants and tucked my shirt up my back. I was then forced to place my legs between the other arm and seat of the chair. Auntie then turned, seized the cane, pressed hard down on my neck and administered 6 to 10 strokes with the cane across my hind quarters. The cane hurt like hell and I yelled my head off. I was left crying bitterly with a backside that seemed as if it were on fire. After a while I looked around the bedroom. The wardrobe door was opened and I eyed the coats and dresses and the cane, which looked a terrible instrument to me at the time, and this was deliberately left on the bed.

It was at this time that ladies' leather coats were coming into fashion and Auntie, who was always dressed with the latest fashion, had obtained a green leather coat. Instead of putting it in the wardrobe with the rest of her clothes this particular coat was left hanging from the curtain rail. I do not know why, but after the punishment I used to press my face into the coat. Maybe the smell of leather gave me some relief. I think that Auntie knew this and liked to think that I pressed my face into an item of her clothing because she did on the few occasions that the coat was not in its normal place fetch it from the wardrobe or bring it up the stairs when I was waiting for my punishment. She would then insert the coat hanger and hang the coat on the picture rail. After about an hour and my cries

had turned to sobs Auntie came up to see me and applied witch-hazel to my badly cut-up hind quarters.

I received no sympathy from anyone. My mother seemed disinterested and my sister appeared delighted, after seeing me ruined for so many years, that I was at last receiving the rewards for my behaviour. One day when my sister had a friend at the house I did hear a description of my canings. My sister told her friend how she listened at the bottom of the stairs and could hear the cane swished through the air and that my yelling filled the house. She said that the cane was very good for me. I was caned about every three or four weeks. I used to cry before the punishment as I made my way up the stairs to Auntie's bedroom well knowing the punishment I was about to receive. Auntie stayed with us for 18 months and looking back I think that the thrashings did me a lot of good. I also think that Auntie enjoyed caning me. Dealing with a wayward boy was something that was missing from her life and while she resided with us she was able to fulfil this need.

A.N.
Hounslow

ANOTHER CANING FOR DIANN

As I mentioned in my last letter, I am a Welsh girl now living near London. In my last letter I told you about my first caning at school from the Deputy Head, Miss Morris. The Head was an English woman called Mrs. Howerd. Normally she left all the caning of girls in forms 1-5 in the very capable hands of Miss Morris. If a girl was ever sent to Mrs. Howerd it was for one thing only, an 'official' caning. An official caning was for a serious offence. A report was made to the school governors and a letter saying you had been caned and what for, was sent to your parents.

I had been at the school just over a year, and was nearly 14 years old. Miss

Morris had only caned me once since the first episode. I had, however, been slipped in class on numerous occasions, all well deserved I may add.

Anyway, one day I was caught fighting in the playground with a girl from the year below mine. I think the reason we were fighting over was rugby. We were both caught and marched straight up to Miss Morris. Debra, the other girl, was taken in first and as expected was duly caned — 8 strokes, the normal for fighting at our school. She made a terrible noise, screaming and crying at each stroke, she rushed out crying. I went in to get my 8 strokes. I curtsied. I noticed that Miss Morris had put the cane away. She spoke:

'Diann, I believe it is time you visited the Head. She is waiting for you.'

I was terrified. I knew that she whacked much harder than Miss Morris, and that my parents would be told.

The Head's study was approached by a long wooden-pannelled corridor, part of the original school building. The floor was carpeted. It was like walking to the 'condemned cell. I straightened my tie and did up my blazer buttons. I took my hair slide out of my hair thus undoing my pony-tail. I felt terrible. I knocked on the study door, hoping that there would be no reply.

'Enter,' came a voice from within.

'Come on girl,' I thought, 'pluck up courage!'

I entered, closed the oak-pannelled door and curtsied deeply. The room was also oak-pannelled, light streamed through a bay window, opposite the door. Miss Howerd sat at her desk. She put her pen down and removed her glasses, placing them on her desk in front of her. She was in her middle forties, with brown hair, and she wore a gown.

'Diann D'Dargan, I presume?' she said, in her thick Oxford accent.

'Yes, M'arm,' I replied. The Head always had to be addressed as 'M'arm'.

'Do you normally make

a habit of publicly brawling with other girls, girls younger than yourself, in the playground, young lady?' she asked.

'No, M'arm,' I sulkily replied.

'No, I should think not,' she thundered. 'In some cases this might be regarded as bullying, but I understand that Debra Scholes gave as good as she got. What punishment did Miss Morris give Scholes?' she asked, knowing the answer.

'She caned her, M'arm,' I replied.

'Is there any good reason why I should not cane you as well, D'Dargan?' she asked. She always called girls by their surnames. I could not think of any valid reasons why I should not face the stick as well as Debra.

'No, M'arm,' I replied quietly. I had passed sentence on myself!!!

'No, I agree,' she said. Mrs. Howerd got up and walked to a cupboard. She opened it and produced the Senior Schoolgirl cane.

'This rod is the only real means of maintaining discipline in my school. The idea is very simple. I bend you over and tan your backside. It hurts. You'll probably cry. Next time you think about misbehaving you may just think twice. If you do and decide that the cane is too painful a punishment, then the beating I am about to give you will have worked and not been a waste of my energy,' she explained.

Now I was really frightened!

'The cane is the one for use on Senior schoolgirls,' she continued. 'It is made of bamboo and not rattan as Miss Morris's is. Girls usually tell me it hurts more than Miss Morris's. Right then, take your jacket off. Bend right over. Keep your legs straight. Touch your toes. Good. You will receive 8 strokes,' she commanded.

I obeyed. I didn't have much choice!!! I felt my green winter uniform skirt being lifted back, as well. I felt the cool air around my knickers and the tops of my legs.

She measured me up with the cane.

THWACK!!

I yelled in pain — they must have heard me in Liverpool!!

THWACK!!

Again I yelled. It certainly hurt more than Miss Morris. The other 6 strokes followed and made their 'mark' on me. My hair got in my face, and got wet with my tears.

Finally it was over. I remained bending while Mrs. Howerd replaced the cane in the cupboard.

'Stand up D'Dargan!' she commanded.

I stood, still crying. I brushed the hair out of my face and eyes. The hair was wet and sticky. I wished I had kept it tied up. My bottom was on fire. I didn't dare to try to soothe it in the Head's study.

'I hope that has taught you a lesson young lady,' she said. 'Very few girls ever come back to me for the cane twice and I hope you won't.'

I could feel why they never came back for a second helping!

'Your parents will of course receive a letter stating what has happened and why. You may return to your lessons,' she said.

I put my blazer on, curtsied, and left the room. I walked slowly and painfully back down the corridor. An investigation revealed my bottom to be criss-crossed with large red weals, where the weals crossed blisters appeared after two days. Sitting was very painful for the rest of the day. I was sore for about a week after. The marks took over one month to go.

The letter to my parents arrived the following day. I got little sympathy. My father said it was what I needed. My mother, who as a schoolgirl had frequently been on the wrong end of a cane, inspected the damage and gave me some cold cream to put on the marks. She also wrote a letter to Mrs. Howerd, thanking her for taking such instant action in my case, and saying that in future she hoped that any further breaches of discipline by me would be similarly treated!

In retrospect the cane



did do me good. I never got the cane from Mrs. Howerd again, although Miss Morris did weal my bottom on a number of other occasions. Most of the girls in my office had the cane at some stage at school, and none claim any lasting damage, other than to pride, as a result.

My old school in Wales still canes naughty girls' bottoms. I know this because my sister is a pupil there and recently had to visit Mrs. Howerd for an Official caning.

Diann D'Dargan
(Miss)
Farnham, Hants.

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE IN EAST AFRICA

Sometimes a letter from a reader appears about their schooling in East Africa.

I think education in the Commonwealth countries, especially Zambia and Rhodesia, was and still is today the strictest in the world, the cane may have lapsed a bit in English schools but it certainly hasn't abroad, especially in church or religious schools.

I went to a small all-girls private school, in Africa,

and when the first trouble started and we were very near the border, it was so small and could easily be attacked, we were closed down and the 120 of us moved to a large boys' school. They had never had a girl there before, and simply gave us a large house in the grounds to live in and we had to do everything else the boys did, including punishments.

It was the school where most of our brothers were sent and our parents were thrilled that we were all together. The Head was known as 'old commo' and only three young mistresses came with us, the rest returning to retire in the U.K. away from any trouble. They found us a Matron for our house, she hadn't a clue. Firstly all the clothes she bought for us girls were years too small, but we had to wear them. Pale and navy blue—yes you will have guessed right—like so many of your readers mention—navy blue knicks with legs in too and you could pull them right up to your chest. I shall never know where they were made, but the cut certainly made our bottom cheeks protrude. We all had to wear short pleated cotton skirts, white sox and

cotton dresses in the summer with boys' blazers, boys' shoes and boys' caps.

