

# JANUS



A JOURNAL OF FETISHISM AND C.P.

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VOLUME 8 NUMBER 6



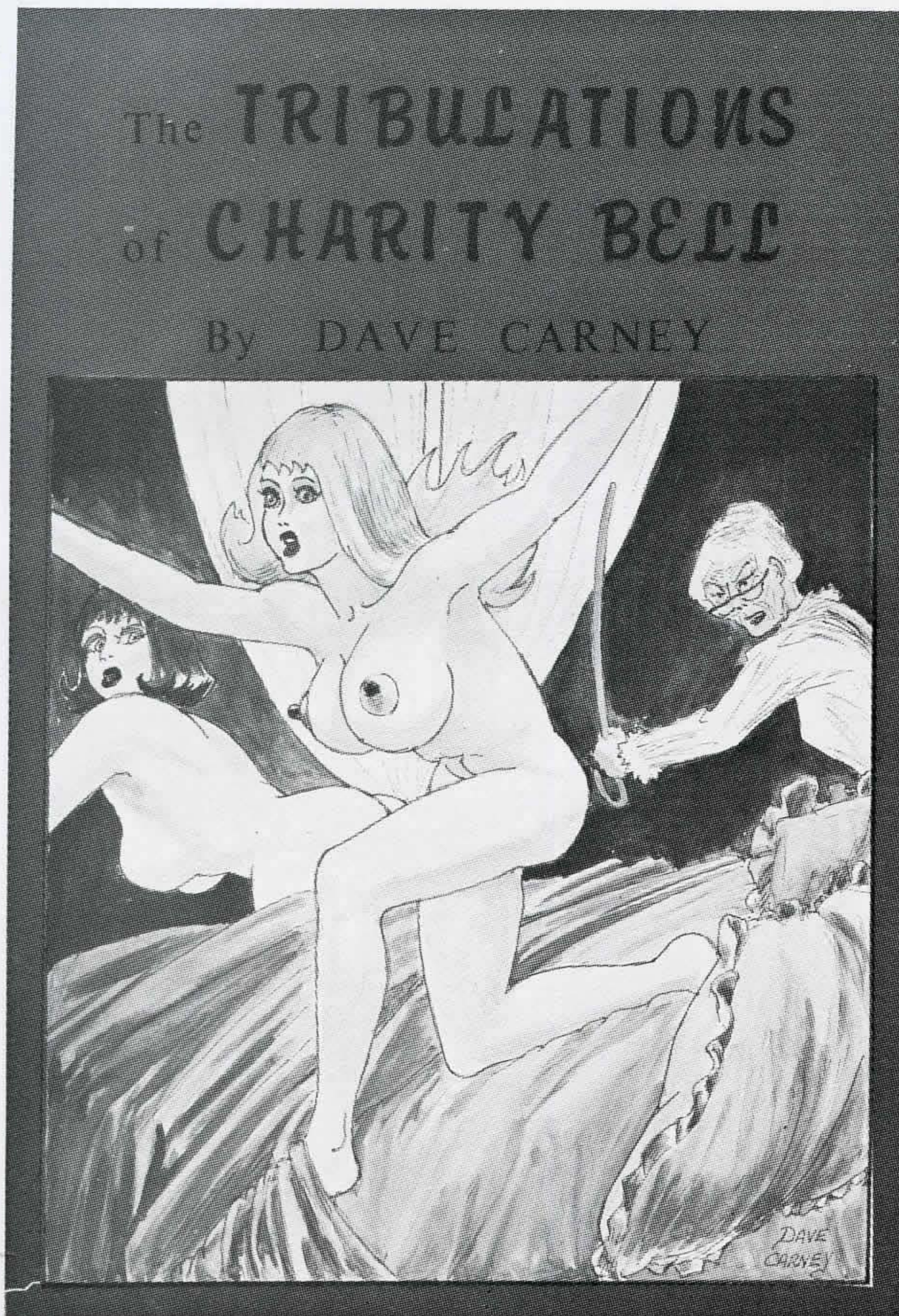
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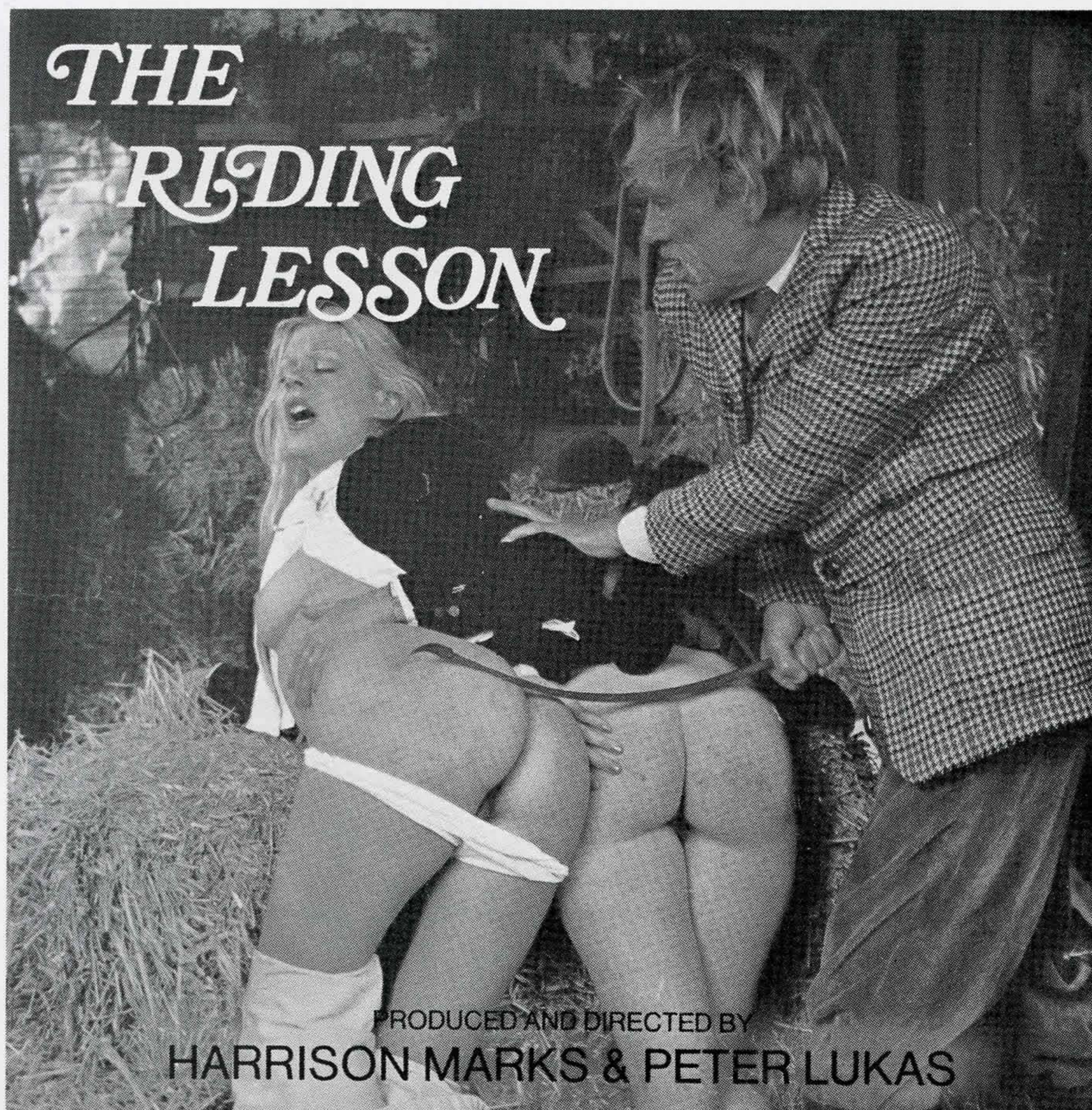
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Directed & Produced by Harrison Marks and Peter Lukas.

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.

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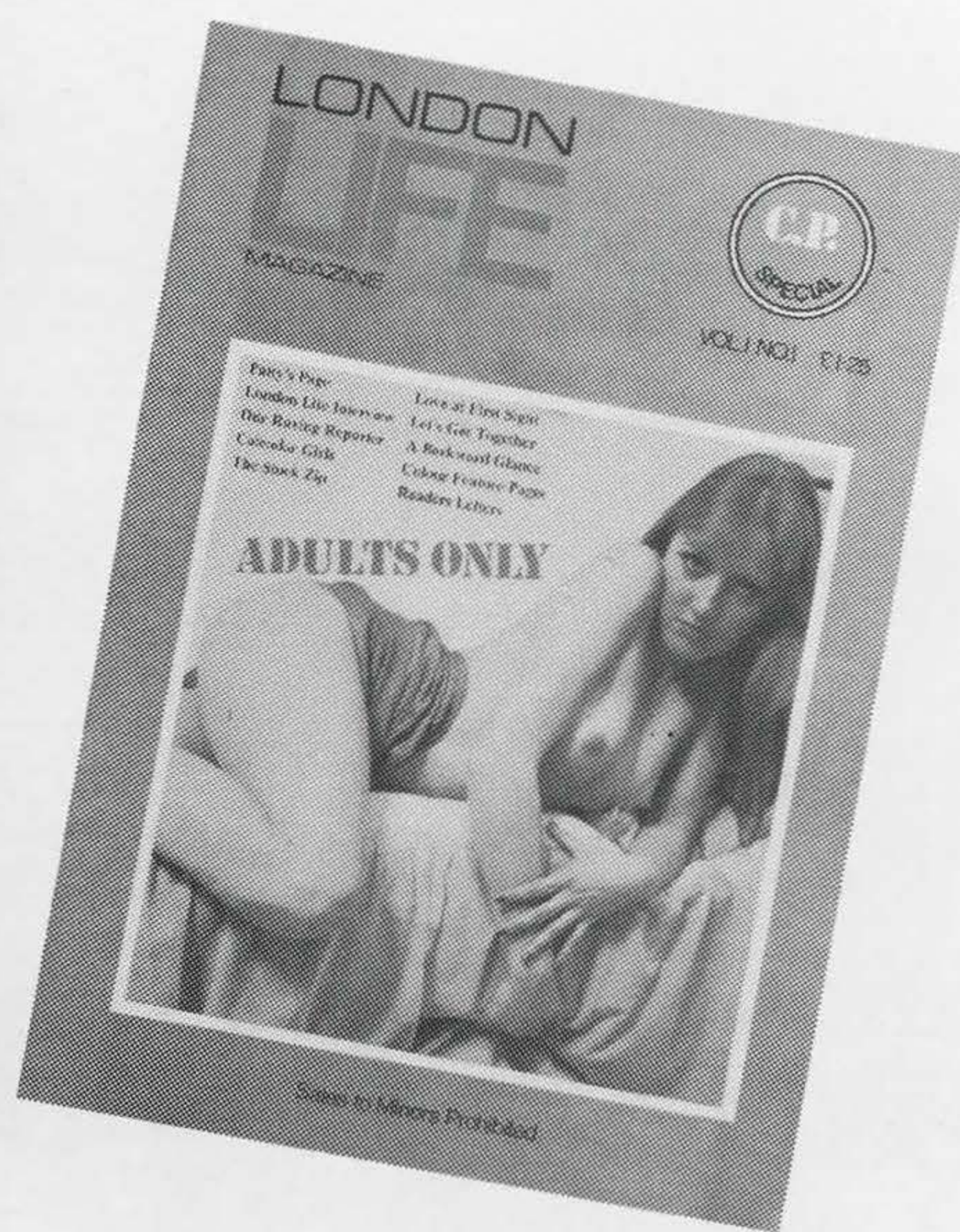
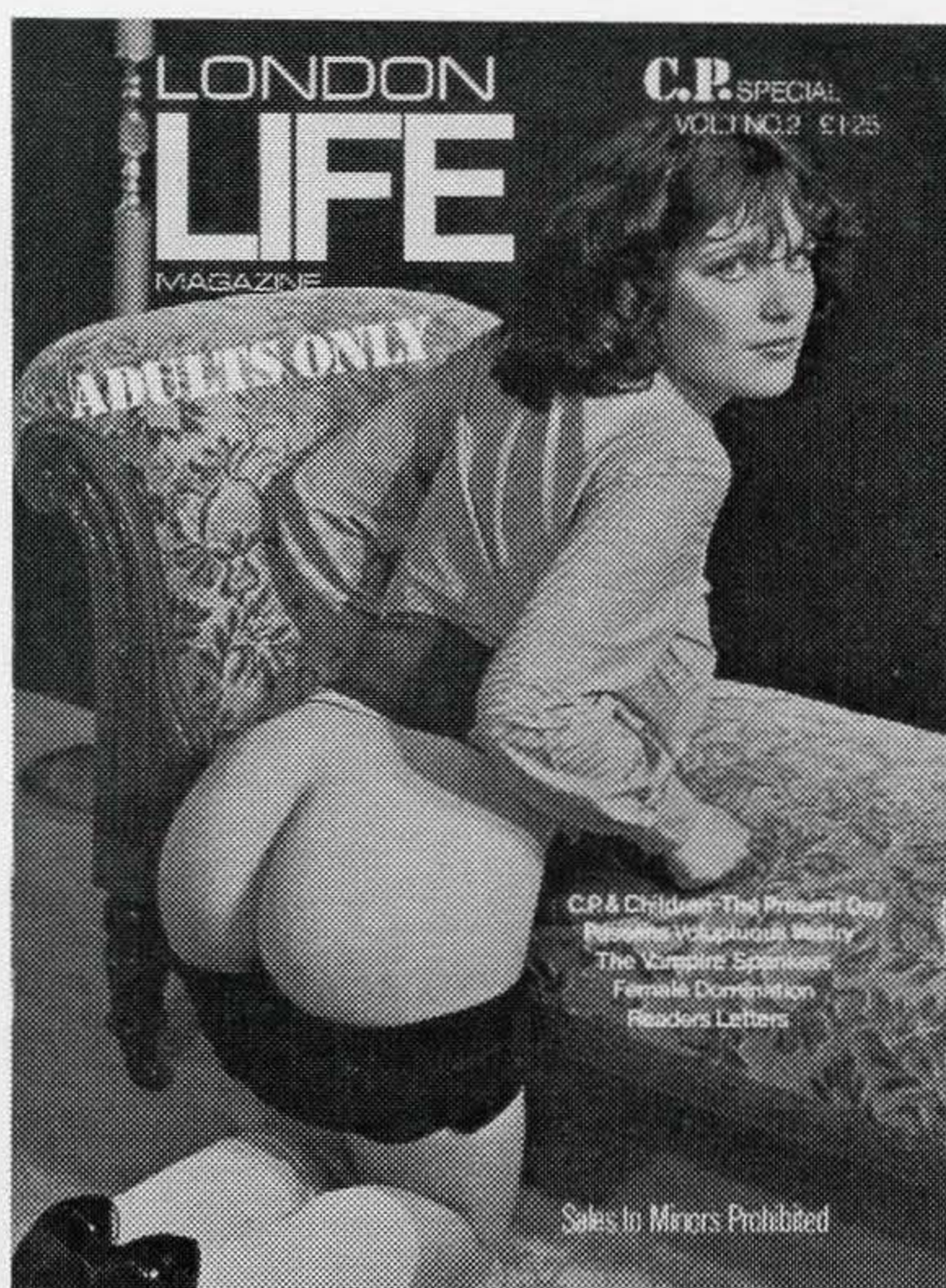
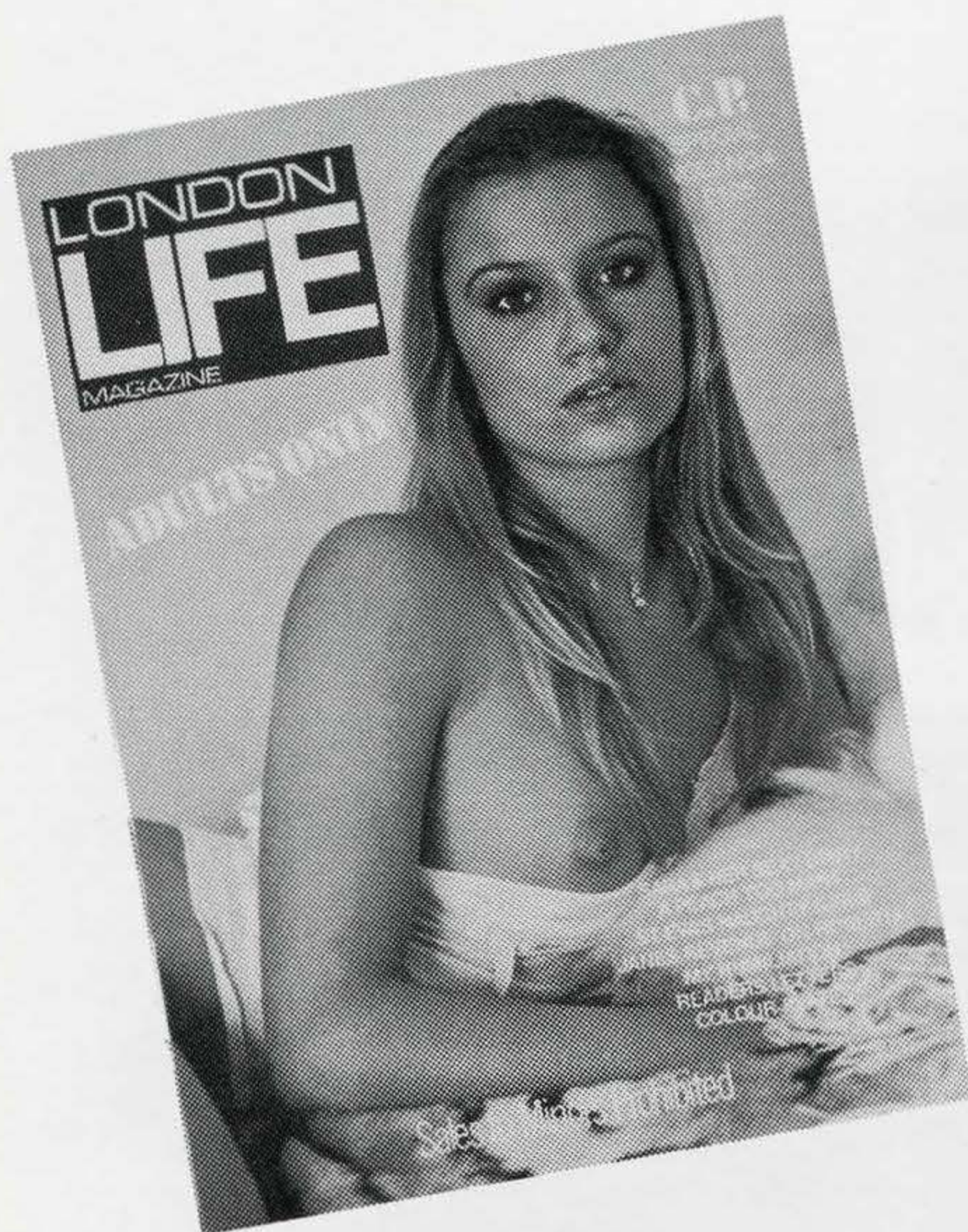
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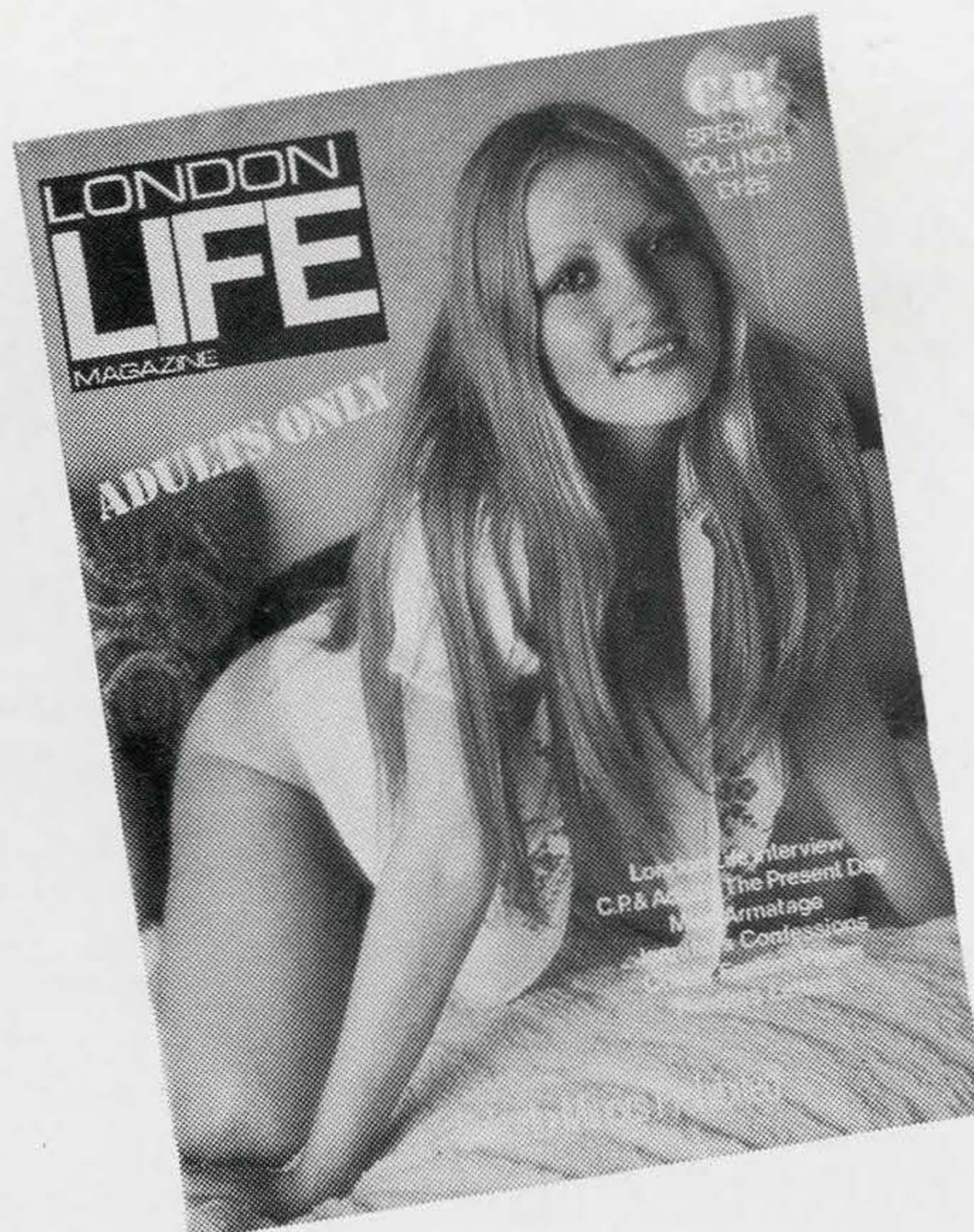
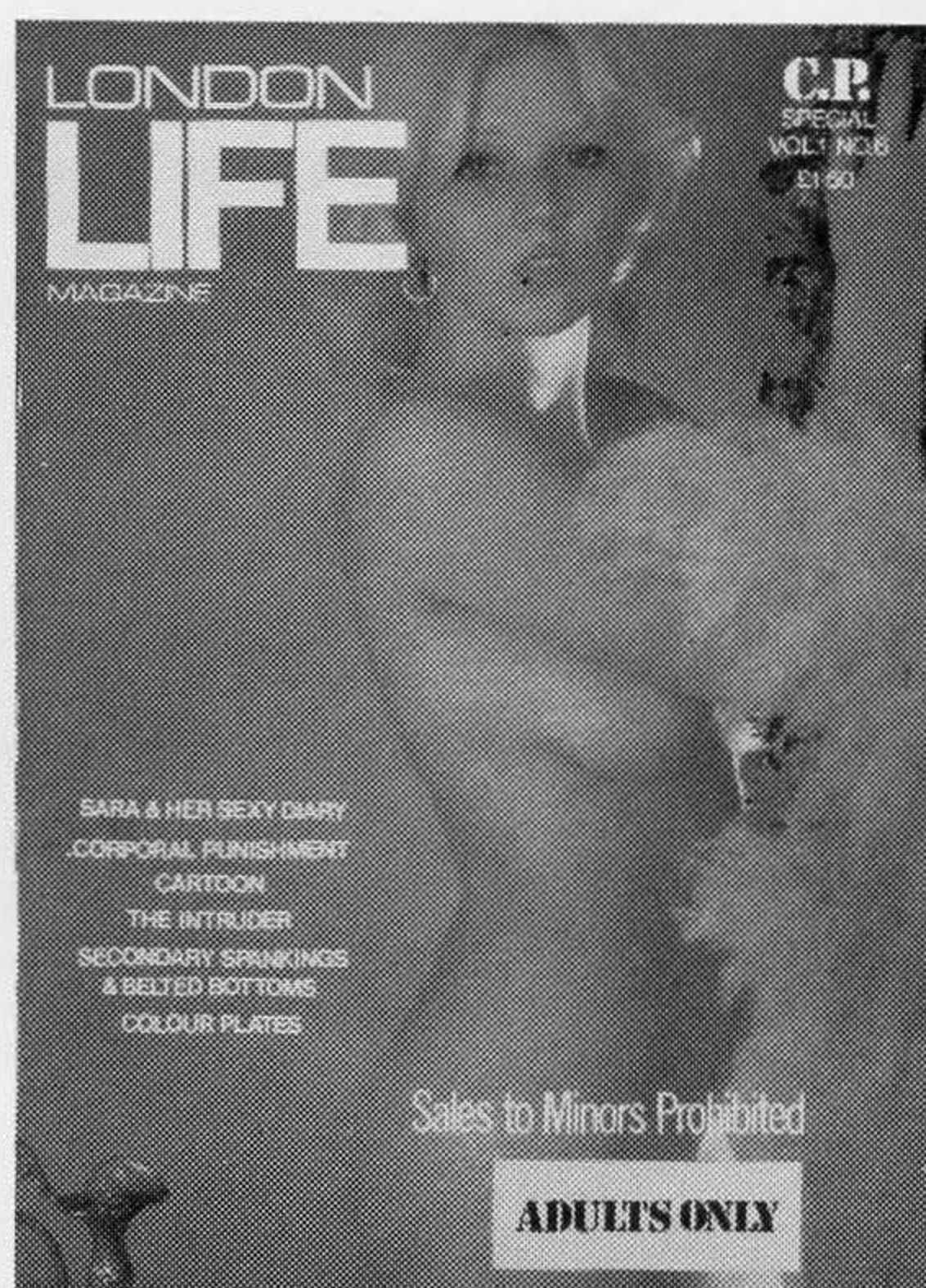
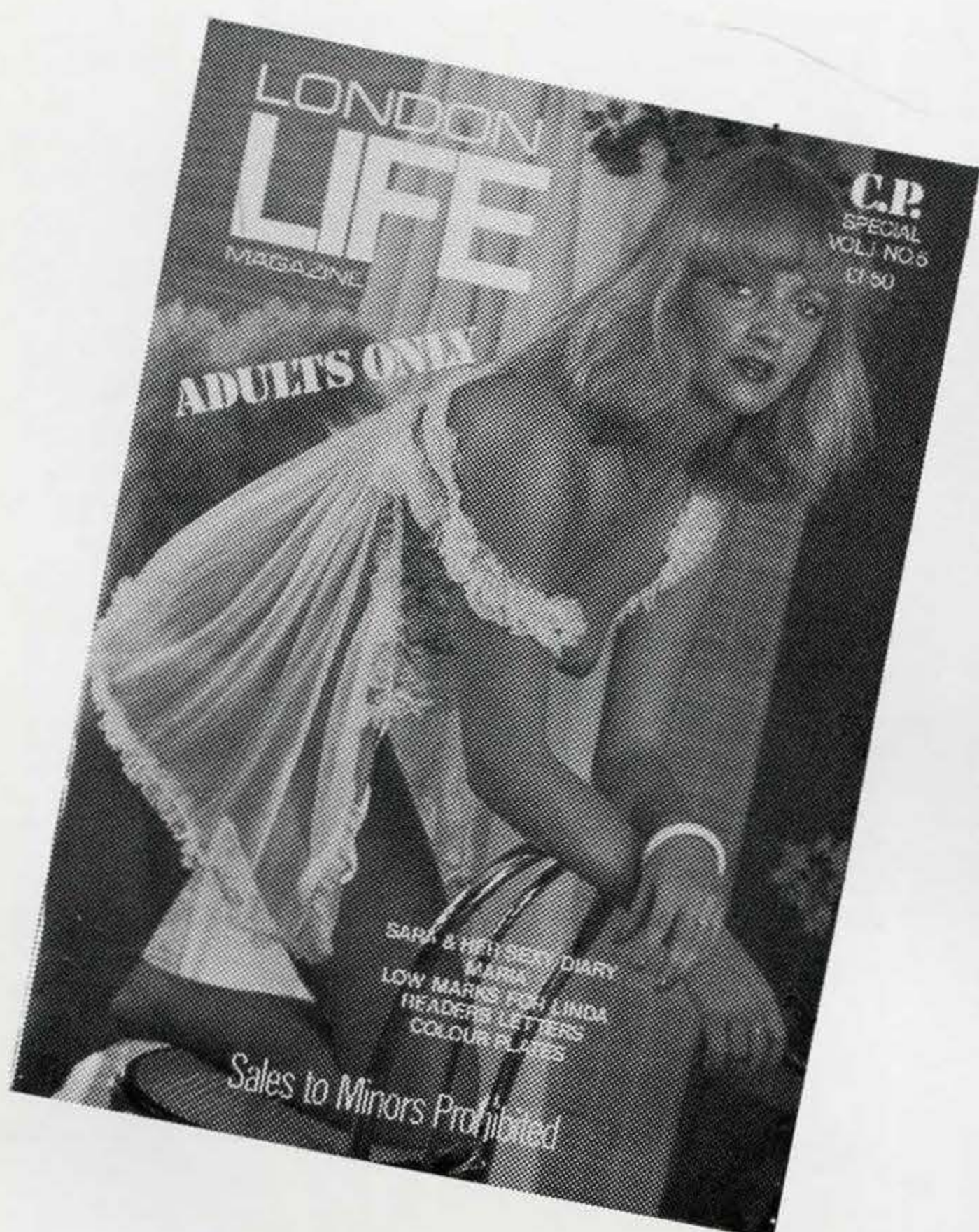
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# JANUS

