

JANUUS

A JOURNAL OF FETISHISM AND C.P.
VOLUME 8 NUMBER 5



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Touch your toes Antonia
A good day at School

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of **CHARITY BELL**
By **DAVE CARNEY**



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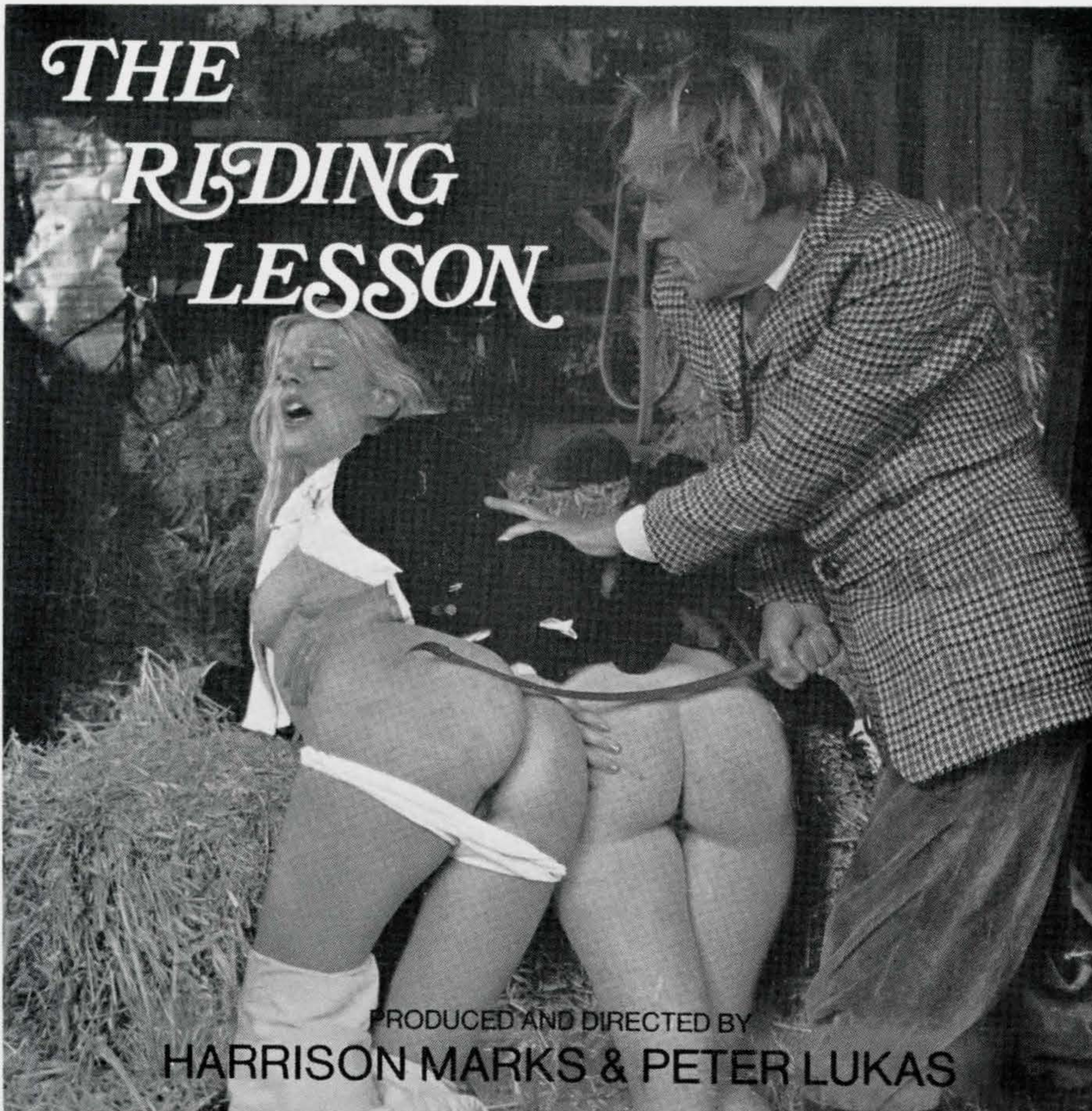
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LESSON**

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY
HARRISON MARKS & PETER LUKAS

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.

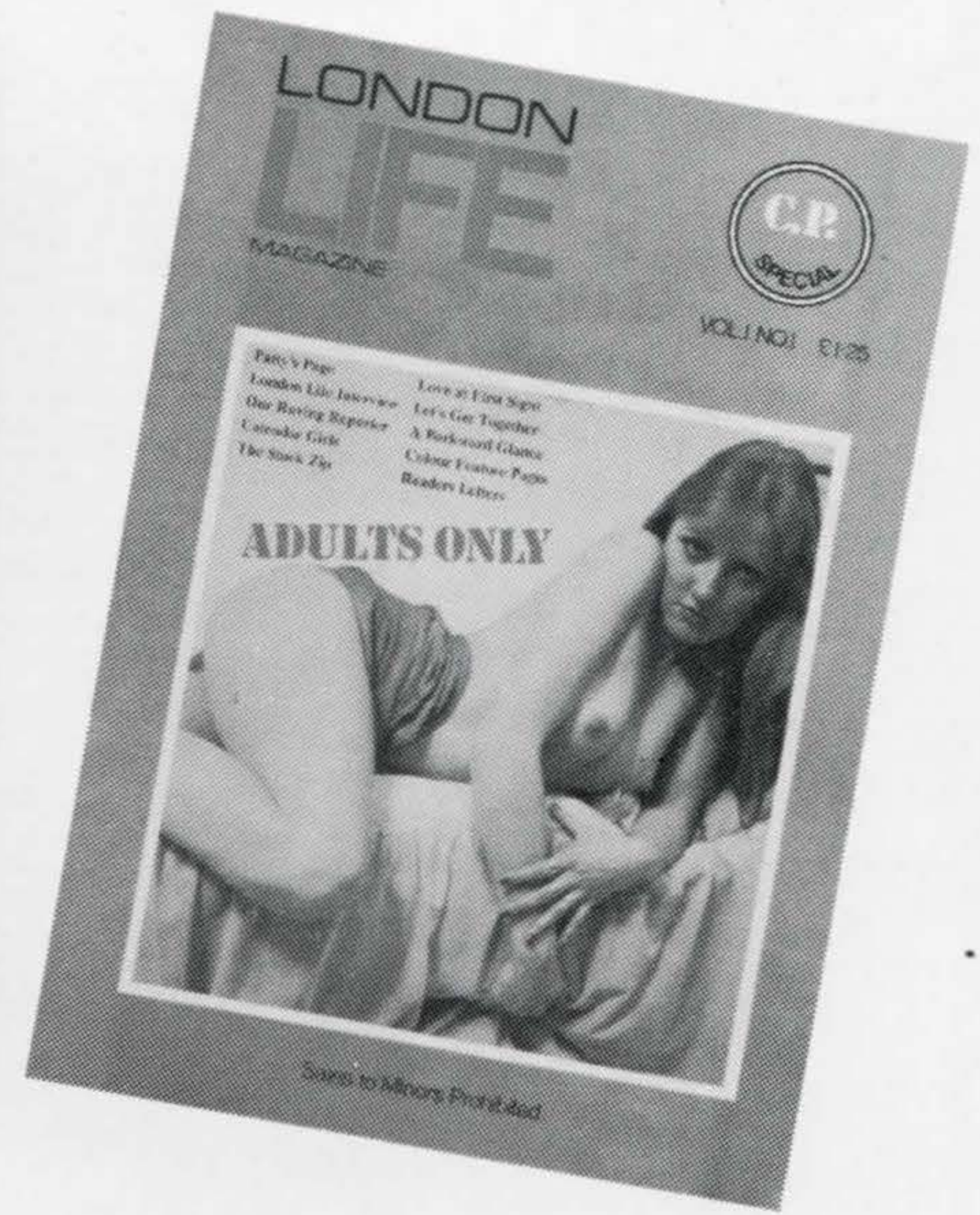
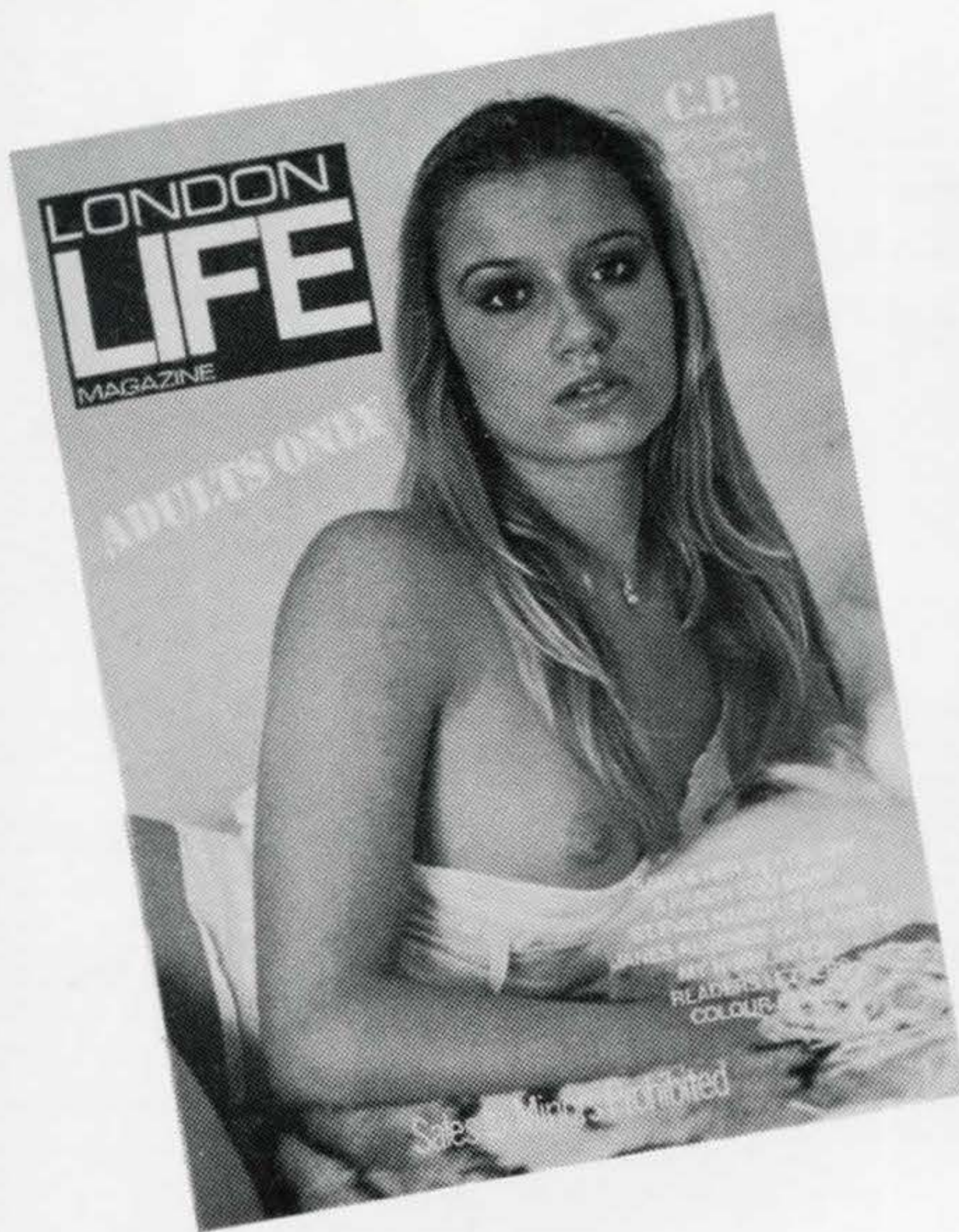
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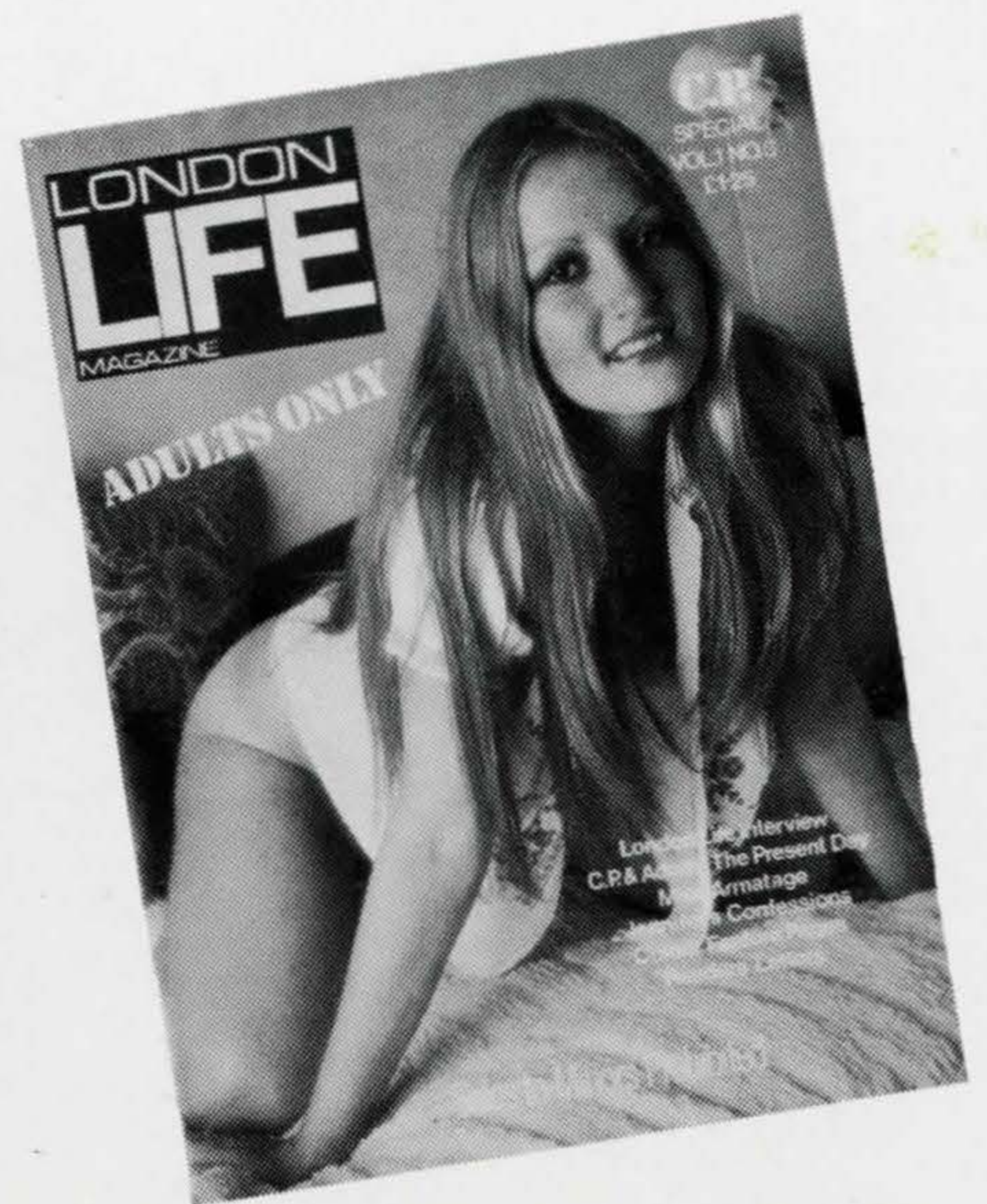
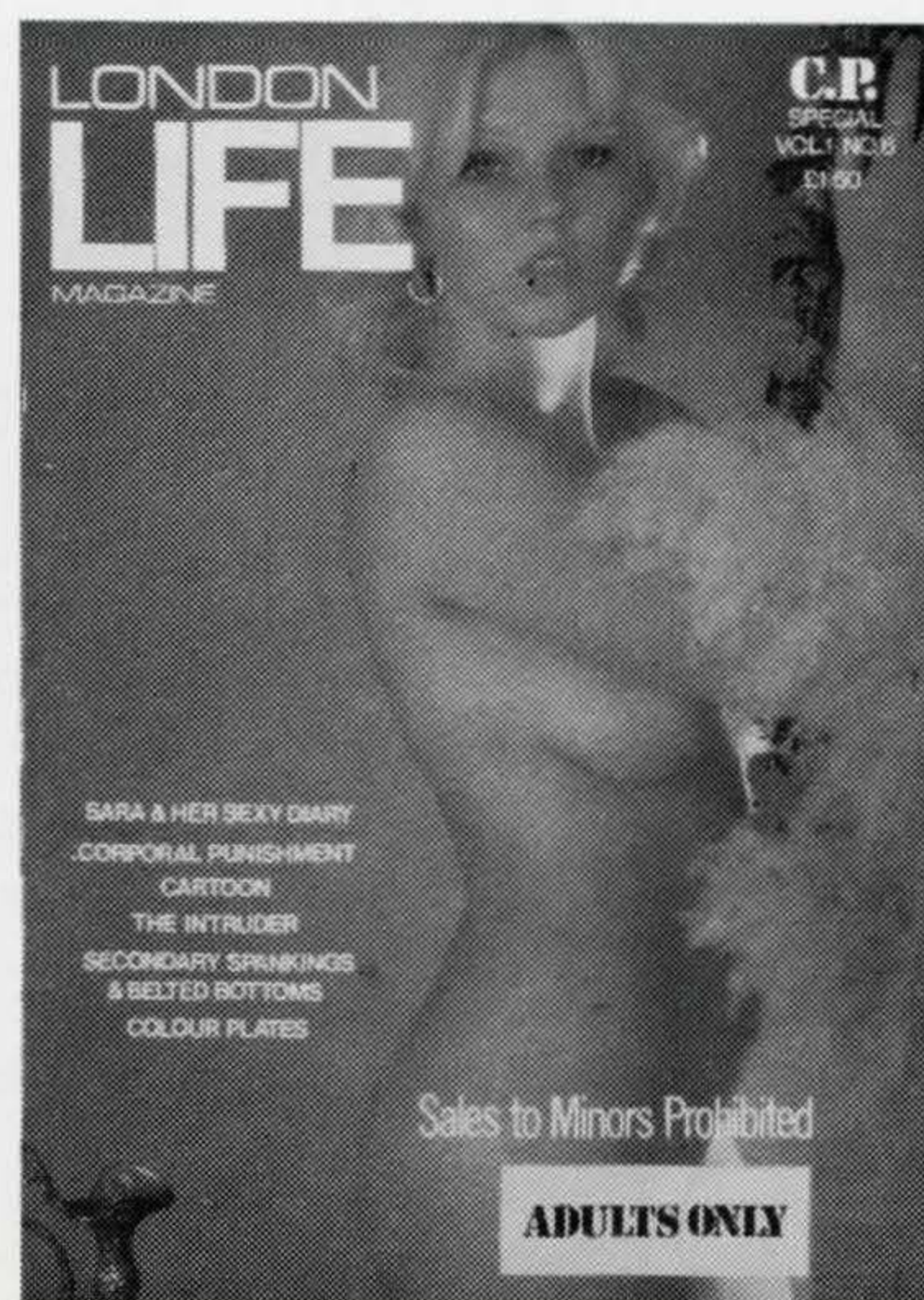
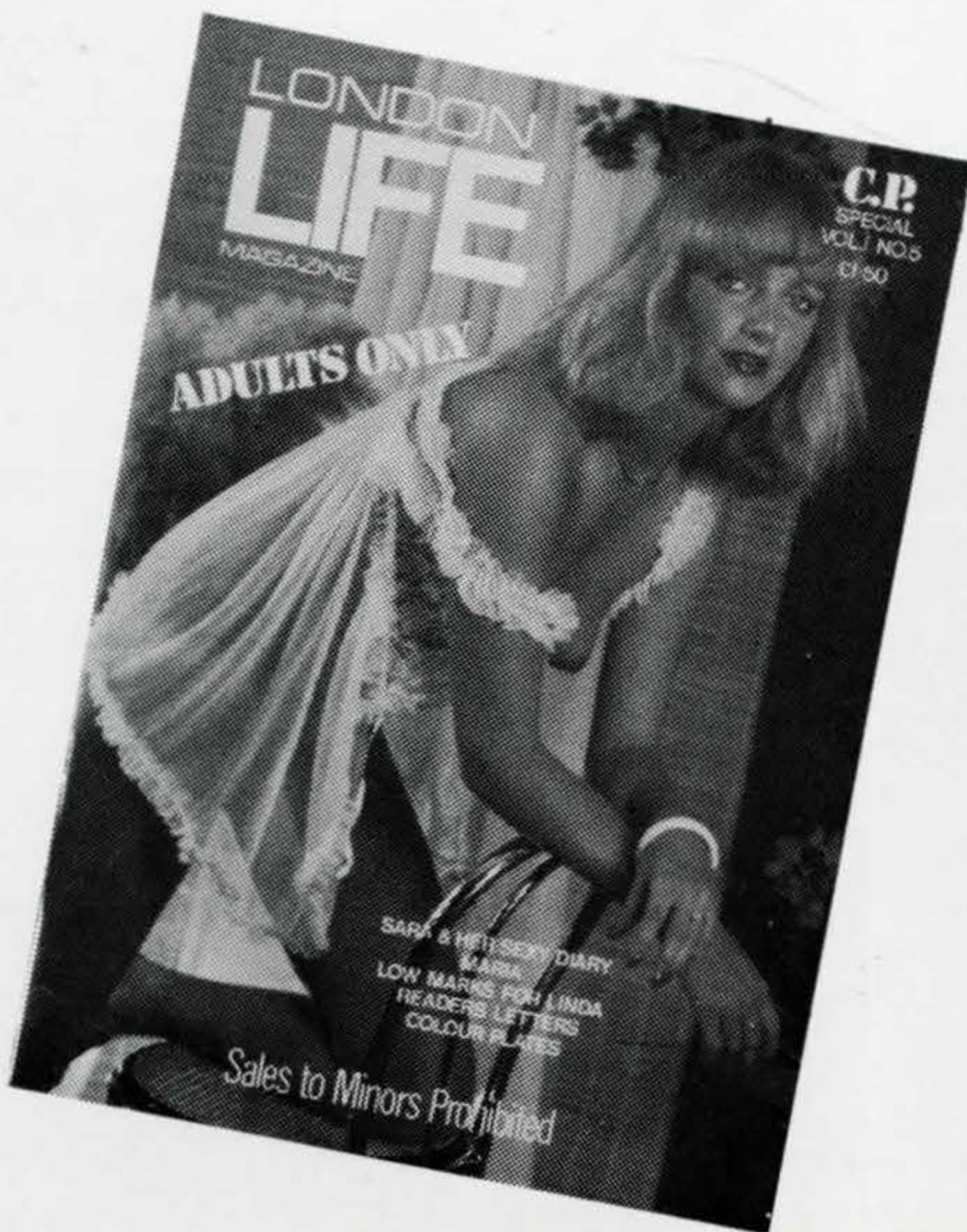
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JANUS

READERS' SURVEY REPORT

A Magazine of Fetishism and C.P.

Volume Eight Number Five

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'Certainly, there's nothing better' — 'A first-class publication' — 'The best!' These are comments taken at random from our Readers' Survey, which appeared in Vol. 7 No. 12. We invited readers to state their likes and dislikes about *Janus* and replies poured in, not only from all parts of the UK, but also from the Continent, the USA and as far afield as Australia. There is no doubt that *Janus* has an exceptionally wide appeal and that the readership covers all mature ages, income groups and occupations. From the many interesting statistics the survey has revealed, it is possible to composite an 'average reader' — a married man, probably in his forties, having an annual income of about £6,500 and in some managerial position. This is, however, only an average picture and the details of all readers taking part in the survey contributed to it. What is not in doubt is that the respondents showed themselves, in very many cases, to be highly articulate, thoughtful people, with an appreciation of the problems associated with the publication of a specialist magazine, yet with very clear ideas on what that magazine should contain. One reader summed it up by saying 'Considering the great diversity of tastes in this field you do very well. Trying to cater for everyone is impossible, but you come near to it.' Many respondents supplemented their replies to the survey with additional notes and we are grateful to them and, indeed, to all who replied. The response has been carefully analysed, every one of the hundreds of replies having been read, and a special report has been prepared for the *Janus* Editorial Board. This will undoubtedly influence editorial policy in issues to come.

Equally, readers will wish to know the major points emerging from the survey and we hope that these notes will be of general interest. It must be borne in mind that very many points of view were expressed which had the effect of cancelling out each other; one respondent said that the recently published historical prints were 'marvellous — the best thing you have ever had', yet the very next survey form said 'The 18th century prints are a waste of space — you have no 18th century readers', so you can see how difficult it is to get a very clear picture, so far as detail is concerned, but there are many areas in which clear majority preferences are shown.

It is, for instance, clear that a majority of readers prefer articles and pictures which have a school background and that spanking and caning are more welcome subjects than the more severe flogging or birching themes. As an extension of this preference, many readers asked for more schoolgirl pictures. Some readers ex-

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pressly said that they were not interested in severe punishment accounts and found the more bizarre features distasteful. Again in keeping with the school background, there were a number of requests for caning on the hands to be covered in future issues and similar requests for pictures depicting 'on the knickers' punishments.

It is clear, too, that readers place great store in authenticity. As one reader said, 'It should appear factual and true to life, even though we know that it is not'. This desire for the real thing carried right across the board; there were repeated requests for real school uniforms, models who look the part and 'act out' the genuine reaction to punishment and more realistic handling of the instrument used — cane, tawse, slipper, etc. The respondent who commented 'Girls are seldom punished whilst wearing their hats' may well have a point. It is certainly fair to say that the vast majority of replies to the survey asked for more factual material and — again to quote — 'that the situation described conveys the impression that it did, or could, really happen.'

In this area of reality, many respondents asked for marks of caning or spanking to be shown in the photographs used. Well, *Janus* has done this in some cases in the past and will continue to do so, but it is a matter in which what is permissible in law has not been clearly established and *Janus* would prefer — as would, we think, our readers — to proceed slowly, rather than risk legal sanctions which might affect the content as it appears at present. We are, nevertheless, well aware of the wishes of our readers. As some consolation, we might offer the solution of one respondent who does a 'do-it-yourself' job of 'improving' the pictures aided by a red crayon and a ball-point.

Other points made by readers included demands for picture sequences showing the offence, the discovery, the preparations, the punishment and the after-effects, and there was some emphasis on the preparation aspect, with the element of humiliation, as being as important as the punishment itself. There were pleas for more toe-touching and fully 'across-the-knee' illustrations, and — quite a common request — for models from a wider age range, to include mature women.

As might be expected, many readers expressed views on dress; apart from school uniforms mentioned above, readers asked to see models in high heels, seamed stockings, pyjamas and nighties, and there was some support for more slips and petticoats. This is another area where there is a wide divergence of preference: 'More directoire knickers' was one plea, only to be followed by another respondent claiming that 'the D.Ks you show are hideous'.

The areas causing the greatest degree of controversy were centred around what we might call fringe interests, such as female domination, the punishment of males, rubber, bondage, etc. On the views expressed in the

survey, the majority of feeling appears to be against such topics and some respondents pointed out that there are other specialist magazines catering for these interests. This does not, of course, rule out their inclusion in *Janus*, but we think that readers would, on the whole, prefer to maintain the balance tilted towards CP of females in believable situations, rather than attempt to cover a wider range of interests which may have no appeal whatsoever to a great number of readers.

Many people asked for a classified advertisement section or the formation of a contact club. This has been considered before and undoubtedly will be again, but at present we would prefer to shelve the idea. There are a number of contact magazines already on the market and we think that our readers would prefer to see our pages filled with articles and pictures rather than small ads. Also, it would create more work in the *Janus* office and we are well extended at the moment. Further, readers will be able to appreciate that the facilities of any minority interest contact club are liable to be abused with the possibility of unfortunate repercussions affecting genuine members. We think that this is a responsible attitude which readers will be able to understand.

However, where we can satisfy you is that, in response to the many requests, we are hoping to re-introduce a cartoon story feature in the near future and we shall continue the very popular reviews of CP in films, books and other media. We have noted that many people would like to see *Janus* spiced with humour and we will try to meet this wish. We were gratified with the obvious popularity of the Letters pages disclosed by the survey, although we take issue with the reader who suggested that these are all written in the *Janus* office; they are not! We have already introduced a prize for the 'letter of the month' and hope that this will encourage all readers to put pen to paper. Intending correspondents may wish to note, however, that our survey showed that readers generally dislike all-too-obvious fantasies and the bizarre extremes of imagination. We think that our readers are sufficiently intelligent to take the point that we have never condoned excessive violence and we do not intend to do so at any stage in the future.

Our aim, as has often been stated, is to entertain, amuse and report in the way that our readers prefer. To the many who gave their views in our survey, we offer our sincere thanks and the assurance that all opinions and views will receive very full consideration in the shaping of future issues. We are confirmed in our belief that our readers are loyal to the *Janus* concept and heartened by the support expressed in response to the survey. It is good to know that our efforts are received so well and we appreciate the many constructive comments and suggestions made. One reader expressed the views of most when he said: 'Keep it up, *Janus*'; we intend to do just that.

Touch your toes, Antonia

Leslie Banfield

Mrs Antonia Lister shifted uncomfortably on the hard chair she occupied in the Headmaster's outer office, raised a throbbing right buttock and stroked it pensively, lips pursed, as her fingertips encountered through the thin dress the raised ridges where the tip of the cane had left its mark. He needn't have whacked her so hard, she reflected, considering that her offer to bend over for similar treatment after Edward Thorpe had caught her surreptitiously watching him cane a boy had been a joke really and she had only expected playful taps. Still, it had turned out to be an exciting, albeit painful, experience which had resulted in her being given permission to have a better view of future beatings, a prospect she found immensely appealing.

The recently widowed Antonia had never quite fathomed why the subject of corporal punishment in schools had always held such a strange fascination for her but she was honest enough to admit that this, more than the good salary and living-in accommodation, had led her to apply for the position of Mr. Thorpe's secretary after her husband's tragically early death in a car crash. The Headmaster's insistence on running Greenlands 'on traditional public school lines' had become wellknown through the correspondence columns of the local newspaper to which he was a frequent contributor.

'It is results that count,' he had once written 'and in 30 years of teaching I can not recall a boy whose conduct was not improved immeasurably by the simple expedient of my using a pliant cane with skill and precision to raise red stripes beneath his tightly trousered rotundities.' Those words had evoked a stimulating picture in Antonia's mind and after her appointment she was delighted to find it no longer had to be a mental picture.

There was a steady stream of miscreants to Mr. Thorpe's study and as both participants were positioned with backs to the door

Antonia was able to open this stealthily after the penetrating sound of the first impact and watch, lush bosom rising and falling rhythmically between the strokes, until the penultimate one when she would regretfully and silently withdraw. Until that fateful morning when a particularly vicious cut had produced such an anguished 'Ow!' from a hitherto silent bending figure that she had accompanied it with an 'Aah!' that betrayed her presence.

After the victim had limped straddle-legged through her office, desperately kneading his smarting seat, the buzzer summonsed Antonia within where the Head still stood cane in hand.

'I don't recall giving you permission to watch proceedings which are supposed to be conducted in privacy, Mrs. Lister,' he remarked coldly.

'No, I've been a very naughty girl,' agreed Antonia. It was a peculiar expression for such an attractively mature woman to use. 'Shall I touch my toes?' she continued, giving the words a lisp.

'That is an excellent suggestion,' Mr. Thorpe replied, not allowing his voice to betray surprise or emotion. 'It would be singularly appropriate for you also to receive six of the

best.'

This was not exactly what Antonia had in mind for her behind but she found herself immediately turning and bending over, back hollowed, hands on knees and obligingly grasping the hem of her flower patterned dress to draw it tightly round the generous curves of a bottom that had always been admired by connoisseurs.

'Not too hard please sir,' as she felt the rod tap the apex of her buttocks in aim-taking. 'My rear is much more soft and tender than a boys and it has never been spanked — with a cane.'

'That is an omission I shall be glad to rectify, Mrs. Lister. I have always believed in the adage that good opportunities should not be neglected.'

The subsequent strokes were far from being Mr. Thorpe's hardest but they stung considerably through the thin material; he meant them to sting and Antonia never wore a girdle considering that such a garment was to the female behind what Stalin was to free speech. She maintained her provocative position admirably, acknowledging receipt of each wristy swish with a high pitched squeal eminently satisfactory to both parties. Straightening up after the

sixth her face was flushed and there was a rustle of silk as both hands applied vigorous massage to the afflicted area.