Now the reason for my letter — unknown to Matron and us the boys had a complete punishment system, punished by prefects, master on duty, house master and senior house master, who all did and could slipper or cane, but the final punishment was to be sent to the Head, 'old commo'. Only the very worst got to him and this meant a swishing for sure.

Now Matron used to send us girls straight to him, and it took two years (painful years by my reckoning) to get things sorted out. He automatically thought all these naughty girls who appeared at his study to be punished had gone through the system on the way up as would happen to the naughty boys, so he thought we were an awful naughty lot; but then he had never seen a girl before, let alone beat one.

My first visit was for wilful disobedience which sounded dreadful (repeated talking after lights out) and I knocked on his door and told him I had to report to him from Matron for punishment — he said: 'Report back here at 1 p.m. Well I ate no tea, kept myself to myself and at last the awful hour arrived. When I got to his door there was a boy of about fourteen dressed in tee-shirt and shorts, they all wore shorts but could change after school into anything, we girls couldn't. Poor kid, he looked very worried indeed and kept gripping and ungripping his hands back and front, rubbing his hands down his legs, crossing and uncrossing his legs. He avoided looking at me, and suddenly the door opened.

'Come in — both of you.' Peter, the boy, scowled at me. 'Old como' gave Peter one hell of a long lecture on bad behaviour, punctuated by Peter saying 'Yes sir,' or 'No sir,' then he told him to remove his blazer and from behind a curtain produced a long thin cane with a curved handle.

'Bend, for six cuts young man,' said the Head.

'Six?' said Peter. 'Oh no

sir, please no sir, not six sir!' and he kept glancing at me; then suddenly he walked to a big chair, dropped his brief tailor-cut khaki shorts and pulled down his little white cotton underpants (he had done all this before). His bum was brilliant white against his nut brown back and legs all bare, and he leaned, gripping the seat, his legs together, but the Head made him open his legs wide.

'No sir, please!' and his little penis hung down between them and the Head stood back and lifted his cane and I shut my eyes and wham! — 'Ow . . . no sir! Please sir! Oh sir!' — wham — 'Ow!' Gosh, you would think that the old man was beating a carpet. How that cane whistled down hard across Peter's bare bottom, how he squirmed and cried out: shouting, pleading, and after his six cuts was allowed up to rub and hold his red bottom.

He stood there, shame-faced, both hands on his bum, his front all bare, ignoring me, his white pants and shorts round his ankles, tears running down his nose — the Head was writing in his black book. Peter turned away bent, and across his bot were six parallel lines from side to side and curling right round his side almost to the front. Very gingerly pants and shorts were replaced amid sniffles, his blazer was put on and standing very awkwardly he had a brief lecture, brushed away a few tears and was gone.

THE HEAD PICKED UP THE VERY SAME CANE, turned to me, and said: 'Right my young lady, YOUR TURN — bend for five.' It appeared to me that girls were to be treated very much the same as the boys. Whatever would my parents think? Well my skirt was brief so I simply bent as I did at home with my Dad, and pulled down my knickers and I bent, legs as far apart as my knickers would allow. He said: 'You can keep them on,' so I thanked him, stood and pulled them back up tight and I bent again. He tapped my legs

wide apart and WHAM — WHAM — I saw stars, flashes, the pain was awful. He didn't hit me as hard as Peter but it darn well hurt all right. I cried out and I screamed with the pain and I had five well-spaced lines across both cheeks but none around my side. When I got up he said 'You took that well, young lady,' and he wrote in his book. I pulled down my skirt and he said 'Six next time,' and he turned me out.

I had recovered my composure by the time I got back to the boarding house, although I could easily have burst into a flood of tears. My pals all inspected my marks with 'Oo's' and 'Arh's', saying 'Gosh, all that just for talking after lights out'

The girls' behaviour improved overnight! At half term the girls told their parents who thought it was great, the girls being caned. Their boys got it so why not the girls? From time to time perhaps one or two girls a week were sent for anything from two to five strokes just as I got it. Most girls, unused to being hit, were sick or wet themselves, some took it O.K. as I had. I had my six strokes at the very end of the first term and six again the second day of the next term, honestly I think he liked beating me — I always pulled down my knickers (after all I was the only girl to see him beat a boy — I think) anyway he always made me pull them back up tight but he hit hard and made me cry even though I was quite big.

This went on for two years and the turning point came when he punished me with six for being sent to him for leaving my gymshoes on the floor. Then later the same day Matron sent me to him to be punished for being late (she hated me and I hated her). Well I reported, bent, pulled down my knickers and he told me to stand.

'Child,' he said, 'you can't possibly have had time to be naughty enough for you to be reported to me again so soon. Tell me what have you done wrong?' and I explained

the reason for my beating that morning and lots of my and other girls' beatings. 'Glory be, child,' he exclaimed, 'something's wrong here. I only ever cane the very worst offenders in the school, I thought that you girls were simply awful creatures, always being bad.'

Knicks safely up, skirt replaced, he sent me back and told me to send matron to him. Well things improved, for a long time we were given punishment tasks around the house and gardens and a scheme was evolved.

Now before closing this chapter of my life in East Africa I will confess to one real naughty thing I did to a small boy. We older girls used to help Matron of the boys' wing in the sick room and three first form boys were in bed recovering from measles. They had been pillow fighting and caught by the head visiting and been given six of the best each. They were laying face down naked, recovering, with only a thin cotton sheet over them as it was very hot. Matron told me all about it when I came on duty and she went off into town. I spoke to them and pulled down each sheet in turn, feeling and inspecting their awful ridges and welts and sore bottoms. Two were still snivelling; they were quite red hot with lovely brown legs and backs with tiny pure white bottoms, their angry red and purple welts sticking up like lengths of rope or rhubarb, the cane had certainly been laid on jolly hard.

Then coming quietly into the ward an hour later I caught one boy Tony wanking. It came just as I came in and he couldn't stop it or find his hanky — it spurted everywhere: I had him out of bed and in the office in a flash stark naked, he stood, his hands on his head as instructed.

'The cane for you my son from the head,' I said, and he burst into tears, and he cried and pleaded so I said that I would spank him. So on top of his awful welts I gave him twelve of the hardest strokes with a slipper possible. Poor kid, he just

couldn't stay down. He jumped, cried, screamed, leapt about but every time I made him go back to the right position, bend and compose himself, legs apart and grip the end rail of a bed. When it was all over, naked and tear-stained, he just looked at me, pain-wracked and ill, and then I realised how horrible I had been to him. Poor kid, he crept back into his bed, pulled up the clothes and sobbed himself to sleep, but he never told on me.