A Magazine of Fetishism and C.P.

Volume Eight Number Six

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## EDITORIAL

### AN AMAZING MIXTURE

The letter columns of *Janus* are wide and varied — but even our space is limited, and we often receive interesting letters which we cannot include — or which would have to be cut very rigorously.

May we put in a plea here for pithy, well-expressed letters which get their point across without a lot of verbiage? You've no idea how many we have to reject with a sigh because of this fault.

Also — please, no ridiculous letters trying to make us believe in an obvious fantasy. If you have a fantasy — fine, write us a letter *about* your fantasy. That is what this magazine is all about, frank discussion of a taboo subject in which, nonetheless, many of us are keenly interested. That kind of letter we are always glad to have.

Think about it, will you?

In the meantime, here are some points of view, bizarre, light-hearted, and often downright comic, which we have had to omit in the past.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Sir,

I don't think there is any harm to reasonable corporal punishment — though now retired, I was a schoolmaster (of the old school) for many years. If all the strokes of cane, strap and (occasionally) birch which I administered were added up, I should think you would need a computer to handle the number.

One point I will give to the anti-corporal punishment brigade. We used to give corporal punishment far too frequently, and for far too insignificant offences, that is true.

Now, of course, we have swung to the other extreme. We withhold it where it is often richly deserved, and where, properly administered, it could do no harm.

When corporal punishment is administered firmly but moderately, there is very seldom any ill feeling left afterwards, which should be the whole object of the exercise. And, of course, the punishment must be just and accepted by the 'punishee'.

It really is as simple as that.

Yours etc.

A.A., Merseyside

\* \* \* \* \*

Thank you, Mr. A.A. An intelligent letter from an intelligent man, and expressing a very common viewpoint where CP is concerned, and one which recurs again and again in our correspondence. Here is a more detailed letter on the same theme:

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Sir,

I don't think that occasional chastisement does any harm, either in the school or in the home — though I am doubtful about penal floggings in prison, since so many prison offenders are not quite right in the head.

However, I have administered the cane to boys and girls of all ages, without any lasting resentment on the behalf of the recipient. And, I may say, I am not talking about the 1950's or the 1940's, but the 1960's and later.

I taught school in the States, having trained in Britain, and I can tell you that corporal punishment is very much alive there, more so than in Europe, where it has practically died out at an official level, except in Britain, oddly enough.

In the school where I taught, in the South, it was routine to punish, and I handed out many whackings, some-times to boys and girls of quite mature age.

The cane is not so usual in the States as it is here, and the usual implement was the paddle, a flat piece of board, generally narrowing at one end to make a handle.

The general routine was that the naughty student had to go to the staffroom at the appointed time, when the member of staff who was on duty would take the paddle which we all used, and take the culprit next door, where there was a small store room. If it was a girl up for punishment, she took her punishment on the seat of slacks or shorts, which she tightened by bending over a convenient table. Boys were paddled on the seat of jeans or trousers. The girls did not usually wear tight shorts for games or otherwise. The general school wear for the older girls was a short grey skirt, and for games very loose divided short skirts. This meant that they had to keep a pair of tight shorts or slacks (shorts were more usual) for punishment, and these were known as 'smack pants' among the girls.

I remember once passing the girls' changing rooms, and hearing the following dialogue:

'Hey, Mandy!'

'Yes?'

'Got a pair of smack panties?'

'Sure.'

'Lend us them, will you? I can't find mine, and I've got to go up for a bun-warming in a few minutes.'

'Wow! . . . Who is it?'

'Mr Colley. I didn't hand in my Maths assignment for the second time running.'

'Oh . . . bad luck. Here they are . . .'

Rustle of clothing being removed and adjusted.

'Well, see you later. Hope he doesn't swing too hard . . .'

'So do I!'

A moment later, a pert young miss with her bottom straining in snug shorts came out and headed up to the staffroom. Out of curiosity I followed. A few minutes later, yells and squeals coming from the storeroom attested to Mr Colley's expertise.

In 'private life' I administered CP to young ladies and gentlemen to whom I was giving private tuition, and for this I generally used the English type cane. I think this was far more painful.

When I returned to this country, the school at which I taught did not cane — but I still used it privately from time to time.

Quite a lot of parents were grateful for a teacher who could tickle up a young bottom occasionally. I remember that one such was something of a surprise. We'll call her

Mrs. Bromley, though that was not her name.

Her daughter was rather older than one normally expects to cane. She must have been about eighteen, and a sturdy girl she was too. Rather shy too, name of Brenda. Lots of dark hair, rather curly.

Mrs Bromley was rather apologetic about asking me to use the cane.

'Fact is,' she said, 'Brenda looks so harmless and well behaved that nobody ever really thinks she's misbehaving — but she does. And she never does one ounce of work. Not one ounce. So don't spare her. I've beaten her a few times, but I think she needs someone who can really lay it on.'

Well, I took Brenda for some time, and although she was rather lazy, I didn't see any real need to whack her. However, her work got worse rather than better as time went on, and in the end I felt I had to take some action.

I cautioned her, but in vain. In the end, I said, at the close of a lesson:

'I can see that I am going to have to punish you. I believe you know where your mother keeps the cane.'

Brenda looked rather shyer than ever, but did not make any comment, and went off and fetched the cane. Quite long and bendy it was too. I was momentarily at a loss, I must admit. I didn't know the form, you see. What was usual on these occasions?

'Well, get yourself ready, Brenda,' I said. 'The sooner we begin, the sooner it'll be finished.'

'Yes, sir,' she said in a very low voice. She went over to a low table that stood by one of the windows. She wore a fairly short skirt, which she tucked up to her waist. She had no stockings on, and just a pair of plain white pants, which, to my surprise, she removed. She had the biggest pair of shapely buttocks I had ever seen. She then bent slightly, putting her hands on the table top so that her delectable target stuck out.



She looked round, obviously ready for the painful little ceremony.

I lost no time in stepping up behind her and taking aim. I laid six slow strokes across those lovely mounds, and apart from a slight wiggling of the bottom, she took them all in silence. After I had finished, her bottom had the usual 'tramlines' on it, and her face was rather flushed, Remarkable!

During the year I tutored her, I caned her perhaps four times, and events always followed the same pattern. I have never seen a bigger behind — or one that took punishment so well!

J.S.C., Wolverhampton

\* \* \* \* \*

Thank you, Mr J.S.C. A long, detailed, interesting letter, giving both general comment and particular experience, both very welcome. This does not mean, of course, that one always has to be quite so matter-of-fact. An example of a real fantasy letter follows:

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Mr Editor,

I always enjoy your magazine, especially the more 'far out' pictures and articles! This is because my own fantasy on your favourite subject is a very far-out one indeed.

It never varies, though I have elaborated it over the years. I can clearly see (and feel!) the whole thing happening. It goes like this:

I have been unfaithful to my husband, and for my sins I have had to volunteer for a course of strict discipline, both sexual and corporal, in a remote castle. When I arrive there, I make the acquaintance of a number of other beautiful girls, who are all there for the same reason as myself. We are not made to suffer in the matter of housing or food and drink, indeed we are well cared for. When we get out of our silken sheets in the morning, we have a good breakfast, and then put on our punishment gear. This consists of a tight leather top, a leather peaked cap, and a tight pair of leather boots. The top only comes down to our waists — we are nude between that and the top of our boots.

We have to report to the gym, where our instructors, all good-looking young men, line us up. When we are lined up, the instructors go down behind the line, giving us a few strokes on the buttocks with the long canes they all carry.

After that we all have to line up by a long bar which extends across the gym. We lean back and spread our legs, and the instructors come forward with enormous erections. They penetrate us, and ream us out very thoroughly. It is intensely pleasurable, and very difficult to avoid orgasm. But if one gives any outward sign of pleasure, a savage beating follows.

After they have finished, any punishment due is given, in full sight of everyone. The girls to be punished line up smartly by a high desk, over which they bend in turn for a painful caning.

After that, we wander about the grounds and visit each other's rooms. During this period, we are permitted to put on smart leather skirts and underwear. We discuss our lives, and our sins against our husbands. When we remember our adulteries or acts of rebellion, we ask our friends to beat us. Short canes are kept in every room, and we bend over sofas or chairs, taking down our pants

and raising our skirts. It is considered good form never to avoid the beatings, to stick one's bottom up to the maximum, and keep silence.

After an excellent evening meal, the instructors join us (if our record is good) in our rooms for wine and more loving.

One leaves the course chastened — but with regret.

I may say that in real life, I am a very fully paid up member of Women's Lib. Weird, isn't it?

Yours,

Miss Mary W., London

\* \* \* \* \*

Without wishing to get over psychological, it probably is not weird at all. Mary feels guilty about enjoying sex, and wishes to be punished for it, and forced into it so that it isn't her fault. (She also likes black leather and luxury. Good luck to you, Mary!) A very good example of a fantasy letter which is well put together, plain spoken, and admits to being a fantasy — and loses nothing thereby.

And now, in a more serious vein, but again from the 'receiving' end of the corporal punishment interest:

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Sir,

Nearly all your tales and letters seem to emphasise the sensual side of corporal punishment. Very few articles or letters mention the fact that it is a valid, if painful, experience for many people, when given by the right person in the right context. I am one of those people, and can give chapter and verse on this matter.

When I was a teenager, I was in the sole charge of my mother, who had a very difficult time keeping me in order. I was very often in trouble of one kind or another, but always managed to escape punishment, not because I was very wily — in fact I was ridiculously clumsy in my misdeeds, but because my mother was a kindly, lenient soul who always found excuses for me.

However, when I was just seventeen, I got into a scrape which even she could not overlook. I was caught bringing hard drugs into my school for sale. It was a private school, and I was expelled.

My poor mother just did not know what to do. She knew that some kind of punishment was called for. I was in no way misunderstood or emotionally disturbed. I had been allowed to run far too wild, and I had to be checked.

My mother knew she would never have the heart to beat me herself. So she enlisted the aid of a male relative, a cousin whom I knew only slightly. It was arranged that I should visit him at his home the following week. It would have been sooner, but he was due to go away from home on a short visit.

Full of apprehension, I knocked on his door on the afternoon appointed. He politely asked me in, and told me to follow him to his workroom — he was a wood carver by profession. When I went in, I found a workbench had been cleared. Across it lay a long yellow cane, slightly curved at one end. Very quietly, he told me that the beating was to take place immediately, and asked me to remove my overcoat, also my skirt.

I did so, and stood there in my stockings and suspenders and my nylon panties — it was before the era of tights. Without further delay, he indicated the bench and told me to bend right over it, and grasp the far edge, and not to rise until he told me that I could.

I immediately did as I was told. I felt the cane lightly

touch my buttocks as he measured the distance, and then the caning began. The strokes fell at intervals of a few seconds. They hurt terribly, but I truly felt that I had asked for it, and tried to endure it as well as I could.