'Oh my poor bottom! Did you have to land them all on the same spot? I shall have to type those letters standing up.'

Antonia noticed the Headmaster's hand making certain adjustments within a trouser pocket as he put down the cane and she continued, with a pout. 'I know I asked to be tickled up but I don't really see why I shouldn't be allowed to watch your whackings.'

'Very well, Mrs. Lister. It might not be a bad idea to have you as an official witness who can testify that the chastisements I inflict are always reasonable and moderate.'

'Oh thank you, sir.' She smiled mischievously. 'And I won't object if from time to time you feel like using my seat for a little target practice.'

* * * *

There followed a marked increase in the number of Headmaster's canings with the news swiftly spreading throughout the school that the secretary who was now present during the proceedings consoled the recipients afterwards in her office with a kiss, the intensity of which varied according to the degree of stoicism displayed. This was certainly an incentive to putting up a good show and the one who benefitted most from the new system was undoubtedly Philip Tonkinson. He had the reputation of possessing an exceptionally tough behind and was the most beaten boy in the school. A remarkable rapport developed between him and Antonia.

'Good morning Mrs. Blister,' he said cheekily on reporting for his latest chastisement.

'You are the one who is going to be blistered, my lad. Where it is supposed to do the most good. I'm glad I'm not in your shoes — or rather in your trousers. He's been practising for your posterior on a cushion and the sound of it coming through that door made my toes turn up. In you go then, Philip, take it with you.' Antonia gave the thrusting muscular rump — the sort you could almost balance a cup and saucer on — an affectionate pat as the boy preceded her into the inner sanctum.

Tonkinson knew intuitively how much she enjoyed watching him get tanned and her presence made him particularly eager to take with

aplomb the worst that the Head could dish out and thus earn her approbation.

'Morning sir, I hear you're in good form today,' he remarked cheerfully, marching to the usual spot and touching his toes without waiting for the word of command. While secretly admiring the boy's nerve Mr. Thorpe did not deign to reply to the pleantry. 'Mark him up for me will you Mrs. Lister?' and Antonia was handed a piece of chalk. With it she drew a horizontal line where the shiny blue serge was stretched the tightest, a parallel one some inches below and shaded in the area between. Taking up his stance when this operation had been completed the Headmaster inquired: 'How many times have I caned you this term Tonkinson?'

'This will be the fifth, sir. I'm getting a bum like a rhinoceros.'

Antonia gasped at the audacious remark, obviously a challenge which would be accepted. Instinctively her hands tested the soft arch of her own buttocks as the long cane kept in reserve for the most hardened offenders swished experimentally through the air.

'I see. Then we had better make it twelve this time in an effort to penetrate such a thick hide.'

Two pairs of eyes were focussed on the patiently waiting buttocks as the cane began to rise and fall, raising great puffs of chalk. Knees braced, Tonkinson kept in position perfectly, suffering in silence until the eighth cut landed square on a previous weal whereupon he straightened up with a yelp but went down again immediately with a muffled 'Sorry, sir.'

'Getting a little arm are we? All right, you can take the rest over a chair.'

The boy accepted the concession with alacrity and when he was duly bent over the chair-back asked: 'Is that tight enough for you sir? I can go over a little more if you like.' He could not help squirming considerably but let no further sound escape him as the last four strokes, fire laid on to fire, effectively disposed of the remaining chalk.

'Philip, my little treasure, you were absolutely marvellous,' Antonia exclaimed with shining eyes after she had escorted him from the place of execution. 'I just don't know how you stood for it.'

'Bent over for it you mean Blister.' Tonkinson managed a rueful smile

and a swagger. 'He's a real professional isn't he? I'm not going to be too happy about sitting down for a while.'

'Sneak along to my quarters after lights out my pet and I'll administer some first aid for the injured,' said Antonia, giving him a swift peck on the cheek as the buzzer sounded imperiously.

Edward Thorpe was flexing the pliant cane in an arc between his hands and there was an ominous glint in his eye.

'Oh no!' Antonia protested. 'Haven't you done enough damage for one day?'

'You must pay the penalty for the privilege of watching such a splendid swishing, Mrs. Lister. I bet you can't touch your toes — properly, the way Tonkinson did.'

Antonia rose to the bait. 'Of *courth* I can *touth* my *toath*.' The lisp always became more pronounced in moments of intense excitement. First raising her arms high about her head she went down slowly to the requisite position feeling extremely conscious of the brevity of white lace-edged knickers as the bollocking dress was reverently lifted.

'Do please remember I've not got the rump of a rhino!'

'I can see that dear lady. No comparison at all.' The cane tapped the bared lower portion of the delectably rounded cheeks and the creamy flesh, though bent, trembled apprehensively. 'Infinitely more vulnerable, infinitely more shapely. In view of which I'll let you off . . . with four juicy stingers.'

Juicy they were and sting they did, the weals springing up swift as brush strokes across the most feminine part of Antonia's feminine behind. Rising and rubbing she grumbled good-humouredly 'Brute! You placed them all low down again and it hurts twice as much on the bare. I'm going to wear trousers to work in future; I'm surely entitled to the same protection as your pupils.'

'As you wish Mrs. Lister. But in that case you will get twice as many so it's as broad as it's long.'

A chuckle. 'Are you describing my bottom again, Headmaster?'

* * * *

Pyjama trousers lowered, Tonkinson lay face downwards on the settee in Antonia's lounge in a wing of the building as in fulfilment of her promise she gently applied witch-



DAVE
CARNEY

hazel with a circular motion of cupped palm which he found soothing in one way and stimulating in another.

'Gosh, your rear end looks like a railway terminus, all these criss-crossing lines.' Her voice was a mixture of sympathy and admiration for Edward Thorpe's handiwork. She finished her ministrations with a friendly but hearty slap which made the boy wince.

'Oh I'm sorry, Philip darling. I couldn't resist it but I'd forgotten how terribly sore you must be.'

'It's nothing. As you know, I am used to being beaten and I've had even worse than that from the prefects who can be absolute swines. In fact it's just glowing nicely now.'

'Mmmm. I know the feeling. I'll let you into a little secret if you promise to keep it. My employer amuses himself occasionally by caning me. You can see for yourself if you like.'

As the boy simultaneously nodded and gaped in astonishment Antonia took off her housecoat revealing the naked splendours of her body and replaced Tonkinson on the settee. Kneeling by her side his fingers incredulously traced a weal to where it disappeared in the skin fold. He patted the lovely oval mounds diffidently.

'You've got a beautiful bottom, Blister. No wonder he likes tanning it.'

'Yes, you could see worse,' conceded Antonia, who was well aware of the attraction her major asset held for the opposite sex. 'Don't you think I deserve to have it soundly spanked for getting such a kick out of seeing you swished? If so, go right ahead and spank it, darling.'

Tonkinson needed no second bidding. He alternated slow measured slaps between the two quivering hemispheres which Antonia contrived to keep completely relaxed; she knew from previous experiences that it stung more if you slenched and deprived the spanker of the thrill of feeling his hand sink in and rebound from pneumatic flesh.

As the ripe curves rapidly reddened and his own palm began to tingle Tonkinson felt an increasing sense of manhood and mastery, especially as Antonia gave a delightful running commentary on his progress and prowess.

'Ooh! You've got a heavy hand Philip . . . Ouch! I felt that one . . . Wow! That hurt . . . Oooh! I bet my posterior's turned pink . . . Oooh!

Darling, not so hard.'

The remarks were intended to encourage for Antonia was revelling in the novel situation of being smacked, and well smacked too, by somebody half her age but as the spanks rained down from a greater height a note of genuine distress crept into her exclamations. Tomato-hued buttocks gyrated as Tonkinson concentrated his onslaught on the right cheek, forcing her to place a hand there protectively palm outwards. Switching the attack to the other side the boy finished her off with a series of stinging swats in such swift succession that each found the resilient globe still wobbling from its predecessor.

Antonia's hands tentatively tested the temperature of the burning flesh, her red-painted fingernails perfectly matching its colour. 'You are not the only one who is going to find sitting down a problem,' she giggled contentedly. 'Kiss it better for me, as many kisses as it got spanks please — and then we'll see if we can further improve your education in a way that's not in the syllabus.'

* * * *

After a couple of hours of vigorous extra-curricular activity Tonkinson had crept back to his dormitory in an exhausted state and happy daze but unfortunately was spotted en route by a prefect who was obeying a call of nature in the early hours of the morning. Rigorous cross-examination by the latter, coupled with threats of a further thrashing, had failed to elicit any information but it was not difficult to make an intelligent guess as to where the boy had been. In consequence Antonia was visited in her office the following day by Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. These of course were not their real names but the two inseparable prefects had once played the roles of the courtiers in a school production of Hamlet and the appellations had stuck.

There followed a neat piece of blackmail. Tonkinson had confessed all, they said; it was their clear duty to report the facts to the Headmaster which would undoubtedly lead to his expulsion and the instant dismissal of Mrs. Lister. Of course they could deal with the matter summarily themselves; it would be inhumane of them to beat Tomkinson only twenty-four hours after he had been dealt with by the Headmaster and in any case that would mean the most guilty party going scot-free.

So a different course of action had occurred to them. Entirely up to her of course but . . .

'You mean you want to wallop my backside instead,' inquired the perspicacious Antonia icily.

'How intelligent you are, Mrs. Lister. That is the general idea, yes,' said Rosencrantz.

'And you can reply on us to make it a truly significant experience,' said Guildenstern.

Cool customers. Sadistic sods. Antonia reflected. This was not going to be a fun thing like it was with the Headmaster. They were just itching to whack the living daylights out of her and she did not exactly relish the prospect. Especially as she was already in a somewhat tenderised state which she could not disclose. But what were the alternatives? She did not believe they would report the matter to higher authority but they were quite capable of taking it out on Philip if she refused the offer. Literary images crept into her mind, Tom Sawyer taking the place of Becky Thatcher. Sidney Carlton going to the guillotine. It is a far, far better thing I do than I have ever done . . .

'All right. What's the maximum you would be allowed to give Tonkinson?'

'A dozen. Of the very best of course.'

'O.K., then. A dozen. No more. And you'll have noticed I'm wearing corduroy trousers today. There's no way you are going to get them down.'

'Fair enough. But we will feel for padding.'

'I bet you will. You'll just love doing that won't you? There won't be any padding. And you won't get a squeak out of me either.'

* * * *

As the clock on the ivy covered wall outside chimed six, Antonia pushed open the swing doors of the gymnasium. The two prefects were waiting for her. In rolled-up shirtsleeves. Wearing plimsolls. The canes in their hands were not regulation willow ones but of thick gleaming brown malaca. One of these pointed silently to the far end of the gym where a horizontal beam had been lowered to within a few feet of the floor. This was a surprise. Antonia had anticipated having to go across a vaulting horse. Head high, with the air of a Marie Antoinette approaching the scaffold, she walked to the beam and leaned over, arms



along its length.

'No, no, Mrs. Lister.' She recognised Rosencrantz's voice. 'Bending under the beam. And touching your toes. If you would be so kind.!'

'That's better,' remarked the co-conspirator as she complied. 'Gets the skin taut as a drum. Brings the bum bones close to the surface. *Much* more painful that way.'

Antonia remembered Tonkinson's remark that a prefects' beating was far worse than one from the Head. Well, if a boy could take it so could she. After all it was a medical fact that a woman had a higher pain threshold and being better upholstered in the theatre of operations should help. Confusious say if beating inevitable bend over and enjoy it. Only she knew she wasn't going to enjoy it. Not this one. She felt herself flush with humiliation as she was pinched, prodded and poked, ostensibly to ensure she had not donned any additional protection beneath the well-stretched blue corduroys, middle fingers definitely straying where they shouldn't. A hip pocket was then turned inside out; how thoughtful of them.

A sound of slowly retreating footsteps confirmed her fear (and there was no denying she was a bit afraid now) that the young bastards were going to take a run. She was too far bent to brace her knees but pressed her back up hard against the restraining beam, heart thumping, every nerve tense, closing her eyes as if to aid concentration as the tall fair-haired Rosencrantz began to thunder in. The rod cut through the air with the noise of a gale force wind and whumped solidly into sensitive flesh. Antonia grunted as the breath was driven from her body. For a couple of seconds she felt nothing and then gasped as excruciating pain consumed her extended buttocks. A horizontal indentation across the ribbing of the corduroy showed that the stroke had landed across their broadest part.

'Only eleven to come, Mrs. Lister,' said Guildenstern, allowing a full ten seconds for the pain to reach its peak before beginning his own run.

Gritting her teeth as the beating progressed remorselessly, Antonia discerned a difference in the technique of her two assailants. The first accelerated with the action of a fast bowler, bringing his malaca down from on high to meet the capaciously filled trouser seat. The second was more subtle, shuffling

in softly, dipping at the knees and bringing the cane up from a low trajectory to build on the band of weals still in evidence from Mr. Thorpe's attentions of the previous day. At least, thought Antonia with such philosophy as she could muster under the circumstances, that way two successive strokes would not land on the same spot.

Six, seven, eight. She counted the explosive reports under her breath. God, how it hurt! These youngsters certainly knew their stuff; anything she had undergone in the past was a picnic in comparison. Her eyes were watering now in sympathy with her burning bottom, a bead of perspiration fell from her forehead on to trembling fingertips pressed into her toes obediently. But not a sound escaped her lips whose usual fullness was compressed into a thin line. It was a contest, a battle, in which no quarter would be asked nor none given. Antonia resisted the pain by a series of mental processes; it was surely rather thrilling to be thrashed in earnest, she was saving Philip from a far worse ordeal, she deserved every stroke and more besides for having seduced him.

The ninth was misjudged and sank across broad thighs which were not expecting it.

'Oh!'

'I believe Madame is beginning to feel something at last.'

'Yes, we can expect a little more reaction now.'

'Bet we have her blubbing like a baby before we're finished.'

'Just three to go unfortunately. But it's the last three that usually make an impression.'

'In more ways than one. Your turn, old boy. Let's make them absolute scorchers.'

And they did, grunting with the effort put into them. The respite during the conversation had allowed Antonia to regain control of herself and she made no further outcry although the martyred buttocks wriggled eloquently from side to side between the reverberating thumps in testimony to their searing effect.

As a red mist cleared, Antonia scrambled out from under the beam and walked slowly from the gymnasium, head as high as when she had entered it, but her tear-filled eyes failing to see a hand outstretched in congratulation on her stoicism. By a final effort of will she kept her fists clenched by her side until the doors had swung to behind her and then both hands clutched her blazing bottom frantically as she pranced up and down, hissing like the proverbial scalded cat.

'Don't invite juniors to your rooms again, Mrs. Lister,' a voice called after her.

And Antonia knew that she wouldn't.



CUE FOR A CANING

The footsteps on the uncarpeted wooden stairs were the heavy, irregular tread of men carrying heavy or awkward burdens. The door swung open with a creak of hinges long denied oil, and the click of a light switch brought a pale and yellow light into the room. The two men set their cargo down and rested against the edge of the full-size billiard table which dominated the large room. Eventually one of them stood and, crossing to the dormer windows which stood out in the slanted ceiling, peered down into the windswept and deserted street. The floor of the building from which he looked down was higher than any other in the street with walls and floors of dark, smoke-cured wood and a clear view over most of the little town.

'D'you think they'll turn up?' The second man broke the silence, his fingers absentmindedly twirling the ends of his moustache. His fellow glanced over his shoulder then crossed to the wall where, after a moment's manipulation of switches and metres, the bank of bright lights over the billiard table were brought to life and deep illumination flooded the green baize. Two strides took the man to the table and, reaching into the pocket of his pinstripe jacket, he threw an object onto the baize.

'They'll turn up,' he said. The man with the moustache walked to the table and picked up the square pack of paper, held by one broad elastic band, and flipped a thumb along its edge idly. The cut banknotes flicked cleanly under his fingers as he made a rough estimate of their number.

The man in the pinstripe suit watched him. 'Don't you worry about those,' he said. 'You're paid just to crank those cameras over there. The other halves of those notes have been in Ruth's handbag since Tuesday, and if I know her, she'll be here to collect, and she'll have another girl with her. I made the deal very clear to her. Our client is very generous but very particular, she has the instructions and she knows that

her mate had better be prepared to go along with them, otherwise all she's got is a bunch of unspendable, halfcut fivers.'

'Well, if you're sure then, I'll set up the cameras and take some light readings. It'll save time when they get here but if they don't turn up, it'll be a waste of time.'

'They'll turn up, Peter,' said the man in the suit. 'Don't worry.' He crossed to the window and looked into the street. Pete set up a movie camera on a tripod, and unpacked a second, which he attached to a shoulder rest.

'Now just checking, Mr. Taylor,' said Pete. 'I'm going to set this one up and have it running in a fixed position, while I dodge about with this one on my shoulder. Can you just give me an idea of where you'll be standing and how wide your swing will be?'

'Sure Pete. Best to be thorough and professional.' Taylor picked up a longish bundle tied in black cloth and undid it, spilling the contents on the green baize. Several crook handled canes, two split tawses of different weights and an eighteen inch paddle lay on the table. Selecting a cane, Taylor glanced down and planted his feet.

'School regulations usually say the cane is to be lifted only to

shoulder height so that's how our customer wants me to perform,' said Taylor. 'Can you get the swing in range from there?' He swished the cane experimentally through the air.

'Yes that's o.k. He does want the fixed camera trained to give the rear view, doesn't he?'

'He does. Can you shoot alright in this light?'

'That's fine, I'm using fast colour film and those overhead lights concentrate the illumination just where we want it.'

Below them, somewhere on the ground floor of the old building, a doorbell sounded.

'That'll be them,' said Taylor, getting up and moving to the door.

'Don't forget to lock up downstairs, Mr. Taylor. We don't want the possibility of any interruptions.'

Moments later, hearing voices and footsteps, Pete looked up from the camera he was loading to see Taylor open the door for two young women to enter.

'Pete, this is Ruth and the other young lady is . . . ?'

'Janice,' said Ruth.

'Janice. Pete here is our camera man. Well ladies shall we get down to business?'

Ruth was a strikingly attractive girl in a plaid miniskirt. Her fair hair, which hung over her shoulder

blades was distinguished by two bright waves of pure blonde which left her parting and framed her face. She had round, slightly dimpled cheeks and a permanent pout. Pert young breasts pushed out proudly beneath a white cashmere sweater. She leaned against the wall and crossed one shapely ankle over another with the faintest whisper of nylon as her thighs brushed together. She was obviously the more decisive of the two, and the natural spokeswoman. Janice looked, if anything slightly apprehensive. She too wore her hair long, but it was a rich shade of brown and, parted at the side, looped over one eye. She wore a sleeveless sweater with just a hint of cleavage and a grey suede miniskirt which matched the high heeled boots which finished a couple of inches above her knees. She gripped her handbag nervously and glanced about the room, not meeting the eyes of either man.

Ruth crossed her arms and looked Taylor straight in the face.

'First things first,' she said. 'Where's the other half of the money?' Taylor dipped into a pinstriped pocket and handed the cut banknotes to her. Janice obviously under careful instructions, fished a similar bundle from her handbag and began, fumblingly, to check as Ruth rapped out serial numbers. When the first six or seven had tallied perfectly Ruth appeared satisfied and put both wads carefully away in her bag.

Taylor had been watching this with an amused half smile on his lips. 'If you're satisfied,' he said. 'Can we get on?'

'There's just one more thing,' said Ruth. 'We want a percentage.'

'A percentage of what?' asked Taylor with a shrug. 'I thought I'd explained to you. This is a commission. Every detail was dictated to me. Right down to what you were to wear. It's just one geezer paying us all well, and you've got to agree that you're being paid well, to make him a film exactly to his own specifications, just for his own use. That's all.'

Pete, sensing that this could turn into an awkward moment, tried to change the subject by addressing Janice.

'Has Ruth told you what you've got to do, love?'

Janice blushed and stammered. 'Yes. We, we bend down and undress and you take a film of us being, being — chastised!' Both

men were a little startled that Janice, so obviously embarrassed at talking about, let alone performing her part in the proceedings, should choose such an out of fashion word for what she was going to have done to her. If they ever got around to it, that was. Ruth was speaking again.

'Oh come off it Taylor! What ever else you are you're a shrewd enough businessman to realise that a nice little movie of Janice and I with our bums in the air getting six of the best like good little naughty girls has a great deal of economic potential!'

The two men glanced at each other.

'I thought so,' said Ruth, a note of triumph in her voice. 'How many copies are you going to make?'

'Just the one,' admitted Taylor. 'We'll deliver the goods to our client but I just happen to have another contact . . .'

'Right then,' said Ruth firmly. 'If you're making a bit extra on top we want our cut. Otherwise our knickers stay very firmly up and you've either got to find yourself two new models, which won't be easy in *this* town, or the whole deal falls through.'

Taylor sighed and blew out his cheeks. 'You are a conniving little bitch,' he said, mildly and without rancour. 'And you seem to have all the aces. O.K. ten per cent?'

'Fifty.'

'Fifteen?'

'Forty.'

'Twenty-five?'

'Done.'

'It's a deal. You'll have to trust me to pay you when we get ours, that o.k.?'

'That's o.k.,' said Ruth, pushing herself away from the wall. 'I know you stick to a deal once you've made it. Well, better get on with it I suppose.'

'Yes,' replied Taylor, flexing a cane in his hands, 'I'm rather looking forward to getting on with it, now.' Janice gulped, and even the manipulative Ruth looked a little apprehensive. Both girls took out compacts and checked their make up. Steve went to the fixed camera. 'Have you got your act straight?' he asked.

'We've rehearsed,' said Ruth, drily.

'Take one, then,' called Steve. The camera rolled. The two girls approached the camera, stopped, and dropped a curtsey. Janice's slight awkwardness and obvious

embarrassment proving the perfect foil for Ruth's confidence and almost brazen insouciance. Simultaneously, the two took their skirt hems between thumb and fingertip and lifted them to reveal their tautly suspended stocking welts. Turning their backs and looking over their shoulders they flipped up the backs of their skirts and stuck out their barely covered bottoms, Ruth's outlined in clinging black nylon, Janice's in a skimpy triangle of pristine white cotton. The two of them then walked to the billiard table, Ruth turning her back on the fixed camera, Janice going to the other side and facing her. Each girl then leaned forward, laying her body flat on the green baize and gripped one end of a tough rubber loop of the kind Alsations romp with. Pete's fixed camera whirled on, trained on Ruth's uplifted bottom, and on Janice's face, visible over her shoulder, he and the machine on his shoulder moved to the other side of her as Taylor stepped into the frame. With no trace of hesitation he lifted the hem of Ruth's skirt and folded it back before hooking his thumbs into the two narrow strips of material across her hips and turning the little knickers inside out as he lowered them over her bottom and past her suspender straps to her thighs. Her bottom was full and round, with delightfully smooth lines on the lower part of the twin globes. Taylor circled the table, Pete skipping around the other side of the table, avoiding the range of the tripod camera. Reaching up under the hem of Janice's skirt, pressed between her thighs and the table's edge, ridden up at the back by her position, Taylor pulled her knickers down to her knees, Pete following the action with his lens, then straightened, flipping up the little skirt, to reveal a second beautiful bottom, one which seemed almost to shrink under the penetrating gaze of the camera and its lighting attachment. The man in the pinstripe suit returned to Ruth's side of the table, picking up a light split tawse as he did so, positioning himself behind her, behind the unprotected bottom on which the camera was focussed, while Pete, with the other, zoomed in on her face, posed in the frame with Janice's bare behind. Taylor flexed the strap once, then his right arm was raised and poised, Ruth's bottom seemed to quiver in anticipation. The strap flashed down.

Thwack!

'Owwww!' Ruth's composure vanished as the leather bit into her left buttock, leaving a bright red welt. Taylor's arm was lifted again.

Thwack!

'Owwch!' The second mark appeared on Ruth's behind, narrowly overlapping the first.

Thwack!

'Yeee-owww!' Ruth's hair tossed, her hips rose up from the table, her knuckles whitened on the dog loop, pulling against Janice's restraining, balancing effort on the other side. Taylor looked down at Ruth's two buttocks, one still palely unmarked, one bright scarlet, then walked around the table. Pete did the same, his handheld camera now aimed at Ruth's bottom and the expression of trepidation on the face of brunette Janice.

Behind her, Taylor stood and brought his arm up to shoulder height. Janice bit her lip. The strap swished through the air.

Thwack!

'Oooooooh!' Janice's mouth flew open in an exclamation of mortification and her eyes squeezed shut. Again the strap was raised.

Thwack!!

'Owwwwww! Ooooooh!' gasped Janice as the leather bit into the soft flesh of her bottom, but the remorseless tawse was already on its upward journey.

Thwack!!!!

'Eeeeeeoowwwww!' Poor Janice writhed on the table top, her lips parted to emit her squeals, tears starting in her blue eyes, her knuckles white on the tough dogpull, her hair dishevelled over her cheeks. Taylor stepped back. Slowly, the girl recovered something of her poise, and at a given signal, both she and Ruth let go of the loop and rose, both holding their skirts up. Janice, hindered by her knickers around her knees, hobbled around to Ruth's side of the table and stood by her side. Pete, skilfully keeping out of the range of the fixed camera, following her around so that his hand held lens now focussed on the faces of the two girls as they stood, holding up their skirts while the fixed camera whirred on behind them, recording the image of two chastened young ladies, one blonde, one dark, each with a scrap of knickers tangled around thigh and knee, one black, one white, holding up the hems of their little skirts.

'Very well,' said Taylor, and the two girls, each standing with one scarlet buttock and one, as yet, un-

touched reached eagerly behind them to chafe their stinging flesh. Filming their faces, Pete caught images of relief mingled with the almost pleasurable pain of rubbing, Janice shutting her eyes and again nipping her lip as she rotated her sore cheek, Ruth, eyes blazing, glaring defiantly into the camera as she rubbed vigorously at the still-stinging bottom globe.

'Right, that's enough,' snapped their tormentor, and the two girls, one with a sigh and one with a determined setting of the jaw, bent once more to his will.

This time, they bent over side by side, their two naked behinds thrust out at the tripod camera as Pete went down on one knee to catch the expressions on the two faces now with their chins touching the green baize. Taylor selected a slender rattan cane about three feet long, the colour of straw and with a crooked handle. Trembling, the two girls heard his step as he took up position, their expressions of troubled anticipation all being captured on film. Both of them pressed their knees together tightly and then found each others fingers and held hands, taking comfort from the pressure of the other palm.

Taylor positioned himself at the left of the pair, Janice nearer to him, and slowly raised the cane. A flicker of a tremble fluttered Ruth's beautiful, two tone bottom. The cane descended.

Swish!

'Yeeowp!' Ruth's head snapped up and her back arched. On her right buttock, a narrow red stripe sprang up, and, more slowly, on that part of her posterior that had already been strapped, a duller, rose weal began to form and show. The cane was in the air again.

Swish!

'Urrrrr!' shouted Ruth, her hips lifting from the table's polished edge. 'Oh migawd!' A second stripe had joined the first. Taking a backward step, Taylor lifted the rattan. Now it was Janice's bottom's turn to shiver with anticipation.

Swish!

'Ow! Oh my poor — Ow, ouch —' The girl's wails were interrupted as the cane went aloft once more and the scarlet welt across her lily right behind was joined by a second. Janice's feet drummed on the floor and she lifted her head and howled loudly while still remaining bent across the table. The cameras whirled quietly on.

Taylor now stood back a little and, putting the cane between the two girls, tapped them each lightly on the hip with it. At this signal the two of them shifted their weight and shuffled their feet as far apart as the constricting scraps of cotton and nylon, now stretched taut between nylon knees, would allow. The shadowy secrets, one fair one dark, between each pair of thighs, were now virtually exposed to the unrelenting eye of the camera. Positioning himself behind Ruth once more, Taylor raised the cane.

Swish!

'Ooooooh!' Ruth's hips churned feverishly on the table's edge.

Swish!

'Oh-owwwww!' The taut backs of her knees flexed, her two legs kicked one at a time, the four stripes on her behind jiggled up and down as she squirmed and Taylor stepped back to turn his attention to Janice.

Swish!

'Owwwwww! Oh please, not so hard, ple—'

Swish!

'Eeeeeeeek! Janice's feet lifted clear from the ground as the rattan scored its fourth stripe across the swelling curves of her plump rear end. Taylor's arm rested briefly at his side as he stared down, a look of satisfaction briefly crossing his face, at the two wriggling bottoms, both now half scarlet and half striped in bright red like the flags of some state dedicated to the physical chastisement of young women. Then, once more he tapped them on their hips, this time though, on the outside. Obediently the two moved toward one another until the two blushing bottoms were pressed side by side.

The man in the suit now measured his distance carefully, the two pairs of burning buttocks wincing as the smooth surface of the cane brushed the sore surfaces as he tested his range, then, suddenly, drew the cane up and swung it down with a deadly accuracy across the four curved buttocks bent defenceless before him. Both girls yelped simultaneously as the cane scorched their bottoms, and wriggled almost uncontrollably at the sting.

'Last one,' called Taylor. The two girls stirred, as if willing their ordeal over. The cane went up with an audible whizz, and Taylor paused, the slim instrument of punishment poised in the air. The two girls tensed, their bottoms twitching. Janice's eyes squeezed shut in anti-



icipation, Ruth gritted her teeth. The cane flashed down, flush across the fullest, lower rounded curves of the two sets of cheeks. The girls gave vent to a shrill yelp in perfect chorus.

'OOOOOOOOWWWWWW!!!!'

Simultaneously the pair clapped their hands to their bottoms, rubbing frantically still bent over the table, their feet jiggling on the floor, their hips frantically gyrating. Taylor cracked the cane once on the edge of the table, and slowly and a little stiffly, still rubbing, their faces in constant change, cheeks blowing, eyes bright. As one they turned to the set camera and executed a curtsey more awkward than the one they had performed a few minutes before. Taylor extended the cane before them and both girls leaned forward to place a kiss on the whippy shaft before turning and shuffling, their movements restricted by the knickers still around their ankles, holding the hems of their skirts up pressed against their sides by their elbows, palms tenderly exploring their sore backsides, to the corner, which they stood and faced. The camera sounds were all that was heard in the room as the blonde and the brunette stood in the corner, massaging their bottoms.

* * * *

Ruth and Janice, shrugging into

their coats, walked towards the door.

'Let me know when you get the cash,' muttered Ruth as she passed Taylor.

'Oh, gorblimey,' said Peter, abruptly stopping what he was doing with the hand held camera.

'What is it?' asked Taylor, looking up.

The cameraman's face registered dismay. 'I'm sorry guv,' he said. 'The winding mechanism's gone. The film hasn't been carried through. We haven't got any film! Nothing's been taken!'

'What?' shrieked Ruth, leaping forward. 'You mean you couldn't even —'

'But we've still got the film from the other camera, haven't we,' put in Janice anxiously. 'That's alright, isn't it?' All eyes turned to the camera on the tripod. Slowly, they all crossed to it. Pete looked down at it, his face slowly registering crestfallen dismay. Taylor reached out, and, with great deliberation, removed the lens cover from the lens. The two girls were speechless.

'Oh guv,' moaned Pete. 'I've really gone and cocked it up, haven't I?'

* * * *

The flickering images on the screen were the only movement in the darkened room. The two men sat in silence watching a proud blonde and

a subservient brunette have their knickers taken down and their bottoms soundly strapped and caned. The editing had been skilfully done so that each stroke was seen as it was delivered, followed by the reaction on the face of the girl who received it.

'Got to hand it to you, Pete,' said Taylor. 'That was a brilliant bit of thinking on your part, pretending that you'd made a cock up with the equipment.'

'I thought you picked it up very quick guv,' answered the cameraman. 'When you said there'd be no share of the profits without a film, then pointed out that we'd have to have a repeat showing, an encore performance, I thought they were going to have a couple of fits!'

On the screen, Ruth yelped as the rattan bit into her bottom, Janice's eyes, wide with anticipation, widened still further.

'Agreed in the end, though, didn't they?' said Taylor. 'Next Tuesday, right? Make a note of it, won't you?'

On the screen, Janice's glowing buttocks jiggled as the stick descended.

'Will do, guv,' answered Pete. 'Why don't you try out that leather paddle this time?'