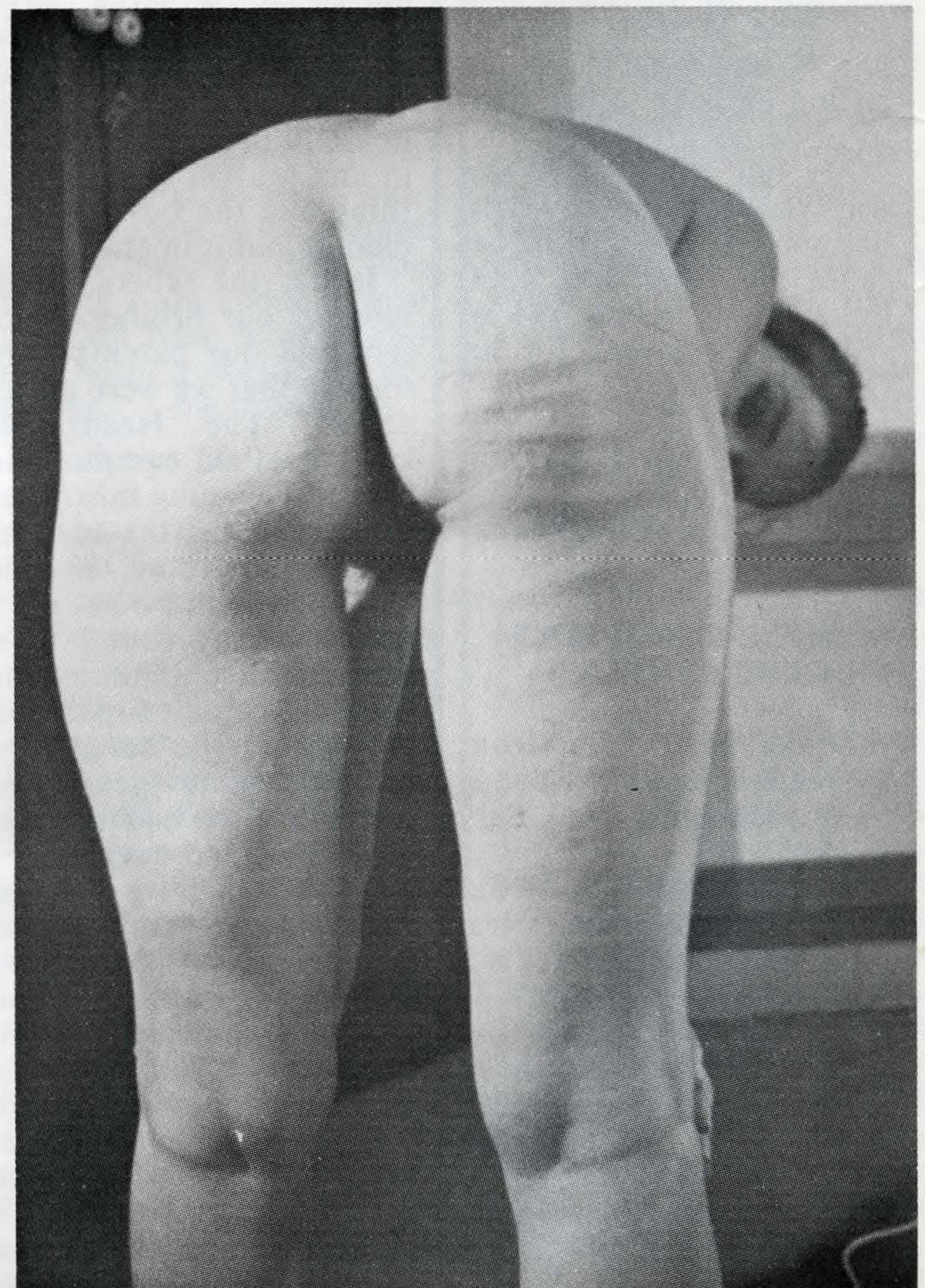
Three weeks later I confessed to his matron and she asked me what I felt just retribution would be. I said twelve strokes in front of him, but she said if this happened then he would know that I had told on him. Matron produced her cane, the one that she kept and used as she was allowed to on the boys. Matron stripped me down to my vest, she bent me as I had bent him and she flogged me and then put me to bed until tea time. My friends when they saw the marks simply thought I had visited 'old como' again, but I knew I had had my just

deserts.

I suppose old como liked whacking me, I was a stupid girl, and I fooled about a lot in class, and I was dressed like a ten-year-old when I was fifteen, little blue knicks and white sox, a skirt up to the tops of my legs, my hair in pigtails, and as dad was a ship's captain my brothers and I had plenty of experience being punished when we were younger.

Well now I am grown up — a family of four — we are well known in the area and they are all well punished — oh yes the cane is kept in the study, pants are taken down and six is the usual number, laid on hard. And the boy I slipped, why he is my husband of course and he has whacked me many times to make up for it. But let me make it clear, my whackings are nothing to do with fair, just, reasonable punishments for a growing family who must be disciplined when naughty — yes even naughty little girl as I was.

Jane T. (Mrs.)
Taunton



SPANKING IN THE OFFICE

If my typing is not all it should be this afternoon, I'm hopeful you'll forgive the errors when I explain why. You see I work with somewhat smarting fingers, fingers smarting from the task I have just been obliged to carry out in the typing pool over which I am in control. Let me explain.

When Georgina joined us just three weeks ago, I told her of my insistence on accuracy. She would earn a very good wage, albeit as a junior, but in return her work must always be of the highest order. She might take her time in its execution — as long as she liked, within reason — but after reading it through she must always be sure it was immaculate in every detail. Alas, Georgina's delightful looks and vivacious personality were not matched by her work. In fact after her third day, the numerous mistakes I had luckily managed to pick up before the letters went to the Director, gave me reason to take her aside and caution her.

'Georgina, your work is far short of the standards I expect,' I began, and the girl made no attempt to defend herself. 'I cannot possibly allow this to go on.' Georgina's head hung low and I detected a tear beginning its slow trickle down her cheek. 'I shall expect much improved work from now on or there will be very serious consequences to pay, I warn you now.'

A snivelly 'Yes Miss . . . I'm ever so sorry Miss,' was Georgina's only retort.

'Very well then, let's see a marked improvement, shall we?' Georgina didn't answer, but a few days later she was before me again. My fury over the shocking mistakes, errors which could have done the Company irreparable harm, made itself felt as instant dismissal loomed dangerously close.

'But Miss, if you'd punish me in some other way, not the sack, pleeeeeease!'

The sixteen-year-old looked delightful in her pretty distress. Fair flaxen hair falling across her face;

her shapely legs, long and inviting as they took the eye slowly up their curvaceous length to disappear finally within the short folds of her mini-skirt. The waist nipped in, and the bust quite pronounced . . . I as a woman of more mature years and, I will confess, an appreciative eye for the youthful charms of my own sex, especially when presented in delightful teenage loveliness, felt the emotion of the situation drawing me to desires I would not normally admit. Above all else I wanted to dominate this young person. Perhaps behind it might lie some psychological complex of getting even because I had not known the call of lechering male eyes whereas Georgina regarded it as a matter of course. Where Georgina walked, the wolf whistle was an expected thing. The wiggle of her plump bottom had many a heart fluttering. And, may I confess to you now, mine, no less. In fact since the first time Georgina turned her heel on me to walk out of the initial interview, I had felt strange stirrings as I drank in the fullness of the curves and the plumpness of the flesh abounding about the teenager's lovely bottom.

This then was to be my moment and Georgina's request for punishment other than the sack, had given me my chance.

'Your disregard for the standards I have repeatedly insisted upon leave me no recourse but to dismiss you Georgina,' I resolved, 'but considering your short period with the firm, I am prepared to overlook it this once. But you must be punished.'

'Oh yes, I must, Miss.' Anything was now acceptable so long as Georgina did not get the dreaded sack.

'Then I propose a sound slapping, Georgina — what have you to say to that?'

'Yes Miss, I'd be glad if you would, I deserve it, I do . . .'

'Very well then, you will report to me after work this evening for a sound smacking, and I warn you my girl, it will hurt.' I wondered whether Georgina could detect the tremor in my

voice as I spoke the words that followed. 'I intend to slap you on your bare bottom, for only in that way will you know humility as well.'

Georgina could have backed out now, she might easily have done so, leaving me with the unwelcome alternative of pursuing the original threat, the sack. But she didn't. Instead, she merely blushed and muttered 'Oh, yes Miss . . .'

'Be here then at six.'

I was there perhaps half an hour before. In fact I didn't leave the office at all for I wanted to see everyone else on their way before the errant arrived. And promptly on six, my office door responded to the gentle tap-tap from without.

'Come in . . .' I called, and Georgina with apprehension written all across her pretty face, stepped in. Hands clasped in front of her she stood, head bowed, before me. Like some naughty schoolgirl before her Headmistress, I thought. Like a very naughty schoolgirl about to have her bottom smacked, I contemplated. I explained in some detail to Georgina how the highest standards should always be her aim. I reasoned that only by correction could a person learn. I detailed that sometimes the more painful way was the surest way and I wound up by ordering her to prepare for her punishment.

'You will lean across my lap Georgina,' I announced, 'and I shall then bare your bottom for a sound spanking. Very well then, lean over.' And Georgina did as ordered, gingerly placing herself alongside my seated person and guided by the hand I placed on her back, lowered herself slowly over my knees. As she went down, so the short little skirt rode even higher up the backs of the girl's legs, displaying the long shapeliness of her lovely limbs. I know I must have been trembling as I surveyed the scene of this delightful young girl's big upward thrusting bottom, jauntily and temptingly jutting from within the tiny skirt's tight embrace. And I flipped it back, I folded

the skirt carefully that it might not fall back to impede the slapping hand's fall across the girl's bare bottom. Georgina's panties were that brief, they might well have not been there at all. Tiny, flimsy, black, gauzy whisps of nylon that revealed more than concealed their plump and meaty contents. To take them down would be an unnecessary deed in the light of the impending slapping's effectiveness. The little panties offered no protection whatsoever, save that of a slight concession towards the girl's modesty. But as any means of protection against the full weight of chastisement, they might easily stay.

Of course I slipped them down. There would be no half measures in the whipping I intended for that naughty young girl. I folded the little panties most carefully about Georgina's ankles, very very conscious all the while of the extremely close proximity of a lovely big expanse of quivering bare bottom only inches from my face. I was immediately filled with a strong desire to fondle, to kiss and to do other things. But I checked this first impulse and straightened myself.