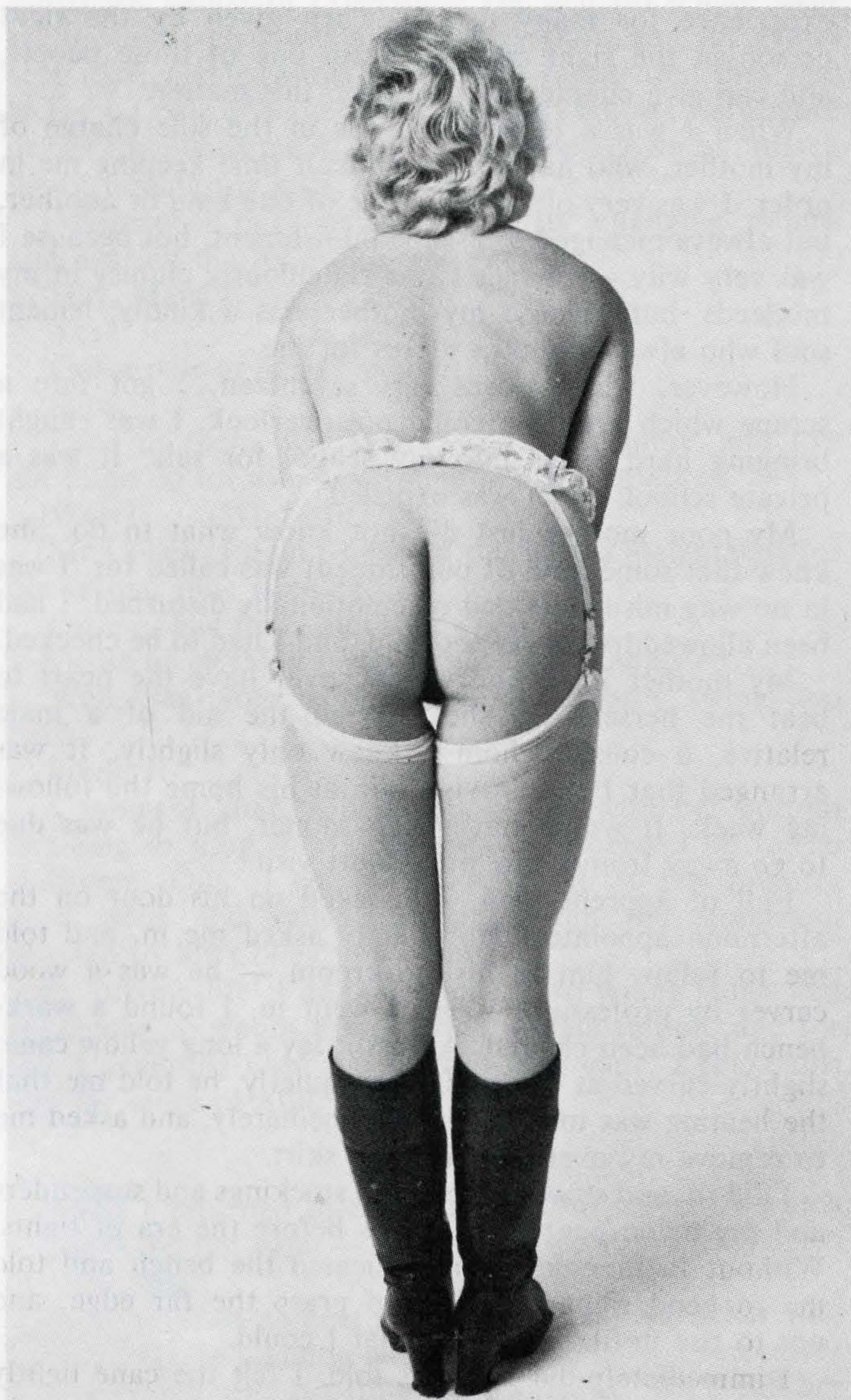
After a number of strokes, about seven I think, he stopped for about half a minute. My legs were kicking up wildly, and I think he realised that I could not keep control of myself.

I then felt the stick touch my bottom again, and the punishment recommenced a second later, and did not finish until it was completed. I suppose I must have received about twelve cuts, and my bottom felt as if it had been skinned. I stood there, sobbing. I had been calling out all the time, but had hardly heard myself, I was in such a state.

He thanked me for taking it well, and left me alone for a while. Slowly the pain died down to a dull throbbing, and I was able to adjust my clothing and go home.

I can't say that I enjoyed my punishment — but it did drive home to me the trouble that I had caused, and make me determined to change my ways — which I did. The whole thing had a rightness about it which I never forgot. I was only caned the once — and apart from an occasional slap, have never punished my children. But if they start acting up, they'll get the same treatment — and they know it. And since they do, they may not need it. I hope so!

Yours etc.,  
Mrs. H.C., Birmingham



\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Sir,

Only a little while ago, I would have found your magazine completely mystifying and ridiculous. But now I see that many of the letters which you print are nothing but the truth. I certainly found out in a painful way, though.

I and a couple of friends were hitch-hiking through France. We struck a bad patch, and were standing at the roadside for about an hour. We decided that the next car that came along would be stopped by dint of dashing out into the road in front of it, waving our arms. Night was coming, and we reckoned it was an emergency.

Along came a car, driven by a single man. Out we dashed, waving our arms like lunatics. The car swerved, and only the driver's good brakes and quick reactions kept it from crashing into a tree.

The driver, who was a good-looking man in his early thirties, leapt out. To say he was furious was an understatement. His English was good too — particularly the more interesting words in the language.

Anyway, he calmed down in the end — but said that the only alternative to our being handed over to the police and charged with causing an accident was a summary punishment to be delivered by him right away.

To make his point clear, he picked some switches, which he held together by the thicker ends and swished around. We clutched our posteriors in anticipation.

Sue, one of my friends, shivered forward to be first. He took her off behind a screen of bushes — but of course we peeked. We watched with wide open eyes as she (under instruction) peeled down her shorts and knickers. Then she bent forward to stick out her quivering buttocks for the kiss of the swishy switches. How she yelled! Eight good hard strokes before I was called to take her place! I was in no mood to prolong things, so in spite of my fright, down everything came in double quick time, and I reluctantly stuck out my soft bum — which rapidly felt as if a thousand bees had stung it. I yelled and jumped and wiggled my chubby cheeks like a chorus girl or a go-go dancer — but got my ration just the same.

After that, Marion, my other friend, got the same treatment — and her bum danced and reddened the same way.

After that, the driver threw aside the switches and strode back to the car, leaving us standing half bare by the roadside, rubbing our behinds.

We were picked up by a very bumpy farm cart in the end — we rode standing. Oh well, I guess we deserved it — and the others agreed that it was a bit sexy and saucy showing your charms to a nice guy like that. But people who do it deliberately for fun must be mad!

Yours,  
Sandra P., York

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, it takes all kinds, Sandra. Thanks for the letter, anyway. Keep them coming, *Janus* readers. Hope the hints contained in this article will help you to make your contributions, and the magazine, better and better. After all, we all here in the editor's office 'aim to please.'



# GROWING PAINS

**A pair of navy blue school knickers were being speedily discarded by their wearer. A carefully aimed throw sent them spinning towards the waste-paper basket. Miss Paula Rose had come home to stay.**

**Barely ten minutes had passed since her mother had looked the girl up and down briskly. She observed the long white socks, the navy gymslip which Paula was positively bursting out of, the tie, the dented straw-boater.**

Of recent years, Paula's parents had been living abroad; consequently, Paula's holidays had in the main been spent with her grandmother. The glorious exceptions were air trips in the summer to her parents. The 'old house' had remained in England, with curtains drawn, for some considerable time. Now, at last, Mr Rose had secured a posting in England, and as a result the family home was re-opened to take the Rose's and their lovely and sweet young daughter.

Paula was already aware of the attractions her lithe young body might hold in propitious circumstances. She and the other girls in her school dormitory had used to be forever comparing their womanly developments:

'My breasts are better!'

'Gosh, what a bum you're getting!'

That last remark had been frequently aimed at Paula. Her bottom was perhaps a little on the plump side for conventional beauty, but Paula was conscious that the shapely curves of her buttocks were by no means something to be ashamed of. They were rated highly by many men. Skinny little bottoms were simply a waste of time to potential lovers. Her bottom with the perfectly rounded contours, which made it stick out so determinedly, was the type most men favoured.

How had the young girl established this? Let us merely remark that Paula's reading matter had been of a nature which the authorities would most assuredly have confiscated, had it been discovered. However, it had remained safe and sound, undiscovered, and Paula's sweet pouting smile made her seem to the unperceptive the very epitome of innocence.

Back at home, standing naked, her old school clothes scattered on the floor, Paula looked around her bedroom, suddenly bereft. It occurred to her that she possessed no clothes

appropriate to an eighteen year old girl. She flinched, as she unpacked the white aertex knickers which Granny had bought her for holiday wear. Her bottom twitched. She touched the cheeks, as she also took in the flattening shape of the brassiere, and the neat tweed skirts and twin sets. She had no alternative but to put them on. Resentfully, she pulled the aertex knickers up, feeling the material stretching across her buttocks. She decided one thing there and then: her mother was going to have to take her shopping.

Patricia Rose was an indulgent mother, inclined herself to be somewhat on the flighty side. Consequently, she was soon throwing herself with enthusiasm into buying for her daughter the most charming of dresses, skirts and jeans. She was also easily persuaded into making the purchase of some dainty undies.

'Really, darling, those knickers hardly exist!' she remarked over one scanty little piece of black lace.

Paula grinned. 'They do look fun, don't they?'

Mrs Rose felt the slightest hint of misgivings. What sort of fun was Paula thinking of?

'I hope you are a good girl,' she murmured. 'I want you to have as wonderful a time as every girl of eighteen deserves, but . . . you can go too far. There must be nothing you know Daddy and I might not like . . .'

Paula had little idea what her parents' dislikes might even be, but she hastily reassured her mother that yes, indeed, her daughter would be all that was pleasant and desirable.

Later that day, Paula sat at her bedroom window, day-dreaming. She imagined herself dressed in different variations of the pretty garments she and her mother had purchased. How alluring she would be! How much a complete and charming young lady — no longer a silly little schoolgirl! Yet

that evening, she had resorted to the comparative safety of jeans and T-shirt, rather than a skirt. Jeans constituted a garment which she had always worn for outdoor activities. Her curvaceous bottom thrust against the jeans' tightness, and she felt very aware of this fact, as indeed she might. Despite the denim texture, the outline of her knickers could still be seen pressed against it, forming an enticing triangular figure.

Was Paula perhaps that tiny bit scared of growing up suddenly? Did she hanker after her childhood days? 'Rubbish!' she remonstrated with herself. 'I want to be a woman.'

In the garden next door, her attention was caught by a tall male figure. She studied the character with interest, it finally dawned on her. It was Alan — the Alan who had been her childhood friend, her playmate. Casting to one side her so recently formed 'womanhood', she called out to him, running across the grass like a zealous child. Alan was delighted by the sight, Paula, the little child from years back, was now a particularly attractive and blossoming female.

Alan was a year or so older than Paula, and he had returned from college for the vacation. His college was indeed an all-male preserve and institution, and he had had little opportunity to come across many young women. He conjectured that, in some sense, they embarrassed him. He could not deny that. Paula, however, was another matter. She was an old friend, a close friend, and he could talk and mess about with her almost as he might have done with a brother or sister.

Suddenly, these two young people had both become children again, brought about by fond memories of the past. Over the ensuing few weeks, they did indeed re-create their past relationship. They walked in the woods, forded the stream, found themselves laughing innocently. Sometimes, they even played games, games such as hide and seek behind the bushes. It was a happy time.

One night, Paula found herself restless, as she lay in bed. The full memory of an incident was to the fore of her mind, whereas before, it had lurked in the dark recesses of her unconscious. What had brought about the revival? Earlier in the day, Alan had given her a slap across her bottom in those oh so tight jeans. It had merely been a playful smack, whilst she was running slightly ahead of him. Yet both of them had blushed. Now, Paula knew why.

She went over it all in her mind, with a growing excitement. The scene had taken place many moons ago, before her parents had gone abroad even. Then, Alan was a mere lad, but he was also the proud owner of a chemistry set. Paula, as was her wont, was hanging around this much admired big boy, wanting him to play with her. Alan repeatedly told her to go away, to go away and play with her girls' games. Finally, in a fit of pique, she had sent that chemistry set flying, test-tubes shattering. She gazed in horror at the broken mess. Immediately, she took to her heels, but in vain. Alan had yanked hold of her by the back of her dress.

Paula quivered, and felt over her bottom's cheeks, as the image of what followed impressed itself on her yet again. She remembered the acute humiliation she had undergone; for Alan was not holding her back simply that she might clear up the pieces.

His grip still firmly on her, he sat down decisively on his bed and threw her over his knee. Paula shrieked, but Alan was a determined lad. He pulled up the naughty girl's dress, exposing her baggy white knickers. Paula instinctively clenched her small buttocks together, fearful that he might pull down those knickers. That, she would not have been able to bear. It would have been too embarrassing and shaming.

She was indeed saved from that indignity, but everything else was as bad as it could be, or so Paula had reckoned at the time. Alan's hand fell again and again across her naughty bottom. Already, it possessed the makings of an adult spanker's, descending crisply and forcefully, being aimed at first one cheek, then the other.

Paula squirmed as the smarting sensations built up in her youthful rear. After a few slaps, her bottom was stinging terribly — an experience totally new to Paula, for her parents tended to over-indulgence even then.

When Alan had eventually released her, she went running back home, but not to her mother. Instead, she rubbed her own scorching bottom better all alone in her bedroom, letting the tears which she had endeavoured to hide from Alan flow freely. Indeed, Paula was too ashamed to tell her mother what had happened . . . wasn't she? Wasn't that how it went?

Paula tried to recall the exact motivations. Without a doubt, she had been upset and distressed, to say nothing of the intense feeling of humiliation, caused by what had hap-

pened. She liked big strong Alan (as she saw him) to think of her as being as grown up as him. Yet the manner in which he had treated her was as if she was a very little girl — and that, she most certainly was not, not even those years ago!

Paula could not hide the truth from herself. Despite all this being the case, in a strange sense, a very strange sense, she had treasured that incident. It was a special secret between Alan and her. Her emotions concerning it were assuredly both then and now in a state of confusion and chaos. She had hated being treated in such a manner, being *spanked*; but that spanking appeared to have forged a bond between her and her chastiser. Alan would not have performed in such a way, had he not liked her at least to some degree. The small, wayward Paula was convinced of that.

The day after that child's smacking, they had both embarrassedly apologized to each other, aware of their adolescent awkwardness. Since then, not a word had been uttered concerning the episode. Now however, so many years later, Paula was certain that Alan too was reflecting on the spanking he had administered; for he too had blushed, when his hand had slapped her well-rounded bottom playfully in the afternoon.

Paula mused to herself. There could be no question about it. Recalling the childhood spanking now caused her to go hot with a mixture of profound embarrassment, shame, and sexual arousal. Yet it was not that particular chastisement which inflamed her passions — then, she had been simply a young girl. It was rather the notion of being spanked now — she, an eighteen year old young lady! — which caused her to tighten her bottom's cheeks with a sense of dangerous anticipation and hope. Her fingers could not be prevented from feeling over the substantial moons of her rear, flicking her cotton nightie against the bare skin. How would she feel if — and here she could not prevent her face from burning — if Alan were really to take her across his knee again?

She trembled, and then felt foolish. She wondered what Alan and herself had been engaged in over this past week or so together. Why, they had been playing precisely like a couple of happy kids — but they were no longer kids! Alan's slap across her bottom that day had begun to break through the bonds of innocence which seemed to have held and protected them, cocooning them from their

blossoming sexuality. Paula contemplated the endless conversations about sex enjoyed by her and her classmates. She visualized the magazines which she had burnt before leaving the school. She wished she had kept them! Alan . . . He was the kind of young man she had always wanted. How surprised her schoolfriends would be, if they knew of the paradise of sweet innocence which she and Alan had escaped into! How they would mock! The Paula who awoke next morning awoke in more ways than one!

Alan had become in his late teens a somewhat shy and reserved boy; though indeed, with Paula he did feel cheerful and relaxed. That slap he gave to her haunches had been a spontaneous act, but as he thought, he wondered if it had been as casual as he had pretended. Might not his spanking of Paula as a young girl have been lurking in the depths of his memory?

His face went hot, as he remembered the scene. It had lingered through his life, just as Paula had envisaged.

Had she deserved it? Really, it was stupid to conjecture in such a fashion. The incident was long past. It should have been buried for good. It was best forgotten.

It was not forgotten. However, it was transformed into speculations of how it would feel spanking Paula as he now knew her. It would surely be excitingly different. He brought to his mind the sight of the deliciously rounded bottom pouting through her jeans. He pictured the crease of her knickers beneath those jeans. He savoured these thoughts, but then reflected on them. He became determined that no more would he think along those lines. They would only spoil things. Paula was the sole girl he had ever met of his age who wanted simply to be a friend and to enjoy herself. He felt secure. That was all that Paula wanted . . . wasn't it?

When Paula clambered out of bed the next morning, she felt a surge of devilry pump through her veins. The jeans and T-shirt lying on the chair, she sneered at. Instead, she put on a thin blouse, beneath which she remained bra-less. She then tugged up a pair of minute white knickers, knickers which were cut so skimpily that the cheeks of her bottom stayed naked where they curved out and then back into her shapely thighs. The skirt she wore buttoned down the front and hugged her rear quite delightfully. The sensations she experi-



enced as a result of her plump bottom being covered by the tight skirt provided her with immense satisfaction; and also with an excuse to leave some of the front buttons undone!

Paula skipped breakfast, as she regularly did; and munching an apple, she strolled around the garden. Sooner or later, Alan would appear. She was certain of that; and she looked forward to seeing his surprised expression when he was confronted with the newly attired Paula. She tensed her buttocks. She was not to be disappointed.

Alan walked out of the kitchen of his home. He was expecting no jolts to his system, but merely what he trusted would be another 'normal' day with Paula. It was then that he spied her. She had already spotted his figure, and began wriggling her bottom over which the skirt stretched so that it virtually outlined every inch of the outer curves, while drawing attention to the valley between the cheeks. Paula calculatedly turned and bent over, so that her man would have no opportunity to miss the sensual writhing.

Alan did not miss it! He could scarcely believe his eyes. Why was Paula so dressed up? Why was Paula dressed like that?! He felt a momentary pang of desire, as he observed the twitching buttocks. He cursed the girl beneath his breath. He was feeling himself growing flustered. What the hell did she think she was playing at? His curiosity (was it simply that?) made him decide not to retreat; instead he would still go up to her, to discover what his young friend had in mind.

Paula seemed to be her usual self, and Alan relaxed a little, as they wandered through the fields, idly chatting. Things were on his mind, however. For example, he was constantly trying to avoid walking behind her. Whenever he was forced to do so, his eyes fixed themselves on her buttocks, swerving with each gyration. When she was in jeans, she had worn long jerseys and T-shirts. This new mode of fashion was most disturbing. Alan tried to come to terms with it. Perhaps the change was simply that to him a tight skirt emphasized femininity more than jeans did? Yet how those firm plump cheeks riveted his eyes, despite his desperate attempts to pull sharply away!

It was at one such point, when Alan was feeling a yearning, that Paula, well aware of what was happening, chose to emphasize the wiggle in her buttocks as she walked. Alan flinched

slightly. Did Paula know the effect she was producing on him?

When they reached the cover of the shady woods, she twizzled round with an abruptness and spoke, suddenly was a tease in her voice. 'Well, then, Alan,' she grinned, 'what do you think of my new style of get-up?'

Alan felt his face flush. He had now observed Paula's bra-less state, and he could see that the buttons on the front of her skirt were scarcely done up sufficiently even to be 'decent'. The full flesh of the top of her bare thigh flashed before him. Indeed, he thought he could catch a glimpse of some silky white material — a glimpse of her knickers! And now she was undoing yet another button . . .

He gulped. There was no denying it. Her knickers were on full view, with the slope of her thigh leading into the arc of her bottom in profile. What small knickers! He wondered momentarily how much of that large but lovely bottom they covered . . . how much they could cover! He longed to view properly, but at the same time, he felt furious with Paula for making him have that desire. She was betraying their uncomplicated relationship.

He didn't speak to her, but the anger showed in his eyes; and unbeknownst to him, Paula's body thrilled and throbbed. She was determined to find out what Alan might do, now that she had tantalized him so much, he had lost his temper. Her own cheeks burned, as she gave him another sexy little pout, and then ran on ahead in her customary manner, save for the exaggerated gyrations of her bottom! Relieved, at last to some extent, Alan ran to catch her up. Glad herself to be temporarily freed from her game, as she termed it to herself, Paula fell into light-hearted chatter.

When they were actually sitting down by the stream, Alan began idly to throw pebbles into the water. He had been trying his hardest not to look at Paula's feminine body too closely, but she was proving too much for him. Now, she was lying on her tummy, with her bottom seemingly actively thrusting up against her skirt. As he was looking, it gave another of its sensuous wriggles.

He could stand it no longer. At about the same moment as he lunged forward to grab Paula, she was on her feet and running. For a split second, she drew her skirt right up to her waist, offering him a glimpse of the creamy white globes of her bottom, bulging from her miniscule knickers.

Alan stopped dead in his tracks. That glimpse was of something that he was now quite intent on seeing more of!

Paula stood giggling behind a tree. 'Do you like me, Alan?' A coy pout crossed her face, and Alan stared.

'Well, you're not going to get me — not unless you can catch me, anyway,' Paula laughed enticingly.