Taylor was silent while another stripe was added to a female posterior. 'I might just do that, Pete,' he said. 'I might just do that.'



TUTORS DELIGHT

I took an adequate, if undistinguished, degree at Cambridge in the early 1930's, a time when vacancies in the Civil and other Services were few and industry did not yet seek out graduates, but when teaching was still a respected profession. I entered my name with a scholastic agency and was soon engaged as a private tutor by a retired Colonel in mid-Wales. Those were more affluent times for the upper classes and it was then more common for gentlemen living in rural areas to retain a private tutor; and in this case my emoluments were shared by two other families whose only daughters were to attend 'classes' with the Colonel's own two young ladies. There were boys in these families but these were attending preparatory or public schools and were not to be my concern in term-time. Perhaps because the burden was spread out, I am happy to say that my salary was generous and, of course, I enjoyed excellent rooms and my status was that of the family. I was to replace an earlier tutor who had taken up a public school appointment so I had assurance that the young ladies would be accustomed to private tuition and the hope that they would be responsive and well-conducted.

I found the girls charming, lively and intelligent and because the gap between tutors had left them bored they welcomed the resumption of 'school' and readily accepted the routine and discipline of regular classes; they were attentive and anxious to please throughout my early weeks in the post. The classroom was suitably equipped, with an adequate library of textbooks and what would now be called 'teaching aids' and though there was no particular significance in this (for canes were then more common in private houses), I noticed on my first inspection that two canes were hanging behind the door of the classroom cupboard, one light in weight and the

other more punishing. I suppose it may be said that canes were then a conventional item of classroom equipment — certainly at my own preparatory and public schools where, in my two years as prefect, I had caned junior boys on occasion — and I did not immediately give any thought to whether they were intended for current use and the prospect of caning girls (of whom, like so many young men of my time I really knew very little) did not enter my head.

This prospect did come to concern me, however, as the first few weeks passed. My four young ladies continued to be charming, courteous and intelligent but Anne (one of the two visiting pupils) was clearly neglecting her preparation and perhaps because of this had become noticeably inattentive in class. I had spoken reasonably to her two or three times and then more sharply when the faults continued; I could not fail to notice that the other three girls took a lively interest as I repeated my 'tellings-off' and seemed expectant that I might decide upon some more formal punishment. I was giving the matter some thought in the evenings, after classes were over. Had Anne been a junior boy at my public school and I had been prefect taking prep. I should simply have ordered him to report to my study and given him six with my prefect's cane. Entirely simple and conventional. But Anne was not a boy, but a girl of sixteen and I had been thoroughly steeped in middle-class ideas that girls were all princesses on pedestals and to be protected from any hurt or discomfiture: one didn't hit girls. Of course, I knew that girls were caned at school, including middle-class girls at their boarding schools, but if this was in order for a woman teacher I did not feel that it would be suitable for me, though my role was similar, to act in the same way as a man. Apart from this diffi-

dence, I was not at all sure that I was permitted, had the Colonel's approval that is, to cane my charges if occasion should arise. Certainly the canes were hanging in the cupboard but they may have been introduced when boys were being taught and just have been left there. There was a third problem, a practical one, that if I had permission to cane Anne and had overcome my reluctance to 'hit a young lady', I was not at all sure how to set about it: the difficulty was that Anne, like the other three girls, came to class wearing thick tweed skirts. In my prefect days I had caned a boy across fairly thin trousers and if he was a persistent offender, or one suspected stuffing with paper, it was in order to have the trousers taken down; if a harder caning was intended underpants came off too and the boy was caned on the bare. All quite usual. Now it would be pointless to cane across Anne's thick skirt, she would scarcely feel a thing, but how could I possibly get closer to well, her bottom, with suitable regard to the proprieties? Perhaps these troubles seem much magnified in these later times but I do assure you that as a very young man, of conventional upbringing, in his first post in the 1930's they concerned me greatly.

Fortunately, all these seeming difficulties evaporated a week or so later when I was suddenly put to the test (and learned that my duties were expected to extend beyond the classroom) not, as it happened because of Anne, but because the Colonel's younger daughter — Megan, fifteen — had been most naughty in the presence of guests in the drawing-room. The details of the offence I have forgotten but I gather that the Colonel was incensed at the time and immediately the guests had left he ordered Megan to report to Miss Boone, the housekeeper who had complete charge of the domestic side since the Colonel's wife had died. Megan certainly knew what was in store for her, and Miss Boone had no doubt of what was expected, but though I was to play the most active role in the scene I was completely untutored as to the procedure. The first thing I knew was when Miss Boone came to my room that evening, about ten. She was fond of Megan (who was not often naughty it seems) and I could see that she was not pleased to convey her instructions:

'Sorry to trouble you, Mr. Hereford, but the Colonel asks that you be good enough to give Megan a hiding. She behaved very badly.'

'I — hiding? Is this usual?'

'Well personally I don't see why you should be troubled any more than I should as housekeeper but the Colonel has got into the habit of using me as a sort of mother to the girls — they do need someone and I don't mind really — and the idea is that it is best for a schoolmaster to give them their spankings, you'll be more experienced and not so soft as I. You don't mind?'

'No, no. In the circumstances —'

'It's a nuisance, I know, especially when you are off duty but as you cane them sometimes in school, I expect, it is more natural for it to come from you.'

'Er, quite so. Where is Megan?'

'I sent her to her bedroom and told her to get into pyjamas. Then she can go straight to bed and cry it off afterwards. But I can bring her down to the schoolroom if you would prefer.'

'No, no. It doesn't matter. I'll come up.'

I rose to follow Miss Boone from the room and turned towards the stairs.

'You'll need to bring your cane.'

'Ah! Of course.'

I turned and went off to the schoolroom cupboard. So a hiding or a spanking meant a caning. Megan would be in her pyjamas so there would be no problem of a thick tweed skirt. Caning Megan would be just like caning a boy at school. Tell her to bend over and lay on six, I suppose. Nice kid really, first time she's been naughty so far, so I'll just take the light cane. I joined Miss Boone again with the cane in my hand and I saw her glance at it and then smile gratefully when she saw it was not the thicker version.

'Good. I see you think the little cane will be enough. She's been naughty but don't be too severe —'

'Of course not. Er — I thought six?'

'Up to you. But I love the little imp and I couldn't give her more myself.'

'Four then?'

'Better make it six, as you suggested. The Colonel will want to see the little marks before breakfast, always does, and you won't want it to appear that you let her off too lightly.'

Inwardly, I gave grateful thanks to the Almighty for all the guidance in Miss Boone's easy chatter.

Into the bedroom to find a crestfallen Megan in pyjamas standing at the foot of the bed. She looked straight at my cane and brightened visibly, then managed a weak but grateful little smile. So she had known I had the choice of the two canes, per-

haps she had herself tasted the more punishing one, at least she would have been advised of its power by one of the other girls, and she had feared that on report of the extent of her naughtiness I might have selected the more effective cane. She was looking so demure and tiny that I felt very glad I need not be too severe.

'Well, I'll leave you,' said Miss Boone and turned to the door. So she was not here to chaperone (as I had wondered), just to bring tutor and naughty girl together.

Megan spoke in a tiny voice: 'Boonie, do I have to . . .'

Miss Boone turned round and tried to look severe though there was a trace of an amused smile: 'That is for Mr. Hereford to decide. I've told him how naughty you have been and that your father wants you to have a hiding. Mr. Hereford decides and you'll take it because you deserve it.'

'But Boonie, please . . .'

I suppose I had looked very puzzled by this exchange and once again Miss Boone was to help me out.

'Megan is asking whether you'll let her keep her pyjamas on.'

So I could decide to cane bare-bottom if I wished.

Megan said: 'I'm very sorry, Sir. I was naughty. I'm sorry, Sir, truly.'

'Good. Then I need not be very severe.'

'Oh! Thank you, Sir!'

A few moments later Miss Boone had left and I had closed the door again and I turned back to Megan to find her already in an admirable position, feet on the floor but hands and elbows on the bedcover and head thrust down, so that her bottom was suitably prominent and its rounded, chubby form well-presented beneath tightened pyjamas. I caned it six times, quite light strokes, evenly spaced, enough to sting but no more. Megan certainly made no fuss about it, no exaggerated distress or yelps of anguish, but the sting of successive cut was enough to bring a rewarding mobility: I knew the cane was doing its work as she swung her bottom from side to side and her legs began a sawing motion, each time the cane slashed across her pyjama seat there was a momentary indentation of the softness and then little tremors of resilience. I confess that I found the response of this little bottom quite delightful, something that had escaped me when I had caned boys, and caned much harder, at school. It was all over in a minute or two and then Megan was erect again, looking chastened but also grateful that I had not been severe;

if anything, the incident had earned me goodwill.

* * * *

Back in my own room, the vision of that little bottom waving about under the command of my cane persisted for perhaps ten minutes. I sensed that the fascination was somehow sexual in origin, the bottom was enticing because it was a girl's bottom, and a bottom so much more rounded and lovely than that of a schoolboy, and it pleased me that (in those particular circumstances) I had the right to use my cane to bring it into motion. My thoughts drifted back to the two occasions when I had been persuaded, as one of a small group of undergraduates, to sample the delights of Ma O'Hara's 'House' at Cambridge. I suppose most of us went there at some time or other and for many, as with myself, it was our first experience of a willing girl. There was some choice as we waited in the sitting room and I shyly picked upon Mary who led me off to a bedroom and with real Irish warmth and openness showed me what was expected. I performed more or less adequately but thinking back I realised that of all Mary's charms it was her small, very nicely rounded bottom that most attracted me. The second time, Colleen (who was just a little older and perhaps more experienced and more observant) had noticed the direction of my glances as she undressed and moved about the room. 'You go for bottoms, do you?' she had said, stating an observed fact rather than asking the question. I can still remember the little slap I gave her bottom then, it seemed quite the most natural response, and several times in the next few minutes she contrived to be sufficiently provocative and so welcoming that I had dared to slap again and then caress and kiss that fascinating part of her. It all seemed right at the time but when I ran over the experience in my mind on the following days I feared that my interest was perhaps unnatural and unwise and I had not gone back to Ma O'Hara's again.

Now, I knew just a little more: some men are attracted by hands, others by shapely legs, some by breasts, each has his own quite natural preference and mine, assuredly, was for a small, round bottom. Natural, but just a little difficult in practice as girls are taught to conceal their bottoms beneath skirts and frocks. It would be unthinkable for me to touch without permission, the girl must be welcoming, perhaps I would find such

a girl somewhere other than in a 'House'. Then, like a revelation, it came to me that in my profession as a schoolmaster (chosen for other, quite proper, reasons) I might well find a lifetime of opportunities when, as must sometimes happen, my pupils were dilatory or misbehaved. It was expected that a schoolmaster keep good discipline, he must punish if necessary, and if the practice of the family or school was to use the cane it would be suitable for me to continue. Happily, that seemed to be the Colonel's intention, he had asked for little Megan to be caned, and it might have been her sister, a year older, the blossoming Gwyneth. Anne and Nicola were to be treated alike in the schoolroom, of course, but I did not expect to be called in for any misbehaviour in their homes; and as it happened I was wrong about that in Nicola's case as her mother felt unable to cope. Anne was the most likely candidate for my special interest as there was little doubt that her preparation was frequently neglected. I had spoken to her sharply and would be justified in taking sterner measures, indeed I had that duty. So far the classroom conduct of all four girls had been very satisfactory but it must be expected that standards would slip and as I became a more familiar figure, less of a welcome interest in life for them, they would 'try it on', 'play me up' and I should have to warn first, then punish if the naughtiness continued. Not severely, I hoped. A light six across pyjamas: but no, not pyjamas . . . Those tweed skirts again! What happened if I was to cane in the schoolroom? Across palms, like in so many day-schools? Surely, hopefully, boarding school convention would operate, caning across knickers? Then, if misbehaviour continued, what else but across bare bottoms? I had the vaguest notion what those bottoms might look like, the tweed skirts concealed everything, but Megan's had been most promising. Somehow, I must find out what my predecessor had done, what the girls were used to, would accept.

* * * *

I detected some change in the girls' attitudes the next morning when I commenced class. They would all have known that I had caned Megan the evening before and this seemed to make them, not fearful, but a little more respectful. Certainly not resentful. Anne had messed up her preparation rather than actually skipped it and as I took her to task fairly gently

(as this time she had tried) she was especially apologetic and the other three girls listened expectantly as if my admonitions might this time turn to ill-temper, anger, real threats of punishment; there were occasional glances at the cupboard as the idea struck them that, having used the cane the evening before, I might be more ready to use it for the first time in the classroom and (since pupils have a pretty good idea of what they and their fellows deserve) that Anne was a good prospect. They may have been just a little disappointed for I did no more than chide Anne: I must know more of the usual practice before uttering any threats. That day passed very slowly as discipline gradually became ragged. Undoubtedly the girls sensed my reluctance to punish (though they could not have known my reason) and they became first, inattentive and then more openly unco-operative: slow to respond, whispering among themselves, even cheeky and disrespectful towards the close of the afternoon. I had lost their respect, discipline had weakened sadly.

In the evening, I invited Miss Boone to my room for sherry and after a decent interval I contrived to steer the conversation round to classroom practice. The girls had been unusually difficult that day, I told Miss Boone. 'Ah!' she said. 'Mr. Stanton found that after a few weeks when he first came. They are nice girls really and I think he was unwilling to be severe.'

'And I too. Megan last night — I couldn't punish her very hard.'

'No. But she needed it. They all need their bottoms warming every so often. Mr. Stanton found that in the end.'

'So, the two canes in the classroom? I queried.

'They were here before him but he made good use of them.'

'Ah! In the classroom? Not just — er, domestic naughtiness?'

'I'd say, from what I heard, each got a bender most weeks. Needed to keep them up to scratch.'

'Bender?'

'We called it that in my old school. Skirt down and six in the usual place.'

'Ah! Of course.'

'Bare bender if the knicks come down.'

'Mr. Stanton —?'

'If they really played him up.'

'And the Colonel —'

'Thoroughly approves. Reckons he's getting him money's worth.'

Once more my thanks to Miss Boone.

* * * *

As it happened, I had not returned the little cane to the cupboard after punishing Megan and the following morning I made a point of carrying it back to the classroom for the start of lessons. The girls could not fail to notice as I put it back on its hook and I hoped they would take this as a warning signal. Gwyneth, however, seemed to treat this reminder of my cane as something of a challenge, doubtless thinking it fun to see how much more of the previous day's indiscipline I would tolerate. Her inattention and disregard of my position were soon apparent and I am afraid the other three girls followed her lead to some degree though with more caution. About ten that morning I saw Gwyneth scribble a note and pass it over to Megan, Megan glanced at it and sniggered and then handed it on to Nicola. Nicola read the note and looked at an expectant Anne, waiting her turn, but wisely Nicola decided not to pass on the note but instead slipped it quietly into her desk. I said nothing at the time but half an hour later, when the maid brought in coffee for break, I told them they had just five minutes to drink it up and then three of them would be required to turn their attention to a less pleasant matter. The coffee was gulped down in less than five minutes, in fact, and I then said that I need not trouble Nicola and perhaps she would care to spend a little time in the garden; she scuttled off.

'Now the three of you! You know perfectly well that your behaviour was inexcusable for much of yesterday and there is a worsening this morning. I find it discourteous, to say the least, to have you pass notes to one another in class hours and I presume the note which Nicola wisely refused to hand on was uncomplimentary —' Gwyneth's deep-red face confirmed this — 'though that is not of great moment. Gwyneth is chiefly to blame as she originated the note but you, Megan, were ready to pass it on and you, Anne, were only too obviously anxious to receive it. All three of you have been at fault in other respects but again, it is Gwyneth who is most to blame, the ringleader as it were. You agree, Gwyneth?'

In a small voice Gwyneth said: 'Yes, Sir.'

'Good! So I shall cane Gwyneth as an example. Megan and Anne, you are lucky that your discomfiture will be no greater than having to witness a caning you merit yourselves.'

I went to the cupboard and took out the heavier of the two canes, then turned towards Gwyneth who was now very subdued and tense; I noticed the tip of her tongue pass over dry lips.

'Gwyneth, no doubt you have been caned before, by Mr. Stanton?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Then prepare as usual.'

She rose heavily and slowly came to my table. Just a few moments of hesitation and then she began to undo the buttons at the side of her skirt. The buttons undone, she held the skirt to her waist in her hands and glanced expectantly towards me and then over her shoulder at Megan and Anne. None of us spoke. I busied myself with the table, raising the flap at one end, and that done I looked up at Gwyneth still clutching her skirt. Again she looked over her shoulder and this time Anne nodded slightly, when Gwyneth shrugged her shoulders and then quickly slipped her skirt down and stepped from it. I can still recall quite vividly the picture she presented then: well-proportioned, as many sixteen-year olds are, with long slim legs and thighs and the hint of a lovely bottom beneath her small pink knickers (brief panties were not worn then). I directed Gwyneth to take up position with her feet apart, hands just below her knees and head beneath the table flap — the Eton position. Her bottom was thus stretched wide, almost straining through the pink silk, the cheeks were very evident, thrust up and back, simply inviting the attention of my cane. The first stroke assured me of its pliancy and of its punishing power as I heard Gwyneth's gasp when it stung across her knickers. I gave her the conventional six, an inch or so apart down the sweep of her bottom, and I caned hard with a swing of perhaps two feet. Each cut must have blazed into her bottom since she gasped more urgently each time and on the sixth she let out a rewarding 'owowouch!' All the time, the swaying and weaving of her bottom, the scissor-movements of her thighs, were telling me that this cane really hurt. She would have tried to raise her head but for the table-flap that kept her in position; it was an inelegant stance indeed but presented her bottom admirably for the cane and I took the opportunity to warm it thoroughly. Anne and Megan looked on apprehensively, hands clasped up, and they winced in unison each time my cane found its target: quite possibly they were as much discomfited as Gwyneth herself. The caning took

only a couple of minutes and then Gwyneth managed to stand erect, though very stiffly, and Megan was helping her put on her skirt again; it may have been a useful cushion for her stinging bottom as she sat on the hard seat of her desk for the remainder of the morning.

* * * *

Most certainly I did not expect to cane a second girl on that same day but when I came to my Latin period it was only too apparent that Anne had missed out on her preparation once again and as she floundered about with her translation I could not see any way of her escaping a caning. I was desperately anxious to be fair to her, I suppose she was my favourite of the four girls, and I realised that she may have been disconcerted at having to witness Gwyneth's earlier punishment. Still, she had not done her preparation. Had I commenced using the cane in the classroom the day before she might well have taken more trouble in the evening's preparation at home but against that consideration was the fact that she had been warned, chided and admonished many times already. If I merely told her off again, the other girls would wonder why I had not turned to my cane and, in particular Gwyneth would feel harshly treated in comparison. I let Anne struggle on and so reveal her utter inadequacy for a few minutes, noting that Megan and Gwyneth occasionally exchanged glances as if to say 'she won't escape this time, silly little idiot', and then said with resignation:

'Anne, you did not prepare this text, did you?'

'Well, not very fully, Sir.'

'Anne, did you prepare at all?'

'Well, no, Sir.'

'Any excuse?'

'Not really, Sir.'

Anne, doubtless, had been thinking along much the same lines as I. She could not expect me to overlook her neglect for ever and now that Gwyneth had been taken to task, her turn had come, it would not be fair if she got off with just another admonition.

'Very well, Anne. You will be here ten minutes before classes start this afternoon.'

I do not think that Anne deliberately set out to compound her offence but perhaps she reasoned that if she was to be caned for lack of preparation she might just as well take a chance in another matter, which was to see the note which had led up to

Gwyneth's punishment. As I have mentioned, the note was passed first to Megan and then to Nicola but she did not hand it on to Anne, so Anne alone was in the dark about what it may have contained. The note still lay in Nicola's desk, as I had not left the classroom during break, and as the morning passed I noticed that Anne several times tried to signal Nicola, then she leaned across and whispers were exchanged, Nicola shaking her head; finally, Anne half-rose from her seat as I was writing on the blackboard and tried to force up the lid of Nicola's desk, presumably intending to snatch the note. I had sensed, as much as seen, these movements and decided the time had come to take formal notice; I swung round sharply and just at that moment Anne let go the lid and it fell on Nicola's fingers, prompting a cry of distress.

I spoke very quietly: 'Anne, after this further indiscipline, it will be bare-bender. You understand?'

Anne reddened. 'But Sir!'

'Can it be anything less, Anne?'

'No, Sir.'

I had much to think about over lunch that day for the prospect of caning Anne's bare bottom was, frankly attractive. I would not have found this so if Anne had not well-deserved her punishment. I am sure that I could not cane without very good cause, without real provocation; I could never set out to 'catch' a pupil. Nor would I be happy to cane unless the pupil herself saw the need for the punishment, was ready to submit, however unwelcome the caning might be. More particularly if the girl was to be caned on the bare bottom, which must be embarrassing for a sixteen-year old. So I had told Anne it was to be a bare-bender, true she had attempted a little protest, but when I had put it to her squarely that she could not expect to get away with less she had gamely acknowledged the fact and her consent, if perhaps reluctant, was forthcoming. It would be quite wrong to punish for my own pleasure, to seek out reasons for caning, but given that a naughty girl deserved to be punished I saw no reason why I should not find some pleasure in the task.

Nor was I blind to the fact that some of the pleasure lay in caning Anne in particular, for I have admitted she was my favourite. I do not think I should enjoy punishing a girl I did not know, someone just brought in from the street; nor a girl whose face and form and personality were unpleasing; nor a girl who was coarse or low-class. Anne was charming and



DAVE
CARNEY

lithe and youthful and blossoming and most certainly a young lady, if sometimes a rather lazy and naughty young lady, and this delightful creature was ready to submit to the sting of my cane. And I realised too that if I must find the whole person pleasing before caning could be pleasurable, the focal area of my interest was in caning her bottom. One could cane a girl across the hands, the shoulders, the thighs, but I wanted to cane Anne across her bottom. At ten minutes to two that bottom would be bare and perhaps trembling a little as I ordered it into position and reached for my cane, Anne's face would be away from me, scarcely of interest, all my attention would be concentrated on her bottom.

She was waiting in the schoolroom when I returned after lunch and blushed a little as she rose for me; she did not speak but I met her enquiring eyes by telling her to get ready. Anne went to the corner of the room near the blackboard and, her back to me, began to unbutton her skirt. She quickly slipped this down and stepped out of it, still with her back to me, and I was suddenly conscious of the swell of her bottom beneath blue knickers, or so much of them as I could see beneath her short blouse; she was still wearing her black stockings, no need to take these off, and the few inches of bare thigh above these gave a hint of the delights to come. I felt a growing surge of power over this lovely girl whom I had the right to punish.

Quietly, I ordered: 'Bring the cane from the cupboard.'

Anne went to the cupboard and after just a moment's hesitation withdrew the heavier cane and brought it to me. So she did not expect to be treated more lightly than Gwyneth. I enjoyed my power the more with a second instruction:

'And the other cane too.'

Anne was plainly puzzled but obediently returned to the cupboard, my eyes fixed to the flowing contours beneath her knickers, took the lighter cane and brought it back to me. Then she stepped back a pace or two, placed her two hands together and shyly, demurely, not impolitely, turned her head just a little to one side; she was biting her lip at one corner. She had still not spoken but there was nothing to suggest ill-temper, rather that she was dutiful, expectant, waiting my next instruction. I knew a wave of sympathy as I sensed how vulnerable she must feel standing before me in stockings, knickers and blouse but I quickly reminded myself

that this was a mature, fit girl of nearly seventeen, five foot three, a girl who had been very lax and, in the matter of the note, wilfully in the wrong. She was not a child, she must be used to the cane even if this was to be the first time from me, she must know she should be punished. But I wanted to underline my right:

'Anne, you know why you are to be caned?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Two offences, you recognise that?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'You have been caned before — by Mr. Stanton?'

'Yes, Sir.'

Miss Boone had said each girl got a bender most weeks but that was surely an exaggeration. I asked Anne:

'Many times?'

'No, Sir. A few times.'

'Benders?'

'Yes, Sir. But Sir! Benders. Not bare — I've never before —'

Anne's face had gone a bright red, suddenly she was all confusion. I said very quietly:

'But this time, Anne, it must be, don't you agree?'

Shamefully, but resignedly: 'Yes, Sir.'

'Very well.'

Anne turned round and had her back to me once again. Her fingers slipped inside the elastic of her knickers and very slowly she drew them down to her ankles and stepped free. I had the merest glimpse of her bottom beneath the blouse but that told me I could not demand the inelegant stance that seemed suitable for Gwyneth; Gwyneth's bottom had been full and rounded, Megan's one could describe as pert, but Anne's bottom was patrician. I took the cushion from my chair and placed it at one end of my table, not drawing up the flap this time.

'Anne, bend over the table, your tummy on the cushion. You will have to draw up your blouse, then place your hands over the far edge of the table.'

Anne followed my instructions dutifully. I allowed her to keep her feet together and she pressed her thighs tight as she bent over the cushion. I saw the face redden again as she remembered to pull up her blouse and so present her bottom to me. Then she stretched out her arms and clutched the table-top and her head she turned to one side and lay across her upper-arm; she closed her eyes.

I am sure her bottom was mobile from this moment, little tremors passing beneath the flawless, soft white

skin. Her bottom was almost oval in shape, rounded is not the word to describe it, and the beautifully paired cheeks, though full and resilient, were not marred by any excessive plumpness or coarseness; patrician indeed. A lovely, tremulous bottom inviting my cane. I had decided upon the conventional six but would not cane too hard, so I took the lighter cane and brought it down sharply across both cheeks which indented briefly and then regained their contours. Anne made no sound, there was no obvious movement, but a bright red line told me the cane had made her smart. Two more, an inch or so apart, and the smarting must have built up for Anne tried to draw her bottom away, press her tummy harder into the cushion, her legs had bent at the knees, and her bottom was in movement, weaving from side to side. Three thin red lines had appeared and she must have tasted their sting but Anne showed no distress. I picked up the other cane and saw Anne tense her bottom, knowing that this would be more punishing. My stroke was no harder but the cane bit in deep and scorched a wider band; Anne swung her bottom away and her hands clutched urgently at the table. A second cut and Anne's shoulders jerked up and her legs splayed apart and her feet slithered on the floor. She had gasped and was now panting but bravely resumed position. Then the third slash across her cheeks and she gave a little yelp as she jerked up, her shoulders shook, and her bottom was weaving and squirming and quivering. Anne knew the punishment was over, of course, six strokes is the conventional prescription, but she remained across the table for several moments regaining her breath and her composure. I was pleased to see how precisely I had caned, three light and three more vivid marks almost equally spaced down the sweep of her bottom. I had no doubt her cheeks would be blazing but this was confirmed when Anne rose and, quite unblushingly now, swung the palms of her hands to her bottom and urgently passed them up and down as if to damp down the fire. A minute or so passed and Anne regained her poise just as three very loud coughs were heard at the door; the other three girls had returned for classes. I looked at Anne, still in stockings and blouse, but she had not been startled and seemed unconcerned. A thought struck me:

'Do you girls show off your stripes after a caning?'

'Yes. They always want to see.'

'And I don't suppose anyone will concentrate this afternoon until they do?'

'No. All meaningful glances. All the time until four.'

'Like to get it over with?'

Anne nodded. I went to the door and admitted Gwyneth, Megan and Nicola. Anne briefly raised the hem of her blouse and let them see her bottom for a moment: there were murmurs of approval and quite respectful glances towards me as Anne slipped on her knickers, buttoned up her skirt and sat cautiously down at her desk, managing a small smile for me.

And Nicola? Easily the best-behaved girl in class and though the youngest, just fifteen, not likely to be led astray by Gwyneth who was certainly the naughtiest. It seemed quite possible that I should never have occasion to warm Nicola's bottom at all but then, one lunchtime, I was presented with a quite delightful duty. I had heard that Nicola's conduct at home was not always satisfactory, particularly when her father was absent abroad, little outbursts of temper leading her to say things that wounded and could not be forgiven easily; so that I was not entirely unprepared when at breakfast one morning the Colonel passed me a letter from Nicola's mother. Mrs. Jenkins had written asking if she might trouble the Colonel, and (with the Colonel's permission) more particularly me, to have Nicola well-spanked as she had been inexcusably rude to the parlourmaid of twenty years' standing. The Colonel explained that my predecessor had been similarly called upon, in the absence of Brigadier Jenkins, two or three times before as Mrs. Jenkins herself was quite ineffective in disciplinary matters. I could hardly refuse, nor did I wish to, as the prospect of a spanking — I took this literally to mean over-the-knee and slaps with the hand — suggested a new experience, quite possibly more delightful than a fiercer session with the cane.

Nicola knew about the letters, of course, and gave me an expectant look when she arrived that morning; I told her to curtail her lunch break by ten minutes and see me, not in the schoolroom, but in my sitting-room. She may have been surprised at this venue so when she presented herself there I explained that as she had misbehaved at home I did not intend to punish her in the schoolroom but in a more homely atmosphere. Her mother had

asked that she be well-spanked and I found this more homely too. Nicola nodded. I did not propose to go into the detail of her misbehaviour but had she been very rude and unkind? Nicola said she was sorry. So she deserved a good spanking? Nicola looked about in several directions, not seeking to escape punishment I think, but rather wondering whether a caning might not be preferable to the alternative of a childish spanking especially if the other girls got to hear. Then Nicola nodded in agreement.

I put her over my knee as she was dressed and I undid her skirt and threw it on to a chair, then quickly pulled her knickers down over her shoes. Nicola made a little protest as I did that, kicking her leg up, but not, I think, in real dispute. She had the loveliest little bottom, round as a button, and swelling softly up in two perfect small cheeks. I had the urge to caress rather than slap but reminded myself of my fatherly role and gave her half a dozen mild slaps on each cheek alternately. They cannot have hurt much but Nicola responded deliciously by pressing her tummy against my knee each time I slapped her bottom. Then a dozen harder slaps and Nicola's whole body was in motion as her bottom reddened. Her tummy was now squirming about as much as her bottom was weaving and bobbing and I had the delightful sensation of feeling her across my knee whilst at the same time enjoying the view of those responsive and reddening cheeks. My left hand held her gently across the shoulders but I could sense mobile little breasts darting about over my other trouser leg. Then a final dozen hard slaps, given slowly, each making the little bottom smart enough to matter. Slap! and the cheek was briefly flattened, the tummy came hard against my leg, Nicola's shoulders moved up against my restraining arm. Slap! on the other cheek and Nicola began a twisting, weaving motion across my knees. Slap! and her legs began to cycle. Slap! and she was twisting her head back and trying to look up at me, not in real distress, pouting rather, admitting I was master and doing a sound job. Slap! again and just a hint of a struggle to free herself. Slap! Slap! Slap!

More urgent movements now, her bottom waving, shoulders shaking, legs splayed apart. Slap! on one cheek and she lurched away from me. I pulled her back and Slap! on the other cheek and she threw herself hard down across my knees and her

hands were clutching at my trouser leg. Bottom now very red. Slap! and for the first time she let out a small cry: Owowow! 'Be quiet,' I said, trying to sound severe and as if much more was to come.

'I can't help it,' said Nicola. I gave her one more slap and then I think she was surprised when I said it was all over. I took my hand from her shoulders and she slithered across my knees to stand up again. She was flushed but not panting heavily and I expect the smarting patches all over her bottom were beginning to ease. A new intimacy seemed to have grown between us as she was in no hurry to search for her knickers; she stood there, carelessly poised, and managed a small grin as she moved her hands to her bottom and felt the length of each cheek as if to assure herself that all was unharmed. She looked about and caught sight of a mirror on the wall.

'Can I have a quick look?' she asked. I stood her on a chair and she turned round and lifted her blouse. She seemed to be disappointed: 'I thought it would be more red.' I could only grin myself and offer:

'I can soon make it a lot redder if you want!'

'Oh! No,' said Nicola, jumping down hastily and allowing me a last glimpse of an adorable bottom that had been mine for a few minutes, mine to slap deliciously, to slap into delightful motion.

As Nicola put on her knickers and skirt and tidied her hair in the mirror I had a minute to reflect on these four girls whose four bottoms were my initiation. Megan in tight pyjamas had given the pleasure of quelling pertness. Anne brought the power to command a cool and perfectly formed bottom of patrician quality. Gwyneth had been provocative and audacious in wide-spread knickers and I had caned her plumpness more fiercely. Last came Nicola and the joy of touch on her rounded softness, the motion of her responsive little body against mine. I shall not reveal my choice.