'Now first a good smacking with the hand . . .' and placing one outspread hand firmly about the small of the girl's bare back, I brought the other free hand slapping down to meet the girl's bare bottom with a pistol-like 'Smaaaack.' The creamy white buttocks wobbled convulsively and the girl jerked her body into a tightening upward rearing arch, then collapsed again with a long 'Ooo-ooohhh . . .' Instantly a second then a third meaty smack, then a long volley of succeeding slaps: 'Smaaaack, smaaack, smaaack, ploppppp, ploppppp . . .' I slapped hard and with as much force as I could muster. Occasionally I would pause while my thumb ran the length of that deep dividing crack so invitingly parting the full and voluptuous bottom with its dark tangy crevice. Then I stopped.

'And now, for sterner stuff . . .' and I reached

across to my desk on which I had earlier placed a heavy eighteen-inch ruler. 'Whaa-aack, whaaack, whaaaack.' The blows rang out and the girl's bottom rolled from side to side. Georgina, now reduced to long and bitter crying, interspersed with pleas to 'Give over, leave it, leave it . . . you're killing me . . .' had long since seen the sack as a very welcome alternative. But not I. She had elected this punishment and for her stupidity, she'd go through with it. And to make the point, I turned the ruler on its side and brought the thin edge down to bite into the bulging buttocks. Then I twisted its length to deliver a blow along the cleavage separating the buttocks. Georgina was writhing, twisting, yelling now, a mass of tears and contortion. Her pretty mouth no longer sweet, but an awesome distorted yelling thing. Her eyes wild, her nostrils distended as 'Smaa-aack, smaaack, smaaaack,' I whipped that silly girl's great thrusting bottom for all I was worth.

Then I at last concluded. But not yet, my pretty, she would not get up till I said so. And as the sobs gradually subsided, I ran soothing, soothing hands sliding across the now furrowed flesh. I withdrew my cold cream from the drawer and slithered my fingers all over, deeply into the crack and across the burning buttocks. I suppose it was a question of contrasts since what I was doing now, seemed to please my Georgina. In fact her young body was soon bucking lustily across my lap as my fingers wandered down her belly and beyond. Clearly we could not stay like that and as I placed her on the couch and slipped out of my own skirt and blouse, warm responsive lips met mine. But alas, it didn't cure Georgina of her spelling mistakes!

The Typing Pool
Supervisor
London, W.5



FROM VERSE TO WORSE

I believe that chastisement in childhood can certainly lead to children becoming fanatics of spanking and corporal punishment etc. in later life. That is certainly true in my own personal experience; it all started when I was still a schoolgirl in short, white socks . . .

When I was a little schoolgirl of thirteen (I am now 21), I was told that I needed to go to medical gymnastics classes. For this, I had to go down to the school gymnasium on Thursday evenings; it was quite a rich boarding-school with massive grounds and well equipped buildings. When I first went, the two women who

were there made me change into my gymslip in the middle of the gym whilst they looked on; excess modesty tends not to exist in a boarding school, but it was very embarrassing undressing in front of two women who obviously enjoyed the sight of me taking off my panties. Then once my gymslip was on, one of the women came up and started to feel between my legs, deciding eventually that I would have to take it off as it could restrict my movement; I protested, but they insisted. From then on, I always had to get completely undressed — I was never allowed to keep my knickers on even. If I took too long to get undressed, they would 'help' me to take off the rest of my clothes, and I would then

have my buttocks lightly slapped for being so slow.

The exercises that I had to do necessitated some very indecent postures; just think of some of the positions that the Olga Korbuts of this world manage to get into — and now imagine them with no clothes on! Legs wide apart in the cartwheels, bottom out and buttocks taut in the squat-jumps, and I received a slight rope burn on my crotch when I slipped on a rope. And all the time they delighted in my uneasiness, and gave me the occasional slap on my legs, thighs, or bottom. At the end of each session, if I had not been good enough, (and they always managed to find an excuse) then they used to spank me. For this I often had to bend over one of

their laps while I was spanked severely with either a ruler, or just a flat hand; the stinging slaps on my bare bottom really did hurt. At other times I was smacked in a variety of different positions: bending over a horse, lying on a mat, hanging from a rope, and always naked. Once, I was spanked with a slipper; I lay face-down on one of the soft mats whilst one of them rubbed my buttocks hard, apparently to increase the pain of the smacks as I had done my exercises so badly. The slipper really did sting; every smack made me long to rub my buttocks but that would only merit me extra smacks.

I have to admit that despite all this, I slowly began to enjoy the sessions in an odd sort of way — I suppose they were my first encounters with sex, and at such an important age it made a deep impression on me. One of the worst spankings I ever had was after the session of gymnastics had finished one evening. It was one of the few times that I hadn't been smacked at the end, and I was dressing as fast as I could before they changed their minds. I was going to play tennis afterwards, and I was just about to leave when I was called back. I pleaded, and eventually they consented for a postponement until the following week when I would receive double the dose. The next week, I had to bend over a vaulting horse before undressing. One of them then lifted up my skirt and then my white cotton pants were pulled down to my knees. The ruler came down onto my bare bottom time and time again until it was so sore that I had to put back my hands to try to soothe my sore behind; my reward was a wrap on the hand and more smacks, after which her hand slipped between my legs to make sure that I wasn't 'enjoying my punishment'.

All this turned me into something of a bottom enthusiast, but I suddenly realised that this was what had always excited me. At the time, I had a sort of schoolgirl lesbian crush on

a very pretty friend, and from then on, I would often pull up her skirt, take down her knickers, and give her own bare bottom a few playful smacks. There was no corporal punishment for me at home, but at school most of us suffered one or two light spankings per term. We would be told to be in our beds in the dormitory at half past nine, minus pyjama trousers. Then one of the mistresses would come up, pull back the bedclothes, and smack us. We then had to get out of bed, and stand facing the wall until ten o'clock while the other girls came to the dorm. The prefects sometimes gave your bottom an extra playful smack when they came in, with some words of reproof. Such was my earlier life; I now enjoy spanking although I would never spank my own children.

(Miss) S.N.F.
London

P.S. A few verses — how about other readers? Or what about a spanking limerick competition?

A pretty young girl from
Dartmoor,
Had a bottom I used to
adore;
But bent over mum's lap
For a spanking, each slap
Made her lovely bare
bottom quite sore!

... and a rhyme explaining why so many girls enjoy having their bottoms bared:

On her way to school,
Anne missed the train—
Arriving late once again.
She said she was sorry, but
nevertheless,
She had to bend over and
pull up her dress.
Down came her knickers,
her bottom was bare
And was smacked with a
ruler—provided by Clare.
The next day dawned quite
sunny and fine,
But Anne arrived at half
past nine.
Whilst Anne was spanked,
in a whisper Clare said,
'Why don't you come by
bus instead?'
Anne smiled, and know-
ingly said, 'believe me,
After the pain, there comes
ecstasy!'

SCHOOL AND HOME

I have just read my first copy of *Janus* and would like to congratulate you on a very good magazine; the balance on C.P. is just right. I am nineteen and a half, and like my three sisters Fiona (16), Natalie (14), and Paula (12) have been subject to C.P. since we were eight years of age, up to that time mummy or daddy would just spank our bare bottoms, but after our eighth birthday when we were naughty we had the cane across our bare bottoms.

The punishment at home is as follows: from 8 to 12 years three strokes, over 12 years of age six strokes and at no time have we been caned in front of each other.

When I was ten I was sent to a boarding-school for girls which has C.P. The system is very good and works like this: when a girl is naughty or her school work is not up to standard she is given a note to take to the housemistress. The housemistress will then look up in her punishment records to see if you have been punished already during the term, and the number of times because she can only punish a girl three times in a term, all punishments over that are carried out by the headmistress. If it is the first, second or third time, after reading the note the housemistress will inform you of the punishment within your age group — 10/15 maximum of four strokes of the cane, knickers down, bent over the back of a chair; 15 and over, a maximum of six strokes. On the fourth occasion or others, after she has read the note she will then write out a note to the headmistress and the girl will then go along to the headmistress. She will then hand the two notes to the head who will inform you of your punishment within your age group — 10/15 a maximum of six strokes of the cane, knickers are pulled down and handed to the headmistress, you then bend over with your legs apart; over 15 a maximum of nine strokes.

I was caned by the headmistress on two occasions, both were the maximum of six the first, and nine the last time.

I finished school in July and on arriving home daddy informed me that on the occasions when I am naughty until I leave home I will receive ten strokes of the cane on my bare bottom, so when I get home from the local training college tonight it will be knickers down and ten for me for being a naughty girl.

Brenda
Ashton,
Cheshire

WELL WELL!

It had to be a Yorkshireman who found a way round the new Act of Parliament, forbidding the use of children in erotic literature. The *Yorkshire Post* of July 19th continued to fulfil its role as Britain's foremost undercover caning publication, when it showed a picture of a Primary School boy being caned by his headmaster, before his classmates. Admittedly it was all supposed to be part of a school exhibition of life in Victorian times and the participants did wear period dress.