She weaved in and out between the trees, infuriating Alan all the more. To cap it, each time he saw her, her naughty bottom managed to give further sexy and cheeky jumps. It was more than human nature could stand.

'That *bottom!* That *wretched bottom!*' Alan murmured to himself. Then he set about chasing after the teasing girl. He finally yanked hold of her by her skirt. Giggling even more intensely, Paula stuck out her bottom. She had stuck it out that once too often!

Alan seemed to act instinctively. He did not stop to consider what he *should* do; he simply did it! 'It' was to sit himself down on a tree stump, and to pull the offending Paula's squirming body across his trousered knee. The girl immediately began squawking and squealing, shouting out, 'No! No! No you don't!' But Alan was oblivious to the cries with his mounting rage.

Half-consciously, Paula had been craving for something just like this to happen; but when reality quite literally struck her, she felt silly and frightened. What is more, Alan was shouting at her, berating her no less!

'You stupid little minx! You deserve a jolly good spanking; and that's what you're going to get!'

Paula could now hardly believe that she had brought this upon her. Her head swirled, as she felt herself being adjusted over the hard knees, and she had to thrust out her hands, catching Alan's foot, to prevent herself from being totally upside down. She felt her skirt being thrown up and over her back, exposing her tiny white knickers. Her face went red. She kicked and yelled out. What right had Alan to spank *her*? Alas, she knew the reason only too well. She had been teasing him to breaking point with her naughty bottom.

The thought of her plump naughty bottom caused her even greater embarrassment, yet also excitement. She had to confess: there was something about being spanked which fascinated her. She sensed that delivering the spanking fascinated the man who now possessed a grip on her. Or perhaps these thoughts came afterwards? Un-

doubtedly her overwhelming desire at that moment was to escape from her ignominious position.

Alan did not administer the spanking straight away. He paused, in order to contemplate her smooth round bottom, with the globes virtually bare, despite her white knickers. He held her firmly, as she tried to wriggle free. He gazed at the skimpy knickers. Should he pull them down? He wanted to; and she did deserve it . . .

He yanked them down with a flourish to her knees. Paula's buttocks tensed from the shock, emphasizing the deep groove between them. Yet that had not been her intention. Since she had become a 'grown-up' girl, as she saw it, no man had cast his eyes directly on her bottom bared — let alone had a man dared to pull down her knickers, while she lay across his lap!

Her face went a bright red, red with shame and angry protest; but Alan was as determined a man as he had been on that occasion when still a boy.

The first smack Alan delivered across the naked cheeks was a light one. Like Paula, he knew exactly how to tease and torment. Her tightly clenched buttocks relaxed a little, and she experienced a certain release of tension. Yet she also felt let down. Was that all there was to being spanked? Could not Alan make her feel his rage any better than that?

Yes, Alan could! The second smack had all the force of his strong body behind it.

'Ooh! Oww!' Paula now yelped. 'You're hurting me!'

'Good!' hissed Alan decisively. 'That is precisely what I am intending to do!'

*Slap! Smack!* Alan's hand landed on the right cheek and then the left; right and then left. Smarting sensations began to build up within Paula's vulnerable well-spread rear, and a feeling of dismay crossed her. The spanking was beginning truly to hurt, and she tried twisting her buttocks to one side. As she was so unused to being spanked, each slap felt like a bunch of stinging nettles swishing across her poor tender bottom. The very sound of each long drawn-out *slaa . . . p* sent her into paroxysm of anguish.

Occasionally, Alan stopped to gain breath. The noise of Paula shrieking at him to let her go caused his clasp to be even more secure. He coldly informed her that any further protests would earn her extra specially hard spanks.

'Ouch!' Paula couldn't help crying out. Alan's palm had landed across the central groove of her bottom, making her scorch. She had not believed that such harder spanks existed . . . but they did!

Alan was intrigued by the power of his hand to turn Paula's big creamy bottom into this mass of stinging red patches and finger prints. Little lines of white still ran in between them, and he set himself the goal of filling in all such gaps. A moan from Paula reminded him that this bottom he was punishing was part of a person . . . not a question of dealing with a painting! As she tried once more to slither off his lap, his memory of her 'prick-teasing' — for that was the only true name for it — returned to him. With a fresh zeal, he began to smack all over her bottom again, plus the tops of her thighs.

Paula was on the verge of shedding tears. Was the spanking never going to end? She admitted she had brought it upon herself, but surely she had been punished enough?

'Please, please stop, Alan . . . I'm s . . . s . . . sorry,' she half-sobbed, quite meekly.

Alan's slaps became lighter. Who could not listen to such a plea from a pretty girl? How could he not heed it, for he liked the pretty girl so much?

'Okay,' he said gruffly; and he allowed her to lift herself up from his lap. Paula's face was bright scarlet, as she stood before him, pulling up her knickers over her sore and swollen bottom. Suddenly, her repressed tears began fully to flow, and she found herself crying against Alan's shoulder.

Silently, holding hands, they made their way home across the fields. Paula was pained, as her cheeks rubbed against each other. Yet her feelings towards Alan were uppermost in her mind, despite the soreness.

Something had changed between them which they could not quite comprehend. No longer would there be a boy and a girl who played together by the stream . . . Neither voiced their thoughts, but they knew they had the same feelings. They felt a little sadness . . . yet together, and with a triumphant exhilaration behind it.

Paula's parents were fortunately out, when she arrived back. She rushed to the bathroom, stepped out of her knickers, and splashed cold water over her red raw bottom. Then she lay on her tummy on her bed, and stroked the voluptuous bottom which

had caused the trouble, the bottom which now stung so intensely.

A strange burning arousal filled her, as she thought of the man who had had the courage to take her to task, to spank her. The door-bell rang. Looking from the window, Paula saw that it was Alan . . . but she did not go down to him in her state of partial nudity. Instead, she wrapped a thick bathrobe round her, brushed her hair and powdered her nose. Trying her best to look aloof, she opened the door. Alan stood there, looking at her with an expression so penetrating, she shivered.

'I wondered if you might like to come out for dinner this evening, Paula?' he said solemnly.

'Yes,' came the reply. 'That would be nice.'

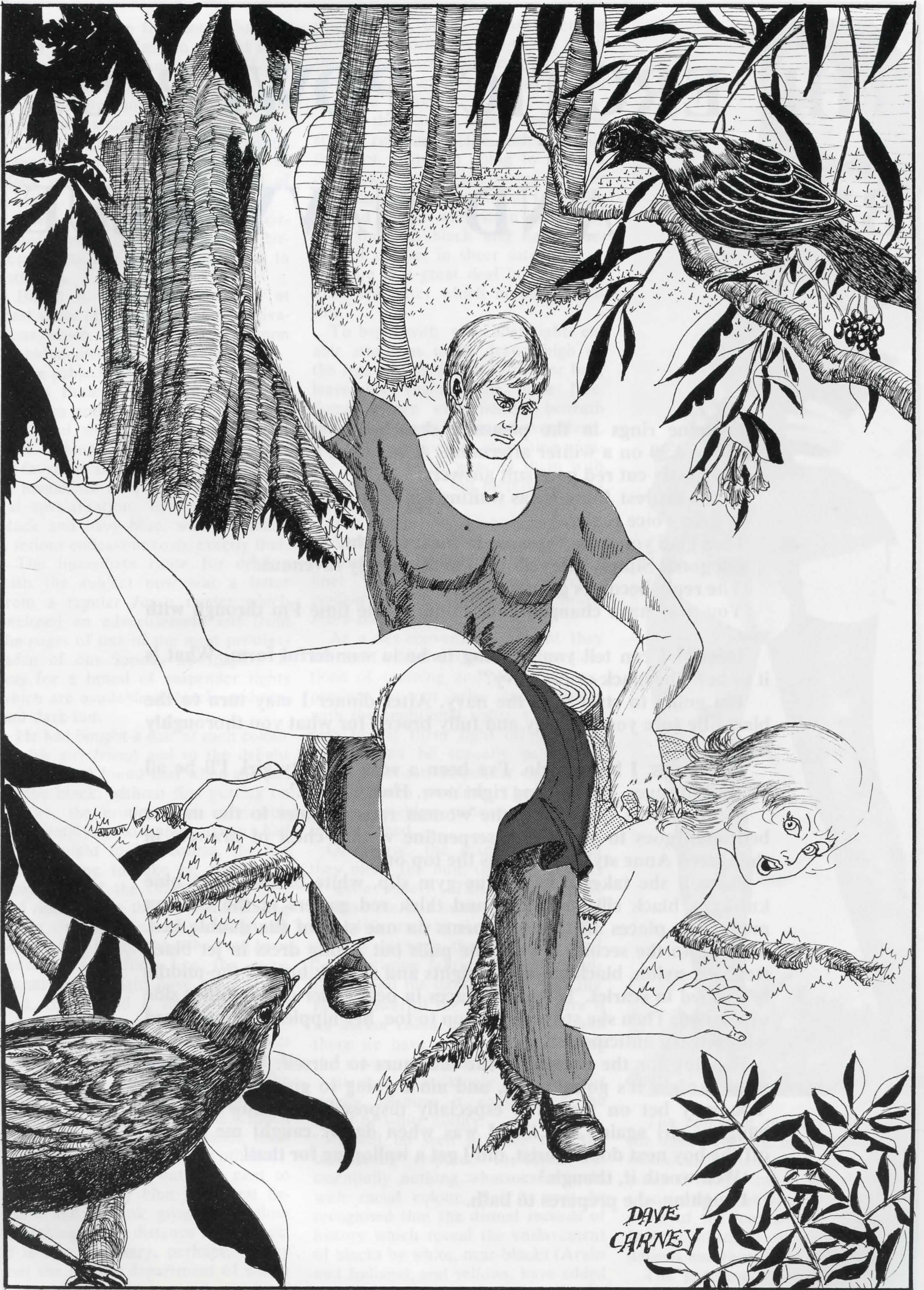
Alan arranged to pick up his date at 7.30 p.m., and then they departed from each other, almost gladly. They both had to prepare themselves for what would be a new experience, a change in their relationship. Alan had met Paula in the woods, at his place for supper; but never had they *gone out for dinner*, as a couple. Paula was almost beside herself with eager anticipation.

That evening, she wore a high-necked white blouse and a long green skirt. She did not look overtly sexy, but, her mother told her, very pretty, very pretty indeed.

When the door-bell rang, Paula walked slowly to answer it, trying to compose herself. From the expression on Alan's face, she knew that she was dressed as he had hoped she might be. He could not, however, resist placing his hands on the seat of her skirt and lightly stroking her bottom's outline.

The couple set out on their very first date. Alan had been thoughtful enough to choose a restaurant where he knew the seats were soft! The newly discovered young lady blushed as she sat down, for even the plush seating could not relieve all of her bottom's discomfiture. Her young escort laughed. 'We bridged the river together, Paula,' he said, 'but I wonder how often I'm going to have to see you don't stray off the right bank . . . ?'

Paula's buttocks twitched and suddenly she was gripping Alan's masculine hand very tightly. 'Growing up' had been a painful experience, though in its own strange way, also a pleasant one. Through Alan's mind flashed a picture of Paula's ample bottom. Was it still red? Such things could not be asked by a gentleman of a lady.



# THE EROTIC POWER OF BLACK AND NAVY BLUE

The phone rings in the pleasant, detached, Berkshire villa. It is precisely 4.30 on a winter afternoon. A beautiful and mature woman in a perfectly cut red pant suit answers:

'Hallo, dearest John. I was waiting for your call.'

(A grim voice replies.)

'I am glad you were. You are in for it tonight.'

'Oh good! Simply marvellous! I'm absolutely ravenous.'

(The reply becomes grimmer.)

'You may have changed your mind by the time I'm through with you.'

'Ooooh! I can tell you're going to be in wonderful form. What is it to be? The black or the navy?'

'I'm going to start with the navy. After dinner I may turn to the black. Be sure you're ready and fully braced for what you thoroughly deserve.'

'Oooh, yes, I know I do. I've been a very naughty girl. I'll be all ready and eager. I'm starting right now. Hurry home.'

Putting down the phone, the woman runs upstairs to the master bedroom, goes to an elegant serpentine walnut chest of drawers in the Queen Anne style and opens the top one.

From it she takes a navy blue gym slip, white blouse, navy blue knickers, black silk stockings and thick red garters in the can-can mode. She places all these garments on one side of the double bed. Turning to the second drawer she pulls out a long dress in jet black wet-look nylon, black suspender tights and a black hole-in-the-middle bra edged in scarlet. These she places in neat order on the other side of the bed. Then she strips, from top to toe, her nipples diamond hard with sensual anticipation.

Heading for the bathroom she murmurs to herself: 'Oh my God, what a night it's going to be, and am I going to give him my best! You may bet on that. I'm especially disposed right now to be a naughty girl again. Just like I was when daddy caught me pulling off the boy next door. Christ, did I get a walloping for that!

'Well worth it, though.'

Laughing, she prepares to bath.

It is now taken for granted that the use of black in a fashion context contributes to the sexual appeal of the woman wearing it.

Why is this, and are there colours which have a similar appeal?

Let us turn the question round somewhat and ask if the wearing of black increases the sexual appeal of a man.

The answer is that in certain circumstances it does. What those circumstances are we will endeavour to establish.

But it is necessary to uncover at least some of the unconscious motivations which make black so common an inducement to sexual intercourse.

The subject is of never-failing interest to those with a knowledge of fetishism and the strange power over the mind which certain colours can have. Seldom, however, are the roots of fetishism traced down and exposed in magazines of a non-psychanalytical specialisation. In the matter of black and navy blue, we shall make a serious endeavour to do exactly that.

The immediate cause for dealing with the subject now was a letter from a regular *Janus* reader which enclosed an advertisement cut from the pages of one of the most prestige-laden of our Sunday newspapers. It was for a brand of suspender tights which are available in black, mid-tan, and dark-tan.

He had bought a pair of each colour for his girl friend and to the delight of both, had found that when she put on the black, without first putting on panties, the erotic effect upon him was simply maddening. They had gone straight to intercourse, she not even pausing to take off the tights. The effect of the other two colours had nothing like the same stimulating power although, revealing enough, his partner had thought that had red been available something like the same sexual desire might have been generated. She added a short section to her partner's letter:

'As an executive in an up-market fashion house, I am as interested in this matter as Arthur, because in the range of black lingerie and stockings, we find the customer demand is much heavier in the very dark shades, most particularly black, than any others.

'I will also point out that next to black, deep navy blue is in best demand and I think growing to close something of the distance from black. It is also necessary, perhaps, to say that the hosiery department of which I am talking does not concern itself very much with the more popular

price ranges, but with the expensive brands. For ordinary day-to-day wear, the greater part of our customers buy elsewhere, coming to us for 'special occasion' things.

'All the same, I can report the strong rumour in the fashion trade that hot pants are going to make a come-back next late-spring-summer and confidently predict that the brilliant red colour will vie in popularity with those in black and navy blue. All, of course, in sheer satin.'

There is a great deal in that well-informed letter which needs elucidation.

To begin with, suspender tights enable stockings to be drawn high up the legs and as with a suspender belt, leave the vagina zone quite free. Some women wear panties beneath the suspender tights, some over them, while for evenings an increasing number appear to be wearing them with no panties at all, but merely G-string type vagina pads.

It is worth remarking, incidentally, that the class Sunday newspaper advertisement underlined the selling line: '*. . . self-supporting, as convenient as tights. But they are much more seductive!*'

As a sex-convenient garment they are most effective since the complications of undoing and doing up suspenders do not arise and whereas with the traditional tights it is necessary to get them right off before a woman can be sexually penetrated from the front, suspender tights present no such problem. They are, in effect, crotchless panties with stockings attached.

Of course, the manner in which they offset the bum (pantied or not) is quite superb. This comes about because there is more actual material than with traditional suspenders. The contrast between the bum flesh and the embracing fabric is therefore enhanced and the darker the colour the more powerful the contrast. There is no darker colour than black . . . and there we have reached some way to the answer posed by this inquiry.

Black is a strikingly erotic colour simply because it exaggerates the effect of white nudity.

It will be seen at once that the stimulating response to black has essentially nothing whatsoever to do with racial colour. But it must be recognised that the dismal records of history which reveal the enslavement of blacks by white, near-blacks (Arabs and Indians), and yellows, have added a close but quite unconnected element to the situation.



The complete mastery enjoyed by the owner over the black female slave (identical in many ways to the omnipotence of the caliph or other form of oriental potentate, over the occupants of the harem) is a rich sexual fantasy which it seems men of all nations and races will forever nourish.

The permanence of the fantasy is worth emphasising. Long after the reality of both the institutions of

slavery and the harem has passed into history, the memory of them is perpetuated by books, films and television programmes. They are almost the staple diet of the popular media and every now and then there is a whole series of lurid programmes devoted particularly to black slavery. The excuse supplied is that it helps to counter 'racialism' and promote 'civil rights'.

To what extent that aim is realised is problematical, but what is not in doubt is the perpetuation of the implications of slavery; most notably the sexual. To some it seems that the basic excuse for a sensational film on the subject is exactly the opportunities provided for violent sexual encounters between the black slave girls and the masters.

For that reason sexual fantasies connected with black slavery can be confidently said to be of an undying nature. The subject will not be allowed to be forgotten.

Curiously enough, the myth also operates in a reverse fashion. Although the core of the matter is the unchecked power of the white owner of the black woman, to copulate and to thrash on grounds of disobedience, especially because of reluctance to submit enthusiastically to the intercourse, a secondary myth has arisen connected with the sexual power of the black woman.

At its most exaggerated, the claim is that nothing can be more gratifying to the white male than a wholeheartedly directed copulating effort from a black woman. 'Once you have had a black, you'll never be properly satisfied with a white,' is one of the oft-told tales passed around by men who have for instance been in the colonial service, or on cultural missions for United Nations agencies.

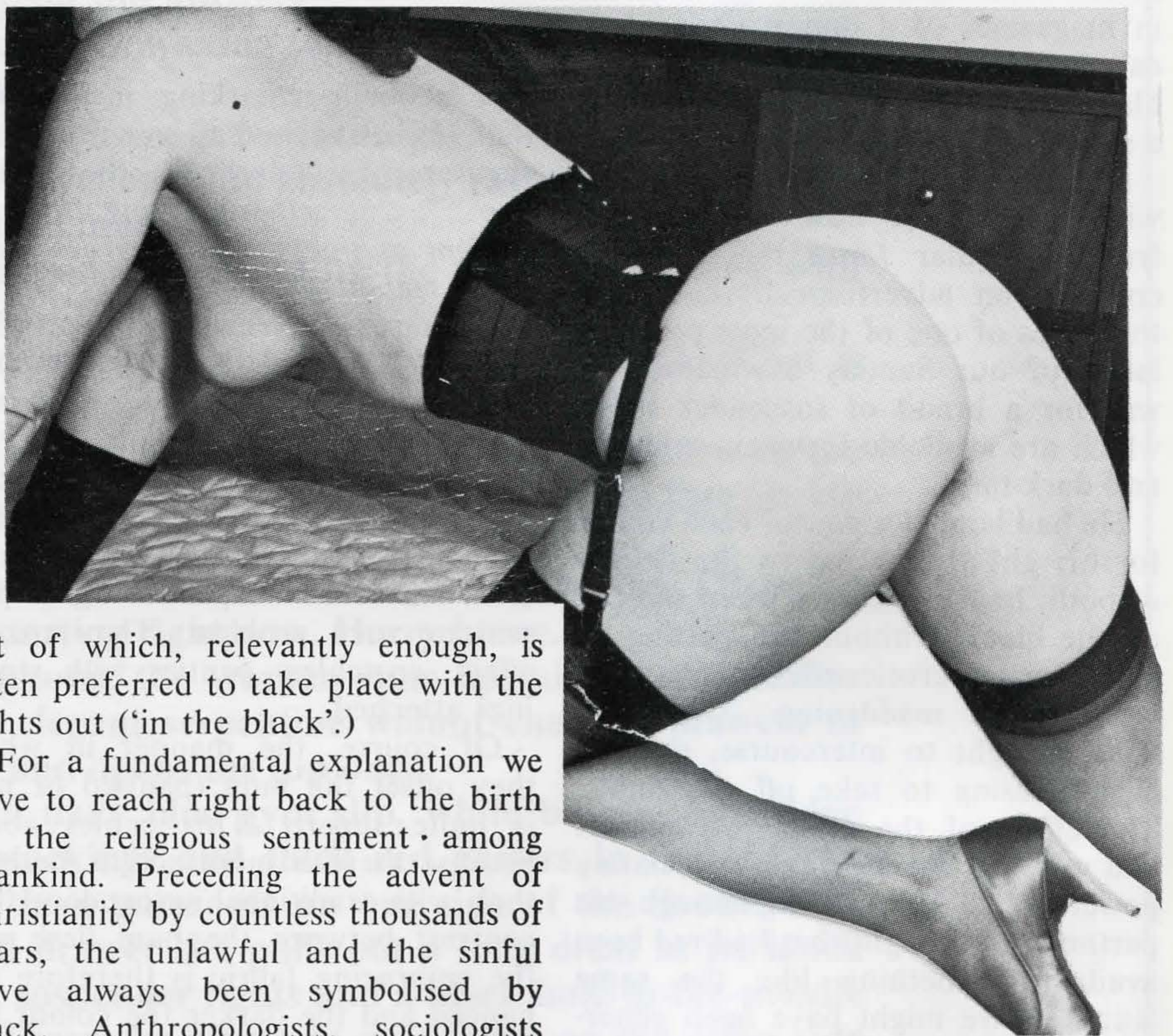
Needless to say, the claim is utterly ridiculous. The reverse angle, which is also given fresh leases of life by commercial films with strange frequency, is that there is nothing like a black man to gratify a white woman.