* * * *



LAURA LEE, the Vicar's daughter from Glamorgan sends us another account of the 'goings-on' in her father's highly improbable parish.

Continuing the saga of Mrs. Bettina Brown's correction, readers will recall that her first visit to the Vestry, following father's decision to introduce 'more vigorous ways' into her penance, resulted in a somewhat 'vigorous' happening for father himself. But the 'course of correction' required several more visits yet. Thus it was father settled himself down on the side of the righteous, leaving space on the other side of the Confessional's dividing screen, for the sinner . . . And me! Never suspecting, father was quite unaware that his long trusted elder daughter, she whom he would consult in all matters, parochial or otherwise, had also an appetite for confessions. That is for the confessions of others, especially the voluptuous and sensual Mrs. Bettina Brown's. I had long since decided that cramp in the legs was a small price to pay for the private hearing I could obtain listening in on other people's confessions, and by squeezing myself up tight behind the sinners' stool, all was made known to me. Thus it was that I arrived some five minutes before father, and slipped gingerly into the tiny open space deep in the shadows behind the penitent's stool. I had not long to wait before the familiar shuffle of his slippers announced the arrival of the confessor himself.

Adjusting his little biretta and arranging his stole, father settled down to a moment's anticipation of the 'weight of sin he must needs carry for these sinners'. Mrs. Brown's was particularly heavy and as he contemplated last week's episode, father could be seen preparing for a further heavy-weight ordeal. And he pulled his cassock closely about him.

'Tch — tch — tch . . . the Devil hits us below the belt, we must ever be on guard.' But where was Mrs. B? Five minutes late . . . now ten.

'Tch — tch — tch . . . ' and I too could eagerly have added a 'tch — tch', my legs were getting awfully cramped. But what was that, yes, a tap-tap on the Confessional's oak door.

'Come in.' Was there a certain eagerness showing in father's slightly querulous voice?

'Ah, it's you then Father!'

'But who else did you expect, you foolish woman, the Almighty himself?'

Mrs. Brown's titter only added to the kindling fire of father's annoyance.

'I hope you have a better account of yourself this week, that's all I can say.'

'Oh, but Father . . . it depends what we mean by 'better' . . . you see I couldn't help it if Mr. Cudlipp the organist . . . ' Mrs. Brown's intended accusation was cut short.

'You mean, you have more revelations for me . . . tch — tch — tch, is there no end to the sinning of this foolish woman?' To whom the question was addressed, we can only guess, but father sought further detail not from the Almighty, but from the sinner herself.

'Now I want chapter and verse, Mrs. Brown, chapter and verse.'

Mrs. Brown's brain was a lot less matured than her shapely body. 'You mean the holy bible itself, Father?'

'That I do *not*, I mean, a precise account of your sinning . . . tell me all.'

'Well it was this way . . . '

* * * *

The story Mrs. Brown had to reveal was little different from the many other happenings she had added to life's experiences in the avenues of sexual encounter.

'There I was doing the flowers your reverence, and this Mr. Cudlipp, he was giving out with his organ — long and loud your reverence.'

Father's wrath exploded into an immediate challenge as to the accuracy of this statement. 'Do you tell me now — there was Mr. Cudlipp performing with his er, this, er . . . '

'With his organ your reverence.'

'Tch — tch — tch,' perhaps it is *he* who should be here, to be playing with his, er, er . . . '

Slowly, recognition of father's misunderstanding was dawning on the foolish Bettina. 'Oh no, your reverence, not with his *tool*, oh no, not that . . . I mean he was playing *it* . . . the *organ*, you know the one that makes the *music*.'

Father breathed a sigh of relief mixed with despair. 'You foolish, foolish woman . . . what is to become of you? Should I not castigate you thoroughly without more ado?'

'Shall I slip me knickers off now then Father?' Mrs. Brown's fingers were already about the hem of her dress.

'No, no, no, not here in the Confessional . . . have you no sense of propriety at all, woman? Get on with it then, I mean your account of the happenings, that is if it did happen at all.'

'Well as I was saying Father, I was

doing the flowers and Mr. Cudlipp was playing the organ — the church organ. I didn't bother too much when the music stopped and as I was bending low over a floor-standing bowl, I couldn't see too much anyway. And then it was I felt his hands. I wasn't too aware of him at first till I realised that my knickers were down about my knees. And what is worse, Mr. Cudlipp's hands were about my bottom. His fingers were everywhere.

'Oh Mr. Cudlipp,' I said "you are a naughty man," but he just went on.'

Here the story halted as father seemed obliged to insert a 'Tch — tch — tch, do you tell me now?'

'I do Father, and when I tried to turn towards him, he simply pulled me closer. I could feel his, er, you know Father, up against me. I slapped his face but that only made him worse and in next to no time he had pulled me down the steps and in the vestry.'

Father exploded — 'You mean into my vestry woman? — the devil he did, the cheeky blighter.'

'But that was not all Father, it was there that he took me.'

'You mean, against your . . . ' Father's thoughts were racing. 'Against your will?'

'No, against my bottom Father.'

Father had heard enough to know that the time for this foolish woman's correction, before further names were besmirched by her wild fantasies, was long overdue. Also he was strongly aware now of a certain urgency down below, an urgency which could not be denied.

'Into the vestry woman, I have heard more than enough. Your stupid disregard for any propriety and your wild accusations leave me no other recourse but to castigate you most soundly.'

'Oh but Father, what about Mr. Cudlipp? . . . '

'I doubt if castigation would help him now, anyway I'm not at all convinced as to the truth of your accusations. Follow me this minute.'

But an instant reprisal was not to be. First, the nature of this foolish woman's actions was such that something more lasting than the back of the hairbrush was needed. And thus it was that Mrs. Bettina Brown found herself knocking at the study door of the Headmaster of the Church school next door.

'If you please Sir,' Mrs. Brown felt like some naughty schoolgirl, and certainly sounded the part. 'Father Lee wants to borrow the cane!'

'Does he now, and for what purpose, that daughter of his again I suppose?'

'Oh no Sir, for *me*.'

'You mean *you* are to get the cane, that's interesting, why?'

Mrs. Bettina Brown's eyelids fluttered and fell, her long lashes showing the embarrassment she felt as, obliged to tell her tale of woe, she began laboriously all over again, implicating and accusing, involving the poor unfortunate Mr. Cudlipp.

'But I don't believe a word of it, I think his reverence is right, it is *you* who needs a flogging, and I've a mind to do it myself. How'd you like that then?'

'Oh, I wouldn't like it at all Headmaster.'

'No I am sure you wouldn't, so maybe a little spanking instead?'

Mrs. Bettina Brown, had a small brain if indeed a large bottom and thus saw the alternative as something of a bargain.

'That would be better Sir, yes that would be all right.' And so it was the church's cleaning lady found herself once again involved in a bizaare situation playing the role of the naughty girl about to have her bottom smacked. As she leaned obediently across the back of the Headmaster's armchair, we will never know her thoughts. Did she truly believe that all this was in the cause of justice and *her* need of penitence and correction? Or was she well aware of the tremendous attraction her plump and shapely bottom had for male eyes and that to see was not all, the men wanted mostly to touch and to smack and to cane. Maybe she knew this all too well . . . and enjoyed it. I was the one doing the speculating, since, whilst Father was waiting patiently in the little vestry I had slipped from my crouched hiding place and had taken up a new position just outside the concealed casement window leading from the Headmaster's study. It didn't take a second to slip Mrs. Bettina Brown's knickers down. Posturing her was a longer job, for the Headmaster was a stickler for correctness.

'Must get your bottom properly elevated, you know, thrust it out, that's it — higher, higher.' Mrs. Brown was now on tip toe, her shapely legs seen to their most curvaceous advantage, and, with her knickers now about her ankles, her bare bottom presented a sight any Headmaster with a taste for disciplining the sinner, would welcome. The Headmaster had dealt with quite a few errants in his time, trousers down and gymslips up had revealed to him bottoms of various shape and style. But he'd never ever seen the like of this. Mrs. Bettina Brown's bare bottom was a master-

piece of lechery. How he'd love to cane it, to have it yield to his mastery. But that was the vicar's task, he must not entirely anticipate or take over the prerogative of his old friend next door. The hand which would normally ply the cane across the naked bottoms of naughty boys and girls, hovered empty but with good covering power, just a foot or two above Mrs. Brown's bare bottom. And then with a mighty 'ploppppp —' followed by 'smaaaaack — smaaaaaack — plopppp — plopppp — ploppppp' the spanking began. All too soon it seemed, it must come to an end, and as with a loving stroke with his outstretched forefinger, the Headmaster, traced the line of the bottom's deep dividing cleft, he knew that there, alas, was as far as he might go. Just now, anyway. But as clutching the borrowed cane, Bettina made her way from the school, a very thoughtful Headmaster picked up the phone.

'Send some flowers will you, the biggest bouquet you can find, to Mrs. Bettina Brown . . .'

'Tch — tch — tch — .' Father looked at his pocket watch, shook his head then replaced the old timepiece in his waistcoat pocket. 'The foolish woman, she can't even get that right, it's ten minutes she's been away already. But his growing impatience was cut short as the vestry door opened and a pliant length of swishy school cane came poking through. 'Well come in, come in, don't just stand out there!' And the crook handle too clasped by the shapely Bettina was shortly in his presence. She did look pitiful, really you could as easily make love and comfort her than cane her, like some young girl, yet with a body matured and shaped to the fullness of womanhood in full bloom. But she must be taught a lesson. 'Give it to me then,' and obediently the crestfallen Bettina, already smarting from the sound spanking she'd only just come away from, handed the cane to her parish priest.

'But Father, I've just been chastised . . .'

'Yes and I'm Queen of the May, I know — bend over the vestry table this minute.'

'But Father I have, the Headmaster did it, he smacked me . . .'

Father made for the phone. In a trice he was through to his neighbour nextdoor. 'Did you give Mrs. Bettina Brown the *cane* Headmaster . . .'

The question related to the cane and the Head was not telling any untruth when he began: 'The *cane*, certainly not, all I did was . . .'

But he was cut short.

'As I thought, thank you and I'm sorry to have wasted your time Headmaster.' Click, the phone was back on the hook. Mrs. Bettina Brown could see that to argue further would be to little avail.

'Over there then Father?' and dutifully she arranged her comely body across the vestry table, flipping back her skirt, once in place. 'Do you want them down?'

'Of course, of course . . .'

And in instant response, Bettina's fingers slipped into the waistband of her little panties, and brought them sliding sensuously down.

'But what's all this then . . . ?' Father couldn't miss the reddened marks and the finger impressions across the bold upward thrusting buttocks. But he cut short Bettina's attempt to explain with a: 'And well deserved I've no doubt, but now for something more lasting,' and he took hold of the flexible yellow school cane, its two-and-a-half feet of swishy punishing length, curving out before him.

He stood back and knew now that all his years as a parish priest could easily fly out of the window, as it were. He had never known such temptation. Yet to his simple mind, this was all the more evidence of the Evil One and his tremendous temptations seen in the lustful sensual flesh.

'We must flog him from you . . .'

he muttered as he surveyed the scene. Here was his cleaning lady, postured across his vestry table, skirts up, her knickers down. Here was a bottom so plump, so ample, so superbly shapely, ivory white and pink, a study in contrasts and surmounting a delightful pair of legs propped up in heels too high for decency. He'd flog the devil from those lecherous buttocks. And he did. With a resounding swisssssh, followed by an instant thwaaaack, the school cane thrashed down across the meatiest part of Bettina's big bare bottom. And left a cruel thin red line behind it. There was a long piercing yell and Mrs. Bettina Brown burst into a flood of tears. She had already had one smarting experience. Now this. Her hands stole smartly round to protect her but the vicar's were there first and as he pulled the arm that sought to protect, he had the erring woman in a vice like grip. Her struggles were to no avail as a following four smarting stripes fell across the plump wobbling nether cheeks. Tears cascaded down, her yells were loud and long, as thraaash — thraaash — thraaash, the pliant school cane bit hungrily it seemed, into the resilient abundance of bottom flesh, leaving thin stripes in purpling red



behind it.

'This will' — thraaash — 'teach you' — thraaash — 'to tell the' — thraaaash — 'truth . . . ' Father's words were interspersed by the thrashing of his cane falling across the unfortunate's bare bottom. Try as she might to pull the vulnerable great cheeks in, the bottom's muscles would not hold against the totally unsupport-

ed flesh and her bottom poked out in arrogant defiance it seemed. Defiance which father was resolved to thrash into total submission. And he did. Twelve mighty strokes fell across that big bare bottom, and now, sobbing uncontrollably, heaving, writhing, Mrs. Bettina Brown was aware of cool air blowing across her nakedness. The door had opened.

'Why Father . . . !' It was was the Headmaster. Perhaps his visit had come in time, for who knows what father, in his present turmoil, would next have done. 'Ah yes, now I see, it was for Mrs. Brown that you borrowed the cane, very good, very good, but did she tell you I had already dealt with her?'



THE DENTAL NURSE

It matters not where you stand in the world, from Africa to Russia to America, one day turns into night, and the next day arrives right on cue. Sue wished she could have been anywhere else in the world other than in the dental surgery in the small industrial town in the Midlands. Her dental nursing was so vital to her planned career as a dentist herself, and now, in June, with her 'A' Levels behind her she wanted to learn all about the profession for the coming September entrance to dental school.

Once in the past she had ended up on the receiving end of a good spanking, first by his hand and then by a rubber flat shoe. She had been forced to take off her trousers, tights, and panties for that, and John, her boss had noticed that under her loose dental nurse's tunic she had been braless.

Now the evening surgery was finished, all the instruments had been boiled and put away into their drawers, and all the lights and gas, air and water taps had been shut down for the night. John was writing the accounts for the day as Sue tidied up, and their thoughts were both on the same thing — this evening had been a disaster. To begin with Sue had dropped a drawer from the filing cabinet, something which was not really her fault but which she could have avoided if she had been a little more careful, and an incident which meant that none of the patients that night had their correct card with them when John walked into the surgery. Indeed Sue became so flustered that sometimes one, two, or at one time, even three of the surgeries were empty when John walked in to treat a non-existing person, and he had to call the patients himself, find their card and start to treat them without Sue. All this took time, time when he could have been doing fillings or taking out teeth and earning money. He himself had a large mortgage to pay, and the practice was bought from a bank loan which he had to pay back, despite the slack weeks which were inevitable. As the evening progressed less and less was going right for Sue. The time taken to find the cards meant that she could not clear the surgeries properly or put in new patients with new instruments, or put out a clean glass of water with a mouthwash tablet dissolving. John

even discovered unwiped blood in one or two of the surgeries and the burs from the drills were still clogged with bits of tooth from the previous filling. And they became more and more late with their appointments. By 8.30 they had seen the 7.30 appointment, and by the time they saw the last patient, booked for 8.30, it was nearly half past ten. John had to apologise to everybody, something he hated doing because often if a patient was five minutes late he would refuse to treat them, and here he was himself, running nearly two hours late. Not that the clients minded, they really were only too pleased to be able to get this thing done without taking time off from their work.

At last they had both finished, John first, and he now sat behind the big desk in the office waiting to give Sue a lift home. She had packed her bags and had counted the cash, so she knew that despite the incidents, they had had a good night as far as money went. John however was not satisfied.

'Do you know how much you have cost me tonight with your stupid accidents and inefficiency?'

'It can't be much,' Sue said hopefully, 'we took an awful lot of money.'

'That may be so, but if I could have worked we could have made a lot more, and what's more . . . ' John went on for five minutes lecturing her on the unprofessional way he had had to conduct the surgery that evening and the irreparable damage it had probably done to the practice, which both he and Sue knew was not really true. He finished up by going through the list of patients he had seen that evening and listing all the things he could remember that had gone wrong or were missing or had not been done by or because of Sue.

' . . . And we even finished up by trying to fit Mrs. Smith with a denture which was made for someone else simply because you did not look at the initial on the ticket. Well I had enough this evening. I told you last time that you had to pay for your mistakes, and tonight you really took the bull by the horns.' He rummaged amongst some papers, 'here are your cards, you can take them now and I'll give you a week's pay instead of the notice and I'll have to find someone else for next week.'

He thrust the cards into Sue's hand and turned to go. 'Come on then if you want a lift home, it's late.'

Sue didn't know quite what to do, but was nearly in tears. 'I'm sorry,' she whispered, 'I really couldn't help it, things just didn't go right tonight.'

'You're so right,' barked John, 'but they won't go wrong again with you.'

Sue thought of the stereo and of the valuable experience she was getting, and meantime John was thinking of the difficulties in finding a good nurse. In the end it was John who spoke and voiced both their feelings.

'The spanking I gave you last time obviously didn't work, so what's the point of trying that again?'

Sue was willing to grasp at this stray offered to her by her employer. 'I'm not sure about that,' she said softly, 'I think it might be preferable to my losing the job anyway.'

John felt his stomach leap inside him, all the time he had been wondering if they could have a repeat performance of the last spanking session, because in all fairness it had worked, if only for a period of four or five weeks, and she had been an excellent nurse in those weeks. He told her so, that he supposed she had worked well for five weeks or so and that another spanking might make her be more careful in future. Sue had almost forgotten the pain of the last bare bottomed spanking she had, but remembered well the humiliation of being face down over her young employer's knee, one leg and both hands trapped, naked from her waist down, her free leg kicking and showing him everything she usually kept hidden under her panties, so she suggested: 'But please let me keep my pants on this time, it was horrid last time.'

John rose to this suggestion with all the anger he could prtend to muster. 'Keep your pants on this time? The spanking last time obviously wasn't enough, I'm certainly not going to make it any less effective this time, quite the opposite!'

John was thinking of her young full breasts which she let hang free under her tunic. Last time he had caught glimpses of them as her tunic fell down over her lowered head and shoulders, and this had made him eager to have them exposed fully this time, but he wasn't ready to tell her so yet, and the last three words of his last outburst had been lost on a trembling frightened young girl anyway.

'Right then,' said John, 'take off your coat and things and come here.' He lifted his swivelling dental stool from behind the desk where it had been since he found it an excellent substitute for an office chair, and placed it in front of the desk. Sue took off her coat and came across to him.

'I said, take off your coat and things. THINGS,' he emphasised the last word, 'and in case you don't know or can't remember what things are, you start with your shoes, then your trousers, tights, and the rest. You don't need reminding I'm sure.'

John was right, she didn't need reminding but she was hoping against all odds that he might have forgotten or decided to be a little lenient, or something, but no, he wanted her bum naked just like before.

She bent to slip off her flip flops, and remembered to drop them nonchalantly away from the chair. Last time the marks from them hadn't disappeared after a week. Then she pulled up the tunic of her dental uniform to reach the zip at the side of her trousers. The trousers were tight and John had already noticed the tiny outline of her panties against the smoothness of her flesh. As the trousers were tight, the zip was stiff, and she had to use both hands to undo it, pulling the tunic tight across her breasts, and John could not help but notice from where he was sitting that her nipples pressed against the nylon material, unconfined by any bra. She succeeded in getting the zip down and started to wriggle the trousers down her thighs. She was standing sideways on to John as she undressed, and he saw the smooth pale flesh of her thigh as the trousers descended, meaning — no tights this time. Well it is nearly summer John thought to himself. In pulling the trousers down Sue could not help but pull down the tiny lace panties she was wearing, just a triangle at the front and at the back tied by strings at the side. The black lace set off her creamy thighs perfectly, and before she had a chance to release her panties, the top of her pubic bush started to appear. Her trousers suddenly freed themselves from her hips and she slid them down her long shapely legs, then as she bent to pull them off, she waited before straightening up to pull down the last protection to her modesty and to her poor buttocks which would soon be changing their

colour. In the pause John decided this was the time to introduce the latest idea he had on her punishment.

'Leave your knickers on and come here,' he ordered.

Sue breathed a long sigh of relief to herself, thankful that she did not have to remove these panties. Although they hid nothing from view, the nylon was pretty well transparent and from the back you could easily follow the lines of her cheeks as they dipped into the material, and the bottoms of the cheeks, the gluteal folds, were well out of the knickers, and from the front the pubic hair was very apparent, she felt more modest and protected than if she had taken them off. John however found this sight more erotic than if she had taken them off and presented herself completely naked to him, a state of affairs which would happen soon anyway. John now produced his trump.

'Obviously the last spanking did not do you enough good. I consider it was hard enough, but perhaps it was given in the wrong way.' Sue agreed with his first statement, but now began to tremble wondering what was in store for her.

John continued: 'When you remove your panties, (Oh no Sue thought to herself), your covering will have been provided by me, in that I provide and pay for your tunics. I think this is psychologically wrong, therefore you will now remove my tunic.'

Sue didn't move, too struck to do anything. 'But . . . ' she began.

'No buts,' said John, 'take off my tunic, now.'

'But I haven't got anything on underneath.' Sue wailed pathetically.

'That is your lookout, not my fault,' replied John, 'take off my tunic unless you want a double dose of what you got last time.'

Sue looked quite pitiful standing before him. The white tunic just failed to meet the top of her brief panties, her hair had been let down for the journey home, and all her legs, thighs, pubic hair and stomach were clearly visible to an obviously interested John. Slowly she reached up behind her back and pulled the zip down, pushing her breasts hard against the thin material as she did so and giving him a preview of what was to come in the next few moments. Having pulled the zip completely down she then reached for the hem with her arms





crossed and pulled it slowly up, up over her head. Her ribs floated into view, then the underside of her breasts, and finally John was treated to a fully unobstructed view of her young breasts, pulled tightly upwards by her arms still overhead, her face still covered by the tunic. He noticed appreciatively the round breasts topped by erect nipples, looking firm enough so that when she put down her arms they would stay and not droop. The white skin under her arms looked extremely vulnerable and tender as she stood struggling to remove the tunic over her head. With a final heave she pulled the garment off and shook her head to rearrange her hair, then pulling her arms out of the sleeves, she dropped it onto the floor and turned to face John, dressed only in her tiny black lace panties which had already been pulled down to the top of her thighs when she had taken off her tight trousers.

John had often admired his pretty assistant whilst she was working, but he had never realised the beauty contained beneath her clothes. Her soft face and big blue eyes, sensuous mouth with tender smiling lips, long black hair, smooth white shoulders, firm round breasts topped with pink nipples, erect now in fear and anticipation, the slim waist and narrow thighs, long slender legs and the overall perfection of innocence she exhibited made her at the moment the most desirable creature he had ever seen. But he was not to be put off by her attractiveness, far from it, his desires were now fully aroused and he meant to make the most of this opportunity. She was standing near enough for him to reach out and take hold of her hand, and to pull her gently towards him. She resisted at first, still unsure of her fate, and John stood up, pulling harder so that she fell against him.

'I'm not going to put you over my knee this time. You can clear a space on the desk and then bend over the end.'

Sue released her hand and walked across to the desk, conscious of the bounce of her breasts as she walked towards him, and then of the wiggle of her bum cheeks as she walked past him to the desk. She bent over the desk, her breasts hanging beneath her shoulders, and her nipples actually brushing the desk top as she bent forward. John was treated to a magnificent view of her buttocks, only partially hidden by the near transparent panties, as she

bent fully over the desk clearing the top.

'O.K.,' said John suddenly, 'don't move, stay just as you are.'

Sue was now fully bent over the desk, reaching for a book on the far side, her toes just touching the floor, her legs quite straight, her breasts squashed flat on the desk top, and her buttocks tightly stretched over the edge. She gave a resolute sigh of submission to the inevitable, and relaxed slightly.

'Put your arms out straight and hold the end of the desk.'

She tried but was unable to reach, and John seeing this, changed her orders so that she had to stretch her arms out in front and sideways to grasp the edges of the desk as far forward as she was able. John had meanwhile, unseen by Sue, picked up one of her flip flops and now moved behind her, standing to her left and putting his left hand on the table, and with his right hand pulled the tie string at the side of her panties, pausing, only slightly before he repeated the action on the other side. The black triangle slid slowly down her buttocks, revealing the spanking area in all its girlish slimness and womanly appeal, round firm cheeks, now pressed tightly together. The wisp of material now hung from between her cheeks, and John could easily have pulled it out, but instead he decided to order her to open her legs to release the garment. Slowly Sue opened her legs revealing to John's eager gaze firstly a wisp of pubic hair, then a full rear view of her vagina. Twice she tried to stop, after the panties had fallen to the floor, and twice John slapped her on her right cheek — 'Keep going, open your legs wide or it'll be all the worse for you. Sue had to slide back down the desk until John had forced her to place each foot outside the leg of the desk. John then picked up the shoe from the desk beside her and raised it above his shoulders.

'Don't move now, or I'll start again from the beginning.'

'How many am I to get?' asked Sue fearfully.

'I reckoned you lost me at least fifty pounds this evening, so you should get at least fifty with the flip flop.'

It was the first time Sue realised he had the shoe in his hand. 'Oh no . . . ' she began.

' . . . but seeing as you have been quite good so far, I'll halve it for you and give you twenty-five, pro-

viding you don't move.'

She gripped the edge of the table hard as John took aim at the centre of her right buttock which was already tinged pink from the two earlier slaps, tensing her whole body waiting for the pain she knew was to come. John brought the rubber shoe down hard onto the naked cheek, pressing harder into Sue's back to prevent her from moving. The slap from the shoe was followed by a muffled groan from the poor girl, and although she didn't move, she lifted one foot from the floor to try to ease the pain which now flooded through her body from her right buttock. John waited until the buttock had a nice red imprint of the shoe, and then brought it down again, harder this time, on the same spot, causing Sue to cry out in pain and to grip the desk so hard she pulled her whole body along the top, lifting her feet off the floor. Her legs started coming together, but John was quick to order her to part her knees again. The view of her white buttocks, one now angrily red, was too good to be hidden from his view. Two more slaps followed in quick succession, both on the same cheek as before, but both a little lower, the second one catching the underside of the round buttock and leaving a nice mark on the gluteal fold. Sue was now crying quite openly. She knew that when she had involuntarily pulled herself along the desk, she had raised her backside so that John must be able to see her private parts.

John paused before raising the shoe high in the air and bringing it down hard on her left buttock, dead centre. The pain was not so intense this time as this was the first time this side had been assaulted, but after a few seconds pause, John hit her again, this time letting the shoe drop lower and allowing his hand to deviate towards the middle of Sue's legs. Consequently the soft rubber landed on the inside of her left thigh. Sue screamed with pain now and jumped her whole body off the table, still just managing to keep touch with her hands, her legs writhing in her sudden agony and her whole naked body wriggling and rolling over the table. Her long black hair had fallen over her eyes, so she did not see John preparing for the next two strokes of the shoe, one hard to the centre of each buttock, the result of which was that Sue only just managed to control herself and prevent herself from getting up and





clutching her poor bottom, which John could see was now turning a nice bright red. John too was having trouble controlling himself, he was longing to run his hands up those slender legs, all the way to the top, and to caress the aching buttocks, letting his thumbs roam around what was so clearly displayed before his eyes; but he had a task to perform first, and decided to at least vary this approach. The next few slaps with the flip flop were deliberately hard, all falling one after the other in quick succession and covering Sue's bottom with red blotches. Sue's reaction was to writhe all over the table, and this enabled John to get his arm around Sue's waist. This he found was not too comfortable, so he sat on the edge of the table, and telling Sue not to let go of the edge, he lifted her body over his left leg, so that her legs could no longer touch the floor. With his left arm round her thighs, his hand underneath her rested against her pubis, and each time the shoe struck Sue's now purple bum, he inched his hand lower, so that by the fifteenth stroke of the shoe, his forefinger and middle finger were occasionally brushing her clitoris. Sue suddenly felt John's hand go round her body, but as far as she was concerned, it only meant that her movements were restricted that much more. She vaguely felt that his hand should not have been where it was, but the pain from her buttocks was too intense now for her to care. John had counted the strokes of the slipper, and now concentrated on the area at the junction of her legs and buttocks, the gluteal fold area, and with the next six strokes hit alternately the right and left thigh, moving each time nearer to the middle, so that the last two of these were on the inside of her now tortured thighs, causing her to scream loudly and to let go with her hands. She fell out of John's arms onto the floor and was immediately on her feet, clutching between her legs and round her tortured, well spanked thighs and buttocks. John was quite firm though.

'I told you that if you got up we would have to start again.'

'Oh no please John, I've had enough, I can't take any more, please don't hit me again.'

'If you take your last four without moving, we'll call it quits. O.K.? Just four more.'

She mumbled her agreement, and John decided it was time for some-

thing different. He told Sue to remain standing where she was.

'Feet apart, wider, wider.'

Sue's feet moved apart, and John, facing her front could see the tuft of pubic hair protruding down between her legs. He walked slowly round behind her, complimenting himself as he did so on the angry redness of her bum, with purple blotches now starting to show through the red. 'Bend over young lady, keep your knees straight and touch your toes.'

Sue bent over, the tightness in her buttocks increased, sending waves of pain through her. John told Sue to stay where she was, and walked over to the chair where Sue had put her things, picked up her handbag, and took out her large plastic backed hairbrush which he knew she carried therein. Looking round at Sue, he felt a pity for her, she looked so defenceless and lovable, bent nearly double, her beautiful breasts heaving as she sobbed to herself, her hair hung down, over her face, and her long slim legs, straight as he had told her. Slowly he ran the bristles of the hairbrush up the inside of her thigh. 'The hairbrush to finish with.'

Circling her waist with his arm, again letting his hand roam downwards, or in her position, upwards, to brush her pubis, he applied two hard smacks to her right buttock, causing her to jump, then almost without pausing, he put all his weight behind a tremendous spanking thrash to the left buttock. Sue howled and kicked, but his left arm stayed firm, and she hung under his arm, kicking and writhing, slowly slipping down until his arm was pushed hard against her breasts. Slowly releasing her so that his hand brushed across her nipples, he told her to bend over again for the last one. She took her position, but John was not satisfied.

'Feet wider apart, and wider still.'

Sue was now fully exposed, her naked buttocks glared at him like two soft red globes, inviting him, and he knew he would not be able to control himself for much longer. Walking behind her he said to her: 'The last one, I am going to run my hand around your bum, and when and where I stop, that's where it will be.' John's hand roamed all over her nude thighs and legs, across her vagina to the other buttock, then suddenly he raised the hairbrush high above his shoulder and brought

it slicing down to the bottom of the right buttock, causing Sue to leap forward and fall in a heap on the floor. Leaving her to herself for a moment, John went to his drinks cabinet and poured two large brandies. Taking one back to Sue, he lifted her, still sobbing to herself in agony, and carried her to the one settee in the room. Lying her down so that her upper body lay across his legs, he offered her the brandy. She took one sip, put the glass down then fell crying onto his shoulder, her arms around his neck, her breasts, still naked pushed up against his shirt.

'Oh John I'm sorry I let you down so much, I don't do it on purpose you know. I hope it's all forgotten now.'