However, the message was clear. The victim's grimace, the teacher's stern frown and the looks of awe from the onlookers matched any of *Janus'* staged photographs which are obliged to employ (who are we to complain!) females over the age of consent.

And while I am on the subject of staged photography, when is *Janus* going to show us what genuine caned buttocks look like? The *Sunday Times* Colour Magazine showed us a few years ago pictures of what the cane had done at Court Lees Approved School. I can assure you that your public will not object in the least if you comply with the law and only show us the raw buttocks of young ladies over the age of twenty-one.

G.W.A.
Doncaster

Letter of the month

ANOTHER CANING FOR OUR FAVOURITE AIR HOSTESS

I am much obliged to E.R., Dartford, for his compliments on my letter published in Vol. 7 No. 7, and feel encouraged to write again about my experiences as an air-hostess in the Far East. In his letter E.R. asks a few questions, some of which I should like to answer in subsequent letters, but he also mentions that a sort of understanding can develop between chastiser and recipient during an otherwise painful session. I believe that this was what happened between my executioner and myself when I was caned again, and which made this caning bearable, only the Officer who caned me now was a man whom I had not seen before, but who seemed kinder than the other one. But now let my story speak for itself.

For three months after my first caning I watched my step, but then one day it happened. Everything had gone wrong on my flight that day, and I was badly in need of a smoke. Just before landing I saw my chance to light a cigarette. Of course it was an unforgivable thing to do as the 'No-Smoking' signal had just been switched on, but I only wanted to take a draw and then stub the cigarette out. At the same moment a woman came out from the toilet, and as she told me off for my smoking I told her to mind her own business. One word led to another and I admit I was rude to her, but I wasn't in the mood to be told anything from a chance passenger.

One of the other air-hostesses overheard the last part of it, and when the woman had gone back to her seat she said to me: 'Oh my! You've got a nerve. I think that woman has been checking us out. You're really in for it now.

I'm glad I'm not in your shoes.'

Of course, I knew that the airline employed people whose job it was to report back on the proficiency of crews, and now I recognized the woman as one of those types who fills in report cards, checks to make sure their finger-nails are clean and no ladders in their stockings and that nothing but sweetness passes their lips. 'She can do what she likes, I don't care,' I said to the other girl, but the tight feeling in my stomach told me I was not too sure. I could feel the woman's cold eyes piercing me, and I knew instinctively that she would only be too pleased to report me.

We landed, and there was routine work to be done which took some time, and then, when I was about to leave the airport I got the dreaded call. The Stewardess Supervisor wanted to see me immediately.

Naturally I complied with the order and went to his office at once, but with mingled feelings, and there the woman was too, looking very pleased with herself. I had hoped to be able to talk to the Supervisor in private, apologizing to him for having behaved so stupidly, but I felt I could not do so in the presence of the woman. However, now my only desire was to please, so I stood at attention in front of his desk with downcast eyes, hoping that my repentant attitude would soften his heart, but I was afraid it was not to be so.

'Well, my young lady!' he began, 'your behaviour on this flight was far more than unbecoming for an air-hostess. It was disgraceful. Not only did you break one of the most important basic rules on a flight, but you also made an exhibition of yourself in front of the passengers. Now, have you got anything to say for your excuse?'

I could only stammer out how sorry I was, and how it all had been an accident. But I could feel myself how unconvincing it sounded, and I only had to look at the grim face of the woman to understand that at least she would not be satisfied with my excuses.

However, I was still unprepared for what was to come now, as I had not believed that the Supervisor would go to extremes, but he certainly did. He reminded me that he had previously warned me to change my ways, and I hadn't, so now I would have to pay the penalty. And then he continued: 'In view of your disgraceful behaviour I consider it my duty to see that you are severely punished. I can see no alternative but to send you to the Security Officer, and you know very well from earlier experience what that means.'

'Oh no! Not that again! Please Sir, not that!' I cried desperately, instinctively running my hands over my tight-skirted behind. However, as I noticed the woman looking at my gesture with malicious pleasure I quickly removed my hands, but I could not prevent my buttocks from clenching in sheer apprehension of the cane, because even as I pleaded 'not that again', I knew that my fate was sealed and that this was the situation I had dreaded most of all.

The Supervisor looked coldly at me, saying: 'Do you want me to take other steps?'

I bit my lips. I was in a spot, and he knew it. I could not risk him taking other steps, and I saw the hopelessness of my situation. Shaken and terrified though I was, I felt that the sooner it was over the better. So I told him that I would accept the punishment.

'Very well, Miss Lind,' he said, 'I expected you to take the sensible view.

Now, here is your ticket. I have instructed the Security Officer to give you a sound caning across your seat, and I want to see you here again as soon as you have got your medicine. You can go now, and don't let the Security Officer wait.'

I left his office in a daze. What I had once told myself must never happen again, had happened once more. I was going to be caned, and on my bare bottom? I unfolded the note. Yes, it couldn't have been worse. 'Give the bearer of this, Miss Anne S. Lind, six sound strokes of the cane on the naked buttocks.' I recollected the caning I had received some three months earlier, the humiliation of being undressed for the caning by the Security Officer, while being held down by the other man, and the vicious bite of the supple, stingy cane on my bare bottom, and I shivered with fear and for a moment thought of not going there. But then I thought better of it and said to myself: 'You've made a fool of yourself. my girl, and now you must pay for it. You have no alternative but this disgusting caning, so why not be brave and show they that you can take it without making a fuss.'

In such a 'cheerful' mood I entered the building in which my punishment was to take place. I went straight up to the Security Officer, knocked on the door of his office, and was received by his secretary who told me to wait, and a little later I was called to the inner office. I had heard that the Security people moved around a lot, and the one who received me now was unknown to me. He was somewhat younger than the Officer who had caned me the first time, and he looked kinder.

His secretary entered with my index card, and after having studied it he said: 'I see it's not the first

time you've visited us, Miss Lind. You have been here before to get six strokes of the cane, but actually you received eight. Why did you get the extra strokes?"

I had attempted to put on a superior air, but now my face turned a hot flushed crimson as I answered him. 'I know I behaved stupidly. But I, I . . . had never been caned before. It was so humiliating. I'm a grown-up woman. My behind . . . all bare!'

'Does it mean that you object to being caned now?' he asked.

'Oh no, Sir,' I answered. 'I don't particularly mind the caning. I . . . I'm prepared to take the punishment I deserve. But I . . . I think it is indecent and degrading for a girl my age to be caned bare. Surely, the small panties I wear offer very little protection. Couldn't you let me retain them for modesty's sake?'

'Well, Miss Lind,' he said, 'as a grown-up woman you should be sensible enough to understand that there can be no modesty for a young lady who has deserved to be caned. A bare-bottom caning will hurt not only your bottom but also your pride, and that's probably what is needed to teach you the real lesson. Moreover, most girls get it bare, and you are no exception from the rule, and then your note says six strokes on the naked buttocks. So you see, you have to take off your knickers. Are you going to do it voluntarily?'

'Yes Sir,' I murmured miserably.

'I'm certainly pleased to hear that,' he said, 'but I want to be sure that you don't change your mind when we get down to the recreation room, so I must ask you to leave the clothing you don't need for the caning here in my office. You will kindly remove your panties, stockings and suspender belt and of course, also your jacket.'

'Oh no, Sir, I can't go down like that,' I cried, unprepared for such a demand.

'Why not?' he asked calmly. 'You'll still be decent, wearing your blouse and skirt, I suppose?'

Of course, he was right. I saw there was no escape, and kicking off my shoes, I modestly turned my back to him while I reached under my skirt to peel off my white nylon panties. I unhitched my stockings and suspender belt and removed them, and slipped on my shoes again over my now bare feet.

'You're entitled to have a woman as a witness while you get your punishment,' he said, when I had finished, 'so if you wish, I'll ask my secretary to escort you?'

'Oh no, Sir, I would rather not,' I blurted out. 'I . . . I think that a caning is a very personal matter, it is bad enough that . . . !' I suddenly stopped short.

'That a man is going to cane you on the bare bottom,' he said with a smile. 'Yes I suppose it is, but that's what naughty girls deserve. And now we had better get it over with. Come on, my girl, this way, please!'

I followed him along the corridor while my hands involuntarily moved to the soft cheeks of my bottom, and I was quivering inside as I rubbed my skirt against my buttocks.