'This is the basis,' an executive of one of the best known contraceptive companies told the writer, 'of the popularity of our black French letters. When a man fits them on the cock he gets a feeling of great virility which does, in truth, affect his performance for the better, though he tires sooner. Furthermore, when the woman sees the rigid black cock bearing down on her, all the legends of negro supreme potency come rushing back to her mind and raise her sexual expectations so that her own responses be-

come the more vigorous. The upshot is that both partners have a great time for all that it is based on nothing but mistaken ideas about the sexual power of blacks.'

The highest grade of sexual intercourse is never entirely a 'fun thing'. It has to be carried out in an atmosphere of earnestness and careful deliberation. Often the best effects are gained if it is accepted that one of the partners is exercising implacable physical dominance over the other: living out the fantasies of 'master-slave', 'punisher-guilty', and so forth.

The use of black in clothing, lingerie, bondage gear, stockings, tights, corsets, hole-in-the-middle bras, split-rear knickers, male sheaths and boots, can act as infallible contributory factors in accentuating the magnificent drama of the process, the last



act of which, relevantly enough, is often preferred to take place with the lights out ('in the black'.)

For a fundamental explanation we have to reach right back to the birth of the religious sentiment among Mankind. Preceding the advent of Christianity by countless thousands of years, the unlawful and the sinful have always been symbolised by black. Anthropologists, sociologists and psychologists, normally at great odds with one another over theories of origins, are exceptionally united on this issue. It is agreed that the sun, the earthly origin of light, being beneficent and life-giving, is the source of the worship of shining radiance and by the same token, the source of fear and detestation of the dark, the black.

The prevalence of dark is construed in the primitive mind as the defeat of the powers of light and the return of light as its subsequent victory. Hence the ceremonials conducted in essentially the same ways all over the world by tribal communities at the time of an eclipse. As the moon

begins to obscure the sun, great shouting and banging of drums begins in order to frighten off the powers of darkness and help the forces of light achieve final supremacy.

Great rejoicing (including in many instances on record, wild sexual indulgence) begins when the sun emerges in full splendour once again.

It is universally accepted that the powers of evil are black powers. Evil magic is black magic while good magic is white magic. Furthermore, the arts of erotic stimulation have always been high on the list of the Black Arts.

One has to add to this sexual-fetish connection with black, the totally different qualities which have been traditionally assigned to the two main parts of the human body: the upper and the lower. Consider the woman first.

Her top half down to the waist has in all known cultures been regarded as 'good and wholesome'; the part from which essential nourishment flows. The lower half, by contrast, has been accorded qualities of the vilest wickedness. Primarily, this condemnation (originating nearly always from a male priesthood wishing to dissuade sexual activity except under their own auspices at fixed times of the year) has emphasised the gash between the legs. And that gash is, as it happens, concealed by a thicket of dark coloured hair. But it does not so much conceal the cleft as massively indicate its presence.

Which is why many cultures have insisted upon the shaving of vaginas. Not merely to get rid of the blackness, but also in certain tribal communities, to stress that the woman is physically inferior because she lacks an organ which the male possesses and which attains to outstanding length and girth when feeling strangely powerful and 'possessed of the god.'

The protruberating breasts of the woman, in such fiercely patriarchal societies, is looked upon not so much as an asset not possessed by the man but as the means whereby she can feed the results of invasion into her belly by the forceful rod which the man has but she is denied. 'Penis envy' is still a factor acknowledged by psychoanalysts of our own day, which can lead to mental troubles and irrational behaviour in many women. Sometimes the result is not so much 'trouble' as an over-compensating ambition directed to achieving success in business and domination over the male. The most virulent 'Women's Libbers' are suspected of having a deeply embedded unconscious envy of the male cock.

In the post-Christian era the identification of black with sin and evil became complete. Purity is symbolised by white and blackness stands for wickedness. The godhead and the angelic cohorts are always bathed in a golden light and the devils are very dark with Hell a place of murk and blackness relieved only by the flicker of lurid and eternal flames . . . another colour which also has an immensely erotic influence on the sense, notably for women.

The explanation of that must await subsequent development, but it can now be affirmed that the concept of black as a colour productive of high sensuality was developed by men. In the very beginning by horde leaders, witch doctors and later by priests. Women had the importance of blackness in connection with sex forced upon them.

Realising, however, that they could stimulate men and so win their ways with them by adopting black fashions, women themselves took over the whole idea and have since exploited it with both artistry and great efficiency, outstandingly in regard to those parts of the body leading to the most enticing lower openings.

If it is pointed out that the most influential names in *haute couture*, both in gowns, furs and lingerie, have always been men, the explanation is that they have led the field of fashion

simply because they accurately divined what women wanted, or would want next session, and supplied the creations accordingly.

But it will have been noted by *Janus* readers that with the emergence of sex equality trends, more and more women are entering the world of *haute couture* and most strikingly in the down-market area of pop fashions and boutiques. Which is going to hasten the advent of brilliant red as a frequently employed element in many forms of female wear.

Let us now consider the place of dark navy blue in the spectrum of erotic influences.

In the exciting world of sexual fantasies, turning to this colour is tantamount to slipping back into the mysterious world of childhood. And that will be the case for some time to come because although underwear fashions for children have been trending to a variety of patterns and colours, there is still a strong tendency for many mothers to buy navy blue. There is an important psychological reason for this. Which is that navy blue knickers were worn by them in childhood and there are few parents who do not try to live out their own lives again in the bringing up of their children.

Most fathers would agree with the mothers in this and for an unconscious reason: their first sexual experiences were with children because they were children too at the time, and the girls they explored wore navy blue beneath their school uniforms.

If there was an alternative colour of knickers discovered when the little skirts were drawn up, it was most likely black. At an older age, the girls generally wore navy blue gym slips with a white blouse.

To sum up. Whereas the colour black is associated with adult sex with the woman in a sex-stimulating and subordinate rôle, the colour navy blue is associated with schoolgirls all ripe to be explored and/or spanked or caned.

For men who like to be dominated by women, the object of sexual desire is often fantasised as a severe gym mistress wearing the more or less regulation fashions of the gym, but in an acutely abbreviated form. In that way she appears as an immensely overgrown young girl with her breasts bulging hugely, her bum in exaggerated prominence and rotundity with the skirts so short that an intoxicating gap opens between the stocking tops and the thigh.

That gap is powerfully stimulating

enough from the front view, but to most men it is even more wildly erotic when viewed from the rear, especially if the girl-woman is slightly bending forward. The knickered bum is then also revealed.

If the girl-woman so dressed is additionally equipped with a cane in her hand and a mortar board, or straw boater on her head, the maximum erotic pleasure can be gained by those men who yearn, consciously or unconsciously, to be in a subordinate rôle to women. The mortar board (worn by masters) and the straw boater (worn by prefects), along with the cane, standing for emblems of scholastic authority.

There have always been far more men of that inclination than society has cared to admit.

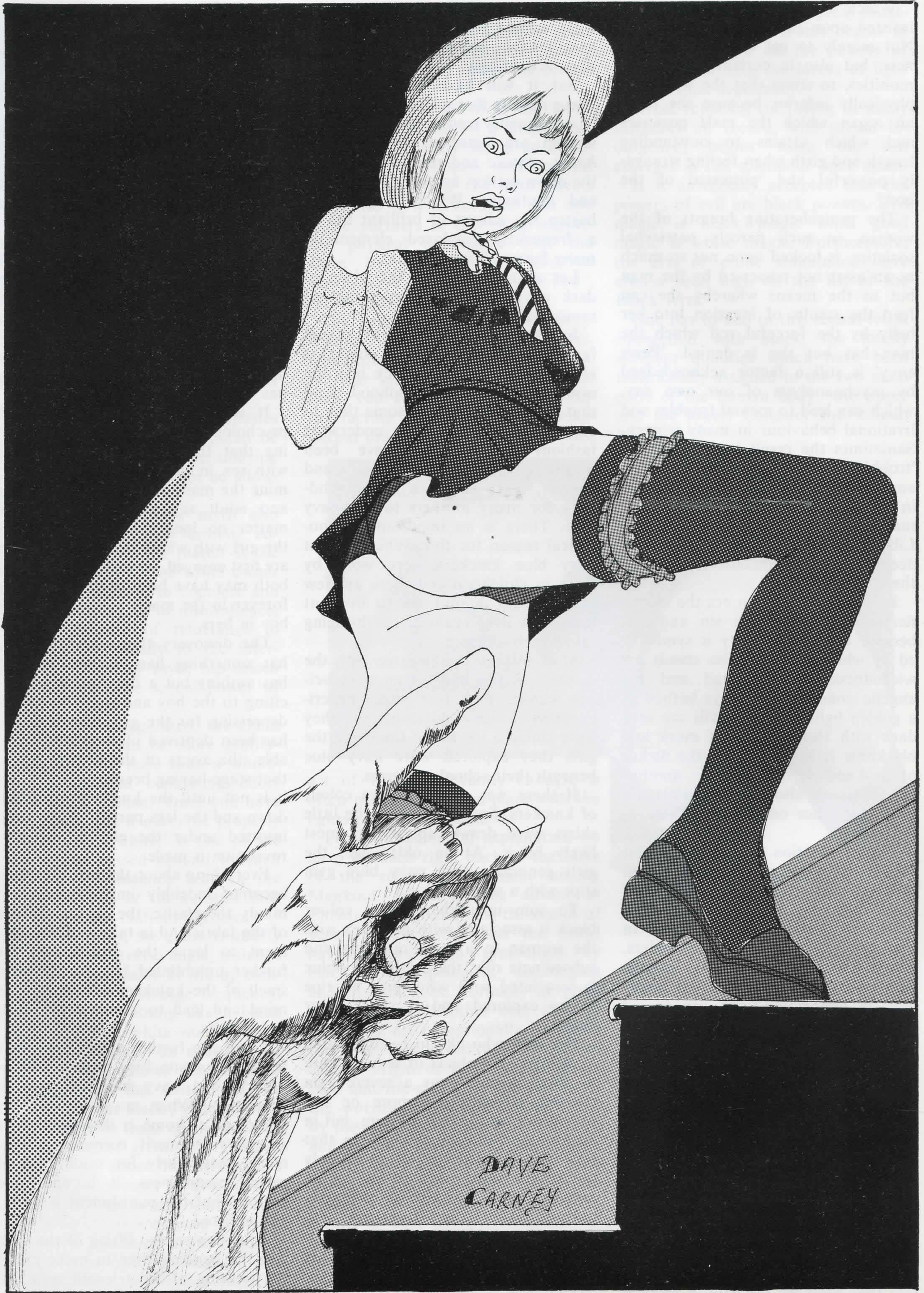
It is now a commonplace in all psychological theories of any standing that those experiences we have with sex in our earliest years, determine the main direction of adolescent and adult sex preferences. Also a matter no longer in dispute is that the girl with whom the delights of sex are first enjoyed, no matter how young both may have been at the time, lives forever in the man's memory and the boy in hers.

The discovery that where the boy has something hanging out, the girl has nothing but a slit is strangely exciting to the boy and something most depressing for the girl, who feels she has been deprived of something valuable, the assets of the breasts not at that stage having been developed. But it is not until the knickers are taken down and the legs parted, or the hand inserted under the elastic, that this revelation is made.

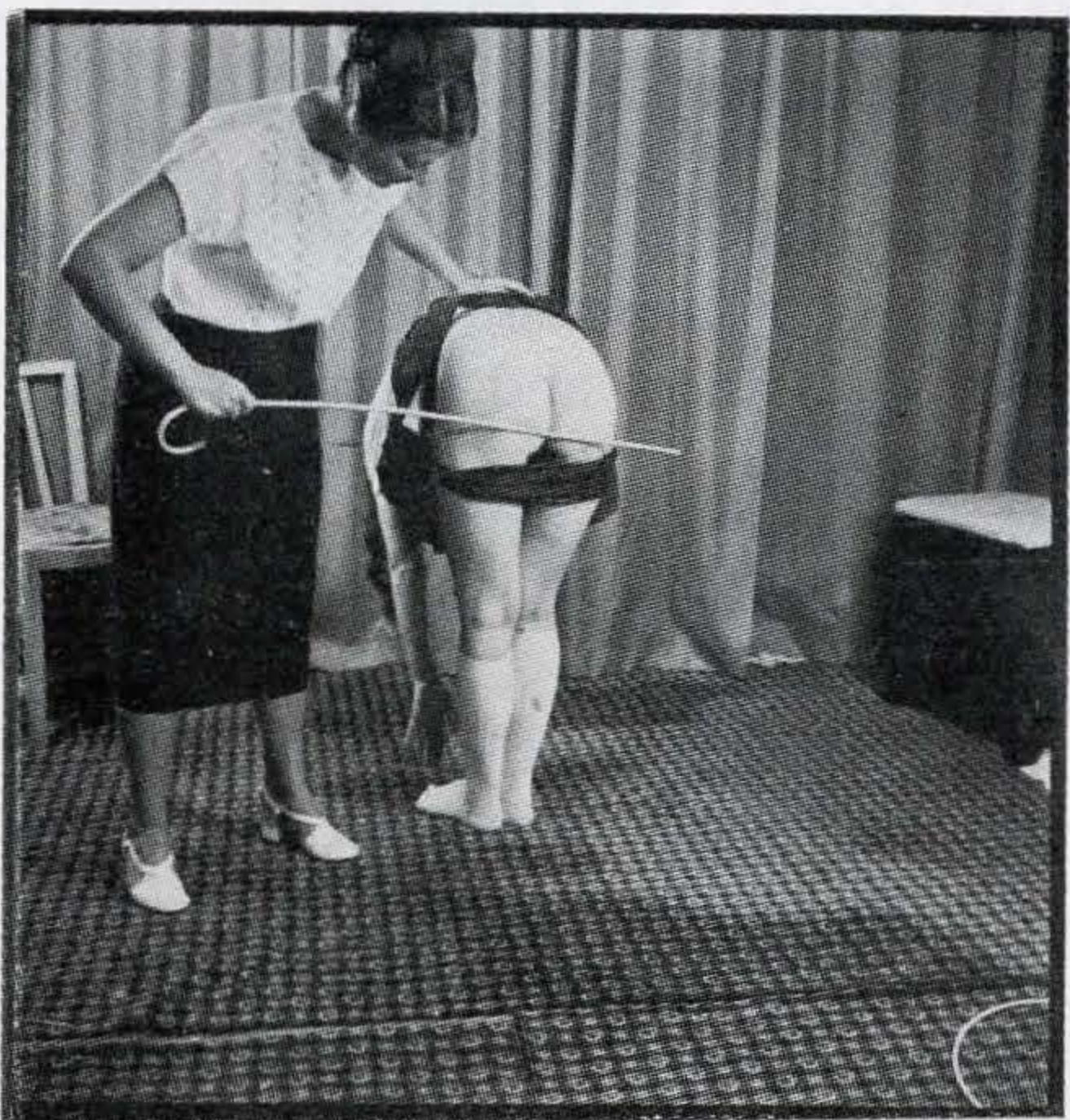
Everything about the knickers then becomes indelibly imprinted on the mind: the elastic, the colour, texture of the fabric and in taking off the garment to leave the crotch free for further uninhibited inquiry, the very smell of the knickers will invade the mind and lead to aroma preferences in later life.

There is a further highly important fetish factor attaching to navy blue in general and navy blue knickers in particular. When a young girl at school or at home is thought by her superiors to merit corporal punishment, particularly for some kind of sexual naughtiness, it is upon the bottom that the punishment is normally inflicted.

This requires the lifting of the skirt and the bending over to make easier the treating of the relevant zone. So once more the knickers come into



DAVE  
CARNEY



supreme visual consequence at a critical time and the colour is usually navy blue. Whether or not the garment is then drawn down to present a totally naked bum for caning or slapping, is a matter left to the judgement of the teacher or parent. But, either way, the colour of the knickers impresses itself further in the minds of the viewers because punishment processes are infallibly memorable. And quite properly so because their repetition may then not be required.

It is vital to grasp the significance of the words 'in the minds of the viewers' since this may well be a painful event enacted before a classroom of others, each one of whom could well be thinking that but for the grace of God, or sheer bad luck, may I be up there, bending over, skirts raised,

with knickered or unknickered bum at dramatic prominence.

Even if the stinging ceremony is carried out in the privacy of the principal's study, those who know what is to go on will bear in their minds a vision of the lamentable process: the bending over, the grasping of the knickers to get them down or tighten them up round the posteriors, swiftly followed by the slashes of the instrument of retribution.

All this will be closely associated with the colour of navy blue.

This is still the case should the misdemeanour be of a comparatively minor domestic character: such as giving a bit of lip to the parent, lying, rudeness to an aunt, slipshod homework where it is known that the teacher is likely to be too lenient or neglectful, and so forth.

Over the knee of the mother or father will go the errant girl, up will come her skirt and there the navy blue knickers will be, to be taken down or spanked through.

In later life, when the wife or girlfriend has stepped out of line a bit too far, how natural it should seem to get the grown woman over the male knee and proceed in the manner of her just treatment when she misbehaved as a girl. To get the full emotional effect, the woman should be garbed around the punishment zone as she was when a small girl: namely, wearing navy blue knickers.

This is as satisfying emotionally to the spanker as to the spankee and has inevitably led to foreplay techniques of spanking with the woman dressed as a little girl and the husband-lover playing out the rôle of the schoolmaster or father.

In such lived-out fantasy navy blue knickers with or without the full school uniform or gymnasium dress is erotically of central significance.

The erotic power of black and navy blue is likely to remain operative in the minds of millions upon millions for an indefinite time to come, but it has to be said that it will be at its most compelling in Europe and the Americas. For in those areas the institution of slavery has been historic and the nature of elementary and secondary schooling most firmly established.

In time (and we are thinking now in terms of a number of generations) it may be that the colour red will begin to advance in erotic popularity, possibly to rival black and certainly to come close to navy blue.

There is no space in this feature to discuss why this could be so and the subject will be developed in a later

number of *Janus*. But a hint can be thrown out at this stage and it has to do with the social and political drives towards sex equality.

For an increasing number of keen Women's Lib devotees, scarlet is acquiring more and more fashion significance both for outer as well as under garments. It is of course a radical colour, but there is sound psychological reason to suspect that there is a lot more to it than mere politics of economic progress.

But it is now time to turn back to the scenario presented in the introduction and recount how the couple passed the planned evening of superbly stage-managed sexual intercourse which had the colours black and navy blue playing very crucial parts in its total success.

After spending a good half an hour in a perfumed bath, the woman (who we shall call Melanie) dries herself and mounts the static bicycle which has been installed as part of the elaborate bathroom equipment. She pedals away at a fast pace for about ten minutes, swaying on the saddle and bending forward in order to exercise the vaginal zone and bring it to a high condition of arousal.

She follows this with a brief warm-water shower to rinse off the perspiration and having dried once again, covers herself with a highly scented talc. That done, she fits a rubber diaphragm into the vagina since, fearful of side-effects, she is not a Pill woman.

Running to the bedroom she applies thick red lipstick and dons the navy blue knickers which, by deliberation are something less than skin tight, carefully draws on the black silk stockings, taking care to have the heavy seams run in dead straight lines from close to the elasticised legs of the knickers to the heel sections, fixes the red can-can garters and the white, ridiculously tight blouse is then put on. Over that goes the no less abbreviated gym slip, the belt drawn as tight as possible so that the skirt flares out over the bum.

This dressing up has to be done with great care for there is an ever-present danger that the clothes might split. Melanie is a very amply-shaped lady and makes a truly eye-popping, cock-raising fancydress teenager all ready for a work-out in the gym.

The work-out she knows she is actually going to get and for which she is now desperately hungry, is of a quite different variety from physical jerks or netball and it is now very

near in time because precisely as the belt is fastened, the horn of a fast-arriving car is heard.

'Golly,' she says, 'darling John's here already!' Grabbing a grammar school-ribboned straw boater from the wardrobe, she speeds to the foot of the stairs to stand, pigeon-toed and finger in pouting mouth. But for all to the contrary appearance, she is in panting sexual excitement.