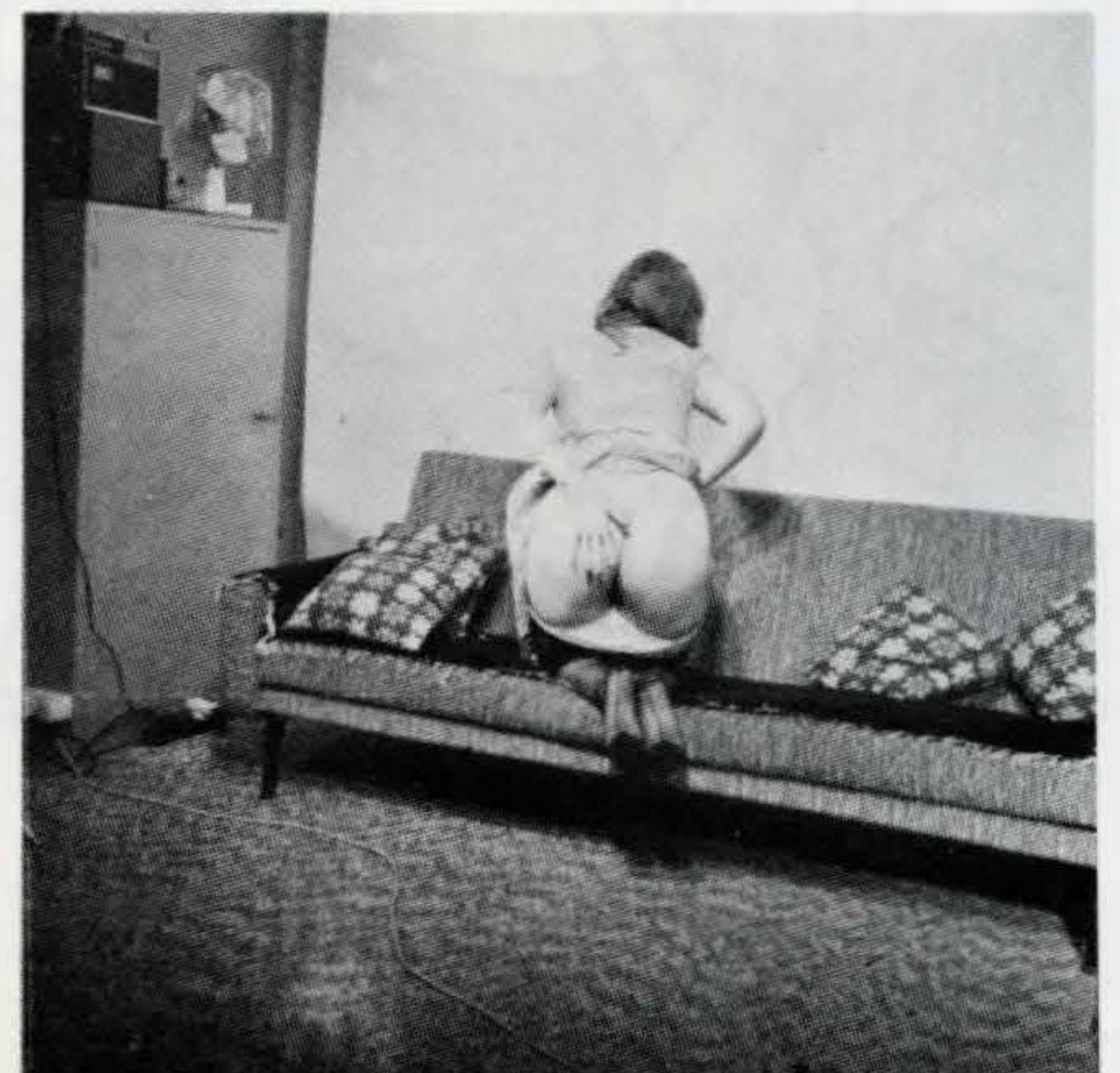
John handed her her brandy again.

'Let's kiss and make up,' he suggested bravely.

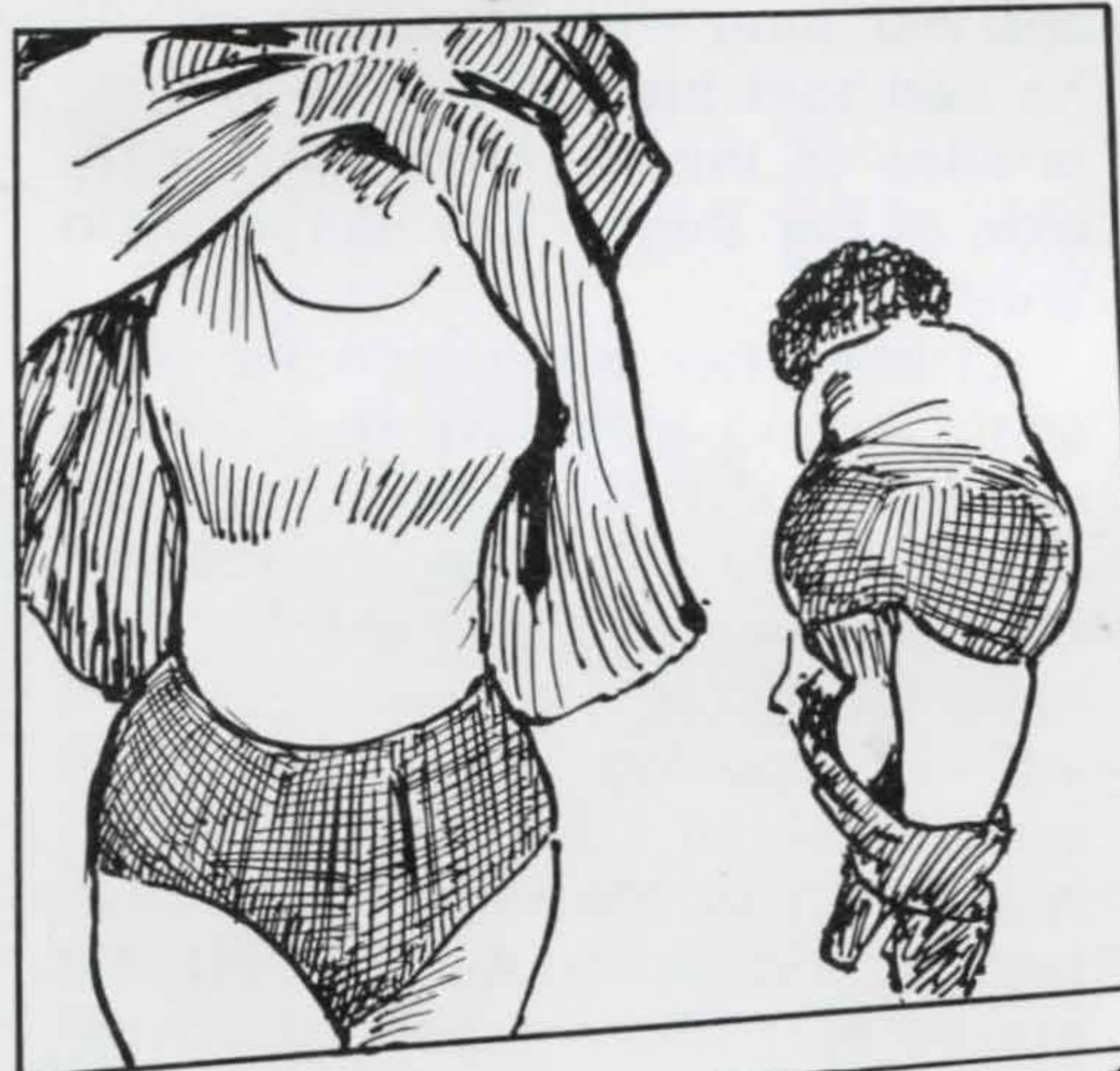
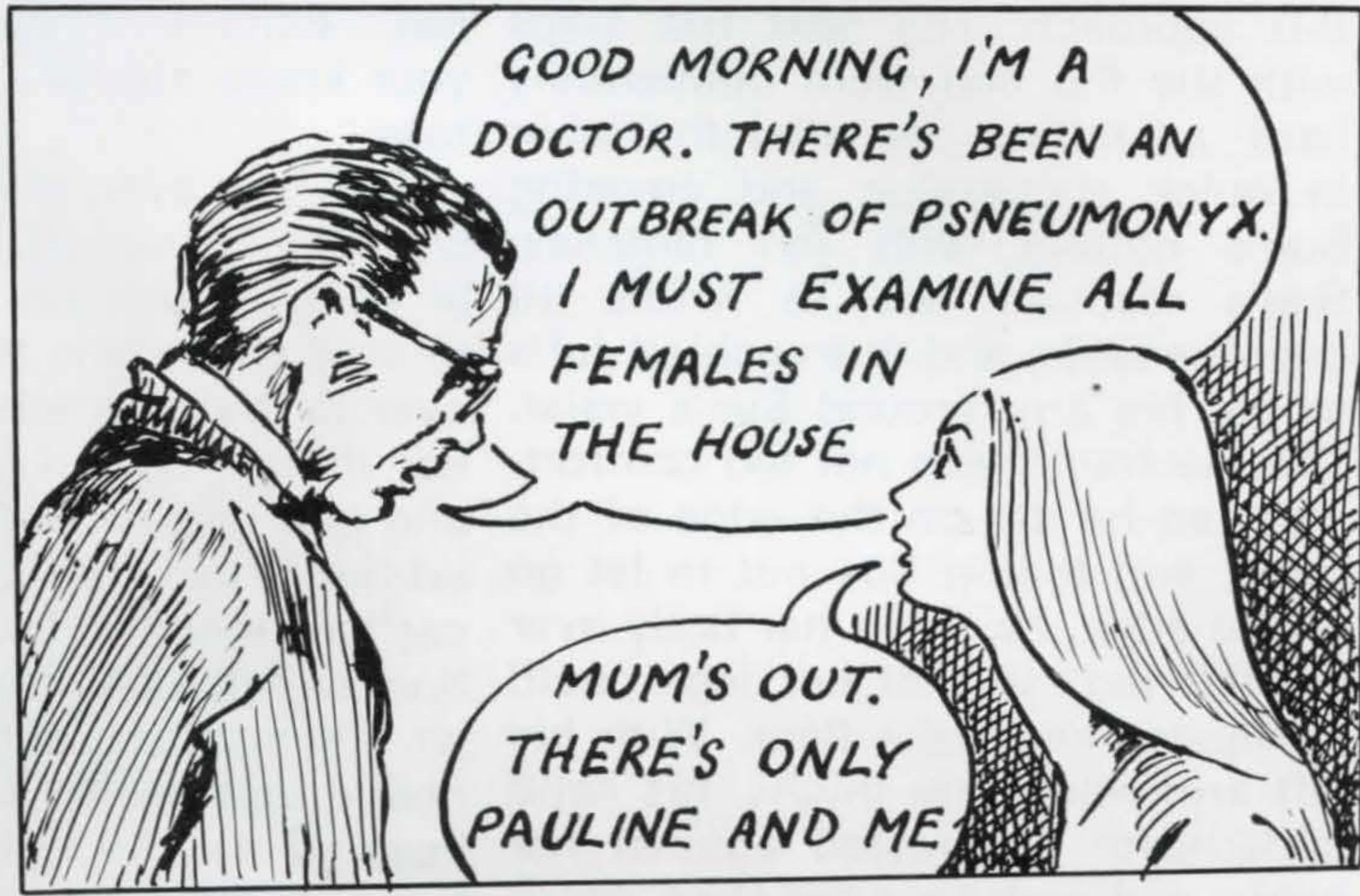
Sue took his brandy and put it next to hers, put her arms back around his neck and kissed him. John of course responded, letting his hands do the wandering around her naked breasts which they had been itching to do ever since she had stripped in front of him earlier. Their first 'kiss' lasted five minutes before they separated, and John suggested she put on her clothes and freshen up before he drove her home. But he knew this was the start, not the end of a new phase in this dentist/dental nurse relationship.

* * * *

To be continued, Sue leaves, but first helps John to 'initiate' her replacement into the punishment scheme by setting herself up, then the replacement finds herself in Sue's place. What will John do?



Tales of SPANKERS END ²



THE TESTS PROCEED...

I MUST LOOK INTO THIS



NOW WE GET TO THE POINT..



CAN YOU FEEL THAT



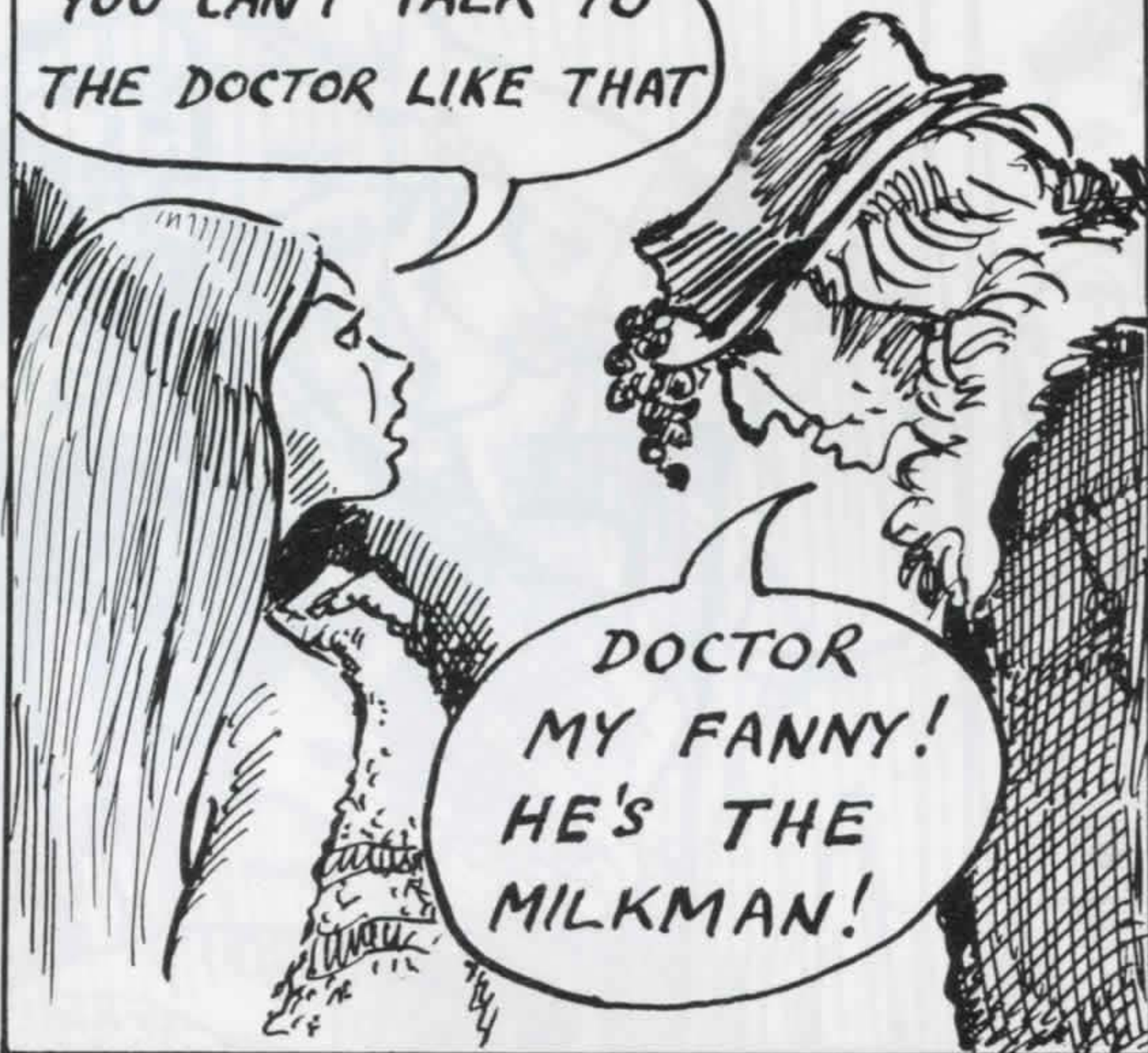
MRS. GIBBS CALLS...

'ERE YOU, WHERE'S ME YOGHURT?



YOU CAN'T TALK TO THE DOCTOR LIKE THAT

DOCTOR MY FANNY! HE'S THE MILKMAN!



WELL, I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A DOCTOR BUT I CAN'T STAND SICK PEOPLE



LATER... MOTHER RETURNS

ANGELA, YOU'RE WANTED... IT'S FRIDAY

OH MUM, I HATE FRIDAYS!



YOU WANNA WATCH MEN THEY'LL SAY ANYTHING T'GET YER PANTS OFF



THE LODGERS ASSEMBLE
IN THE LOUNGE



NOW GENTLEMEN
ANY COMPLAINTS

ANGELA
SPILT THE
TEA...

AND SPIED
AT THE
KEYHOLE

AND SHE
WAS CHEEKY



SHE'S ALWAYS
CHEEKY



I THINK IT'S
YOUR TURN MR. JONES
I'M SO SORRY TO
TROUBLE YOU



IT'S MY
TURN NEXT
WEEK

SERVES HER
RIGHT FOR
BEING SO
CHEEKY

ANGELA CAN NEVER UNDERSTAND
WHY THE LODGERS ALWAYS
COMPLAIN BUT DON'T LEAVE...
WHAT IS THE ATTRACTION?

NEXT DAY...



GOOD MORNING, I'M CONDUCTING A SURVEY... MAY I ASK YOU...



MRS. GIBBS' WARNING

SURE YOU'RE NOT A DOCTOR OR A MILKMAN!



YOU'RE NOT SEEING MY BOTTOM!

ANGELA'S PREDICTION WAS TO PROVE WRONG AS THE GENTLEMAN WAS QUITE GENUINE AND MOTHER HAD ASKED HIM TO CALL.



PLEASE EXCUSE ME WHILE I PUNISH THIS NAUGHTY GIRL



NOW YOU CAN STAND IN THE CORNER... MR JONES WILL WANT TO TAKE YOUR PANTS DOWN WHEN HE COMES IN



NOW WHAT IS YOUR SURVEY ABOUT

JUST ONE QUESTION.. ER.. DO YOU APPROVE OF CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

NEXT MONTH ANGELA GOES TO SCHOOL AND WE SEE HER SEAT OF LEARNING.

EVER BEEN HAD?

I do not often read 'Janus', but I do occasionally glance through a copy on the bookstall while buying the general girlie magazines which are more to my taste.

I must say, I would be frankly amused at the stories you publish concerning girls who freely push out their bottoms for the cane, if I had not, from my own personal experience, known that this does happen — even if it doesn't happen quite as frequently as 'Janus' pages make out.

I was finally impelled to write because of reading your story 'A Victorian Hoax' in one of your issues.

I am now retired, but used to be a teacher at a state school up in the Midlands. It was before the days when mixed sex schools were so common, and my school was strictly boys.

I was, in fact, paid full time although I was, strictly speaking, not

working full time. This arrangement came about because I had told the school that part time pay would not be enough for me. They were having a certain amount of trouble getting suitable candidates (my subject is Maths, and science teachers were always rather difficult to 'hook') and they stretched a point, and gave me full pay for only three and a half days teaching. I don't know how they justified it in the books, but that was not my affair.

The cane was in use at that school, as it was nearly universally in those times (I am speaking now of the late forties and early fifties). However, since it was a boys' school, young ladies' bottoms did not come within my province.

However, I was offered a part time job, involving sixth form work, at a private girls' grammar school in the district.

When I arrived and was shown my classroom by the headmistress, a very pleasant woman called Mrs. Roman, then in her fifties, I was rather surprised to learn that the cane was in use there too.

I learned this when Mrs. Roman opened the cupboard by my desk, and took out two canes.

'These are your canes,' she said. 'Up to eight strokes — I'll give you your punishment book later. Don't forget to enter everything!'

I said nothing, since she so obviously thought nothing of it, but I thought a lot. I had never caned girls before — but when I came to think of it, the principle was the same! Bend and whack! Simple!

Actually, when it came to it, it was nothing. I had been avoiding using the cane, because I still did not feel sure of my position and it was only when I was completely forced into it that I acted.

My first canee was a seventeen year old young lady called Michelle. As a matter of fact, I saw the whole confrontation coming up for weeks beforehand. Michelle was one of those students, known to every teacher, who always sit on the back row, and stare at the ceiling, and do not participate in the work at all. They do not behave disruptively, but somehow disrupt by their very presence, their complete non-involvement in the work of the class.

Her homework was indifferently done, and always handed in very late, which meant that I had to nag at her all the time about it. After a few weeks, I called her up to my desk one day as the class was leaving, and gave

her a very definite warning about it.

She didn't seem to take much notice, however, and in a few days, when the next lot of homework became due, sure enough, Michelle was again a defaulter.

I did not want to embarrass the girl in front of the class, so I just gave her a meaningful look, and told her to wait behind after class.

When the time came, I went straight to the point.

'Now, I warned you the other day about this, Michelle, and you've taken no notice. My patience is really through. I haven't caned any of this class up to now, but it looks as if you are going to be the first. What do you have to say?'

'Nothing, sir.'

'Very well,' I thought quickly. She had to go on to another lesson immediately, and the school was very strict about the teachers sending on students promptly to the next class. 'Come to my room straight after tea.'

She nodded, not seeming very surprised, and left, with a murmured: 'Yes, sir,' thrown in.

'My room' was a fairly small cubby hole at the end of a passage mostly containing storerooms, and had been given me mostly for the purpose of storing textbooks (the narrow cane cupboard in my classroom being inadequate) and giving occasional private tuition.

I went there at the appropriate time, and waited for Michelle.

Rather to my surprise, she was not late. Hardly had tea finished when she knocked on the door, and entered, quite composed.

I looked at her in a new light. She was not exceptional as far as looks went. Slightly prominent nose, ordinary, rather expressionless face, brown mousy hair. Perhaps slightly plump for her age.

I had brought one of the canes along with me, so that I could get on with the matter straightaway.

'Right Michelle,' I said, 'I'm not going to lecture you any more. You know why you're here. Get yourself ready for your punishment.'

Somewhat to my surprise, Michelle stepped forward to the desk, lifted her sly slip and bent forward. She wore a pair of white knickers underneath, which tightened with her position as she bent. Her bottom was fairly sturdy while not being oversized.

I must say she gave me confidence. She obviously accepted the punishment, and was not terrified by it. I could see that her buttocks were quite relaxed under the thin cotton

pants.

I raised the cane, tapped her bottom to let her know the first stroke was on its way, and raised it. Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish! I caned her fairly quickly, giving her a few seconds' pause in between each stroke. Every time the cane bit into her backside, she jumped, and her bottom waggled from side to side with the sting. Each time I just waited until she had got her behind under control again before quickly giving her the next one.

She did not cry out much, but when she straightened up she had rather damp eyes.

According to my practice with the boys, I said: 'Well, that's over, I hope it has taught you a lesson. Thank you for behaving well.'

She nodded and left, rubbing her behind. And that set the pace for the canings I gave there — not very many, I may say, perhaps four a term.

The next development arose out of all this, however. One day when I arrived at the school, I got a note from a local lady asking me to give tuition to her daughter of nineteen, who had left school and was trying to get into college.

To cut a long story short, when I visited her, and was introduced to her charming daughter, Nicole, quite a grown up young lady, poised and charming, the question of corporal punishment was raised.

'The fact is,' said Nicole's mother, 'Nicole is very charming, and I'm sure you two will get on well together. But she is extremely lazy, and I don't think you'll find her too old for the cane. That is the reason I wanted you to do the tuition. I know you have whacked young ladies before. Some teachers won't do it. I've thrashed her a few times — but she really needs a man's hand.'

This was a little surprising to me at the time, but not extremely. Parental authority was a lot stronger then, and the age of full independence (twenty one) was much later. The only precaution I took was the usual one which I always insisted on in case of private tuition, that of written permission for chastisement to be carried out. I filed these away and kept them, and I still have the one given me in respect of Nicole. Here it is:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

In view of the fact that Mr. Brian Cormoran is tutoring my daughter, Nicole, I specifically authorise him to punish her when he thinks fit.

Punishment is to be inflicted with a cane on her bottom, clad in her usual underwear.

Mrs. M. Chittle

I asked what I was to do if she refused to be punished, since I could hardly hold down a student of that age if she refused punishment.

Mrs. Chittle smiled and said: 'I don't think you need worry, Nicole's bottom and the cane seem to get on reasonably well.'

I should, perhaps, have taken more note of that remark, but Nicole's mother seemed generally to be of a humorous turn, and I smiled and thought no more about it.

I found Nicole a very delightful student, but fully as lazy as her mother had said. She had long, fairish hair, an oval, humorous face, always ready to smile, and a neat, full figure, not in any way remarkable, but very attractive. As I said at the beginning of this article, I don't really have pronounced sexual feelings about caning — and in those less enlightened days I had no idea at all about this side of corporal punishment. But I must admit that in Nicole's case, I did wonder occasionally what she would look like, and how she would behave, when the cane was kissing her posterior.

It was about two weeks before I caned her, after my fourth visit. The trouble was, when she did something stupid or silly, or did her work with insufficient attention, she always managed to disarm me with some daft crack and get off.

However, eventually her wiles failed. I was actually laughing when I said it, but I told her:

'Nicole, you're impossible — but this time you're going to get the cane all the same.'

She protested a little, but I made it stick. In the end, she made no trouble. She went and fetched the cane her mother had provided, and brought it back.

'Shall I go on the bannisters?' she asked. I found that she had always adopted this rather unusual position for her mother's canings.

I said 'Yes,' and we adjourned to the attic staircase, where she hooked a leg over the bannisters at the bottom of the stairs, hitching up her skirt as she did so.

Her backside was white and full, and contained only in a fairly high-cut pair of flimsy white nylon panties, just then becoming common.

I saw that the punishment was going to be effective, for the strokes would fall on bare buttock rather

than on panties.

Stick it right out, Nicole,' I said.

She complied. I took aim and swished the cane through the air. Her buttocks stuck out invitingly over the end of the bannisters.

Whack! Whack! I began to cane her with measured, stinging strokes. Her bottom responded by wagging and contracting at each stroke, making a very interesting sight.

Whack! Whack! The cuts continued to fall, and her bottom wriggled like mad, to the accompaniment of soft moans from the young lady.

Whack! Thwack! Two more cuts, this time harder, made Nicole really jump, her bottom lifting off the bannisters in convulsive leaps.

I told her to get up, and said that I hoped that would teach her a lesson.

Needless to say, it did not, and she suffered the cane a number of times during our acquaintance.

However, the real point of this story comes later — when, having lost sight of Nicole, I met her again at a party, many years later.

She seemed happy to see me, and we were soon deep in talk. I mentioned her canings, and said, jocularly, that I had really disliked marking such a beautiful backside.

Nicole was very amused at this, in fact she laughed out loud.

'Don't worry, Mr. Cormoran, I enjoyed it, I did really.' Then she explained. Having had the cane as a girl, her mother, a very broadminded lady, who had given Nicole an unusually good sex education, told her that it could be very stimulating and sexy in later years.

Nicole had not believed her — but they had made a bet. A summer holiday for Nicole if she managed to provoke her tutor (me) into caning her a specified number of times. (The tales of earlier canings were just that, tales.)

'I must admit that I was a bit chicken about really pushing you into it,' said Nicole, calmly. 'But mother was right, it was great — not at the time, perhaps, but later.' Apparently her boyfriend was always called round after one of our sessions together — and her remarkable mother often joined in.

Well, we both laughed — but I did feel rather silly — but that was nothing to the annoyance I felt at a missed opportunity. What a pair of women, and in one household — and all I did was to cane one of them! Talk about being had!



A GOOD DAY AT SCHOOL



The lesson dragged on, Pauline was bored and fed up! There was Miss Phillips proving that $2+2$ did not equal 4. Of course it did! Pauline's seven year old sister knew that! Pauline looked around the class. There they were, twenty-seven girls, all aged between fifteen and sixteen, listening intently to this silly old bat disproving what everybody knew to be true. Pauline began to doodle on her maths book. Then she began to think about her boyfriend David, he was really handsome, a real man! Her mind wandered back to the weekend. That long walk through the forest, that peaceful glade he put his arms around her, she felt his hands wander up her skirt, then a voice calling her name in the distance, 'Pauline Rawley!' Pauline snapped back to the present day. Miss Phillips was glaring at her. 'How dare you deface school books! Bring it out here this instant!'

Pauline glanced down at the book.

'Oh God,' she sighed. The book was covered in doodles with 'I hate maths' and 'I love David' rather prominent on the front.

Miss Phillips took the book, looked at it and said. 'This is vandalism

my girl!' Rubbish! thought Pauline, vandalism is smashing up trains and fences, this was only a stupid old book and a maths book at that!

'Well Pauline,' continued Miss Phillips, 'what have you to say about this book?'

'I'm sorry Miss,' mumbled Pauline, 'my hand must have slipped, or something.'

'So Pauline,' said Miss Phillips, 'your hand slipped did it? Well we must make sure that it does not slip again mustn't we?'

Miss Phillips then picked up the blackboard pointer. Miss Phillips had an alternative use for the pointer, as all the girls at Melford Grammar School knew.

'Hold out your hand, Pauline,' ordered Miss Phillips.

Pauline obediently pushed her left hand out towards Miss Phillips. The mistress sighed. 'Really girl, you must think I was born yesterday, she said, 'I've been teaching you long enough to know that you are left handed, so hold your right hand out. We don't want you unable to write do we?'

Pauline wanted to say yes but mumbled 'No.'

She held her right hand out. She had been caned on the hand before and knew that she had to keep the hand relaxed to avoid the worst of the pain. Miss Phillips brought the pointer down. Pauline gave a short gasp of pain. The pointer flashed down for the second and final time. Pauline again gasped and thrust her stinging palm under her left armpit. She was determined not to cry. She was not going to give Miss Phillips that pleasure. She walked tearfully to her seat. The other girls looked at her, some with sympathy and others with contempt. Pauline sat bolt upright staring straight at the blackboard, with tears running down her cheeks. The maths lesson continued.

At the end of the lesson Pauline's friend came up to her. 'Gosh Pauline, are you alright?' she asked.

'I'll survive, Carole,' replied a largely recovered Pauline.

'Let's have a look at what she's done to you,' said Carole. Pauline showed Carole her right hand. Two large crimson marks ran across it, one ran straight across the palm, the other ran along the base of her long slender fingers. The bottom of

the fingers was just starting to swell.

'Sadistic cow!!' said Carole, 'she shouldn't be allowed to do that to you after all, you are sixteen.'

'Come on,' said Pauline, 'let's have a fag before French.'

The first few drags of the cigarette made Pauline feel better. The girls chatted about boyfriends, pop-groups and other girlish things. Suddenly their chat was interrupted.

'Caught you both red-handed!' Anthea Martin the snooty Head Girl appeared. The girls stood transfixed with guilt, the cigarettes still burning in their hands.

'Names!' demanded Anthea.

'Pauline Rawley,' said Pauline.

'Carole Emmerson,' said Carole. Anthea noted the names in her note book.

'Right girls,' said Anthea, 'let us take a little trip to see Mrs. Whitaker.'

'No please Anthea. We are very sorry and promise not to do it again,' pleaded Pauline.

'It's no use being sorry and crawling to me now,' retorted Anthea.

Mrs. Whitaker was the Headmistress of Melford Grammar. She used to try to dissuade the staff from smoking, and any girl caught smoking was really in trouble.

The two girls waited outside the door in fear. The words 'Mrs. F. W. WHITAKER, B.A., HEADMISTRESS' were burned on to the door. The girls buttoned up their blazers, and smoothed their skirts. Pauline combed her longish brunette hair into place.

'Are the seams on my tights straight?' she asked Carole.

'Yes, are mine?' Carole replied.

'Yes.'

The door of the study opened. Anthea emerged, with a smile on her face. 'The Headmistress will see you now,' she announced. As the two girls trooped in Pauline passed Anthea and muttered: 'Cow.'

Anthea turned and with a smile said: 'Sticks and stones . . .'

The two girls stood in front of Mrs. Whitaker's desk, the Head looked up: 'Pauline Rawley, M'am,' said Pauline.

'Carole Emmerson,' said Carole.

'You girls know that I strongly disapprove of smoking, but you persisted in breaking the rules and my personal order. Why?' she demanded.

Silence, Carole shuffled her feet.

'Well I'm waiting. Why, Pauline?' she asked.

'I don't know, M'am,' replied

Pauline.

'You don't know!' Mrs. Whitaker sighed. 'I give up with some girls in this school I really do! You break school rules and have no aim other than disobedience in mind!' She sat down again: 'Names again, please.'

The girls repeated their names. Mrs. Whitaker wrote them in the school's punishment book, adding the sentence after each name. She closed the book and rose to her feet, saying: 'Right then young ladies, you know the punishment for smoking. You will each get six strokes. I hope that it does you some good!'

She opened her cane cupboard. Pauline and Carole stared at the dozen or so canes in the cupboard. Mrs. Whitaker selected a traditional, long, pencil thin cane. The senior schoolgirl cane. The Headmistress swished it in the air, then as if to prove its flexibility she bent it into a semi-circle.

'I will cane you both together, alternate strokes. Pull your knickers and tights down and bend over,' she commended.

'You've no right to cane us across the bare bottom!' protested Carole.

'The Education Authority gives me every right to cane you, with or without your knickers up! So any more protest and you'll get extra strokes,' said Mrs. Whitaker.

Carole bit her lip. She certainly did not want extra strokes! Pauline had already lowered her navy blue knickers and tights to her knees, the coarse skirt material rubbed against her bare bottom. Carole lowered her knickers and tights. The girls bent over and touched their toes. Mrs. Whitaker lifted the girls skirts back. She looked at the two white bottoms that became exposed. Her expert eye noticed several faint marks on Pauline's bottom.