In the recreation room I had to help him push the horse into the middle of the room, and then I was told to remove my skirt. While I unzipped and wriggled the skirt down over my hips, he went to a locker and selected a long, pliant cane. He swished it experimentally through the air as he strolled across to where I stood in my short, silky white slip. 'Raise your slip and bend over the horse!' came the next order. The horse was of the box type with a padded top, and it was placed with one end rather near the wall bar. I went to the other end, and with as much dignity as was possible, pulled the slip up to my waist and bent, until the upper part of my body lay on the padded surface. 'Now grasp the wall bar with your hands and keep them there!' he commanded. I did as I was told. I just managed to grasp the bar by stretching my whole

body over the horse. My feet barely touched the floor. I felt him grab the hem of my slip and pull it up as far as it would go. My bottom was stretched out, feeling very prominent, very vulnerable and very bare, and I felt my face reddening as I imagined him devouring my naked bottom with his eyes.

As I had taken up my position over the horse I turned my flushed face to look imploringly at him. 'Please Sir, not too hard,' I pleaded nervously.

He tapped my bottom lightly with the cane. 'Some of you girls never get any wiser,' he said. 'A penitent girlish face, imploring eyes and a pleading voice, and you can get off lightly, but you forget that corporal punishment is not a game, it is meant to hurt, and hurt it will. I'm not going to use excessive severity, though, but you must understand that it is my duty to give you six really hard strokes where they hurt most. You are a strong, healthy girl, and your shapely seat is rather on the plump side, so you should be quite able to stand a sound caning, and I shall expect you to take your well-deserved whipping without moving or trying to avoid the cane. Is that clear, Miss Lind?'

'Yes, Sir,' I stammered in a subdued voice.

'And for your information, I'm going to space the strokes over an area ranging from the top of your buttocks to the top of your thighs. And now be ready for your punishment!'

I felt the cold, smooth cane resting on my naked skin, and then he lifted it. I held my breath, determined to show him I could take it without yelling. There was an ominous 'Swoosh' as the cane rushed to meet my taut buttocks, and the next instant there came a blazing streak of fire across both cheeks of my bottom. With a hiss of indrawn breath, I gripped the wall bar to check the temptation to move.

After a short pause the swishing sound came again and the cane landed on my shamefully uncovered bottom with a solid 'thwack!'

I felt my cheeks quiver under the impact, and I gasped in dismay as pain, hot bright pain blossomed across my bottom.

Then again, the swish of the cane cutting the air, the dull thwack on my already abused skin, and the excruciating burning pain.

The Officer had the most unpleasantly accurate aim, and the fourth stroke bit sharply into my thighs, following the sensitive crease between buttocks and thighs and causing unbelievable anguish. I had not yet been sufficiently accustomed to the bite of the cane to endure it with any degree of stoicism, and despite my will to prove silent, I could not help crying out a shrill 'Ouch!' and I clung to the wall bar with all my might to keep my body from writhing about.

The fifth stroke fell, and by God, how it stung. Right full across my tender bottom which now felt like liquid fire. And then came the last stroke. I heard the whistling sound of the supple cane through the air and felt the burning fiery line of agony across my buttocks, viciously, harder than all the rest. I gave a wail of pain and was on the verge of tears. My whole bottom was on fire, and the flames were beginning to spread deep into my flesh.

Though I realized that the whipping had finished I remained bent over the horse, feeling the fiery agony slowly ebb until it was bearable, and getting my breath back under control. I knew that the Officer was looking at my naked bottom which was contracting and trembling, striped with the weals of the cane, and I understood why a woman ought to be present, when a girl was caned in this way. I was aware of the indignity of my position, the very essence of my womanhood being revealed, my vagina lips blatantly exposed, and I could not have done anything if the Officer had desired to violate my sex, as I lay limp and helplessly over the horse.

But of course, he would not take advantage of my miserable condition, as I

understood when he said: 'You have finished now, my girl! You may get up and tidy yourself.'

I leapt to my feet with a hotly flushed face and clasped my bottom. It felt hot to my hands, and I could distinctly feel the ridges. I paraded up and down the gym, stiff-legged, in speechless smart for several seconds, massaging my stinging rear end. After I had recovered a little, and the pain had subsided somewhat to a fierce stinging ache, I picked up my skirt and put it on. Then I looked inquiringly at the Officer.

'That's better,' he said gently. 'You know, Miss Lind, I was wrong about you. I took you for one of those uppish girls with haughty manners who turns out to be a coward as soon as she has to feel the sting of the cane on her naked bottom. I really laid it on, but I must say that you took your punishment extremely well, and you never moved an inch.'

'Thank you, Sir,' I said weakly, feeling absurdly pleased from the fact that he had praised me. 'I . . . I rather think I deserved it.'

On our way back to his office, the Officer invited me to walk in front, and I tried to walk with dignity up the stairs, but halfway up I was obliged to reach behind myself with both hands, squeezing my sore bottom cheeks. Of course, he noticed the gesture and remarked: 'I'm afraid you'll feel the strokes for a couple of days, Miss Lind!'

Despite the fiery sensation in my bottom, I managed to produce a wan smile, as I blurted out: 'You certainly know how to make a girl's . . . behind burn!'

'Well, I've had a little practice, but it's seldom I have a behind as lovely as your to deal with,' he said gallantly.

I blushed. 'I'm glad you appreciate it,' I answered drily, not looking at him.

We came to his office, and I entered, feeling very conscious of my bottom, which had now subsided to a dull hot glow, even if a fresh wave of pain occasionally went through it.

I was told to dress, and without any thought of modesty — after all, he had already seen me without knickers — I put on my suspender belt, hitched on my stockings and reached down for my panties, but I audibly gasped with pain when I attempted to pull them up over my buttocks, and I eased them back up very painfully, my face hardening in a grimace as I tried to pretend it didn't hurt too much.

When I had finished I looked at the Officer and asked him if I could go. 'Yes, of course,' he answered, and when I had already opened the door, he said: 'Oh, Miss Lind! I'm sorry I had to cane you like this, but you know the regulations. I must also remind you that you have to go to the Supervisor for an inspection of your stripes.'

'Never mind, Sir,' I said cheerfully, 'you really let me feel it, but it served me right, and I've only got myself to blame.'

From my account you might get the impression that I enjoyed being caned, but it was certainly not the fact. On the contrary, I detested it, the humiliation and the pain of it, and I promised myself I would try very hard not to deserve

such a punishment again — and so I did, as it was several months until I had a taste of the cane again, and then not exactly because of any wrongdoing on my part, but because I felt I had to make common cause with three other girls. However, I knew that several of the other stewardesses — mostly local girls — had been punished in the same way, as some of them talked rather freely about it, and as they found it quite natural to accept corporal punishment rather than facing other consequences, I had also come to look upon this kind of thing as quite normal. The Security Officer had a muscular arm, and he had caned me very hard, indeed, but he had only done his job, and I certainly bore him no grudge.

When a little later I stood before the Supervisor, presenting to him my naked bottom in a state of utter submission, I found that the shame of standing half-naked from the waist down, showing him the angry stripes on my plump bottom, was as much a part of the punishment as the actual strokes. Luckily the woman had left, because if she had been there to gloat

over my shame it would have been more than I could bear.

'Well, Miss Lind, that settles our account for the time being,' the Supervisor said, 'and I recommend you to pay a little more attention to your work in future.'

I nodded, eased up my panties over my sore buttocks, yanked down my slip and skirt and walked painfully out.

In the privacy of my flat I inspected my bottom in a mirror. Six terrible long red cane weals were decorating my sit-upon, which was fiery all over, with the purple ridges running right across. I took a shower and spent quite a time massaging cold cream into my raw behind, but despite the intense pain, I realized that this caning had not been so unbearable as the first one I had received, probably due to the fact that I had decided to be brave and take it as a well-deserved punishment, and also because I felt that this time the officer had been decent and sympathetic to me, even if he had caned me severely.