The key goes in the lock, the door opens and a man with a furious look on his face enters in a rush. Catching sight of the fancy-dress gym-slip girl he slams the door shut, gets off his overcoat and advances in a most menacing manner.

'What's this? You've been making your face up again. On top of the disgraceful report I have had over the phone from your headmistress this afternoon, that absolutely does it. By God, it does. Get up those stairs and into your room.'

With that he thrusts his right hand behind the legs of the now pseudo-tearful girl, feels for the 'gap' and gives it a hard pinch.

'Ow!' she cries. 'That hurt!'

'Nothing like that entire bum is going to be hurt, for I find you've also got your mother's garters on. That's very bad. Get up to your room, I say.'

Melanie runs up and John follows her.

Into her room she goes and this is furnished and fitted as a young girl's bedroom: single bed, pop posters of Frank Sinatra vintage on the wall, tennis racket, record player . . . clearly much care and expense has been invested to create the atmosphere of a girl's bedroom of yesteryear. There is a big chair in the centre and upon this she sits, still pigeon-toed and again with the finger in her mouth.

In comes John, jacket off, shirt sleeves rolled up and changed into Riviera-type shorts.

'My God am I going to warm your bottom! Get up from that chair.' She jumps up, giving way to him, and stands wagging her bum.

'Oh no, please don't! Not there! On the hands, please, please!'

'If you don't get across my knees instantly I will double the punishment.'

Wailing most comically, Melanie places herself across his knees and her straw boater falls to the floor.

'Pick your hat up and put it on!'

'It will only fall off again.'

'Then do as you always do. Hold it on with your hand. That will give you something to do while the spanking

goes on and it will for some time, I promise you.' He turns back the gym-slip skirt to expose the full glory of Melanie's bum encased in navy blue.

'Ahhh!' exclaims John. 'What a lovely full area I have to work on!'

'Oh dear! Must you really spank me?'

'That I must, my girl. Come now, be brave. Just a minute though, these knickers could be tighter,' and bringing over his left hand, John draws up the fabric so that the full depth of posterial cleavage is achieved. With his right hand he tightens up the sides. 'That's better! Now none of the smack power will be wasted on useless ungainly knicker folds.'

'Oh dear! This is going to be awful.'

'You're quite right there my girl, but you must admit you have thoroughly deserved this spanking.' And so he begins.

It is all too obvious, especially to Melanie, that John has been bursting for this spank. Annoyances in the office, annoyances during the travel, annoyance because it seems his golf this weekend will have to be cancelled for business reasons, all these aggravations have built up and combined with natural lust for his lovely wife to give urgency and sharpness to the well-placed smacking.

And when his eagerness for her sexual services grew to such dimension as it did every ten days or thereabout, nothing gratified him more than to have her in the guise of a strappingly built schoolgirl who had misbehaved with inattention at lessons and a naughty use of grown-up make-up and provocative garters in a bid to

assume the 'look' of mature womanhood too early.

So the spansks rained down on her bum and Melanie, for her part, was undergoing such sexual excitation that she thought she would have to cry out loudly, not in pain but in sheer passionate ecstasy. As always at this stage in the erotic fantasy she took her hand from her hat and down it fell.

'There, you've disobeyed again,' cries John. 'For that, they're coming down.'

'No, no, not on my bare bum, no, no!'

'If ever a girl asked for it! Down they come.' And heaving Melanie up he grasps the knickers at the top and gets them right off, flinging them to a far part of the room. He then deals with the bare bottom . . . and Melanie puts up a show and sound of anguished protest.

But as John proceeds, the spansks get slower and less harsh. Eventually they turn into caresses and fondles, the thumbs going into the deep crevice to spread the posteriors and tickle the interior. He begins to breathe very deeply. Suddenly he moves to get up.

'Take everything off. Quickly. And into the bed with you.'

'Into this single bed?'

'There will be room enough.'

'How about my getting into the black?'

'That will come later. After dinner. I can't wait any longer for you.'

By now nude, Melanie throws herself into the bed, leaving the clothes wide open. John jumps upon her and the frantic copulation begins.





# SERGEANT TINGLE'S REWARD

Despite widespread opinion that naughty bottoms need spanking, English law is typically inconsistent in confining the privilege to parents, guardians, teachers and the staff in such places as council homes. Undoubtedly, great numbers of the general population would from time to time welcome the opportunity to try their hand on someone else's child, for it is indeed most satisfying to tan a naughty bottom when provoked, yet this useful and rewarding hobby is denied to most of us. The next best thing, as Sergeant Tingle reasoned, is to find a job in which wicked bottoms are to be found and a vicarious satisfaction enjoyed by sending them on to someone else (permitted the privilege) to do the actual whacking. So he took the job as lodge porter at Porterhouse School for Girls immediately after leaving the Army.

Dr. Trout, the Headmaster, was in such a privileged position and was perfectly happy to cane any deserving bottoms reported to him so we may say that he welcomed Sergeant Tingle's efforts to maintain a steady supply. Not all lodge porters share Tingle's enthusiasm and concern for discipline, indeed some are quite idle and shut their eyes to anything short of actually being kicked in the shins themselves, and Dr. Trout was well satisfied in his choice of Tingle whose vantage point at the entrance lodge enabled him to detect any misdemeanours, both within the school grounds and without, that might otherwise have gone unseen. Mischief within the school's buildings was bad enough but how much worse mischief that might be observed by the general public passing the school grounds and so lower the reputation and tone of the establishment? The young ladies of Porterhouse were, of course, aware of Tingle's interest in any misdemeanours — there were scurrilous rumours that the upper floor of his lodge was equipped with telescopes, infra-red equipment and even a closed-circuit television camera — and this knowledge of itself ensured that most of them were careful in their deportment when within a hundred yards or so of the lodge. Girls passing in and out of the school would lower their voices, straighten their shoulders, smarten their steps, as they came within sight of the lodge. A girl planning to slip out of school outside permitted hours, or to return after lock-up, would carefully assess the benefits against the chance of being caught by Old Tingle; most probably she would decide against the excursion. It was no longer worth meeting boys in the bushes, too risky unless the boy was very special. No longer any fun in prancing about in the road, bashing each other with bags and yelling out rude words, as Tingle could see and

hear a mile off and sure as anything he'd tell. All of this was most admirable and, in large part, accounts for Porterhouse winning in the same year the National Headmasters' Award for Uniformly High Department, the Award for the best-kept School Garden, and the Award for the sleekest and most-contented school cat.

In short, most of the girls were wise enough to play safe. There were, however, the exceptions from time to time, the foolish among so many virgins, and Tingle scored a sufficient number of successes to make his job interesting and keep Dr. Trout very happy. Tingle's methods did not, in fact, depend on any of the marvels of space-age science but rather upon close observation of the girls as they passed by the lodge and shrewd psychological assessment of what he noticed. A silly girl might give herself away by assuming a too-jaunty air, exuding just too much composure and poise to be quite real; Tingle would watch out for her return which, experience hinted, might be delayed or by non-approved route such as the gap in the bushes by the leaning fence fifty yards down from the lodge. He was especially suspicious of any girl going out alone — the more general habit was for pupils to pass out in little gaggles of three or four. And of girls with special passes from members of staff on days that were not general half-holidays: he learned the style of handwriting of each of the teachers and if a girl presented a pass in a new, or shaky, hand he would check up after she had gone out and be waiting for her return with undisguised glee. It is always pleasing to make a catch and Tingle could well justify his assiduity as necessary for good discipline. But the catch was the more rewarding when a girl had gone to a lot of trouble in thinking up a means of deception only to find old

Tingle had guessed it from the moment she went out and was there waiting, ready to pounce, when she tried to slip back in. Nobody likes a try-on, likes to be deceived, and when the deception can be shown up, the offender nailed, there is much joy on earth if not in Heaven. Then the girl would be for it. Tingle might well have felt the urge to put her over his knee himself, and indeed this had been suggested by quite a few of the girls as preferable to the alternative, but Tingle knew his rôle (and relished it), which was to pass the girl's name on to Dr. Trout. He relished this simple act because he knew the very satisfactory consequence: the little madam would be called in to Dr. Trout's study, reduced to snivelling pulp by a lecture on breaking rules and, much worse, the deception practised, and then Dr. Trout would get out his trusty cane and give her six good stingers across the backside. After that, the girl would give him a more open, more respectful, glance each time she passed the lodge, she would know Old Tingle could see through her scheming ways; and she would know that Tingle, though he couldn't see her bottom, was well aware that it had been scorched and stinging and nicely marked six times over, as it deserved and as he intended.

Even so, there were just a few girls who would try it on a second time, after a fairly lengthy interval of course. And even the odd girls, one or two a term at most, who were so desperate to do whatever they were up to in town that they would risk a third chance of being caught out. We cannot be sure, but it is likely Tingle never let one escape. A third-time offender presents a special challenge and he was ready to wait up late to pounce on her return. He was quite prepared to carry out his duties to this limit, partly from sheer love of the catch, but perhaps more important because he knew Dr. Trout would have a rather special punishment in store: this time, the young miss would not only get her six cuts with the cane but she would have to take her panties down first. A small detail, perhaps, but the girls just hated the prospect of stripping off for Dr. Trout, it was not only demeaning but he was an old, owlish sort of man that it was almost indecent. Worse, all the other girls would know when you were up for the third time and, though they knew every tiny detail of what would happen, they would be insisting you go all over it for days afterwards, just

gloating. So if a girl was so foolish as to take a third chance, and then be pounced upon by Old Tingle, she was likely to offer the worthy sergeant some desperate inducement to let her off. Sums of money had been offered him, ranging from ten shillings to the remainder of a term's pocket money; often Tingle had been invited to wallop a girl himself rather than trouble Dr. Trout; blouse buttons had been undone, skirts enticingly raised; Tingle had been offered the chance to touch, pet, snog, feel; but he had proved to be beyond corruption. The girl's name had gone forward to Dr. Trout and it says something for Tingle that, knowing she was to get six bare-bottom anyway, he did not load his report with mention of the bribe so unsuccessfully proposed. Everyone in the school had come to know that you couldn't get past Old Tingle — desperate girls tried it on just in case, but he was incorruptible.

An admirable reputation indeed, and one to be supremely tested by sixteen-year-old Valerie Ponsonby, but Tingle withstood all temptation and thereby earned a particularly happy reward. Valerie was a careful, cunning, little girl who had outwitted even Tingle and made several successful trips into town without detection. Her method was simple, she threw herself into Christian activity and soon became a favourite of the school chaplain (who was also the local vicar) who was only too ready to issue her with passes for sick-visiting and other charitable works in the neighbourhood. Valerie was careful to leave school in a group, not often a group with similar interests as it happened, a group in which she would go unnoticed. She had a perfectly good pass and Tingle would not give her much attention as she was among half-a-dozen others; so Tingle failed to make a mental note that he should check on her return. Valerie's return to school, through the fence rather than by the drive past the lodge, grew later and later as she escaped detection and became bolder. So late, in fact, that it was just past midnight (Tingle had actually gone to bed) when Miss Lickett, who was taking a late turn round the quadrangle on a very hot night, chanced to see a girlish figure climbing into a first-floor dormitory window. Miss Lickett dashed upstairs very speedily and into the dormitory where she switched on the lights and glanced quickly from bed to bed; it seemed that each contained a drowsy pupil, just awakening from deep slumber. Miss Lickett

was an experienced teacher and gave her attention to the shapes concealed beneath the bed-clothes: in a few moments she had decided that Valerie Ponsonby was wearing much heavier clothing than is usual for night attire on a hot night. And why should the girl be clutching the sheet close to her face? She also noticed that Valerie's shoes were lying untidily beside the bed, as if just kicked off, and that the usual neat array of day clothes was missing. Miss Lickett enjoyed playing her fish:

'Valerie, have you been asleep?' she asked.

'Oh yes, Miss Lickett. For hours.'

'Ahem. Then you will have no idea which girl in this dormitory has just entered by the window?'

'No, Miss Lickett.'

'And have you, by any chance, been without the school boundaries this evening?'

'Yes, Miss Lickett. I had a pass.'

'Good. And when did you return?'

'Certainly before nine, Miss Lickett.'

'So you came in early, and it seems you went to bed early?'

'Yes, Miss Lickett. I was tired.'

'Tell me, Valerie, do you not usually change into pyjamas when retiring?'

'But of course, Miss Lickett.'

'And tonight?'

'Yes, Miss Lickett.'

'I think not, Valerie. Perhaps you would be good enough to take your hands from the sheet.'

'But why, Miss Lickett?'

'I think you know, Valerie. Please release the sheet.'

Valerie slowly moved her hands and her face reddened as she did so. Miss Lickett moved closer to the bed and swiftly pulled the sheet away. There was a gasp all round the dormitory as Valerie was revealed to be lying in bed fully clothed.

'As I thought,' said Miss Lickett. 'And perhaps you can give me a reason for your getting into bed so attired?'

'I was tired,' said Valerie.

'Ahem. So tired as not to change into your usual pyjamas?'

'And I was cold,' said Valerie, desperately searching for explanation.

'On this hot night?' queried Miss Lickett.

Valerie had nothing to say to that. She was feeling pretty scared at what would surely happen, which was a report to Dr. Trout and the usual six hard cuts across her bottom. Miss Lickett quickly decided upon this fate: 'I find your explanations less

than convincing, Valerie. I shall inform the Headmaster and we shall see if he is ready to believe you.'

Dr. Trout was equally disbelieving the next day. Valerie stuck to her story, which was unwise as he decided she must be punished as much for her stubborn attempts to lie her way out of her predicament as for the initial offence of being out of bounds and past hours. So he took care to see that her panties were tightly stretched when she was told to bend over and he slashed the cane with real vigour, slicing deep six times over, really hot, stinging cuts that had Valerie whimpering at the end. Much chastened, she had no thought of breaking rules for two whole weeks thereafter; she went out on the usual school half day but was careful to return by eight in the evening. She guessed, rightly, that the chaplain would have been told to take more care about issuing passes and that Tingle, down at the lodge, would be keeping a particularly watchful eye on her. Tingle, indeed, was livid when he learned how the young imp had been getting past him and it was an affront that Miss Lickett, and not he, should have caught her out. So Valerie limited her charitable activities (a young man, named Bruce, who worked in the record shop) to half a day each week and on the other days she just wrote him a long letter. However, Bruce did not find time to reply and Valerie was afraid that this weekly meeting was too short and too infrequent to hold his interest. She began to scheme again and as a first step joined the group of about twenty girls with apparent religious fervour who went in an approved party to the local church on Sunday mornings after the school service was over. The group was so well-conducted, the young ladies so demure and known to be religious nuts, that Tingle might not be too observant about numbers going out and coming back. Indeed on the first occasion Tingle need not have counted as Valerie was careful to return with the group. On the second Sunday, Tingle counted nineteen leaving and he had certainly noticed Valerie among them, but only eighteen came back and after a decent interval to allow for any excusable straggling, he made out his chit for Dr. Trout: Valerie had overstayed her leave.

So a second call to the Headmaster's study on the Monday. Valerie tried excuses again — the urgent need to visit some rather vague sick and distressed parishioners after church was

over — but Dr. Trout did not believe her story for a moment and said so. He was much angered by her boldness and dishonesty and especially by her attempt at deception in using the very proper and laudable church party as a cover. Valerie was told to bend over and grip the chair hard as this time she would taste the full measure of his number one cane. Six screeching strokes reduced Valerie to a panting, sobbing, jelly just as he intended. She was in no mood for further scheming as she struggled upright, but Dr. Trout made it clear that if there was any repetition he could thrash her still more painfully on her bare bottom and if there was any more dishonesty he would certainly consider expulsion. That warning, and a daily sight of six awful stripes across her bottom — they lasted a whole week — curbed Valerie for the rest of term.

Valerie kept up her letters to Bruce during the holidays, still getting no reply, and saw him in person on the first half-day of the new term. She explained how it was practically impossible for her to get out on other days — all the staff were watching her like hawks — and could Bruce, perhaps — come up to the school? Not by the main entrance, of course, but there was a pavilion on the hockey ground not too far from the bushes along the boundary, and no one ever thought of going into the pavilion in the evening. She could promise him a good time there . . . It is noteworthy that few young men today bother to visit their girl-friends — it is so much more convenient to have the girls visit them, and cheaper too — but Bruce was persuaded to try a first rendezvous at the pavilion and was well-pleased with his reception, so that he got into the habit of running up to the school two or three times a week. Valerie was class and rather more willing than some of the girls in town and it was not too much bother now he had a motor cycle. Unhappily for Valerie, the motor cycle was not easy to restart at the end of an evening of togetherness, and the consequence was that Tingle's attention was alerted; indeed for two or three weeks he had occasionally let his thoughts stray into wondering whether the young madam was now observing the rules or whether, perhaps, she was slipping in and out by some means not yet detected; one particularly difficult start three weeks into term gave him the answer, somebody was pushing off from near the pavilion and probably there was a girl about there, it could be that young Valerie. Tingle bound-

ed across the hockey field and half-way there saw Valerie emerge. Valerie looked at the figure coming towards her and shot back into the pavilion. A minute or two later, Tingle had opened the door and Valerie was to be seen sitting on the bench, looking quite composed, with an awful lot of leg showing beneath her short skirt and with two buttons undone on her blouse. Tingle had an eyeful, as he was meant to, and he gulped rather noisily.

Valerie said: 'Can't we sort this out between ourselves? I'm sixteen, you know, and old enough for — men.'

'But you cant' mean—' said Tingle.

'Oh! You are just a bit behind the times,' said Valerie, 'just a bit old-fashioned.'

Tingle was somewhat rattled by this because he had a nice little affair going with a widow in town. A young widow, very young; but this girl was at school, only sixteen, throwing herself at him, but he couldn't take her up on it, not a girl at this school. She got up, and Tingle grew nervous. Clearly temptation was strong. But there were two other considerations: was this girl just a tease, would she tell if he made a move, have him out of his job then? And could he cope with a nympho like this one when (the young widow being currently on a fortnight's holiday) he had missed his triple-strength drive pills? Tingle could do nothing now about the pills, they took a couple of hours to work, but he did want to find out whether Valerie was meaning it, or just teasing, what she would do if he took her up on her offer. So he said:

'I'm not that old-fashioned, Miss.'

'Well—' said Valerie.

'Here?' queried Tingle.

'Why not?' asked Valerie. 'Nobody ever comes here.'

Valerie was looking expectant, but Tingle made no move. He was flushed, perspiring, nervous. She was enticing but she might just be having him on; he had to be careful. As often happens in these circumstances, it was the girl who got things moving again: Valerie shrugged her shoulders and turned away, then very slowly slipped her hands beneath her skirt and edged down her panties. Nothing showing yet, of course, all done underneath her skirt and you couldn't say it was for real. Then the panties were drawn down to the knees, and still edging lower, down to Valerie's ankles. She kicked off her shoes and bent down to step out of the panties, first one leg and then the other. Skirt still hiding everything, but she seemed to be



asking plain enough. Tingle was hot, panting, wet, already matters had gone too far for comfort. Valerie was looking straight at him again, expecting a response, but Tingle was unable to



speaking. Valerie was puzzled. Perhaps he was past it? Perhaps he was worried about the gap in their social status? Perhaps he didn't like her much? Anyway, having got this far she would have to hurry things along: she flipped up her skirt and gave him a quick flash, then swiftly turned round as she realised she had gone very red and flipped up her skirt at the back.

Tingle had a moment's glimpse of a neat, small, soft bottom and was galvanised into speech. A very neat bottom indeed, but a child's bottom. This little imp was a mere kid and that bottom needed a good thrashing. He knew what he must do and spoke up:

'Stop that!' he said. 'I shall have to report this to Dr. Trout.'

Valerie was stupefied and for a few seconds was lost for words. Then she hissed:

'You bastard, leading me on!'

Tingle suddenly felt very righteous. He stood firm and erect.

'Now, Miss. Don't get yourself into more trouble. No call for that sort of talk.'

Valerie protested: 'But you let me go on! Not saying a word. It's indecent!'

'I had to be sure,' said Tingle.

Valerie was cunning, thinking quickly: 'Sure of what? Of course, I

was only teasing, seeing how far you would go.' That threw the ball back in Tingle's court.

But she found it difficult to sleep that night. Tingle would tell Dr. Trout and he would probably expel her, probably giving her a hiding first, and then no more seeing Bruce and a lot of extra trouble at home. She could deny everything that Tingle might say happened in the pavilion or perhaps throw all the blame on him and say she was frightened and only did it to try to keep Tingle from raping her. But what she could not explain away was how she came to be in the pavilion in the first place. They might be persuaded that Tingle was exaggerating about the rest but they would believe him when he said he came out to the pavilion (presumably because he had heard Bruce's bike) and found her there, when she was supposed to be busy at something in the school buildings proper. Even if she said she did whatever Tingle accused her of because she was frightened, they would still want to know how she got herself in the pavilion, all alone, that time of night.