'Who's been caning you, Pauline?' she asked.

'My mother,' replied Pauline, still bending.

'It's good to see parents showing an interest in their childrens' behaviour,' observed Mrs. Whitaker.

Pauline saw Mrs. Whitaker position herself. The cane whistled down. Pauline tensed herself. The cane landed with a THWACK. Strange, she thought, no pain — Carole yelled in pain! The next stroke was Pauline's. The cane whistled down on Pauline. She felt the jolt as the cane arrived on its target, then she yelled in pain. Mrs. Whitaker looked at the two white

bottoms, each with a single red line running across it. She whipped the cane down on Carole's bottom, her back arched as she cried out. The next stroke cut across Pauline, she cried out as well.

Both girls were crying like babies. Mrs. Whitaker ignored this. She had caned more girls than she cared to remember, and knew that the punishment had to be finished. The cane poised in the air for a moment, then it arced down onto Carole, then Pauline. Both girls were taking their punishment well, neither had really moved.

THWACK . . . THWACK.

Pauline was in pain. Her whole body throbbed in pain. Her bottom was burning. Her hair was wet with tears and stuck to her face.

Carole cried out . . . Then the cane met her bottom. She yelled.

'Last stroke, ladies,' said Mrs. Whitaker.

THWACK.

THWACK.

Both girls yelled for the last time. Mrs. Whitaker looked at the bottoms and her handiwork. Each girl had six parallel lines burned across them. The red marks contrasted with the white flesh.

'Stand up and make yourselves presentable,' she ordered. The two girls stood crying. The coarse material of their school skirts rubbing against their tender bottoms made both girls wince. Slowly and painfully they pulled their tights and knickers up.

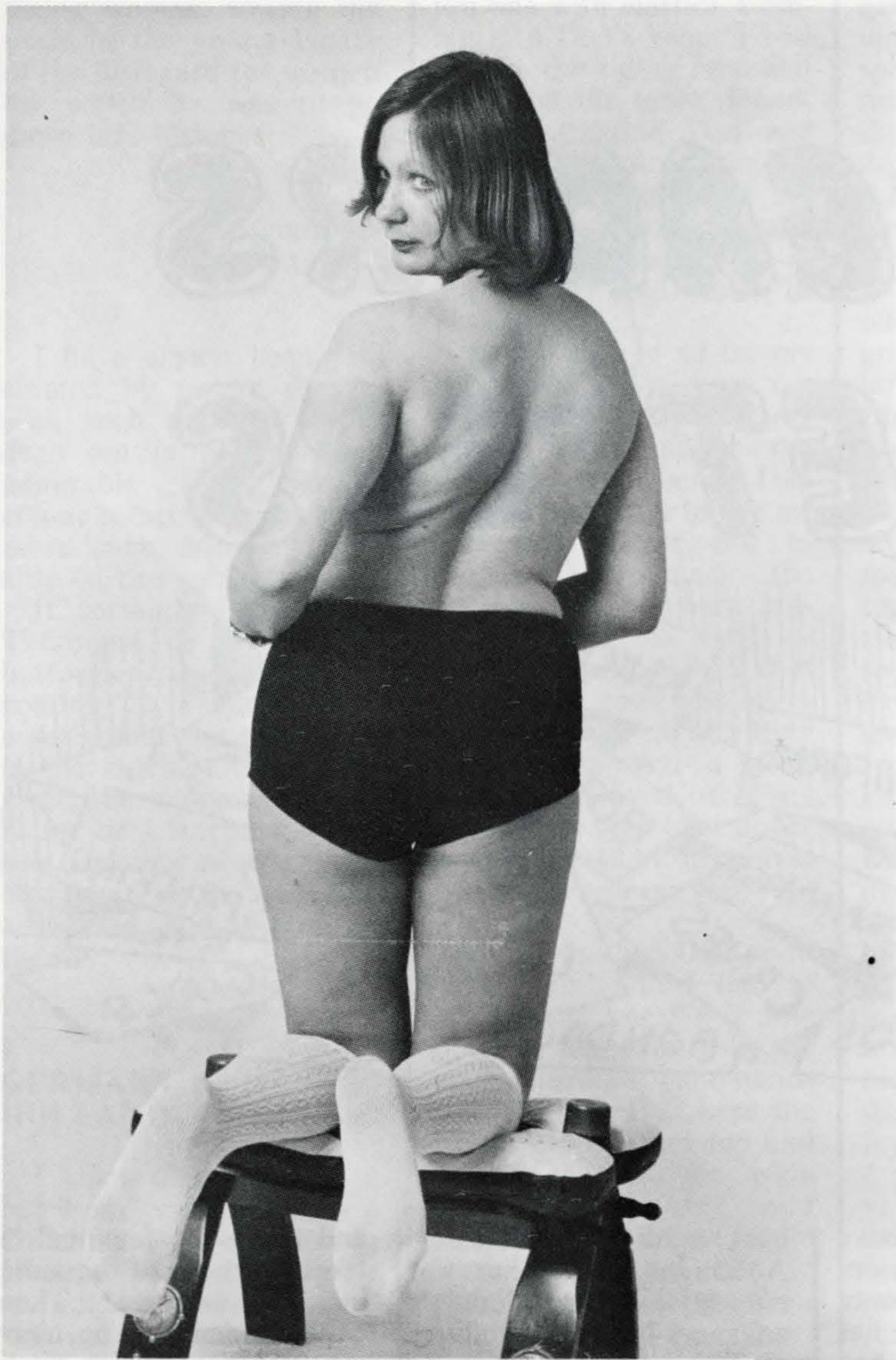
Mrs. Whitaker looked at the two girls . . . girls! they were young women, standing there crying. Carole's eyeshadow was running down her face. Pauline's usually perfectly groomed hair was a mess! The hair was all in her face, it was everywhere.

'Return to your lesson!' Mrs. Whitaker ordered.

As she watched the two young women close the door behind them, she picked up the yard of bamboo, from her desk. She swished the air twice more, she then rubbed her shoulder. 'I must be getting old,' she thought, 'my right arm aches!!' She placed the cane back into its cupboard, until the next time.

The girls had retreated to the toilets to inspect the damage; that over they returned to French.

That night David arrived at Pauline's house. She ran out to meet him. 'Hallo Pauline,' he said, 'did you have a good day at school??!!'

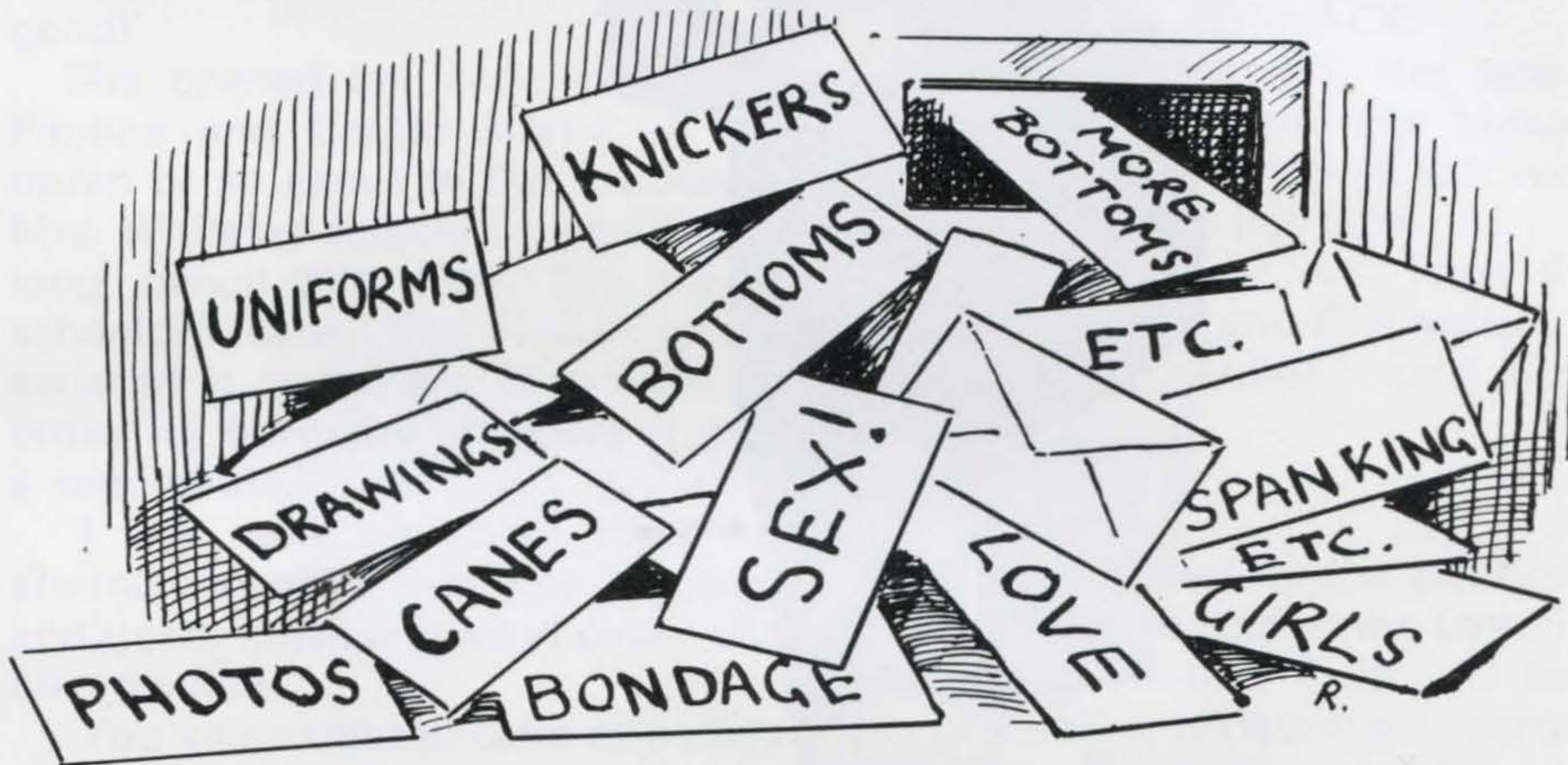


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READERS LETTERS



XVIIIth CENTURY PRINTS

I find the 18th century prints in *Janus* Vol. 7, No. 12 most intriguing. But what about the stories that inspired them? Can they be told in some future issue? Or if not, how about a contest for readers to write their own versions of what may have happened to bring those plump behinds to be bared for the birch? My imagination is working overtime already on the possible causes for the punishments. Not being a French scholar I can gain no help from the captions.

The first one 'Une Verge Pour L'autre' is in a regal apartment of the period; is a knight, or even a King punishing his lady, for punishment it surely must be and a severe one at that, by the way the birch is held high above the man's shoulder ready to swish down on the voluptuous bottom exposed by the cringing miscreant. But a punishment well merited by the submissive way the lady has bared herself,

with her arms held above her head in resignation; perhaps regretting the more pleasurable things she has done on that same bed during her husband's absence, and which has now caused her uncomfortable predicament.

'Theroigne de Mericourt'; here we have a group of women punishing one of their own sex. The discarded hat shows her to be superior in dress to her assailants, but is she really any different to them? A local girl who has been away perhaps, and has returned to antagonise her former friends with her tales of the grand life she has been living, and the working girls of her home town have become so fed-up with her showing-off that a birching is being administered to bring her down a peg or two. Alternatively, is the birching a punishment carried out by the virtuous dames on one who has earned the price for her finery by dubious means?

'Les Reprisailles' tells its own story. Here we are

back in the upper classes. A haughty dame has not only rejected a gentleman's advances but has called her menservants to overpower and birch him. However, he is able to turn the tables with the help of his pistol and it is the *grande dame* who has to bare her shapely posterior for a birching from two of her own footmen.

'La Dame de Liancourt' leaves vast scope for the imagination. Have the two miscreants being whipped attempted to run away from home, perhaps to avoid arranged marriages, and have been pursued and run to ground by the ladies of the house in their carriage, and a gentleman on horseback. The actual whipping is being carried out by servants — to add to the humiliation no doubt. The impassive looks on the spectators' faces show no sign of pity for the sufferers; one can almost detect a look of envy in the eyes of the postillions as their fellow servants set to work, lechery in the eyes of the mounted gentleman

and almost professional interest in those of the ladies in the carriage. There could, of course, be many other stories leading up to the scene depicted — a chance meeting of rival courtesans perhaps, or just two naughty girls being punished for misbehaviour while on a carriage journey.

The last picture has no title. By the man's dress we are back in Tudor days. Again there is plenty of scope for the imagination. The solid building appears to be inside of a dungeon. The dress of the two men appear to denote some wealth and high position. The young lady seems resigned to her flogging as she is standing (or rather, dancing on one leg) unfettered with the young man with the rope's end raised to lay another lash across her receptive behind. She seems in great fear of them; could they be very important? Is it, in fact, the first Tudor monarch Henry VII instructing his son, later to become Henry VIII in the correct treatment of a recalcitrant

young woman, sowing the seeds in the young Henry of the disregard for women for which he was to go down into history?

R.J.P.
Buntingford,
Herts.

I have always been fascinated by public thrashings, such as those being dealt out in two of your admirable 18th century colour prints. May we have more such prints, preferably on this subject.

It certainly looks as if Theroigne de Mericourt's buttocks deserved what was coming to them, and I assume that the two ladies in the carriage have instigated the whipping of the Dame de Liancours' backside and that of her maid, but what is the story in each case, and who wrote them?

C.A.B.

GERMANY AND HOLLAND

I am a German woman but I am going to marry a Dutchman so I live now in Holland where I saw your splendid magazine *Janus*.

I am 20 years old. I want to tell your readers about my education. My parents brought us up in a strict and old-fashioned way. We learned to be honest, polite and obedient and we had to work hard always. Punishment was not necessary frequently but if we got it, it was always corporal punishment.

We lived in a small German village and my parents have little money. We had to help mother in our house and also do our school work as good as we could. We had to come home directly from school and if we came only five minutes too late punishment was the result.

Now, about punishment. This was always done with a leather riding crop. (*Reitpeitsche* in German). It was terribly painful. We had to undress: the boys completely so that they were stark naked. We girls kept on a small bra and panty (not a tiny nylon but a cot-

ton one with elastic). Coming into Dad's room I had to take the riding crop and put it on the table. Standing at attention Dad and Mum told what was wrong. Then I had to say I deserved a punishment and I had to wait — and wait — terrible, till Dad says: 'In position.'

Now I had to sit on my knees and to put down my panty till it rested on my knees; hands under the knees and to bend. Dad swished the whip in the air and said: 'Dare not to move!' and smack the whip struck my bare bottom. Thwack! — Swish — Thwack again! I cried that I shall be a good girl. Mum and Dad said: 'The riding crop makes you a good girl.' If I moved or if my hands were no longer under my knees Dad hit my calves and upper legs with his whip.

When finished Dad said: 'Panty on,' and I had to rest on my knees but now upright, panty on (oh, the elastic hurts so!) and hands on my head. Dad kept the riding crop before me and I had to kiss the whip while my tears were streaming. At last I could leave but first I had to thank Daddy for the punishment.

The education did me good, now I know. Excuses for my school English.

Gertrude B.,
Rotterdam.

We wonder if at the age of 20, Gertrude's education will be continued in Holland.

SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE NEEDS!

I've seen the last few issues of *Janus*, and should like to comment on the letter from Julie W., headed 'Schoolgirl Wife'. It seems to me that she has a very indulgent husband if he makes her go to all that bother of dressing in schoolgirl uniform and then only spans her with a slipper. I too have a punishment uniform, which I've had to wear on four occasions so far, and believe me I definitely don't

get off with just a spanking! Mind you, I've *been* spanked, both with a hard male hand and with a slipper, and incidentally I don't think the slipper hurts quite so much as the hand.

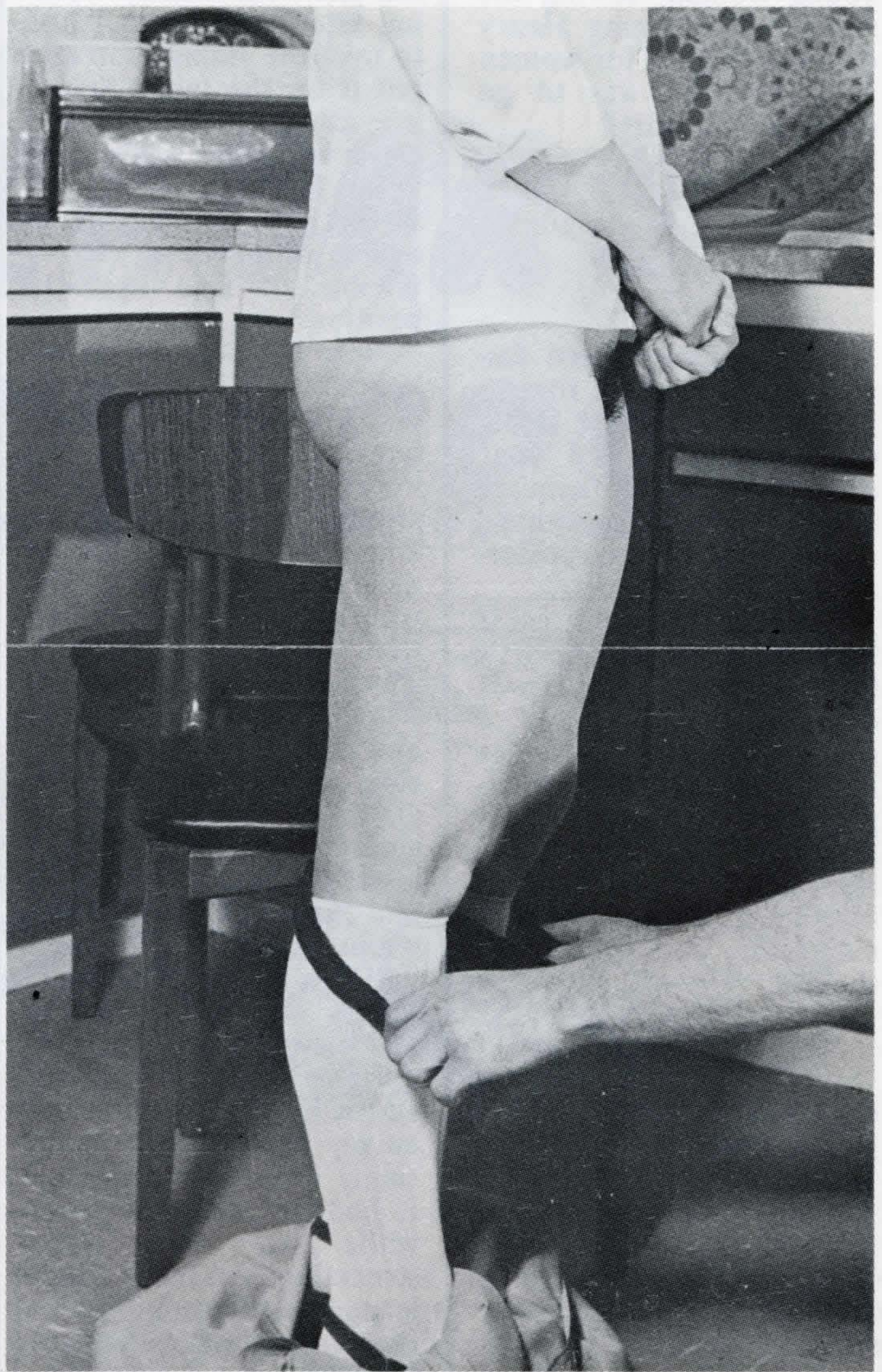
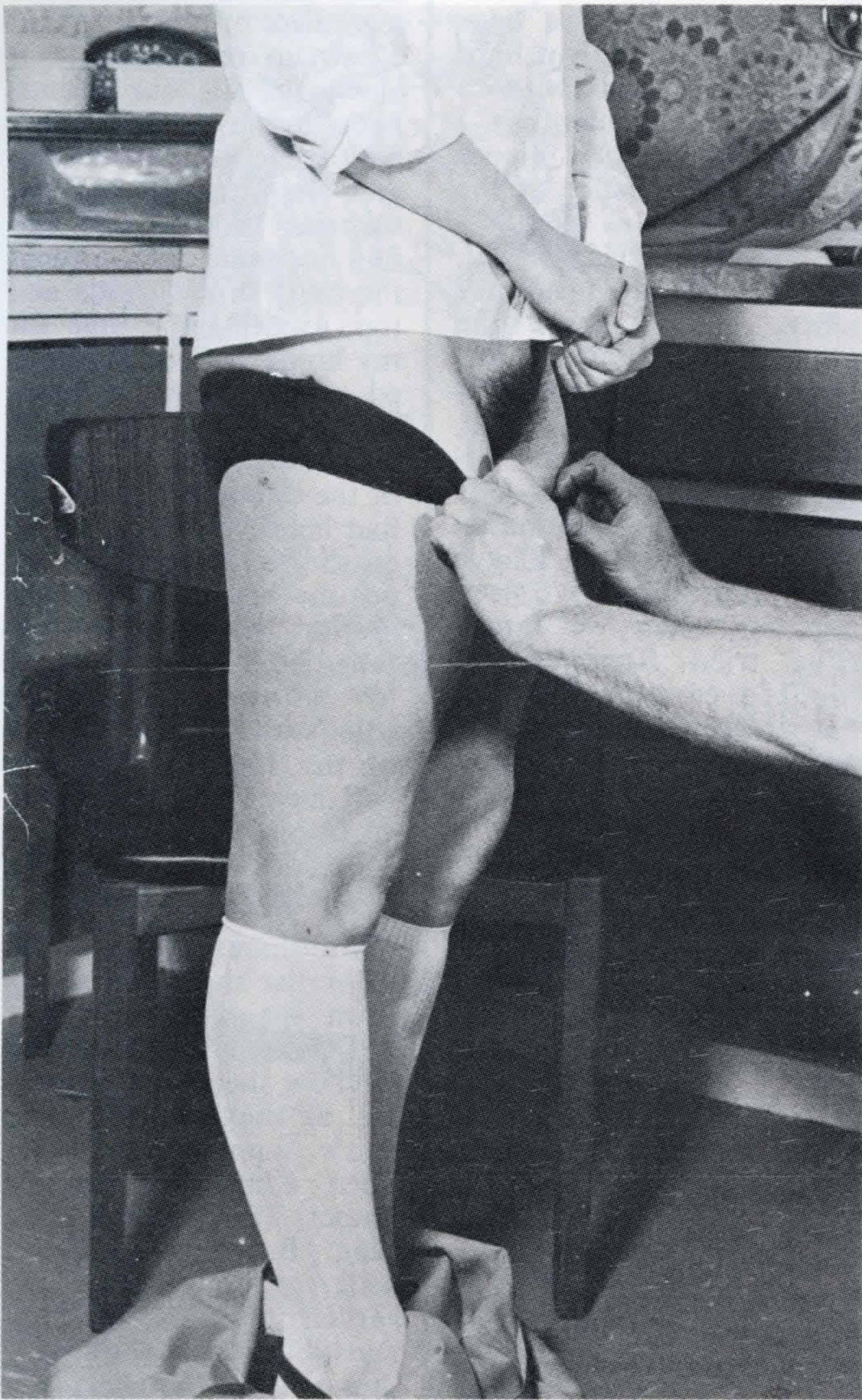
I'm not married. I'm 27, a clerk in an insurance office, and I share the ground floor flat in this large old house with Charley, my boy friend, and his pal Roger. Although Charley's my boy friend, I don't automatically sleep with him. I have my own bedroom. We sleep together when we fancy. (I've tried Roger's bed, too!). I gave up my own flat about six months ago and came here because I found out that in Charley I had found a man who understood me and knew what I needed. (Also incidentally I found out at the same what I needed!) It happened just because I stood Charley up one evening. Next day I phoned him and arranged another meeting that evening. I didn't apologise and Charley was obviously livid, and I was rather enjoying provoking him. Well, that evening he took me here, very firmly, though I wanted to go to a disco, and just took me over his knee — I'd had no idea how strong and dominant he was — and spanked me till I wept. It was an eye opener to me, both about Charley and about myself! Next week I moved in here.

It was only a few days later that I burnt the best saucepan by letting it boil dry, and Charley and Roger decided to take me in hand. They told me that 27 or no, I was as scatty and irresponsible as 17, and would be treated accordingly. I was provided with a punishment dress consisting of precisely two garments — a pair of thin cotton schoolgirl's gym shorts and a brief flimsy top, which have to be worn, when I'm ordered into punishment gear, absolutely without a stitch else. I have to wear this garb for two hours before and two hours after being punished. And, what's more, my four hours of punish-

ment drill run their course regardless of anything that blows up or anyone that blows in. All our friends know by now that Charley and Roger discipline me, and are intrigued but not surprised if they call and find me mooching around morosely in my shorts and top, awaiting the time for my hiding, or still so dressed, swollen-eyed or even still sobbing spasmodically and showing obvious marks of the tanning I've recently had below those abbreviated shorts. Needless to say, no one who's ever arrived in the 'before' period has failed to stay long enough to witness me getting what's due to me, for each of the four tannings I've had have been administered in our communal living room, in front of whoever happens to be there.

Punishment starts with an across the knee, shorts down spanking, from one or other of the lads, 'just to show there's no ill feeling' as they say, whatever that's supposed to mean. Then comes the tanning proper. They haven't got a cane. But the old privet hedge at the bottom of the garden provides an inexhaustible supply of long thin hard switches, extremely pliant, and devastatingly painful. I got six for my first and third hidings, and a dozen on the second occasion — that was for ruining Charley's shirt (a new one which cost him over £7) by carelessness when ironing it.

But tanning no. 4, which I got last Sunday, was one I'll remember as long as I live. I was on my own at a party on the Saturday, and got decidedly drunk, and picked up a lorry driver who, seeing me the worse for wear, stopped and offered me a lift, and I brought him back here. He thought he was on to a good thing and he wasn't wrong. But before coming to my room and f---ing me as I've never been f---ed before, he burst into Roger's room where Roger and his girl Lynne were naked in bed. And after he'd done me he obviously thought he'd do Lynne as well and went back to their room. It was as much as



we could all do to get him out of the house.

By Sunday I'd sobered up and was very sorry for myself. I was grimly ordered a punishment session for the afternoon. As well as Charley and Roger, both furious with me, Lynne was there, and two of Charley's pals. Well, I got, from Charley, in front of all of them, the biggest bare bottom spanking I've ever had. Then I was aware that something out of the ordinary was going on. Instead of the usual privet switch Roger was busy with half a dozen of them and a lot of cord, and I realized that what was being prepared wasn't a single switch but what can only be described as a birch — the half dozen switches tied round a folded and rolled up tea towel to keep them apart. Previously it's been 'shorts down, Sally, touch your toes — six (or twelve) of the best'. Now I was propelled to a position facing

the table and close to it and told 'Strip'. Miserably I took off my two garments and stood there naked. Next second I was forced hard down across the table, and Charley held my wrists the other side, pulling me till I was on tiptoe, my breasts crushed against the hard table top. I was already crying in anticipation. I could see Roger had the bunch of switches. 'Not too many, Roger, *please!*' I pleaded.

'Not too many she says,' came Roger's voice, hard as steel, 'after last night's performance. Sally my girl, you need something special in the way of a lesson, and you're going to get it!' Then I heard the birch 'whoosh' through the air, and again, and again, and I realized he was just trying it out. Then it went 'whoosh' again and suddenly the most fiendish pain exploded across my bottom. I yelled, in surprise as well as pain.

'One,' said Roger. No. 2 was another surprise, for this time the pain was right across both my thighs. No. 3 was an even worse surprise, for this time Roger brought the birch down, slash, across the tender bit of flesh just at the bottom of my buttocks, and I lost all restraint and 'Boo-ooed' loudly with the pain of it.

'Three,' said Roger, 'glad to find it hurts.' God, it hurt all right! And the strokes landed, relentlessly, and there was no sound in the living room but periodic 'whoosh' of the birch, my yells, and Roger's voice counting. It wasn't until he'd counted 'fifteen' that I heard his voice say: 'All right, Sally, get up and put your things on.' Through my tears I saw they were all looking at me, beaten, sobbing, stark naked, as I tried to get my shorts and top and get into them, and sobbing even louder as I eased those shorts up over my thighs and bottom. It was then that I saw Lynne in particular, open mouthed, taking it all in, and it was only too obvious that she's enjoyed every minute of it. She caught me looking at her, and her face immediately hardened, and she spat out: 'You slut, you sleazy slut, you deserved every bit of that, in fact I'd have given you more, but let's hope the whipping Roger's given you' — she took his arm and nuzzled his cheek — 'will teach you a richly deserved lesson, *you bitch.*' I just sobbed louder, and knew that she was right.

S.B.
Eastbourne.

FANCY THE SLIPPER?

I have been meaning to write to you extolling the virtues of the slipper for some time. I feel I must let any readers not yet acquainted with this most delightful of punishing instruments share my fascination. I, or rather my rear end, has met many slippers during my 24 years, but without a doubt the one I keep at home is the most painful. It is only a size 6, ordinary rubber-soled plimsoll, but

properly used can leave my buttocks stinging for quite a while after only a few whacks.

At school different teachers kept different size plimsolls, but of course the P.E. teacher's slipper was the most painful. Six good, hearty whacks across my cotton shorts, while touching my toes in the middle of the football field soon had me running around much more than before. The most painful memories concern the twelve strokes I had across wet shorts after stopping for a smoke on a cross-country run. Four of us, wet and dishevelled, bending over to the sound of Whack! Whack! coming from the changing room. We didn't smoke on a run, or for that matter, sit comfortably for a while.

My most pleasant memory of the slipper was seeing two fifteen year old schoolgirls taken down to the gym by the P.E. mistress, bent over a horse and given four loud and painful whacks each across knickered behinds. The two girls in question really jumped around as each whack echoed across the gym.

I also remember my whole form lining up before the maths teacher and bending in turn for a short sharp whack across school-boy trousers.

Nowadays I must get my whackings from girls in London, or through contact magazines. Thirty-six whacks across tight shorts being the most I have ever had, held down across a young lady's knee while she larruped my poor bottom.

Unfortunately I have never had the opportunity to slipper a young lady. Could be please have some slipper sequences, and if you would like to have pictures of a sit-upon thrashed with a plimsoll I would only be too glad to be the target. Meanwhile, thanks for a marvellous magazine.

G.A.G.
Cranleigh,
Surrey.

FILMS, STORIES AND BURNING BOTS

After having read some favourable comments on Roman Polanski in *Janus* I find it hard to understand why nobody has mentioned his excellent sexual comedy 'What?'. In it Sydney Rome gets caned on her bare bottom by Marcello Mastroianni. She gets 12 cuts and even though you don't actually see them land on bare flesh the scene is terrific.

She's bent over and you have her face in a close-up, while all the time seeing the cane rise and fall. And her face is beautiful — she exhales air violently, cries, shouts and makes terrible grimaces while the tears roll down her cheeks. It's a first rate scene.

I also remember seeing two British films in the early sixties, containing caning scenes. One was called 'Hellfire Club' and in it a father discovers his two children, boy and girl, spying through his door. He's varrying a short riding crop, bends the two one after the other and whips them before they're allowed to run away, clutching their bottoms.

The other one I don't remember much about, except the caning scene. The story is from the 16th or 17th century. An upper class family is in opposition against the king or someone and gets completely wiped out. One person survives, the teenage daughter (possibly played by Hayley Mills). A friend of the family cuts her hair, dresses her in boy's clothes and gets her a job in a ship. The film ends happily with the vicious king, or duke, being killed, but during her work as a ship's boy the girl frequently gets ordered about by a sadistic cook. She revolts and is punished. She has to bend over one of the canons and the cook tells her to take her punishment as a man. He brings out a cane and gives her (all the time believing she's a boy) 9 cuts. She jerks violently at each one and you see her holding her breath, closing her eyes and holding on to the canon.

Swedish film-makers have

never understood the importance of spanking in the movies. Especially not today. But I know of at least one old film from the 70's which I've seen on the telly. You're never liable to see it but I think the story is worth telling.