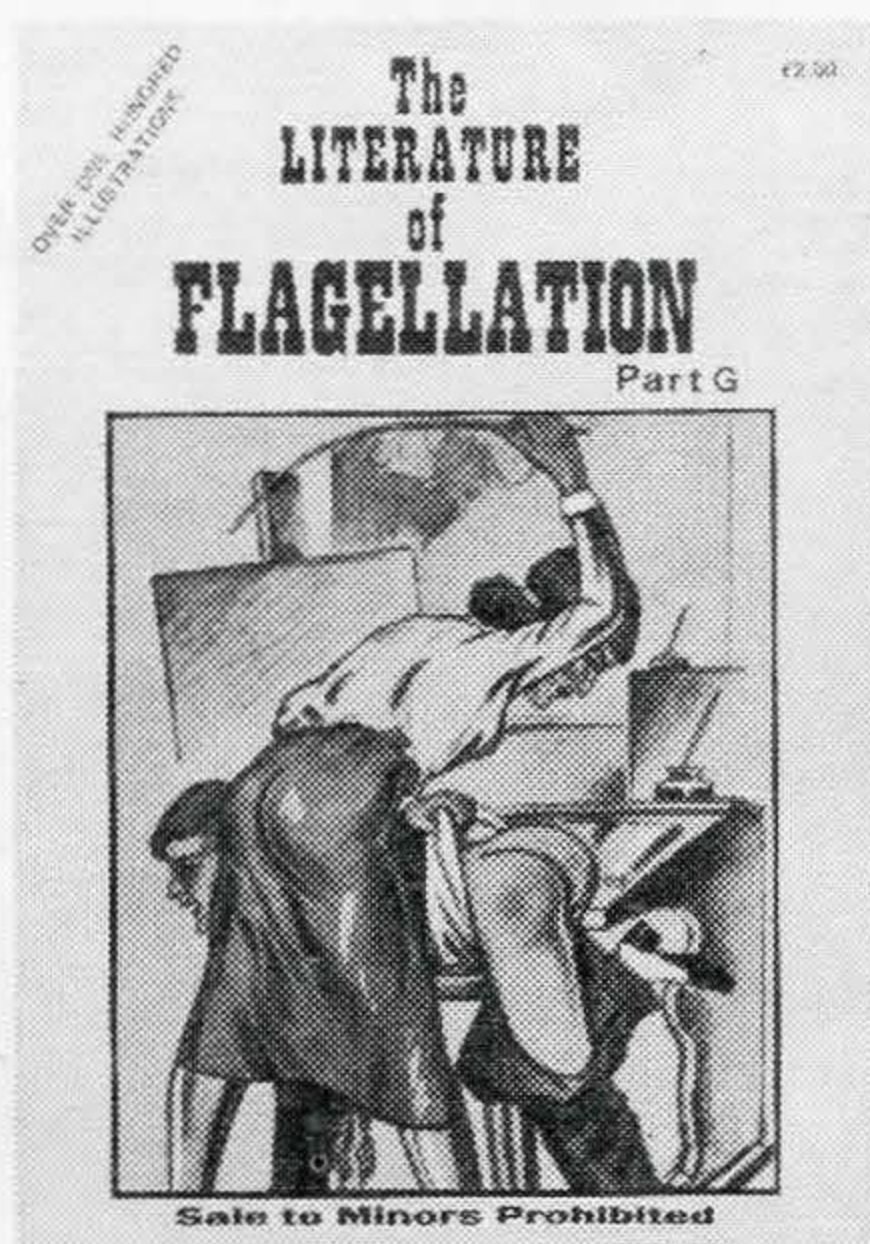
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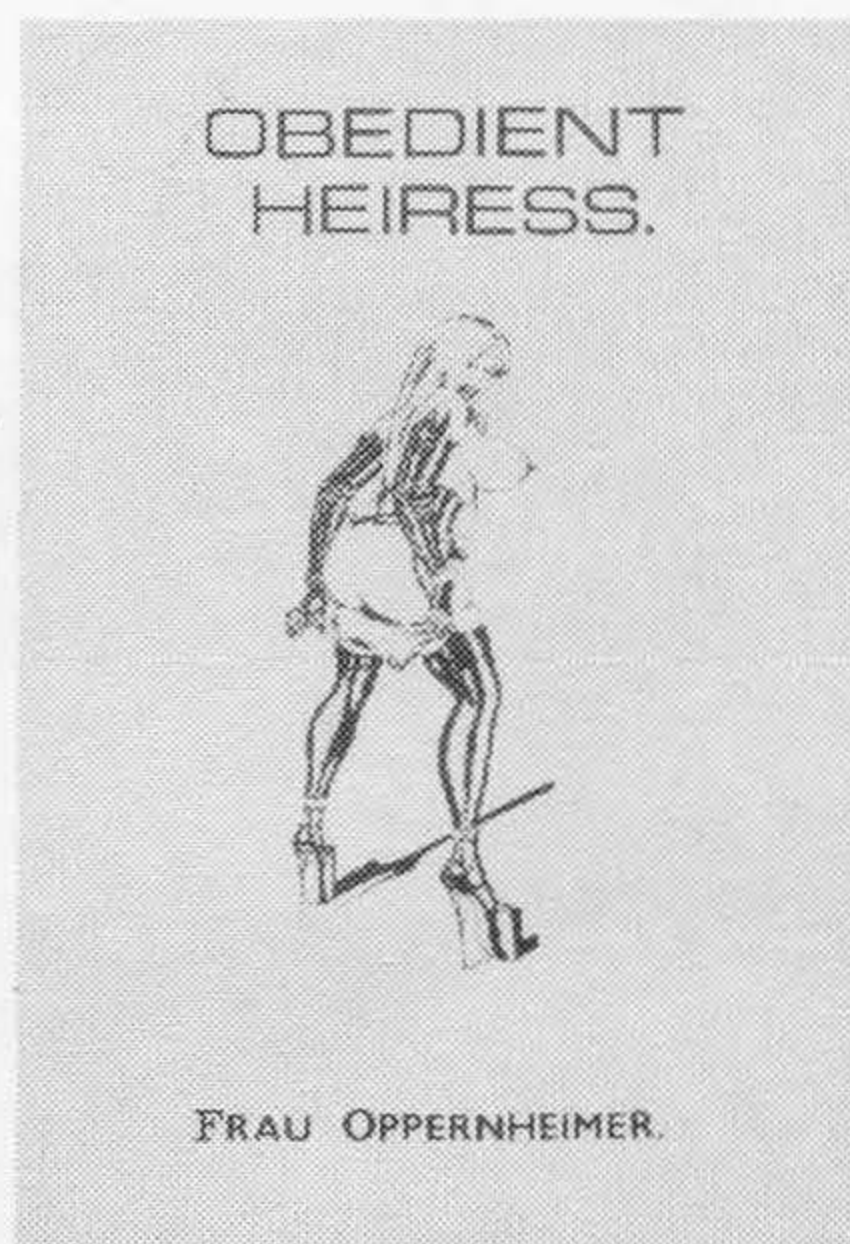
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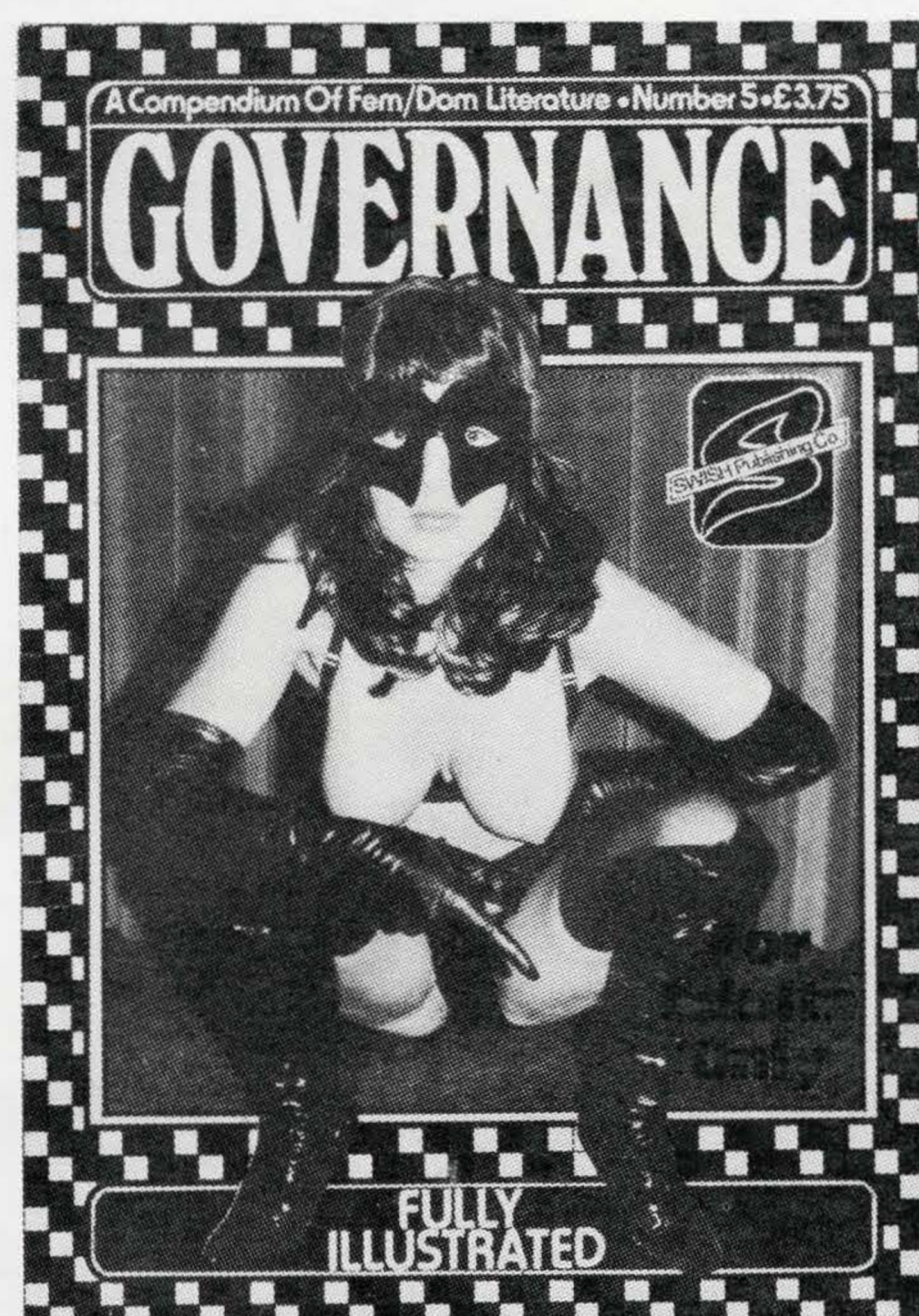