Nor was Tingle happy about the detail of his report. If he just said he heard the motor cycle and went to investigate and so found Valerie, that would be enough for her to get a talking-to, but the young imp deserved a real thrashing for her open attempts at seduction, him in his fifties too. But if he told all about the bra and the panties coming down and her flipping up her skirt, Old Trout would promptly ask why he hadn't put a stop to things a lot sooner. No use telling Trout he was testing the girl out and had to go that far along with her to find out. Best not to say anything about the clothes and her enticing him, just report Valerie as being in the pavilion for no good cause.

So Tingle's report to Dr. Trout next morning said no more than that. The headmaster called Valerie to his study and demanded to know what she had been doing in the pavilion at that time.

'Reading, Sir. It was very hot in school. And noisy. I had some prep. and wanted to do it quietly.'

Dr. Trout did not believe this and merely said: 'Ahem!'

He looked thoughtful for a few moments. If this was Valerie's story and she stuck to it there was not much he could do, just say she would be wise to stay in the school proper in future. But he was reluctant to end the matter there as he felt certain that Valerie had been up to some-

thing. He threw out a net:

'That is not the impression I gained from Mr. Tingle.'

Valerie did not know that Dr. Trout was fishing, out to catch her. She supposed that Tingle had reported everything that happened, or most of it. It would be his word against hers, but she would try. She said:

'I was frightened, Sir.'

'Frightened?' asked Dr. Trout, puzzled but interested. 'You went to the pavilion to study quietly and then you were frightened. Tell me why.'

Valerie had no idea that Dr. Trout was in the dark about events, that Tingle had kept mum. She fell into the net:

'Well, Sir. He was a man.'

'Yes,' said Dr. Trout. Mr. Tingle is a man. But surely you know him well enough?'

'It was his look, Sir. He seemed different. I was frightened, otherwise — but nothing happened, Sir!'

'No, of course not,' said Dr. Trout. Nothing happened, this girl had said. That must mean something occurred which Tingle had not seen fit to report. He must get a fuller version. He turned to Valerie:

'Perhaps you will wait in my outer office for a while. I will call you in again later.'

A telephone call to the lodge brought Tingle speeding to the study. Dr. Trout was his smoothest: 'I think, Tingle, that your report may have been too brief. Perhaps you think too kindly of this girl. I would like to know, fully, just what happened.' And Tingle, like Valerie before him, quite wrongly assumed that Dr. Trout knew all. He blurted out:

'Nothing happened, Sir. I swear!'

'Of course not,' agreed Dr. Trout again. 'But please describe the events to me.'

'Well,' said Tingle, 'she tried to get me to let her off, Sir.'

'Yes?' said Dr. Trout. 'And her suggestion?'

'The usual with a woman — girl, Sir.'

'I see. You mean—'

'Nothing happened, Sir. I had to be sure she meant it, so perhaps I let her take off a bit more than I should have done. But I had to be sure she meant it, Sir, and when I realised — I stopped her at once.'

Dr. Trout said: 'Very good, Tingle. Please remain. I shall call in Valerie.'

Valerie came in, trying to look composed, but her expression changed when she saw Tingle standing there and when she noted the thunderous countenance so recently assumed by



Dr. Trout. Much inward quaking. Could hardly bluff it out with Tingle hearing every word. Must play it by ear. Dr. Trout said:

'Valerie, I have sought a fuller explanation of events from Mr. Tingle and we seem to be agreed on one thing, that nothing actually — er, happened. But it is clear to me that you behaved inexcusably, most improperly.'

'I was frightened, Sir.'

'Yes, but I must ask what you were frightened about. Not, I am sure, the worthy Sergeant Tingle. You were frightened only at being caught in the pavilion and by the consequences that you might reasonably expect to follow.'

'Well—'

'So you tried to—er, bribe Sergeant Tingle. I suppose we might put it like that. A most unwise, improper, proposal. But, of course, Mr. Tingle resisted your suggestion.'

'He led me along, Sir.'

'Mr. Tingle had to be sure your intentions were what they seemed.'

'I wouldn't have gone along with it, Sir, unless I thought he wanted me to. It was his fault it went so far. Really, I was only bluffing, testing him, Sir.'

Dr. Trout said: 'You were testing him; he was testing you, Mr. Tingle, as a member of my staff may be said to have that duty; you most certainly



have no such privilege. It seems to me that in your concern to avoid punishment you were prepared to go to almost any length, if not in reality at least in suggestion; which is no less improper in a young lady and particularly a pupil in this school.'

Valerie said: 'I didn't see it that way, Sir. I was really only teasing, having a bit of fun, Sir.'

Dr. Trout turned to Tingle: 'Sergeant, I'm afraid I must ask you a very specific question. Which items of clothing did Valerie remove in her—er, entreaties?'

Tingle said: 'Well, her shoes, Sir.'

'Yes. And?'

'Well, her bra, Sir.'

'And—?'

'Panties, Sir.'

'And then you stopped her?'

'Oh! Yes, Sir.'

'But she seemed ready to continue?'

Valerie interjected: 'Oh! I was not, Sir!'

Dr. Trout turned to Tingle: 'She seemed ready to continue?'

Tingle said: 'Well, yes Sir.'

'You are sure?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'And why?'

Tingle said: 'Well, Sir, she flipped up her skirt as if—'

'That will be enough,' said Dr. Trout. The thunderous countenance turned upon Valerie and became quite menacing: 'I am shocked, utterly disgusted that any pupil of this school should have behaved in this way. The solution of instant expulsion presses itself upon me—'

Valerie burst out: 'Oh! Please, Sir—'

Dr. Trout continued: '—but I am reminded that the more usual punishment of a caning is simple, swift and remarkably effective —'

Valerie's eyes shone bright: 'Oh! Thank you, Sir. Thank you!'

Dr. Trout continued: 'My most thorough caning, of course. Thorough caning, I think you know what that means?'

'Yes, Sir,' said Valerie in a small voice.

'Very well,' said Dr. Trout, 'prepare!'

Valerie commenced a routine that Tingle had witnessed the night before. She stepped out of her shoes and placed her hands beneath her gym-slip as if to reach for her panties. Tingle thought he had better go.

'Shall you be wanting me now, Sir?' he asked.

Dr. Trout, surprisingly, replied: 'Yes, Sergeant; if you have no objection perhaps you would stay.'

Tingle was quite taken aback. And so was Valerie. Surely he was not meant to be present while the girl got her caning? Especially as she was going to get it with her pants off, showing the lot as it were? Valerie's thoughts were close to the truth: Old Trout was telling her that if she was crazy enough to flip up her skirt for Tingle in the pavilion then she could let him have a good long sight of her bottom now, let him see it writhing about and beaten like hell so that it was anything but sexy.

So Tingle stayed and watched as Valerie was got ready for her caning. She was blushing as she eased her panties down and stepped out of them and she reddened more as Dr. Trout directed her to bend over the end of his desk, her tummy on a cushion he had placed there, and to raise her gym-slip . . . She reddened but did not demur: she raised the skirt and the small, neat bottom was charmingly displayed. Tingle's taste was for something more ample, but this bottom was beautifully rounded and soft, the skin without flaw, and the rather long thighs and legs were perfectly proportioned, joining almost imperceptibly in flowing lines, the whole length from waist to feet, conveying the exciting charm of good breeding, class, and the appeal of a budding young girl. But Tingle was soon reminded that this was a very naughty bottom indeed, to be thrashed hard, for Dr. Trout was detailed in his instructions. Valerie must space her feet well apart; he placed a low stool between her feet to ensure that this was so. Next, she must move forward on the cushion so that her heels were off the ground, only her toes touching the carpet. Valerie must reach forward across the desk and grip hard on the other side for he intended to cane hard. Thus, she was spreadeagled across the desk, bottom well-stretched, and she had little muscular control left and would be unable to tense her bottom from the cane. Dr. Trout was equally thoughtful in taking up his position, standing just a little forward from the bottom he was to cane, for he intended to whip down across the full spread yet still ensure that the biting, oscillating tip curved in on the far side to give its fullest punishment there.

Tingle had not fully appreciated the power of Dr. Trout's cane: well over a yard in length, the thickness of his little finger and most pliant, it was this pliancy which would ensure the biting, scorching sting. Dr. Trout exercised a few strokes through the air and the

cane screeched excitedly, so that Valerie began to tremble, to purse her lips and screw up her eyes, and her bottom began an involuntary quivering even before the beating began. Tingle noticed every little movement, the poor kid was dead scared, almost cringing, but he hoped she would get the whacking she deserved after what she had been up to, and all those lies, trying to put the blame on him; he wanted to see that soft white bottom a good bright red and squirming. Doubtless these were Dr. Trout's wishes too, for he seemed determined to test Valerie to the limit. He took up position, his feet apart, but in an easy stance, and raised the cane well above his shoulder, then brought it down with vigour, a good four feet of travel, and he threw his right shoulder downwards and forward to give the stroke full weight. The cane bit in deep, screeching into the softness, and Valerie's whole body seemed to wince, then her shoulders were drawn in and she swung her bottom away and turned her head to one side as if to appeal for clemency. But she must not, this was just the first cut, she must stick it out. Slowly, but with determination, she righted herself, tummy well into the cushion, hands gripping hard, heels off the ground, bottom ready for more.

And so the second stroke. Equally strong and biting and placed an inch or so lower, to give a second scorching stripe across her bottom. Tingle saw the vivid bands and could only guess at the sting, the heat, but Valerie knew the pulsating, throbbing pain along the whole length of the stripes, bands of intense heat that seemed to be widening all the time, soon joining one another, then sudden and unexpected darts of fire between, from places the cane had not touched. She had moved position again, this time lurching forward, for her hands had lost their grip, and her head had shot up, and again her body had swung away so that she was balanced on her right elbow, the other side of the body raised up as if that, somehow, would place her bottom beyond the reach of the cane. She was panting heavily, shoulders heaving, and the lower part of her body was swaying, weaving, her thighs and legs splayed apart. Dr. Trout watched very carefully as Valerie brought herself under control, easing her tummy back on the cushion so that her bottom was again at the edge of the desk and her toes were just touching the carpet, then she tightened her grip on the far side of the desk and

clamped her eyes tight shut; but she could not control her bottom which was shimmying and bobbing about as if it knew of itself that another frightful cut was to come. Dr. Trout slashed his cane down for the third time and Tingle saw the bottom crease and then spring back and start bouncing about madly, whilst Valerie's whole body was jerking up off the desk, her hands losing their grip, her lips opening, a hint of wetness at the eyes. But no sound, Valerie made no yelp or whimper, and Tingle misunderstood this: he expected a kid who was walloped to yell a bit and show it was hurting. Tingle had overlooked the code among girls in a school like this, that you didn't cry out if you could possibly hold off, and it seemed to him that Valerie was not getting it hard enough: if only he, Tingle, had that cane to play with!

He did not immediately notice that Dr. Trout had placed his cane on a chair, instead of raising it for further punishment. Nor did Valerie, who was desperately concerned about the three scorching, throbbing streaks across her bottom and then about slithering back to the edge of the desk and having to stick it out again for another three, she supposed. Valerie lay there quivering for several moments and when the fourth cut failed to arrive she risked turning her head a little and darting an enquiring eye at Dr. Trout.

'Stand up!' ordered Dr. Trout. Valerie heaved herself from the desk and managed to totter into a standing position, hopefully but not really believing that Dr. Trout was going to let her off with just three. He soon made this clear: 'Valerie, had you wondered why I asked Sergeant Tingle to be kind enough to stay for your punishment?' Kind enough to stay, thought Valerie, but he was enjoying every moment. But she was wise enough to say: 'I expect it is because he is involved, Sir?'

Dr. Trout agreed: 'Exactly. Sergeant Tingle was most personally involved in your wild accusations.' Then, very quietly: 'You now admit they were wild allegations?'

Valerie said: 'I misunderstood things, Sir.'

This was not sufficient for Dr. Trout.

'Valerie, I have been to some trouble in applying my best cane with considerable effort to your — er, seat of learning — because I find this almost invariably brings a girl to her senses. Yet you still prevaricate. Must I—?'

'Oh! No, Sir!'

'They were wild accusations?'

In a low voice, Valerie agreed: 'Yes, Sir.' Now he'd got that out of her, put her all in the wrong, let him get on with the other three, let's hope it would be only three more, he's looking very cool and cunning.

Dr. Trout said: 'Good. At last. Now it seems to me that as Sergeant Tingle has been personally involved in your attack upon his integrity, it would be most fitting for him to continue your punishment. You agree?'

Tingle could not believe his ears: was the Head going to give him the chance to wallop the young madam himself? Valerie was dumbfounded: she realised she would have to take a few more cuts, but it was all right from a headmaster — hardly the same from a lodge porter. Of course, she had played Old Tingle up so it was fair in a way. And by now he'd seen all there was to see of her bottom, and she'd shown him enough anyway when she had flipped up her skirt in the pavilion. Still, having to bend over and take it from Tingle, and if the other girls ever got to know! All fleeting thoughts, but as Dr. Trout had remarked, a caning has a habit of bringing a girl to her senses, and Valerie was quick to voice her decision: 'Yes, Sir.'

'Good,' said Dr. Trout, and turning to Tingle: 'Please proceed.'

It says much for military training that, just a few seconds after the hint of his opportunity, Sergeant Tingle was ready to seize it and to enjoy it to the full as the instruction to proceed imposed no limits. Probably Dr. Trout was as surprised as Valerie when Tingle removed the broad leather belt from his waistband and folded it over in two, his hand gripping the loose ends, so that a serviceable tawse was ready in a few moments. 'Over the desk — Miss!' ordered Tingle and a startled Valerie went back to the desk and lay over the cushion. 'Get your skirt up, girl!' ordered Tingle, and Valerie shot her hands down and flipped up the skirt with alacrity. Bottom trembling already, Old Tingle sounded mad angry and heaven knows what that thick leather would feel like. She soon knew, for Tingle cracked his strap very quickly, a dozen times in all, over every inch of her bottom in turn. This on top of the three scorches she had taken from old Trout: The strap made a horrible whacking, cracking noise as it came across her bottom, and if it didn't bite in like a cane, didn't cut into you, the smart





was broader and each smart widened out and seemed to pick up darts of sting from the cane marks already there. Tingle's other hand was on Valerie's shoulder, holding her down firmly, but her bottom was squirming and jiggling about trying to get out of reach of the strap, but to no avail. The first half-dozen whacks brought Valerie's bottom to a blazing heat and she thought it would be impossible to take any more. But Tingle whacked on and Valerie tried to heave her shoulders up, to force away his restraining hand: she tried twisting from side to side in the hope he might let go, she tried to raise her hands and reach back to protect her poor bottom, but with her grip loosened she ended up sliding about the desk on the cushion, Tingle's belt raining hard blows on her bottom nonetheless. The heavy breathing of the first few cracks soon became an urgent panting, then ever-louder gasps each time the belt did its work across her smarting bottom. Finally, she gave voice:

'Ow! Oh! Oh!' Tingle had been waiting for that, and he warmed to his task, which was to make the little madam yell a bit, and brought the belt down harder.

'Ouuuuch!' yelped Valerie.

'That'll teach you,' Tingle responded heartily, and cracked the belt down again.

'Please, please Sarge!' pleaded Valerie.

'Ah! Beginning to taste it, are you?' said Tingle, and he slashed down again, the strap barking noisily, and the little bottom flattened, bounced up again, then went into an extraordinary dance, reeling from side to side and bobbing about like a jelly upended on the floor. Valerie, flushed, exhausted, near-breathless, could only manage a low whimpering moan. Tingle had been waiting for that. He held his strap to one side.

'Say you are sorry, then.'

In a very low voice: 'Sorry, Sarge.'

Tingle wanted more: 'And I'm not a bastard then?'

Valerie managed to whimper: 'No, no.'

Tingle needed one other assurance: 'And I didn't lead you on?'

Valerie panted out slowly, gasping and squirming all the while: 'No, no. It was my fault.'

Dr. Trout had remained silent and impassive, as if spellbound, all the time the belt was cracking down. Now he was moved to speak: 'Sergeant Tingle—' He may have intended to call a halt, but if so that would have been unnecessary for Tingle, still en-

tirely in command, had put his belt down on the desk. He turned to Dr. Trout:

'She's had enough, Sir.'

And Dr. Trout could only say: 'Quite so, quite so.'

Valerie slid off the desk and somehow regained her feet. She got her gymslip back into order and in slow, stiff movements stepped into her shoes. Her eyes were a little wet, but not to the point of tears. She was not snivelling, but every few seconds she brushed her hand across her nose. She was trying desperately to regain her composure, but remained flushed and still panting.

'No hard feelings?' enquired Tingle.

'No,' said Valerie. 'Sorry for what I said and all this trouble.'

'Good girl!' Tingle rejoined.

Dr. Trout could only call down the curtain: 'You may go now, Valerie.'

Tingle gave him an enquiring look, as if to ask permission to leave. Dr. Trout appeared to be deep in thought. Tingle wondered whether he might be annoyed at the way he had taken over, taken charge as it were, but then the old boy had given him the go ahead all right. Perhaps he'd lain it on too hard, but you had to get the girl to say she was sorry, and really mean it, or it was all a waste of time. Old Trout had not tried to stop him. And once he saw that Valerie had taken enough, he had put the belt aside, hadn't gone on walloping the poor kid just for the hell of it. Perhaps Trout would have preferred him to use the cane, but he was more used to the belt, had found it worked well enough with his own kids when they were young, and it didn't mark like the cane. A dozen good cracks got a bottom hot and smarting at the time, but nothing to show next day.

Dr. Trout had, in fact, been going over these several points in his own reflections before he spoke:

'Sergeant Tingle, I think you may be able to help me on — er, other occasions.'

'Only too pleased, Sir!'

'I have kept this from my staff, but my arm — the occasional touch of arthritis, warning signs — I feel that I may sometimes be at a disability in disciplinary matters.'

'Really, Sir?'

'Trifling routine punishments I hope to handle adequately, but the more difficult pupil, the serious offender, the senior girls may call for greater effort than I can myself—'

'Only too glad to assist, Sir.'

'I should like to be able to call upon your arm, to add your — er, leather — to the armoury, as it were; and if I should weaken further, perhaps you would consider becoming proficient with the more conventional cane as well?'

'Only too pleased, Sir. I'm sure—'

'Thank you Tingle, I do appreciate this. I shall, of course, regularise the position with the Governors, have your designation widened to disciplinary assistant, something like that. Of course, I cannot promise any additional remuneration—'

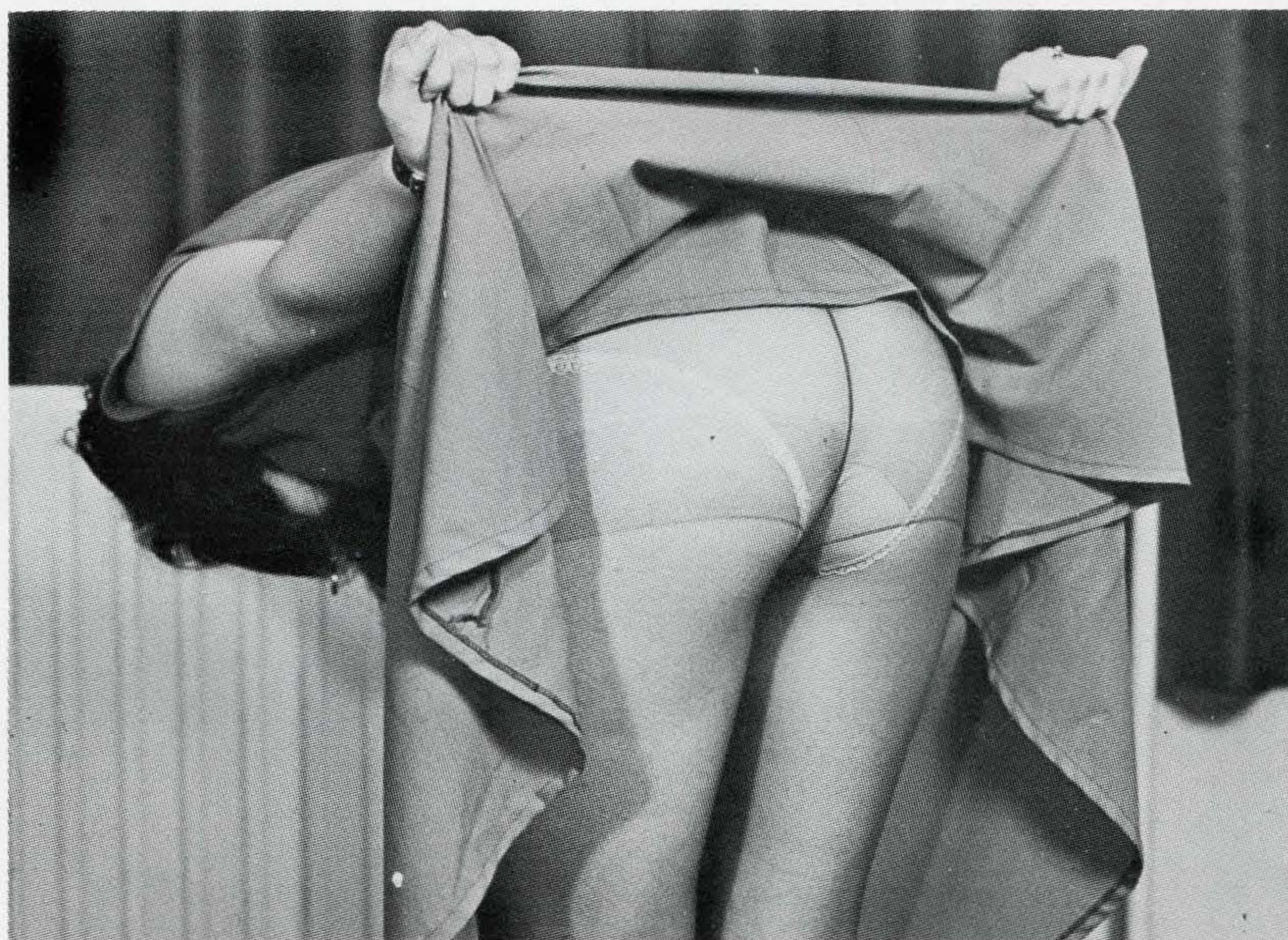
Tingle drew himself to his full height: 'That is unimportant, Sir.'