It concerns two 'Bill-type boys.' Always full of pranks. Their father spansks them a lot, always getting encouraged by their 18-year-old-sister, who is the darling of her father and who finds the boys childish and a nuisance. The boys fail at school and together with their sister they are during the summer sent away to the country, to an old schoolmaster, a friend of their father. The father tells him to punish his children whenever the need arises. He does of course not mean his daughter, but it is she who gets it. She thinks the schoolmaster is much too lenient with her brothers. But he likes them and decides to give their spoilt big sister a lesson. The opportunity arises when she's out playing tennis with a boyfriend when she should have been studying. During dinner he tells her she needs a beating and when she protests he reminds her of what her father said and orders her to his room straight after dinner.

Just before going in there she suddenly stops when she sees a newspaper. And smiling she stuffs it down her wide tennis shorts. She's smiling when she lies herself over a chair. The schoolmaster gives her two cuts with a cane. Nothing happens. Suddenly he smiles and says:

Whatever you've got inside your shorts, get it out!

Blushing she brings out the newspaper and bends over again. This time the camera moves outside the window, where the two boys in triumph listen to the swishes and yelps from inside. Afterwards you see her rise, dry her tears and rub her bottom. As it is a comedy there's the obligatory scene where the next morning she eats breakfast sitting on a pillow . . .

The lack of spanking in movies may be due to the lack of spanking in *real life*

in Sweden. School spanking disappeared in the late fifties and today it's a crime if parents spank their children.

Before this, in the beginning of the century, the cane and birch were frequently in use both in homes and at school. Later the school settled for the cane. In the towns, where birches were hard to get, the carpetbeater became the instrument of correction in the homes. That was the constant threat you grew up with, the carpetbeater. Every stroke covered the whole of the bottom and smarted like hell, both the carpetbeaters of plaited cane and, later, the plastic variety.

If you're interested in seeing boys get the cane you can go see 'If' and 'Barry Lyndon'. The latter one even contains two canings . . . But it's boys, and I'm not interested in that. I don't know how much I'd give to see someone like Jenny Agutter take Malcolm McDowell's place in 'If'.

With that we're into the Order of The Burning Bot. I've found that it's not always the shape and size of a bottom that makes a girl a candidate. Often it's her whole way of acting, her pride, and so on that makes it, I know for example nothing about the bottom of Susan Hampshire but I agree with so many of your readers that she'd be in for it anyway, anyhow — bending over, lying down, bare-bottom or trousered, hairbrush, hand, slipper, tawse or cane.

Here's some other names:

● Cibyll Shepherd — my favourite. She's got the right blonde suggestive look. And a great backside as well. Paddle or cane.

● Jenny Agutter — I'd like to see her in riding breeches go fetch a cane. Then bend over, touch her toes and get at least 10 good ones, nice and low. Extra for getting up.

● Marie Osmond — a good, long, hard session with the hairbrush on the bare skin.

● Susan Blakely — from 'Rich Man Poor Man'. More good hairbrush-material. A real hard paddling would do as well.

● Agnetha — the blonde girl of Abba. I could mention more Swedish stars but I guess she's the only one you've heard of. She's been voted as having the most beautiful bottom in show business and I couldn't agree more. 15 with a carpetbeater will make her sing.

● Olivia Newton-John — the old-fashioned belt, with skirt up and panties down, bending over the back of a chair.

● Twiggy — she's beautiful nowadays. Dress her in school uniform. Make her wait outside the head's study. She enters. Order her to take off jacket and panties. She gets lectured. Across the knees for a warm-up with a slipper. Then, fetch the cane, bend with hands against a chair-seat, skirt up and off you go.

● Caroline of Monaco — this girl looks so spoilt she much suffer humiliations and indignities as well — in a strict Swiss boarding school.

● Kate Jackson — of 'Charlies Angels'. If you ever need someone to take a real whipping, she's the one.

Let me also mention a couple of books. (Has Collectors Corner stopped being?)

'Frank and I' is one of the best. Bachelor takes care of wayward boy only to find he's a she during a spanking.

'The prefect' by P. N. Dedaux. Might be a bit cruel for some but the descriptions of the canings in this girls school are first class.

Simon Pure 'From Slut to Slave'. Sort of American 'Story of O' but much better. Excellent spankings and great scene where girl has to go ask the servants for the carpetbeater and then bend over to taste it.

Keep up your work.

R.O. (Mr.)
Stockholm,
Sweden.

BURNING BOT IN REVERSE

I have recently read several back issues of your first class magazine and

firstly, can confirm that you have a further satisfied reader on your books.

The letter section is particularly interesting and I was fascinated by the letter from Scandinavia covering the many T.V. stars who are ideal spanking subjects and his recommendations for their chastisement. Now, as my particular bent is being on the receiving end of spankings carried out by members of the opposite sex it follows that my fascination with T.V. stars is in this direction.

In the hope that it may stimulate correspondence on this subject I am listing below my current top three T.V. stars whom I would dearly love to be spanked by.

Firstly Carol Drinkwater, currently playing James Heriot's buxom wife in the series 'All Creatures Great and Small'. Carol, I am sure, could be relied upon to administer a real old-fashioned spanking in the classic over-the-knee style. I can well imagine being tanned by Carol in front of a roaring fire in the lounge of the Heriot household, helpless across her knees, bottom bared and a stout wooden dog brush landing with tireless power and accuracy on my naked globes. Yes, definitely a spanking of the highest quality.

Secondly Lynette Davies, now playing the short tempered Davina in the series 'The Foundation'. A caning here in Miss Davies' plush office following a typical one-sided lecture on my misdeeds. One dozen strokes of the very best, expertly applied by Lynette on my bare buttocks while bent taut as a bow over one of her luxury armchairs. Indeed a caning to linger in the memory.

Finally, but actually No. 1 on my list, is News Reader Angela Rippon. Here, now, is a potential 'spanker par excellence' with her marvellous stern 'school-marm' expression and style. A spanking here to end all spankings with yours truly nude across Angela's knees under the glaring T.V. spotlights. A memorable hand spanking to begin with, this followed by the 'coup de grace', a

thrashing with a hairbrush of sustained power which would leave my bottom blistered for weeks. Yes. Very much the spanking 'in the news'.

I trust these few examples will promote further correspondence on this subject as I would appreciate other views on this kind of fantasy.

J.M.
London.

MORE D.I.Y.

I am I'm sure one of the many women readers of your excellent magazine called *Janus*. I enjoy readers' letters on Spanking. To me spanking is a pleasure, being as I have both given and taken spankings, I don't mean just a hand spanking, but with a tawse, strap and cane etc.

I am 50 and measure 48-38-44, have what is called a gorgeous backside which many a woman friend of mine has bared and chastised. Many times I have had orgasm whilst being punished on my backside.

I frequently indulge in self-flagellation of my backside in my bedroom. To begin with I undress down to my bra and knickers, I favour these knickers because the wide, loose legs have many advantages. I wear a high-line corset, well-boned at the front to hold in my belly. The corset has six, adjustable suspender straps. I stand in front of my dressing table mirror which is placed in such a way, that in it I can see all of my rear in the wardrobe mirror behind me. I have a ladies riding whip which does justice to my big behind. I bent over a little from the waist and give my backside a few light strokes of the whip, my corset takes some of the sting out of the strokes. It's time for me to take off my bra, knickers and corset. Having done this I place a chair with the back facing the dressing table. I take my corset and extend the suspender straps to their fullest extent, then



roll up the corset. I go to the chair and straddle it, and start whipping in earnest the suspender straps swish and sting my behind which soon becomes a rosy red.

Though I enjoy doing it to myself, it's not quite the same as having a woman do it.

G.T. (Mrs.)
Maidstone.

BARE BOTTOMS FOR MATURE LADIES

My sister and I are always thrilled when we get the chance to see a copy of *Janus*, and what we like best is any reference to women of mature years being liable to corporal punishment. Although we are in our fifties, we still know what it means to get a good whipping and so we are naturally interested in the experiences of other middle-aged women.

We get it from my brother-in-law, my sister's husband, David, and we get it hard and often, with a springy little riding-switch, and on our bare bottoms.

Vera is just 50, while I am 54. I was married just 30 years ago and I was 44 when my husband died ten years ago. Vera was married at 30. During the twenty years I was married I never experienced any sort of punishment, although John, my husband, often gave me a playful

smacking. Vera, on the other hand, was soon introduced to really painful punishment. David very quickly made her understand who was boss and punished her severely for any sort of misbehaviour. He was particularly keen on obedience (and still is) and Vera had many a whipping, not only for deliberate disobedience but also for what David calls hesitant or reluctant obedience.

When John died and I was left alone, I carried on for a couple of years and then accepted David and Vera's invitation to make my home with them. They made it quite plain to me before I moved in with them that I should be expected to submit to discipline and to take corporal punishment from David whenever he considered I deserved it. As I say, I had no serious punishment from my husband, and I had never witnessed the administration of punishment. Nor had Vera ever told me

very much about the way David punished her. She referred occasionally to 'a good whipping' or 'a proper tanning', but she had never gone into any detail and she had never shown me the results of a punishment.

In my ignorance and innocence I assumed that the sort of whippings Vera received were quite mild affairs and that I was not letting myself in for anything very serious when I agreed to become liable to discipline. I had certainly not contemplated the possibility of the whip being applied without any protection of covering clothing. Imagine, then, my shocked surprise when, about a week after I moved in with them, I saw my sister whipped. David was very curt. 'Take your knickers off and fetch me the whip,' he ordered, and Vera quickly obeyed. When she came back with the riding-switch and handed it to her husband, he gave the next order: 'Hold your skirts up

and bend over!' As Vera obeyed, I realised with a sense of profound shock that she was to be whipped on her uncovered bottom. And very well whipped she was. David announced: 'Ten strokes — mind you keep down or there will be more,' and proceeded to inflict the ten strokes, hard and deliberately with a pause of about half a minute after each. Vera let out a gasp as each landed and by the end was crying properly. I watched in fascinated horror as the stripes appeared across her white buttocks and felt my own bottom twitching in sympathy.

A week later I had my first whipping. David only gave me six strokes, but they were enough to get me howling like a child. I felt that I had never been so much hurt in my life. But, after it was all over, I felt quite proud of myself to think that I had really endured a proper whipping, especially when I examined

my very sore posterior in the mirror and saw the weals of the whip across it.

Since then David has whipped me many times, as he has Vera. We both average about a couple of dozen punishments a year. David always operates on our bare bottoms and he never gives fewer than six strokes. More often we get ten or a dozen. Sometimes we are punished together, bending over side by side with skirts up and knickers off. Occasionally a whipping is followed by having to stand in a corner for a specified period, holding clothes up to exhibit the striped bottom. In any case, we are not allowed to put knickers on after punishment until permission is given. Permission is always withheld until at least next day and sometimes it may be several days that we are without knickers. I sometimes feel quite glad not to have anything tight on my sore behind!

David's sister, Joan, who is 49 and unmarried, sometimes stays with us, and David usually finds some reason for punishing her. Joan makes an awful fuss when she is whipped, putting her hands over her bottom or getting up before her punishment is completed, and so quite often, especially when she is to get more than half a dozen strokes, David secures her in the required position over a small table with straps holding her by the arms, legs and waist. Joan dislikes this procedure intensely, chiefly because she is fastened with her legs widely separated.

Incidentally, after eight years of experience and time to think about it, I am quite sure that on the bare bottom is the right way for corporal punishment to be given. At first for me it was an awful ordeal, but it was not long before I accepted having to take my knickers off to be punished on the bare as perfectly natural. I have long since got over any feelings of shame or embarrassment at my brother-in-law seeing me half-clothed. All I worry about as I hold my skirts up and bend over is how many cuts I'm going to get and how much they

are going to hurt.

In conclusion, I wish to say that both my sister and I are perfectly happy under David's strict regime. We certainly do not enjoy punishment episodes, but we are usually prepared to agree that we deserve an occasional good whipping. We both think it is reasonable to expect some sort of punishment for wrongdoing and the most suitable punishment for a naughty female of any age seems to be a good tanning on the part of her body where it can hurt without causing any permanent damage.

I think it might have been better for me if my husband had been much stricter with me and had been ready to give me a good whipping whenever I deserved it.

K.J.J. (Mrs.)
Chepstow,
Gwent.

SCHOOL PUNISHMENT

I think your letters are just great, I am not much good at writing but here goes.

My sister Ruth and I both went to a girls' city central school where discipline and uniform were the letter of the law. We had long morning assemblies and prayers. I never ever went into the school hall without seeing some unfortunate girl strapped or caned.

They were led up onto the school stage, their offences read out, and they always sounded much worse than they were. Then they were punished to make an example to the rest of the school.

I had the strap twice and the cane once whilst at the school in front of everyone. The strap with three tails, three strokes across both hands, once for forgetting my needlework and cookery stuff, then the cane across my bottom five strokes for leaving the school without consent with six other girls to see a film star. We were told we would be caned the next morning, I didn't want to go to school as Ruth had told mum, mum asked how were we punished and I had to tell her. 'Well old girl,' she said, 'go and take your

medicine — so clean knickers and clean socks.' I did!

We had to line up, all the girls in blue gym slips sitting on the floor arms folded — then one by one we had to turn our backs on the girls, bent legs apart and grip our ankles — I could see the school through my legs, my long hair was on the floor, the remainder of my gym slip was tucked into the elastic of my navy knickers now on full view to everyone — my bum was felt for padding then whack the head's long bamboo cane landed across both mounds, had I not had my legs apart I would have fallen over. Like the other girls I cried out at each stroke, five as hard as he could lay on. Tears filled my eyes and the fourth and fifth whacks were terrible. Of course we were all also painfully aware that the whole school had looked at all our bare red thighs and our navy blue school knickers pulled up skin tight as instructed by the senior mistress before assembly when those in line for a tanning that day had been taken to the toilet by her.

Then back in lessons all morning a red hot throbbing bottom. Carefully without being seen, slip your hands up your gym tunic into your knickers to feel the raised welts and to try to rub away some of the pain — likewise standing up by the teacher's desk to

have some work marked, a couple of girls pinched or hit you as hard as possible as they went by on what they thought would be the sore part. Kids can be awfully cruel like taking you by force into some wasteground after school and pulling down your knickers to inspect the marks — then run home and tell your mum that you have been punished in front of all the school and that you are showing yourself to everyone, which is what happened to me so that when I got home it was the hairbrush waiting for me on top of my already sore bottom, the girls all listening outside at my cries and wails as I was whacked before being packed off upstairs to bed without any tea.

I must have looked like a little girl in navy gym slip and ankle socks right up until the day I left; and it was the cane or strap at school officially and many a hard slapping in breaktime (unofficial and by one mistress who made us put our hands on our heads; open our legs, and we got it on the soft skin between our legs — very sore that. Then the hairbrush at home from mum and dad.

No glory my whackings, everyone resulting in a very sore bum or blistered fingers.

Su,
Halesowen,
Worcs.



Letter of the month

FROM FANTASY TO FACT

How to begin, that is the problem. To say that I have been obsessed with bottoms, spanking and caning all of my life would be untrue. I only know that a desire to be loved as a child coupled with a constant longing for attention manifested itself as a willingness, almost eagerness to be spanked at school.

I was born into a large family, the sixth child of ten. I received little of the love and attention at home that I obviously needed. Amongst the hubbub of daily life created by my elder siblings and the immediate needs of the younger ones I was scarcely even noticed. When well behaved I was ignored, when into mischief a clip around the ear or a verbal admonishment were all I received. Consequently I withdrew and fantasised. I imagined myself as the only child of two of my school teachers. In my fantasy I received all the attention I constantly desired in reality including the inevitable smacked bottom.

Although only the culmination of an elaborate fantasy of an eleven year old these punishments became the high point, indeed the only point of my detailed daydreaming. I would lie in bed and imagine that I was with my perfect family. I would see myself being ticked off by the female teacher who represented my mother. I would rebel and be ordered to my room to await Daddy. I would lie in my room sobbing and angry as I waited his return home. Eventually after what seemed hours he would arrive home and after an interminable pause he would ascend the stairs. I would be told very firmly and quietly that I was to be spanked and was ordered to remove my shoes, socks, shirt and shorts.

Dressed only in my vest and underpants I would be ordered to lie over his knee. Reluctantly I would do so. Slowly my vest would be pulled out of my underpants and pushed up my back to be lodged under my armpits. Tense and breathless I would wait, my eyes fixed firmly on the carpet as he slowly pulled back my underpants to bare my bottom. He would then say that all naughty little boys should have their bare bottoms spanked soundly and that is what he was going to do to mine. He would then commence smacking my vulnerable naked nether regions, slowly at first but building to a crescendo. First one cheek then the other would feel the attention of his fatherly wrath. The tears would begin to swell, I would be conscious of an increasingly burning fire in my buttocks and the rhythmic slapping of his hand. He would increase the tempo and the force until I could no longer stop myself from crying out . . . 'Please daddy no more . . . I'll be good daddy no more please . . . oh my bottom . . . oh my bum . . . please daddy . . . it hurts . . .' Eventually I would be screaming for him to stop as his relentless hand rained down harder and harder on my ravaged backside. I would kick and struggle until my underpants fell off . . . I would curse, which only meant that my poor bottom suffered even more until eventually, when he considered I had been chastised severely enough, he would desist. I would then be left in my room naked except for my vest tucked up around my chest to rub my bottom and compose myself.

The spanking fantasy with the male teacher very much the dominant character varied very little. Whatever scene I conjured up out of my fertile imagination, it always ended in a punishment ritual. Some-

times a caning, often a slipping. The state of dress varied considerably although the lower garments were invariably removed. One of my favourite situations was one of being on holiday and having my swimming trunks lowered for a thorough thrashing to my wet bottom with a table tennis bat.

My fantasies were not totally based on fiction as the male teacher was not averse in real life to smacking a boy's bottom. Indeed I realised many years later that he clearly delighted in the practice. He frequently, in a mixed class of youngsters I might add, took some recalcitrant boy across his knee, lifted his shorts and delivered a few resounding spanks to the bared cheek, repeating the process on the other cheek. I was frequently the recipient and received immense pleasure coupled with intense pain from the experience. He never lowered anybody's trousers but he always bared the buttock he wished to chastise and any boy who, even at that age, was blessed with a pair of long pants was ordered off to the gymnasium to change into P.T. shorts. He never punished me in private, always in front of the whole class. Indeed I don't think he ever punished any child privately, although I did hear he caned one boy on his naked bottom for peeing over a wall. I doubt if he did though as I am sure he did not trust himself. Oh the irony of the situation if he was having similar fantasies to me at the time I was experiencing mine.

I am convinced now that this teacher sparked off my interest in corporal punishment. Whilst with my background and personality I am an obvious candidate for the masochists club I often wonder if my latent feelings would have died a natural death, as most boys do, if I had not

equated his classroom chastisements with love and attention. We all need a father figure, someone we can look up to and respect. Mine, confused in fantasy and reality, gave his love in the form of a slipper applied to a bare bottom.

As the years passed I repressed my natural desire for punishment. Not really understanding my natural inclinations I made positive efforts to conform. I tried to enjoy normal heterosexual relations and was an abject failure. I even tried a homosexual relationship and this was equally disappointing. Something was missing from my life, some vital ingredient, sadly I did not know, or would not admit to myself, what it was. I moved south, got married, had children and settled down as a typical 'semi-detached suburban Mr. Jones' commuting to and from London on an endless executive conveyor belt. The sexual side of my marriage inevitably disintegrated although emotionally my wife and I are closer than we have ever been. The reason for this will shortly become clear.

Working in London opened a whole new life for me. Living in the 'sticks' I was abysmally ignorant of how common my particular kink was. London showed me that numerous ordinary people read and practised corporal punishment for excitement. Specialist bookshops were full of times devoted to the topic and the postcards depicting 'models' willing to wield a cane across a willing bottom for a fee were legion. Initially, starved as I was the books themselves were enough, but then the yearning to feel a cane or a slipper across my backside welled up inside me. I took the plunge and about four years ago I visited my first prostitute. Not for the obligatory screw, which is the lot of many but to try

and recapture the exquisite feelings of my youth, to have a punishing implement caress my naked, vulnerable bottom. Sadly the experience, like a second visit to a different prostitute later, was an unmitigated disaster. Three sharp slaps with a rattan cane and a quick jerk off were all they had to offer. Five pounds sir and thank you very much, call again. Where was the fear, the anticipation, the love and the domination. Where were those conflicting, strange and ambivalent emotions that are conjured up in the heart of a boy who knows, whatever he may say, however much he doth protest, he is going to have his pants taken down and have his bottom caned. There was nothing. Just an irritating pain in the buttocks and a sadness in the heart. No, prostitutes were not for me.

Then, after spilling out my problem to a counselling organisation I was put in touch with a man who totally understood people like me. He is a teacher with a large flat in South London. I arranged to pay him a visit one afternoon a couple of years ago. I approached with some trepidation. Was this really what I wanted. He invited me in and offered me a drink. And then we chatted. For what seemed like hours we talked about my problems, my fears, my desires and, inevitably, my schooldays. I relaxed. Here was a man who instinctively understood me. And then the moment I both dreaded and hoped for arrived. Was I willing to let him cane me. I knew if I started I would have to go through with it. He would be in total control, just like my schooldays. I said yes.

He requested me to go into the other room where a schoolboy's gym kit were laid out for me. Tight white shorts, a white T-shirt and socks. I undressed and put them on, my heart pounding and my penis stiffening. By the time I had dressed I had a fairly hard erection in the circumstances. I returned to the other room. He had

moved a small table into the middle of the room. 'You know why you are here,' he said. 'You are going to have a damn good caning. I shall give you six on the shorts and then a further six on the bare bottom. You will remain bending over the table until I tell you to rise. If you get up between strokes, that stroke will not count. Are you ready, if so bend over.' My head was swimming my heart thumping and my loins stirring even more. My mouth seemed terribly dry and all the old schoolboy feelings seemed to surge back into me. Yet somehow I managed to say. 'Yes sir.'

Trembling I bent over the table. I stretched my arms to the other side of the table holding on for dear life. My stretched bottom seemed so terribly vulnerable. He came towards me and hitched up the shorts so that my backside was taut and ready. 'This will hurt,' he said and I felt the cane as it was gently laid across my twitching cheeks. The first stroke slashed, cutting across the middle of both cheeks. For a fraction of a second I did not feel anything. And then the searing pain hit me. I yelled and yet managed to stay in position for the next five. The second was low as was the third and the final three were back across the middle of my bottom. The first half was over.

I waited, trembling, erection gone, only a feeling of agony in my rear. He came to me and slowly lowered my shorts and raised my vest, conjuring up a vision of that teacher so many years ago. The coolness of the air on my burning bottom was exquisite. 'Beautiful marks,' he said giving me a feeling of glowing pride. I desperately wanted to look but knew in my heart of hearts that before I could I must suffer another six strokes of the cane only this time with no protection. He stepped back and raised the cane in readiness. I turned and glanced at him and then closed my eyes and held my breath. It is only decent to draw a veil over what

happened next. If the slashes across my shorts were agony then the cane across the naked bottom wielded with force is of such an order to defy description. They have to be experienced to be believed. The pain was excruciating. There was no way I could stay in position for the whole six, and consequently the cane rained across my backside nine times before I had fulfilled my part of the strange agreement.

Afterwards when the initial pain had subsided I felt a warm glow in my rear, and a wonderful sense of well-being as if this was my reason for existence. How strange to go through life with an almost constant longing to be thrashed. I looked at the weals in his mirror. Beautiful red and purple marks zig zagging across a white virgin bottom. No picture is quite so aesthetically fulfilling.

I have visited that teacher on a number of occasions since and can now take many more strokes of

cane, strap and tawse before the pain gets too much. I have come a long way since those days when I received a few gentle hand slaps on my bottom by my junior school teacher.

Janus has helped me to come to terms with myself, and so has the men I visit. My wife knows about the situation and accepts it. She knows in her heart that she cannot fulfill the role and is happy in the knowledge that there is no threat to our marriage. I wasn't looking for a lover I was looking for a teacher and I found him. Thank God.

I am sure what I am, and I know why I am. I have found myself and no longer feel guilty and unfulfilled. From those strange beginnings of a small boy across his teacher's knee to a grown man across his teacher's table I have succeeded in finding, knowing, understanding and fulfilling the wondrous emotions that are the product of a cane and a bare bottom.

'A'.



TENNIS GIRLS AND SERVICE GIRLS ALL SPANKED

I recently bought your Spanking Picture Special, and I feel rather as though I have been conned. As a regular reader I had seen most if not all of the pictures before and resent paying £2.50 to see them again. No more 'Specials' for me — I won't be caught like that again. The only consolation was the gorgeous girl on the cover. Let's see her again sometime — preferably across someone's knee.

Having got that off my chest, I must say that generally speaking you do a pretty good job. Your recent questionnaire to discover our preferences was a good idea. I returned it, and would like to add some more suggestions I didn't have room for.

For novelty's sake, how about, the occasional girl being spanked fully dressed? In my mind's eye I see an elegant young lady dressed in her best for a special occasion, complete with neat high-heeled shoes, hat, gloves and handbag. She has been unlucky enough to annoy her escort, and to her shocked dismay finds herself across his knee with a stinging hand descending upon the seat of her prettiest dress. It would make a change from the repetitious scenes of schoolgirl knickers and beefy teenage buttocks. No wonder tennis players are often nominated for the Order of the Burning Bot. The combination of short pleated skirt, lacy white briefs and sun-tanned bare legs might have been specially designed to make a girl look spankable. As my wife, Margaret, discovered long ago. We played tennis regularly until we were in our late thirties, and Margaret used to complain ruefully that every time I saw her dressed for tennis she got a spanking! Well, not every time, that was an exaggeration, but I did find the costume very tempting, and on our return home from the game she often found herself across my knee. That little skirt turned up so easily to reveal

her shapely, neatly-knickered bottom. It was a very hot and sore bottom before she got up again. First a good, sound spanking on the seat of her briefs. Then, after a brief pause to get her breath back, I'd take her knickers down for another dose on the bare seat. I frankly enjoyed it very much and as for Margaret — well, the game of tennis was often her suggestion in the first place, even though she knew perfectly well what would probably happen afterwards. So can we see some pretty tennis players being spanked in your pages, please?

I'd like to see some models in uniform, particularly the uniforms of the wartime women's forces — the A.T.S., the W.A.F.'s and the W.R.N.S. Many old soldiers who served during the 1939-45 scuffle will understand why. We weren't all battling through muck and bullets at the front. For thousands of men and women in base camps the worst enemy was boredom, and as one way of relieving that boredom there was a good deal of impromptu bottom-smacking going on.

Given a crowd of men and girls with nothing much to do, confined to one area for most of the time, a certain amount of horseplay and fooling around is bound to develop. The girls were there, but you could hardly take them to bed in a hut you shared with twenty other blokes. If you took a girl to an isolated corner and stood her up against a wall you made her feel like a tart — and not many of the girls were prepared to act like tarts. What you could do, to relieve their frustration and yours, was to spank them — and spank them we did! Naturally you used a bit of discretion, you didn't put a girl across your knee in the middle of the barrack square. Even so, the powers that be must have known it was going on, but they never did anything about it. Thought it was a useful safety-valve, perhaps.

On a big camp there were lots of places where you could deliver a brisk

spanking without anyone around. Or there were quiet country places nearby where you could take your girl, who'd probably be giggling nervously with a damn good idea of what was in store for her. I've many pleasant memories of laying a pert little A.T.S. private across my knee, turning up her khaki skirt, taking down her service knickers and spanking her wriggling, bouncing bare behind till it was a bright, burning red.

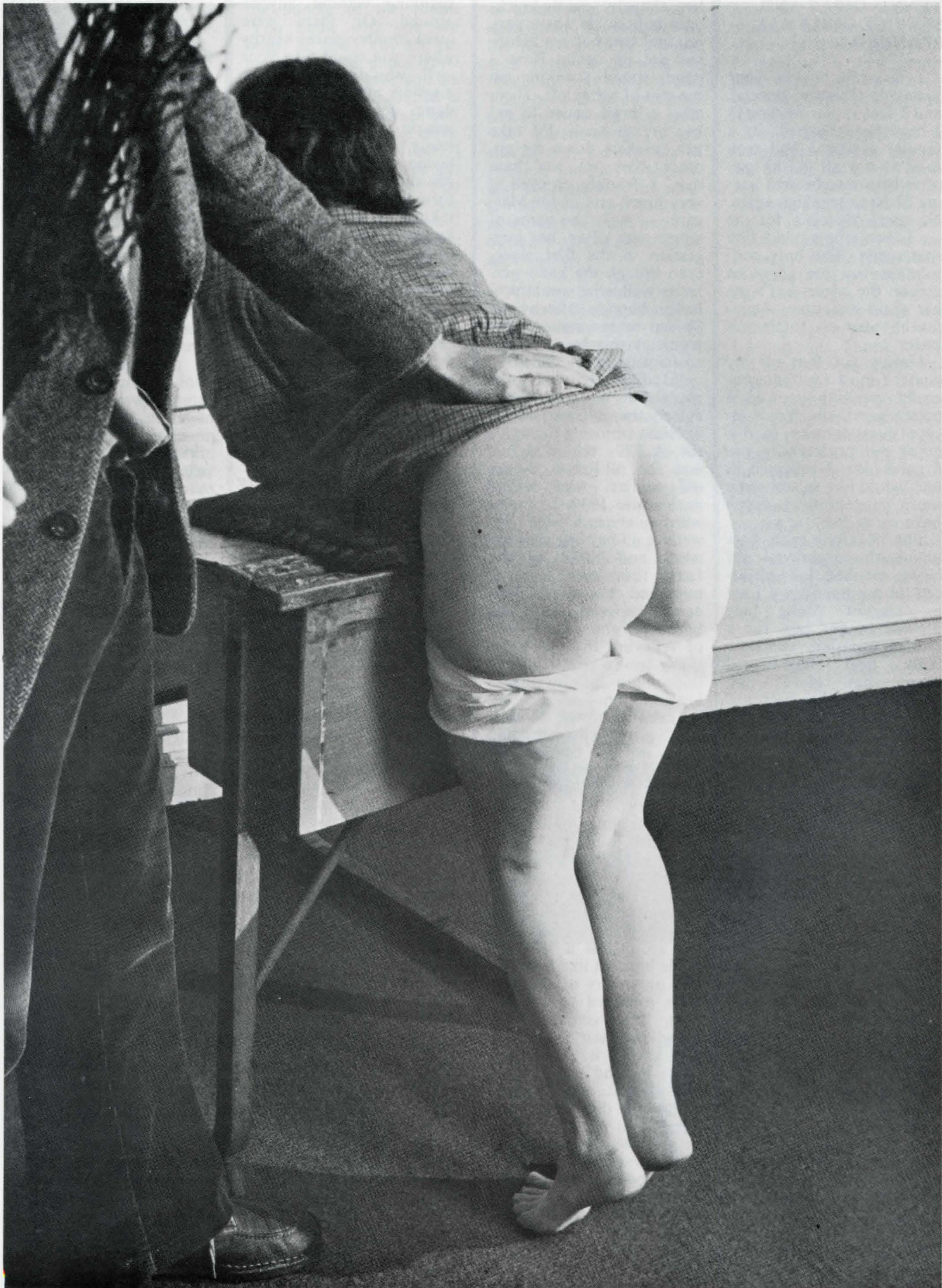
There were unspoken rules. If you were a private you didn't spank an A.T.S. corporal if you had any sense. She probably wouldn't put you on a charge if you did, but your own N.C.O.'s would make your life hell. Your sergeant might well have taken the girl's knickers down and tanned her arse himself, but he wasn't going to have any lousy private taking liberties. You didn't pick on some bewildered kid who'd only been in uniform a week and was still scared and homesick. If there was a crowd of you, men and girls, fooling around together you could spank a girl on the seat of her skirt. You could, if the general mood was right, warm the seat of her knickers, but you didn't humiliate her by a public bare-bottom spanking. Unless, that is, she really asked for it. I remember one big, fair-haired Yorkshire girl who'd been making a bloody nuisance of herself to all and sundry. Finally we held an unofficial court-martial and sentenced her to a damn good hiding. Her name was Joyce, I remember. She went across the knees of five men, one after another and got twenty solid, stinging spans from each before being passed on to the next. I was the last man and by the time she got to me her bottom was beetroot red and she was crying her eyes out, but I added my twenty all the same and really laid them on. There were about a dozen other A.T.S. watching, and they thought it was a wonderful show. In fact, they wanted to carry on where we'd left off, and we had to threaten

spankings all round to keep them under control.