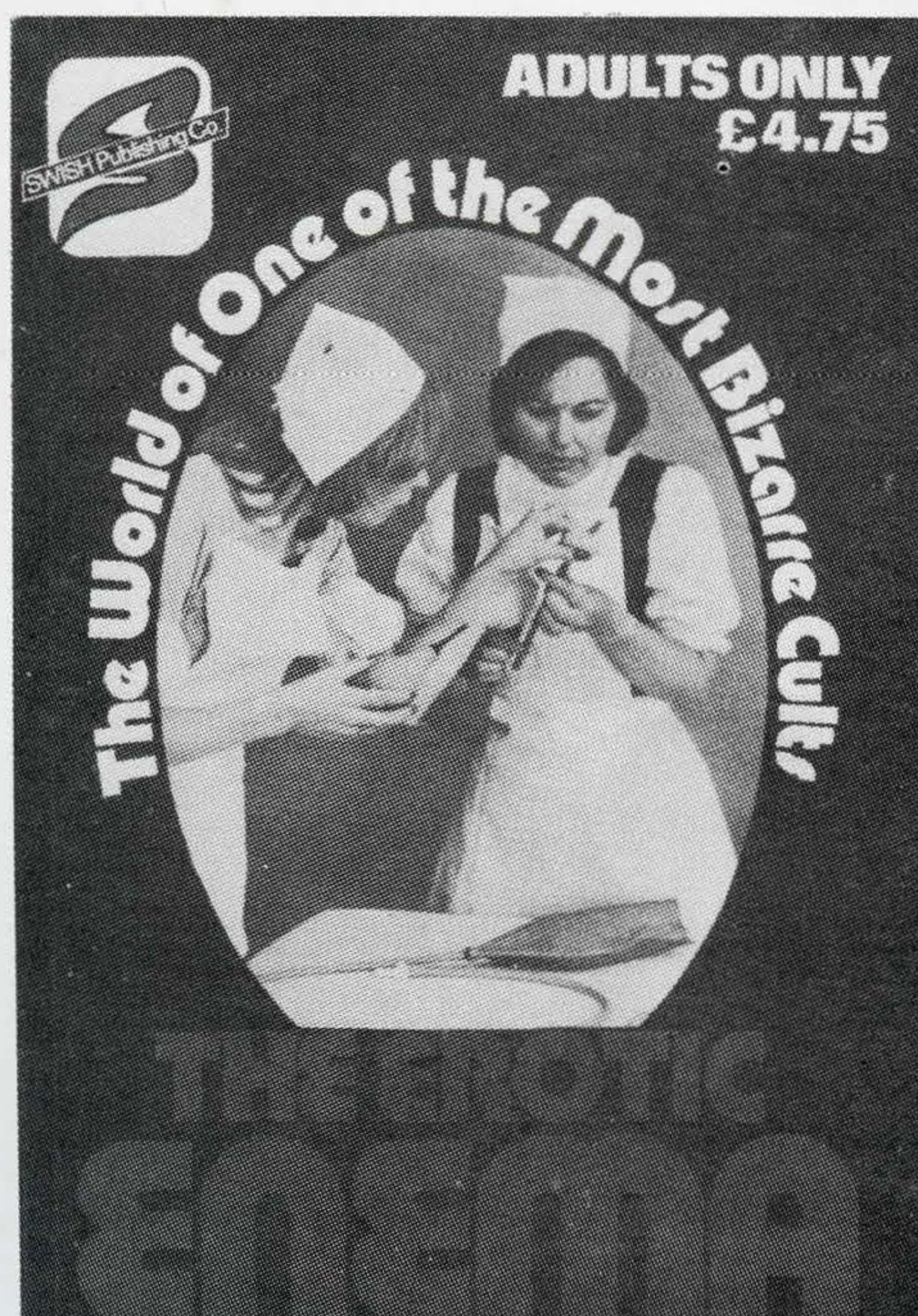
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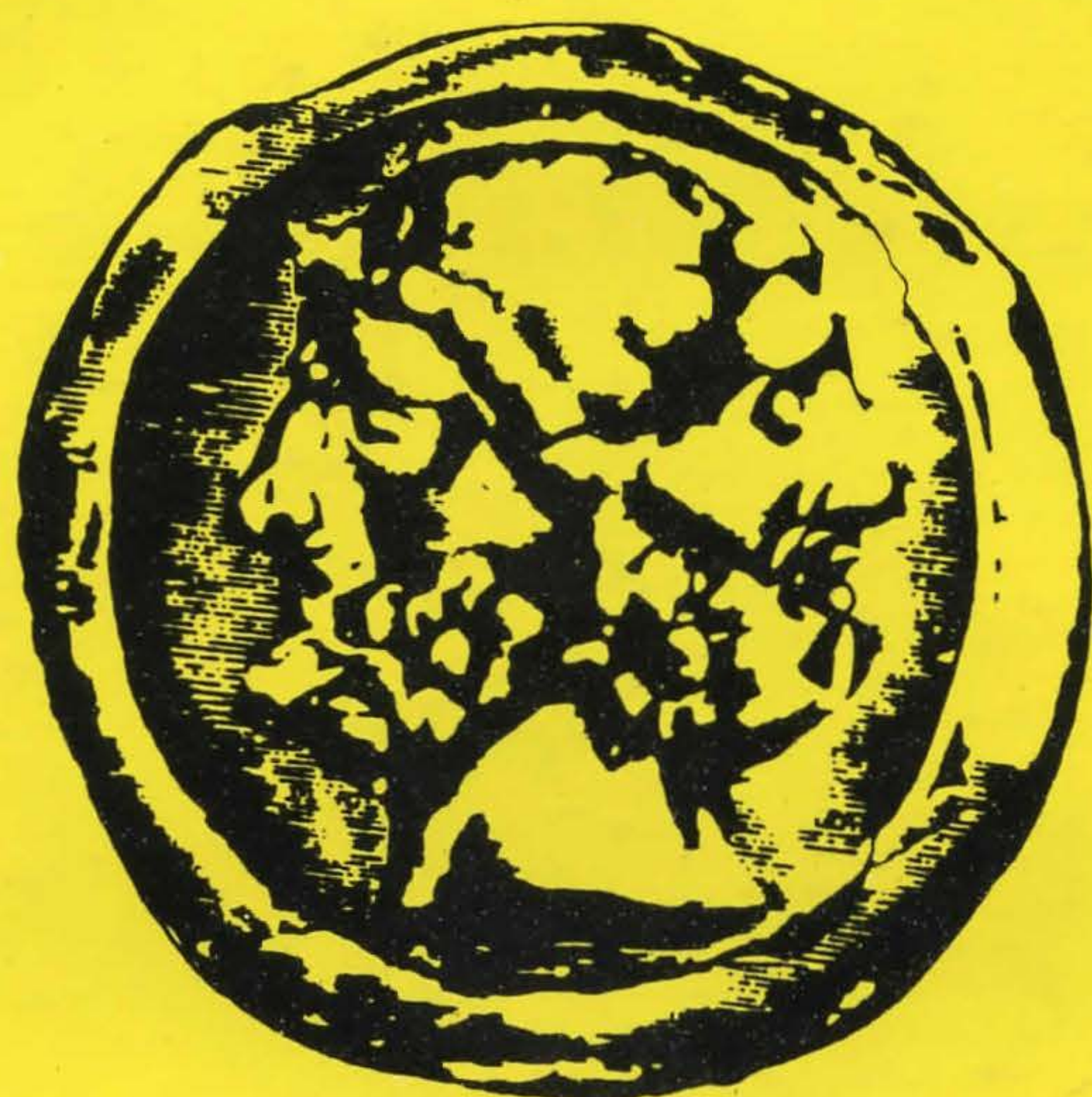
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