Some of the girls came from strict homes and a spanking was nothing to them, they'd had plenty of strap already. Others had even dreamed of the possibility of being spanked until they joined up. I always enjoyed giving a girl her first introduction to the joys(?) of spanking. First there was the expression on her face when she found out what was going to happen to her, a wide-eyed disbelief, sometimes mixed with a kind of pleased excitement. Then the shocked protests as her skirt went up and her knickers came down. 'Oh no, you mustn't! Please, you mustn't!' Then, as I admired the tender white virgin bottom and slowly raised my hand there was often a whimpering little: 'O-o-o-o-h!' of scared anticipation as she realised that she was really going to have her bottom smacked like a naughty little girl. The reaction to the actual spanking varied a lot. Some girls started kicking and squealing and wriggling from the first slap. Others were too proud to show any reaction at first, though they couldn't help gasping and squirming a little. Finally, though, the stinging pain in their flaming buttocks would be too much to bear and they'd burst into noisy sobs.

Margaret, who was in the Waafs, says that things were just the same in her unit — only she, of course, was on the receiving end. By the time she came out she was thoroughly familiar with the sensation of a well-spanked bottom. By the time we met, a couple of years after the war, we both had a delight in spanking, and in Margaret's case, being spanked, which is still with us. Not that Margaret gets anything more drastic than the occasional playful smacking these days. So, please call back happy memories for us and let us see some Janus girls being spanked in uniform.

P.H.
Manchester.



CARDS AND HORSES

My boyfriend and I read your magazine each month and its contents give us lots of ideas for fun and games involving corporal punishment, which we both enjoy giving and receiving.

One game that your readers might enjoy involves a pack of cards where each suit and each card means a different thing. First one decides who is the receiver by drawing a card each — the higher card drawer chooses.

We then draw up a list consisting of spades — i.e. 2-6 equals six strokes and so on up to an ace, which generally equals twenty!

Hearts show the implement to be used — here we always start with the 2 equalling a hand-spanking, 3 and 4 a gym shoe, and the higher cards a variety of riding whips and crops on which we are very keen.

Diamonds show the posi-

tion the receiver must adopt, from the relatively comfortable to the diabolically tightly tied!

Finally clubs designate the amount of covering allowed. As we generally plug the riding theme — of which much more anon — this ranges from being allowed to wear pants, johdpurs and a rubberised riding mackintosh, which soaks up a lot of the pain, down to a bare bottom.

One then deals seven cards face up, and the highest card in each suit is the one that counts. If there is no card in any suit one is deemed to hold the ace in that suit. One is then allowed to change — indeed one must change three cards, one after the other.

It is amazing what can happen — one can find oneself with, say, the 4, 5 and 6 of spades, 2 of hearts, 6 of diamonds and 4 and ace of clubs, feeling that if one can get rid of the ace



of clubs one will be comfortably placed: imagine, however, getting the King of spades instead of it, changing that for the ace of hearts, and in an endeavour to get rid of that drawing another high club and finding oneself facing a bare bottom whipping from a leather riding crop after all!

Our fascination with things to do with riding stems from a holiday home I went to once where the girls, all in their teens, were subject to the severest discipline and were often whipped with their own riding crops for the most trivial offences. These often involved dress — as the farm was in Wales it was mostly raining and we were forbidden to go out riding without a waterproof if there was any chance of it becoming wet during the day. Needless to say we took no notice of this if we started out in the day, but

storms and deluges come up so quickly in the West that we were often caught out.

I once suffered in this way and got such a thrashing with a long, thin schooling whip that I never forgot it. Even today I feel such a sense of security when wearing a riding mackintosh and always wear one in the country though it looks odd in London, and we have developed lots of lovely rubber and bondage games with the ones which we possess.

I am always surprised that more people do not mention riding whips and crops in their letters to you as these come in so many forms, lengths, etc., that they can never be dull!

Does anyone else enjoy this riding cult allied to a love of C.P., rubber, etc? It seems natural to us.

Lesley B.
Worthing,
Sussex

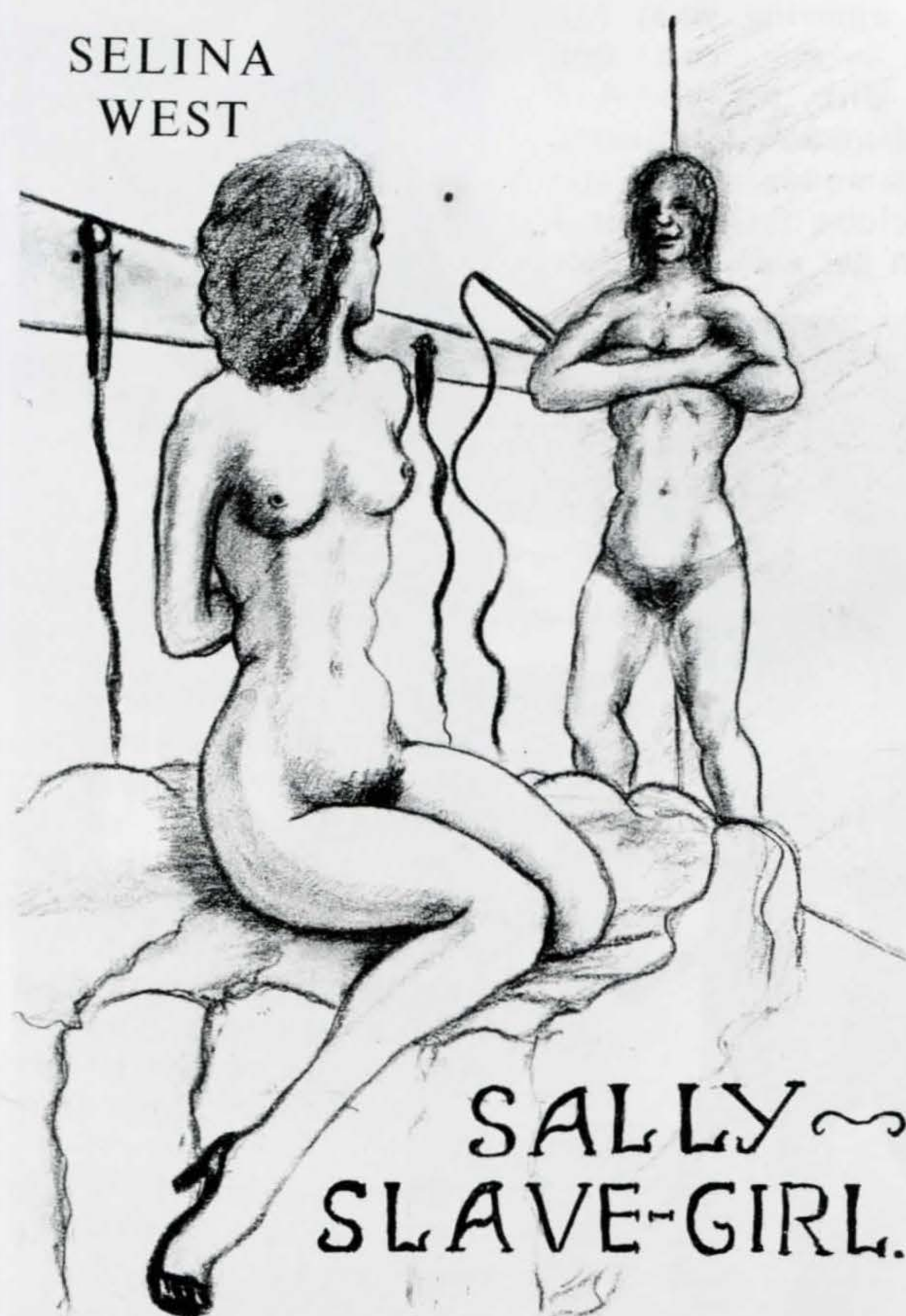
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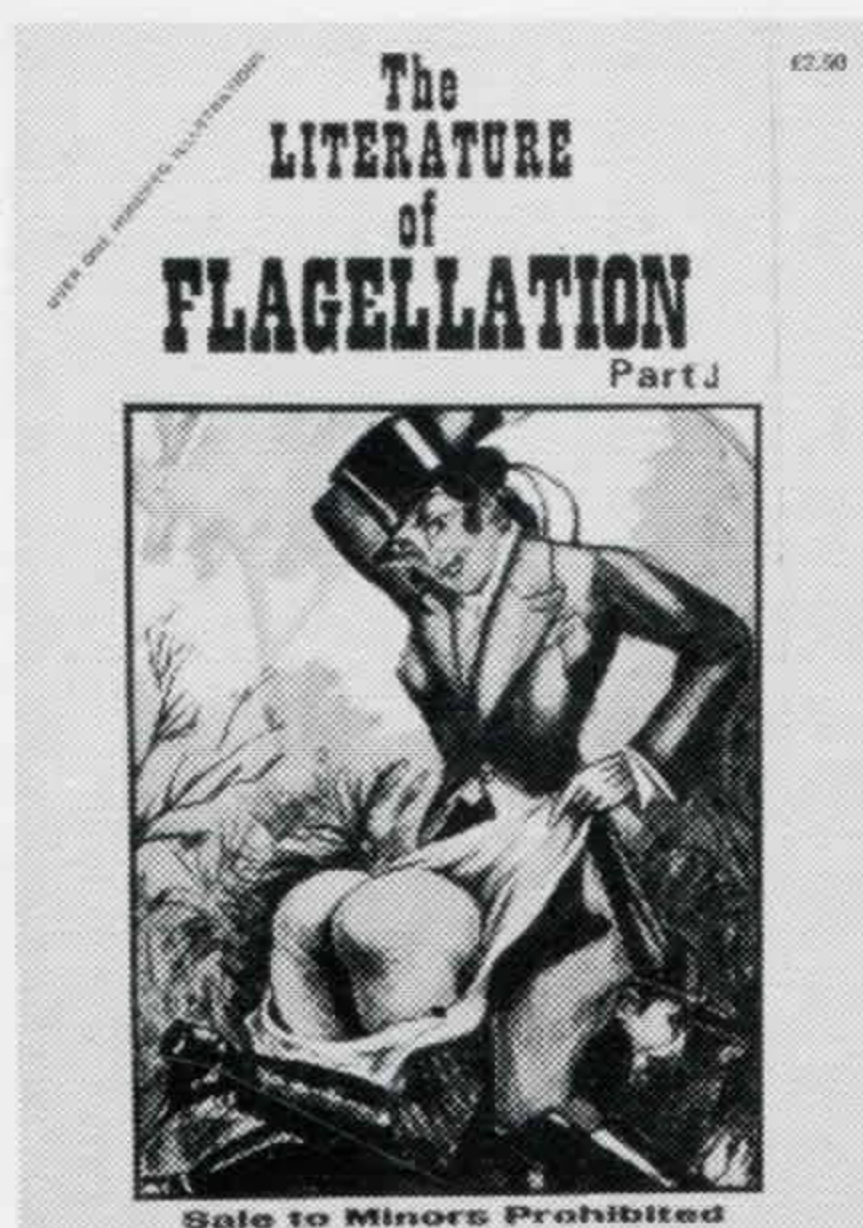
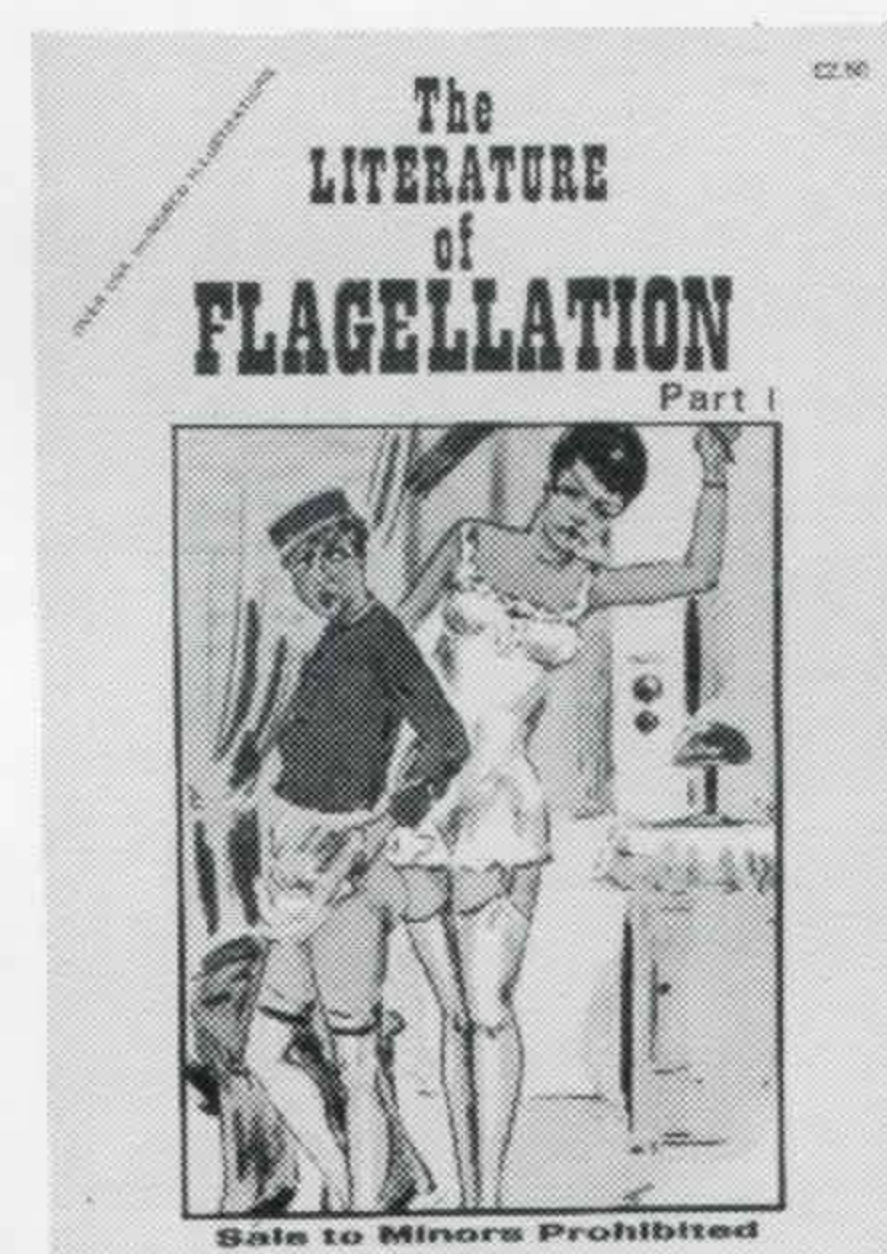
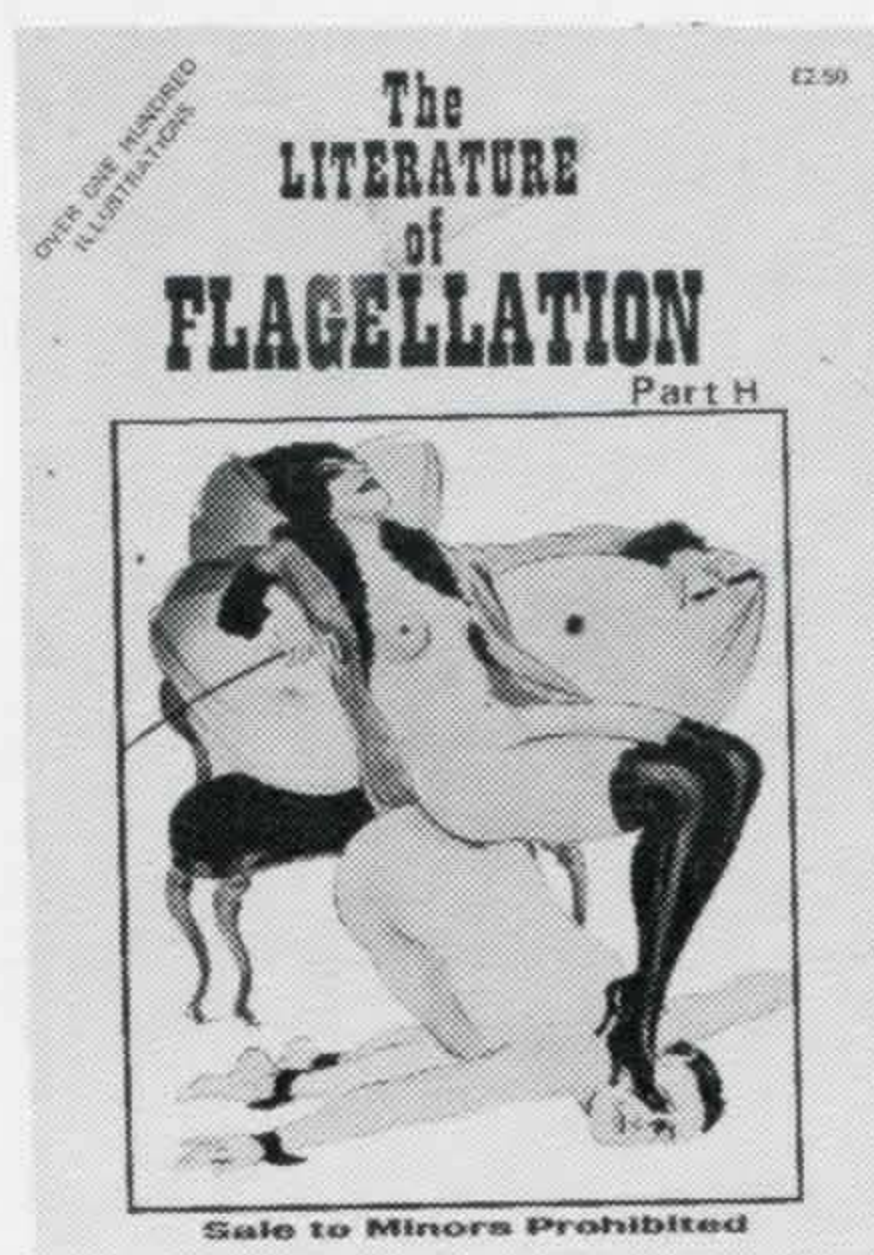
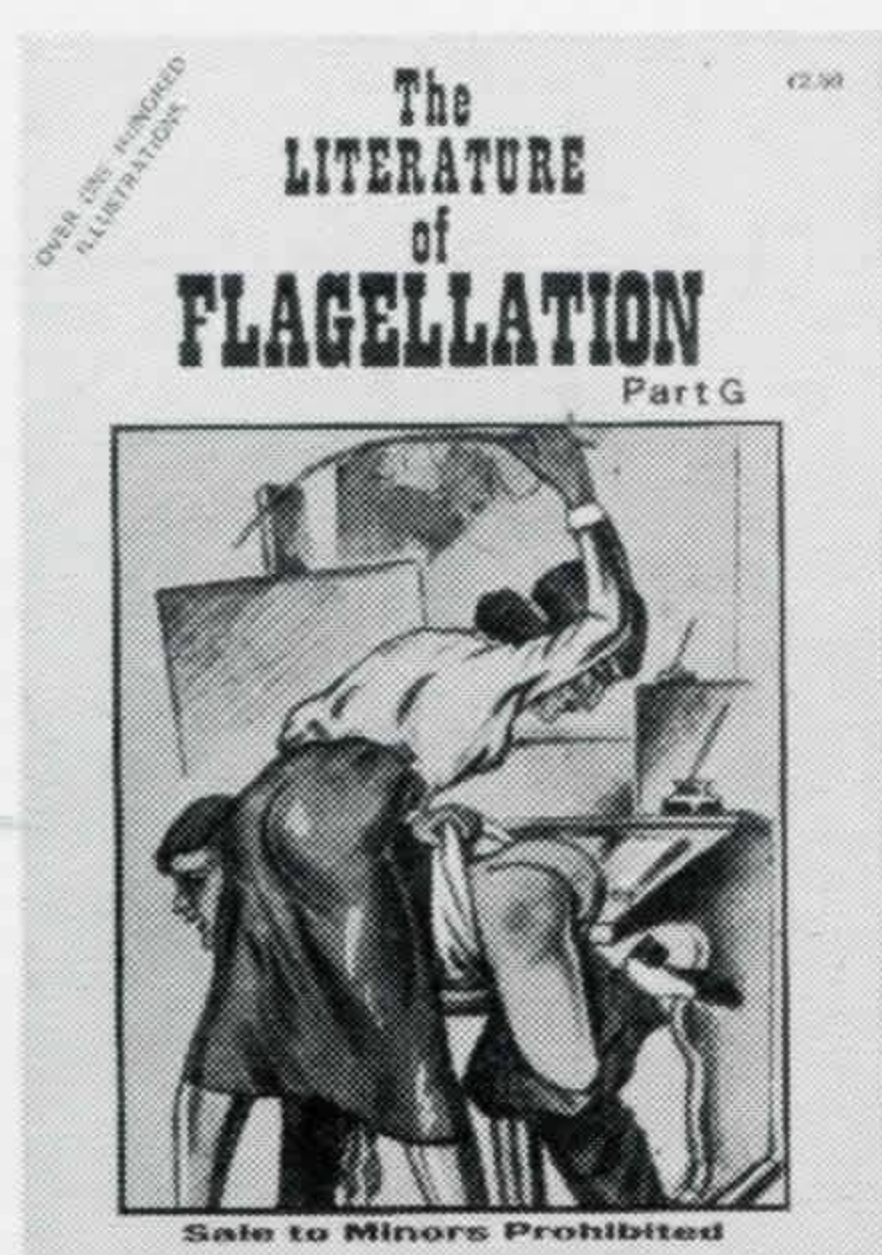
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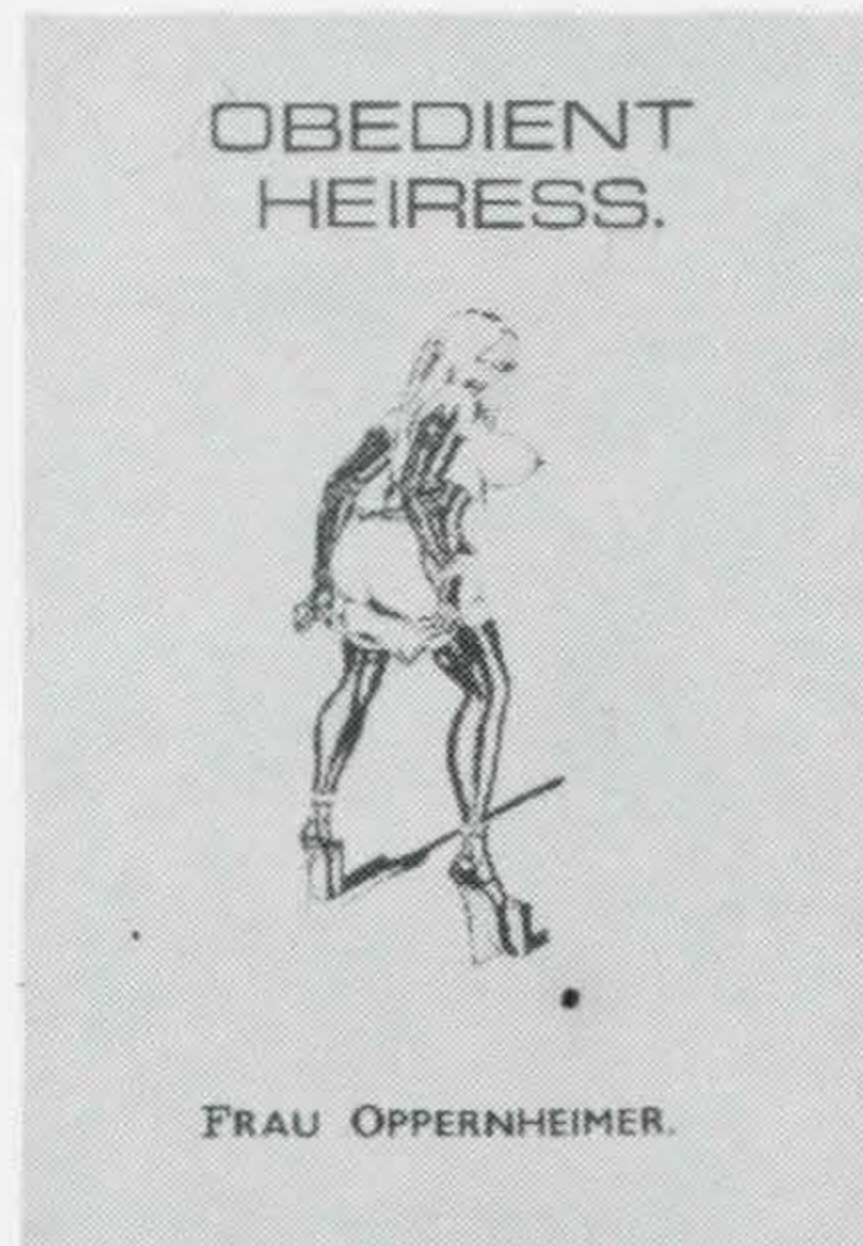
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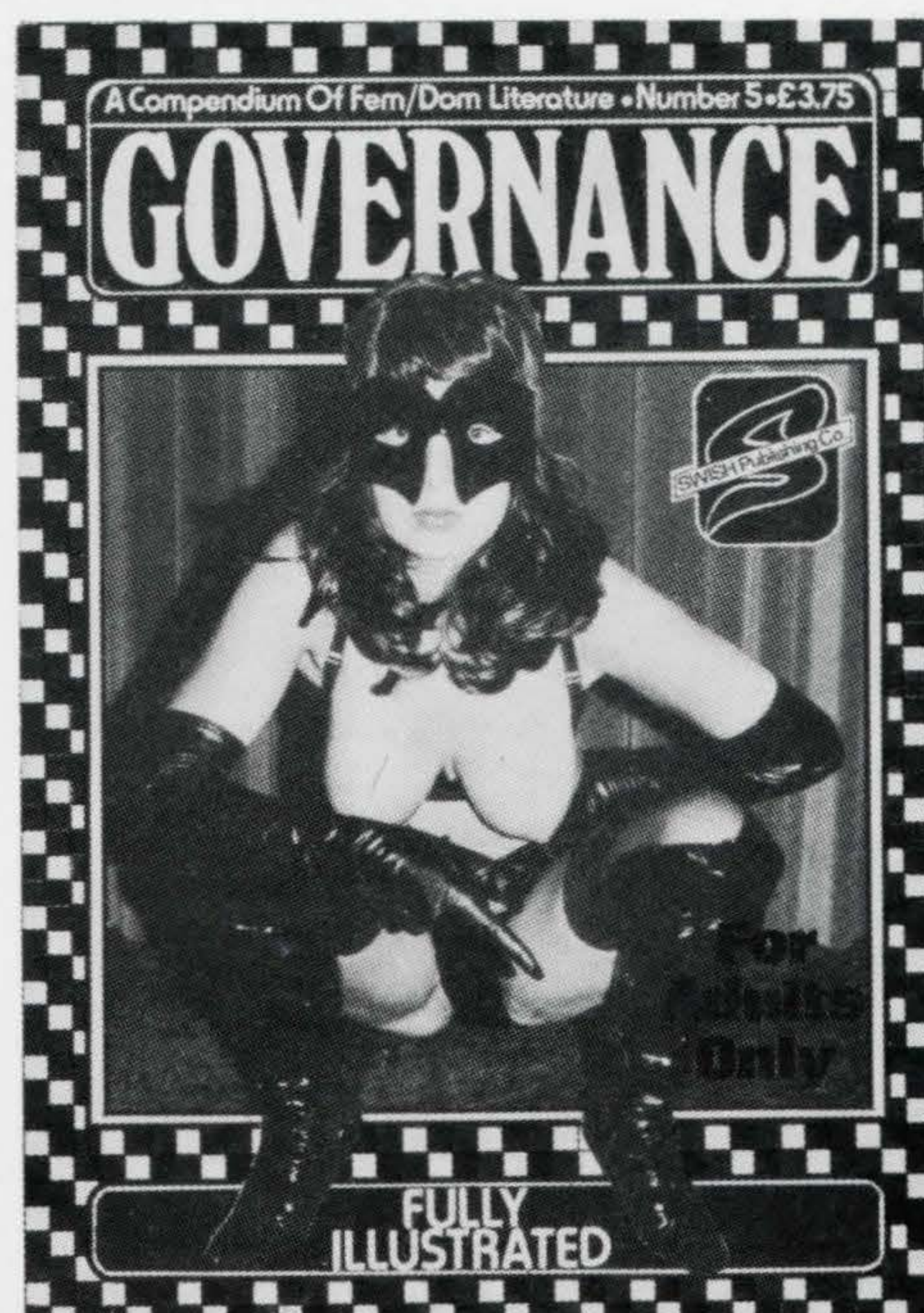
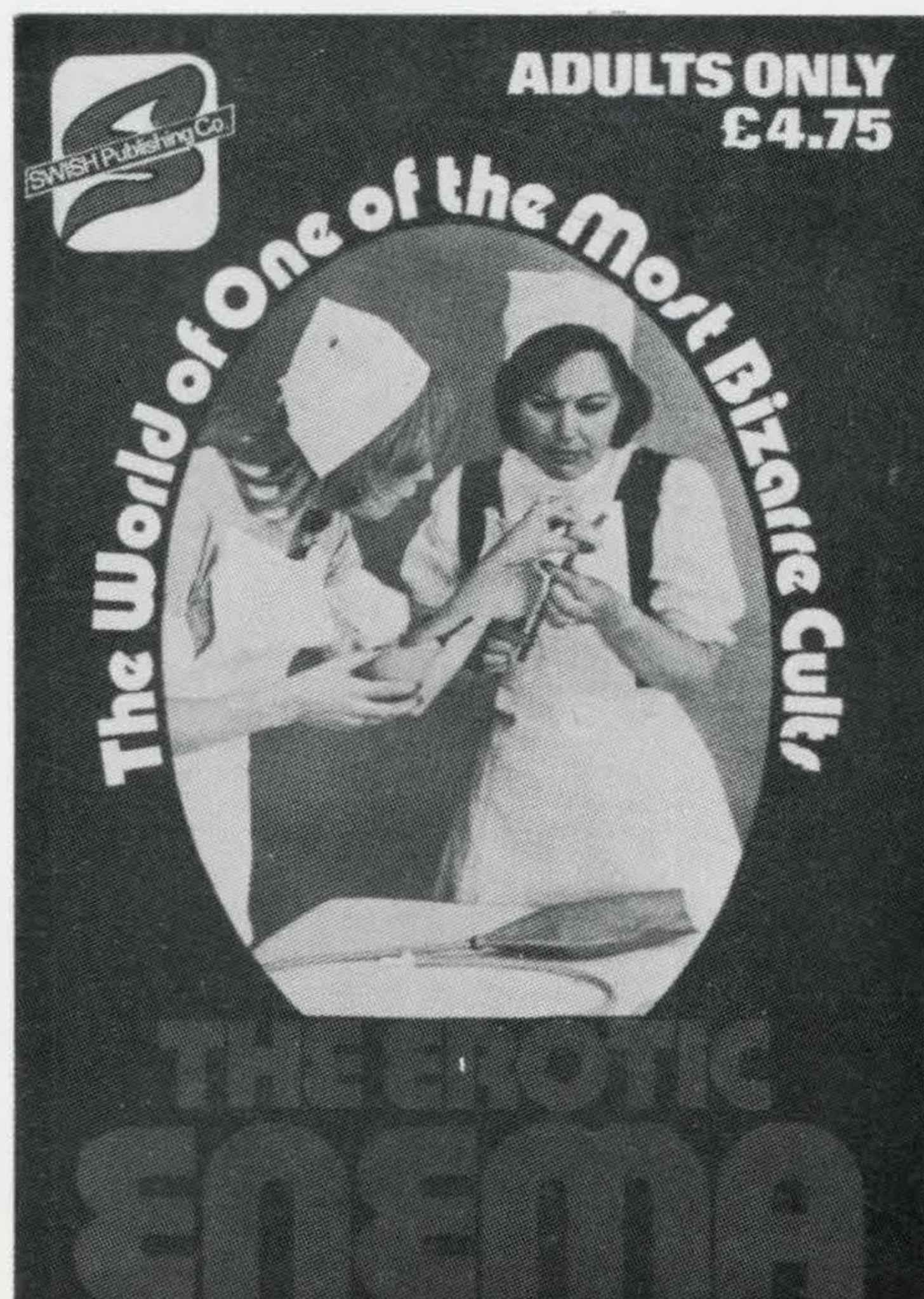
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