'It will add a new interest to your duties, Tingle.'

'Indeed, Sir. That will be sufficient reward.'

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*(Editor's Note: intending applicants for vacancies as school porters should address enquiries to the recognised agencies, not to my office please.)*





DAVE  
CARNEY



# GIRL TALK

Mary O'Brien crossed the quadrangle and mounted the stairs leading to the sixth form's living accommodation. She opened the door of the room she and her two friends shared and glanced around. It was empty. She entered, switched on the gas fire, tidied her bed, putting the large stuffed toy on the floor as she did so, then removed a box of matches and a crumpled cigarette packet from under her pillow. Seated in front of the fire, curled up on the rug, she leafed through a girls' magazine, lit up, and waited.

Mary was a petite girl with a compact figure and a trim waist which the belted blue gymslip showed to advantage. She had the blue eyes and glossy black hair of the Celt and a slight Irish accent which grew more pronounced when she got excited. The firelight glanced off her smoothly rounded knees as she sat, absorbed in a story of romance.

Suddenly, the door was flung open and Hilary and Claire burst in. The latter tore across the room and flung herself face down upon her bed with a histrionic wail. Hilary sat down on an upright chair, but stood up again with alacrity

'Ouch!' she said.

Mary surveyed all this with an amused smile. 'You're back, then,' she said. 'How did it go?'

'It was absolutely awful!' cried Claire, raising her head from the pillow.

'Oh I don't know,' murmured Hilary reflectively, 'it wasn't *that* bad.'

'Well,' said Mary cheerfully, holding out her cigarette, 'have a drag and let's see the damage, then.' Claire propped herself on her elbows, took the proffered filter tip, inhaled and coughed a little. Hilary reached under her skirt and wriggled from side to side as she brought her hands down. She then turned, lifting the hems of both skirt and slip as she did so. Mary whistled appreciatively.

'So, your new knickers didn't melt his cruel heart, eh? You still got six, and real stingers, too, by the look of them.' Hilary accepted the cigarette from Claire and stuck it in the corner of her mouth as she turned her back on the long mirror in the wardrobe

door and looked over her shoulder at the six stripes across her gleaming bottom.

Claire flounced off the bed and over to the washbasin, where she cried in dismay at the slight redness around her eyes, and quickly splashed water on them.

'No, they didn't,' she said, drying herself. 'And yes they were! Real stingers! I got it worse than she did, too, look!' She too reached up and lowered her pants before turning her back on Mary and sticking out her naked bottom.

'See that,' she cried, awkwardly pointing to a place where two weals crossed at an angry blue intersection. 'I thought I was going to hit the roof!'

'It's your own fault,' came Hilary's voice. 'You shouldn't have moved when he told you not to.' The others looked up at the expression in her voice, distant and preoccupied. She was gazing into the mirror, a dreamy expression in her eyes as her fingers gently caressed her lined bottom.

'Humpf!' snorted Claire. 'I almost think you enjoyed it, Hil, I do honestly! Well you can have my lot next time, too!'

'Oh ho!' chortled Mary. 'Next time is it?' So he wants you back for another dose, does he? Well, perhaps the new knickers did have some effect after all.'

'Oh shut up Mary, it's not funny, another whacking for not wearing school uniform when he wouldn't have known we weren't if he hadn't taken our knickers down to whack us in the first place anyway — oh stop laughing, Mary, you know what I mean!'

Sure I do, why I'm sure our Headmaster could recognize my backside as easily as he could my face. He's seen it enough times. Oh, I've had my share alright, that's why I made sure I had plenty of this on hand for you.' She held up a large jar of cold cream.

'Oh bless you Mary, you are a love,' cried Claire, pulling her knickers down over the buttons of her suspenders, down the sheerness of her nylon legs and stepping out of them. 'Just what I could do with.'

'Well, come over here and I'll put

some on for you. It's easier for someone else to see to do it.'

'Hey, don't forget me,' said Hilary, hobbling forward, her knickers around her knees.

'O.K., I'll do you,' said Claire, laying down on her front before Mary, her skirt and slip turned up around her waist, her suspender straps and stocking tops framing her striped and naked bottom. Hilary settled down in front of her and the three girls arranged themselves in a sort of triangle on the floor; Hilary too with her skirt up, laying on her tummy, her knickers a tiny pastel tangle around her knees.

'Tell us what it was like the first time you got it, Mary,' urged Hilary. 'You never have.' Mary smoothed her finger-tips over the white cream and applied it to Claire's first cane line, and laughed.

'Sure, I wasn't five minutes over from Ireland when I got my first taste, and a right eejit I must have seemed too, knowin' nothin' but the convent and the nuns and all beating religion into me little behind.'

Claire sighed as the cooling salve was applied to her burning bottom, and taking the jar, began to spread some on Hilary's stripes. Mary continued.

'So there I was, thinking I'd found a nice quiet spot for a smoke, and who should walk in but Matron—'

'Old cow,' muttered Hilary, darkly.

'—and collars me. "Well, my girl," she says, "you know what the penalty is for smoking in this school" — well, I didn't but I could guess alright — "so you can prepare yourself for a thrashing," and out she walks. Well, when the nuns said that that's just what they mean, see? Get ready, and if they tell you to get ready it means off with everything, 'cos you're getting your medicine in the nobby, see?'

'Gosh,' gasped Claire. 'They whack you with nothing on at all?'

'No silly,' put in Hilary. 'They keep their habits on, it's you who has nothing on — ouch! You pinched me!'

'Well, don't take the mickey. Go on, Mary.'

'Well, I thought she'd just gone to fetch a pandybat, not having one with her, you see—'



'A what?'

'A pandybat. It's what the nuns use to wallop you with, and it doesn't half sting, too. You see in the convent any of the nuns can whack you, and I thought she was going to do it, you see, I didn't know that the Head enjoys his work so much he doesn't allow anybody but himself to do any whacking around here.'

'So what did you do?' asked the other two in unison, their voices low with urgency.

'Why sure,' chuckled Mary. 'Didn't I do what I thought I'd been told and strip off?'

'Everything?'

'Every blessed stitch, and there I am standing there naked as the day I was born and in walks a man!'

'What did you *do*?' shrieked Claire.

'What could I do? It was the first time I'd been seen in me life by a man. I just covered what I could with my hands and stood there wishin' the ground would open and swallow me.'

'What did *he* do?'

'Well he just smiled that little sardonic smile of his, you know?'

'We know,' said Claire, feelingly.

'And he said: "Well, so this is the young lady who enjoys the weed, is it, and do you always do your smoking in the nude?" And I said something silly like "I don't know, sir" and he said "Well, let's see you touch your toes, I haven't got all day, I'm going to let you off with four as you're new here, but don't let me catch you again." So I turned around and presented him with me charmin' rear view and let me tell you I soon forgot all about bein' embarrassed. Swish! Oh I yelped like a baby! And the next was as bad! I thought I was on fire back there! And the way he pauses in between strokes—'

'I know,' said Claire.

'To let you get the full benefit,' put in Hilary.

'—and the third he put right low down where you sit, y'know and then I was waiting, holding me breath for the last one and wheee, when it came I thought I'd never come down, just running around dancing like a heathen. Shure those four made me hop around in my knickers, I can tell you.'

'Or would have done,' said Hilary, dryly, 'if you'd been wearing any. What happened then?'

'Oh you know, the usual lecture about being a good girl and me wiggling around with me hands on me bum like I was sitting on a stove. Then he told me to put me clothes on, watched me while I did, and then

locked the door behind me. I know he didn't forget though, 'cos of what happened the next time I got in trouble—'

'And we all know what that was for,' grinned Hilary.

'You hush up if you want to know what happened,' said Mary.

'Yes, be quiet, Hil,' hissed Claire.

'Well, you know it was me birthday,' continued Mary. 'And you know what I gave meself as a present.'

'Yes,' sighed Claire. 'That really dishy set of yours, in coffee satin with all that gorgeous cream lace. I *still* don't know where you got the money for that, Mary. The sussie belt alone costs absolute pounds and you had the bra, two pairs of pants, *and* the full-length slip!'

'That's my business,' rejoined Mary with a sly grin. 'Anyway, you know what happened when I got it home and was trying it on. I accidentally—'

'Accidentally!' scoffed Hilary, 'Accidentally my foot, you'd been teasing that poor garden'er's boy for ages. Dropping your knickers out of the window onto his head was just another of your little acts of wantonness.'

Mary's expression was of injured innocence as she placed a hand over her heart and addressed her friends in tones of surprise.

'To be sure, as upstairs is my witness it was a pure accident. I was so keen to try on me new finery I pulled off the drawers I was wearing in a bit of a hurry and didn't notice that when I chucked them to one side the window was open.'

Hilary and Claire hooted with derision, their bare and now gleaming bottoms jiggling in the flickering light from the fire.'

'Pull the other leg, Mary,' crowed Claire.

'And Matron didn't believe you either, did she?' put in Hilary. 'Cos you got caned for it, didn't you?'

Mary's expression was now that of one who knows she holds a secret trump card. 'No, I didn't, not actually,' she said. 'Shure, I got sent to the Head, but . . .' Her two friends were instantly consumed with curiosity and clamoured for an account of what had happened. Mary turned her pretty and already turned-up nose in the air and refused. If her word was not to be taken about certain matters of an aerial knickers descent, then they obviously could not want to hear any other story that they would be sure to be equally cynical about. Several minutes of ardent pleading and persuasion then took place until Mary, placated, took up the threads

of her tale.

'Well,' she began. 'When Matron came pounding up the stairs I was admiring myself in the mirror, only just got me frock on in time.'

'Were we still in summer uniform at the time then?' asked Claire. 'I thought your birthday was in September?'

'The fifth of October,' corrected Mary. 'But it was still warm for the time of year. Anyway, she packed me straight off to the inner sanctum. I tried to stall so I could get changed, but she marched me straight to his Highness's office and proceeded to give him a terrible lurid account of all me wicked doings. Made me sound like a cross between Messalina and Fanny Hill shure she did. Then she winds up with: "So, Headmaster, I'm sure you will understand when I ask you to deal with her most severely. She needs a very firm lesson in discipline to save her from herself. Though it pains me to do it, I must ask you to cane her most sternly."

'Rotten old hypocrite,' growled Hilary. 'She just likes to get us in as much trouble as possible.'

'Anyway, she just stood there then, and he, I'm sure I could see a little smile at the edge of his mouth, but you know the way he tweaks his moustache when he wants to cover up the fact that he's enjoying himself, and he said thank you, and didn't she look put out that she had to leave and couldn't stay to see the fun. Well after the door shut behind her he looked at me for a long time and then he said: "Well, well, our little linen room nudist." Well, I blushed like anything as he remembered and he went on: "Now then, I did tell you to keep out of mischief, didn't I? And now, although I feel sure that Matron has perhaps painted a rather blacker picture than really necessary, I really shall have to punish you. We can't have 'gardeners' boys with lingerie falling on them from a great height, can we?" And I just blushed and stammered and said: "No, sir." So he said: "Over there then girl, and slip out of your dress, I never lift up summer uniform, the skirts are too full. Then bend over the chair back.'

'Then he turned and went over to the cupboard and started taking out his canes one by one and swishing them, deciding which one he'd use, and I just stood there thinking of all me gorgeous new undies being confiscated and hidden away till the end of term and I didn't move and he looked up and said: "Get on with it girl." So I was all quivery as I undid

me buttons and lifted the dress over me head and stood there in my lovely things and he turns around and sees me and doesn't say anything, just looks, then I can't stand it anymore and I'm actually down on me knees in front of him, imploring him not to tell Matron and sayin' how it's me birthday and all.'

Mary paused, her face bearing a slightly dreamy expression in the firelight, smoothing the hem of her thigh-high gymslip.

'So then he lifts me up and says that as it's me birthday he'll let me off the cane just this once, but I'll still have to have something to remind me to be a good girl in future and he takes me over to the chair and sits down and draws me down across his knee, and the next thing is I feel him liftin' the hem of me slip and I lift me hips up a little bit from his lap so he can get it up to me waist. And I'm grippin' hold of his leg and he has his tweed suit on and the material is all rough under me fingers and I feel him put one hand on my back and then slide it round my waist and it holds me tight and firm while I feel his other hand go under the elastic of the knickers and they're being drawn down and it feels cool like there's a breeze when they're down and he eases them so carefully over my suspenders and I can feel them tugging down between my legs at the top where I've got them pressed tight together so he won't see, and then I feel them laying around my knees and I think how I must look to him all bare like that and I hope my seams are straight and I haven't got a ladder or anything then all of a sudden "Whack!" and oh golly it stings and I'm gaspin' and before I have a chance to so much as wiggle he does it again and it's whack, whack, whack, and I'm yellin' though I didn't mean to and I'm wrigglin' but he's holding me firm and it stings and my bum's hot and my legs are kicking, I can feel my new knickers straining round my knees and I try to put a hand over meself but he's holding my wrists now so firm and it's whack, whack, whack coming so fast and I'm calling out saying all sorts about how I'll be good and whack, whack, whack, and I can feel his trouser legs rubbin' against my thighs where I'm naked and whack, whack, whack, and it feels like my bottom's so big and it's on fire and whack, whack, whack, "I'll be good Sir, honest," and whack, whack, whack, and when's he going to stop!'

Mary paused. The other two were

rapt, silent. 'Then he stood me on my feet and I was snuffling and gulping and he put his arm around my shoulders and said "There there now, try to behave in future".' Mary was silent.

'Wow!' breathed Hilary, her eyes shining. 'On the bare bum and over his knee!'

'Oh I just couldn't,' moaned Claire. 'I'd just *die* of embarrassment!'

'Oh, I don't know,' said Mary, standing up and smoothing her skirt down. 'It's not so bad. You might find out yourself when you go back for your second dose.'

'Oh don't remind me,' groaned Claire. 'I'd forgotten about that!'

'Well,' said Mary, 'just tell him it's your birthday, and you might get a spanking instead. I think Hilary might rather enjoy that, wouldn't you, Hil?'

'Ooooh, you!' cried Hilary, jumping up and nearly tripping over her knickers, which were still at half mast.

Stepping out of them she picked up a pillow and hurled it at Mary, who promptly hurled one back. Claire was not slow to join in and soon the room was in total disarray as shouts of girlish glee and shrill soprano obscenities echoed down the corridor outside. The inevitable happened swiftly when a pillow burst and the air filled with feathers as dense as an arctic storm. In the noise and confusion, no one noticed the door swing inwards and a figure enter until an imperious voice cut through the racket.

'Never,' it boomed, 'in all my years as a school Matron, have I ever witnessed such a display of female hooliganism.' You will clear this mess up immediately and you will all report to the Headmaster's study first thing in the morning.'

'Oh no,' came the chorus from the three nubile miscreants, 'how *do* we get into these things!'





DAVE  
CARNEY

# Tales of SPANKERS END <sup>3</sup>

IT IS MONDAY MORNING IN SPANKERS END

AND ANGELA IS LATE FOR SCHOOL

YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE TEN MINUTES AGO

WHY? DID I MISS SOMETHING?

YOU WON'T MISS WHAT'S COMING NEXT... BEND OVER THAT DESK!

WHY AREN'T YOU WEARING ANY KNICKERS!

OH DEAR, I KNEW I FORGOT SOMETHING IN THE RUSH

YOU'LL HAVE ONE FOR EACH MINUTE LATE

NOW GET SOME KNICKERS FROM THE SCHOOL NURSE AND TIE BACK YOUR HAIR... YOU MUSTN'T WEAR IT LOOSE IN SCHOOL

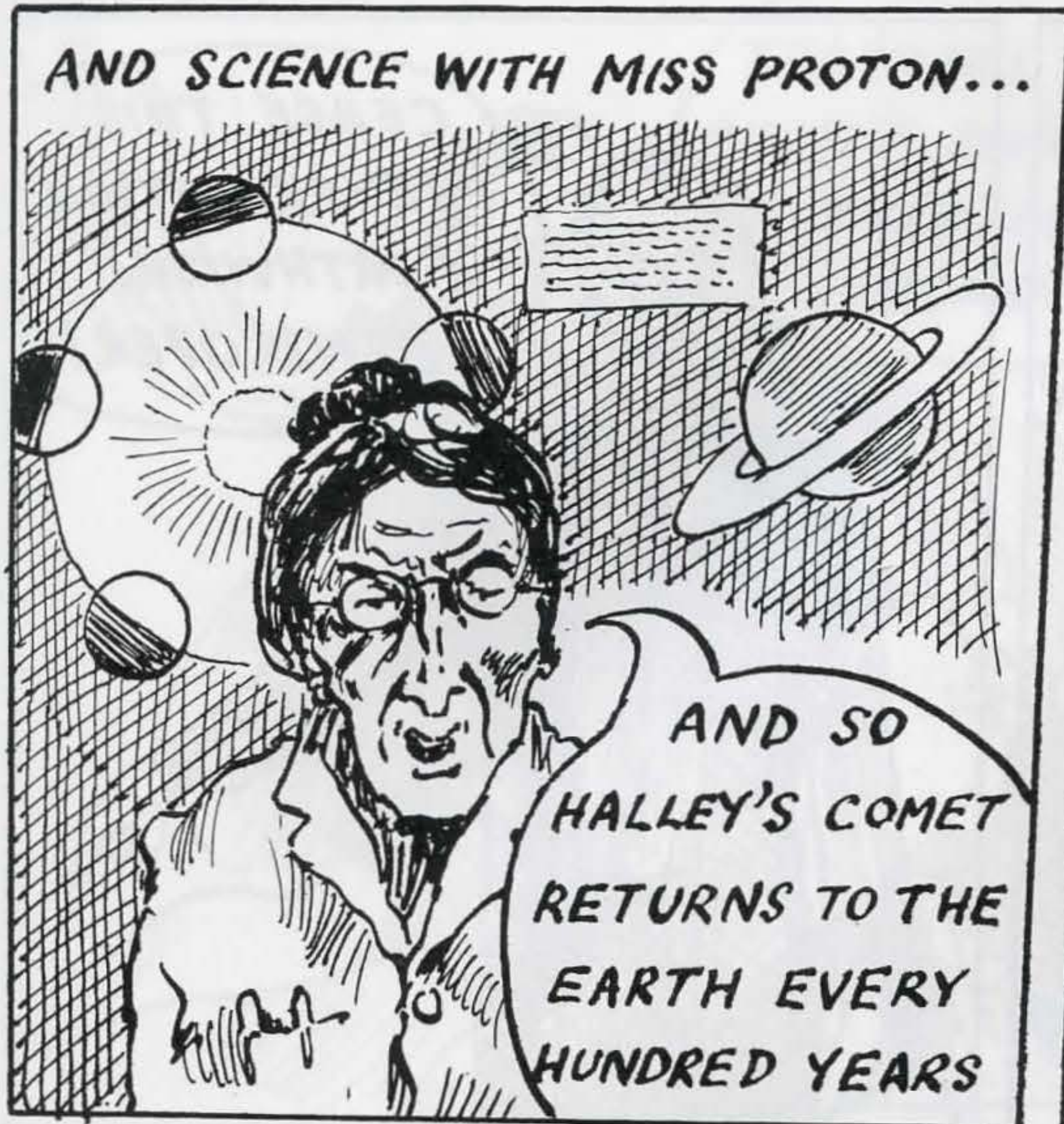
TEN ON THE BARE WITH A GYM SHOE WOULD SUBDUE MOST GIRLS, BUT NOT ANGELA!

~

GEOGRAPHY WITH MISS MAPPIN...

ANGELA, WHERE WOULD YOU FIND THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH?

ER...UP AN AUSTRALIAN'S LEG, MISS!

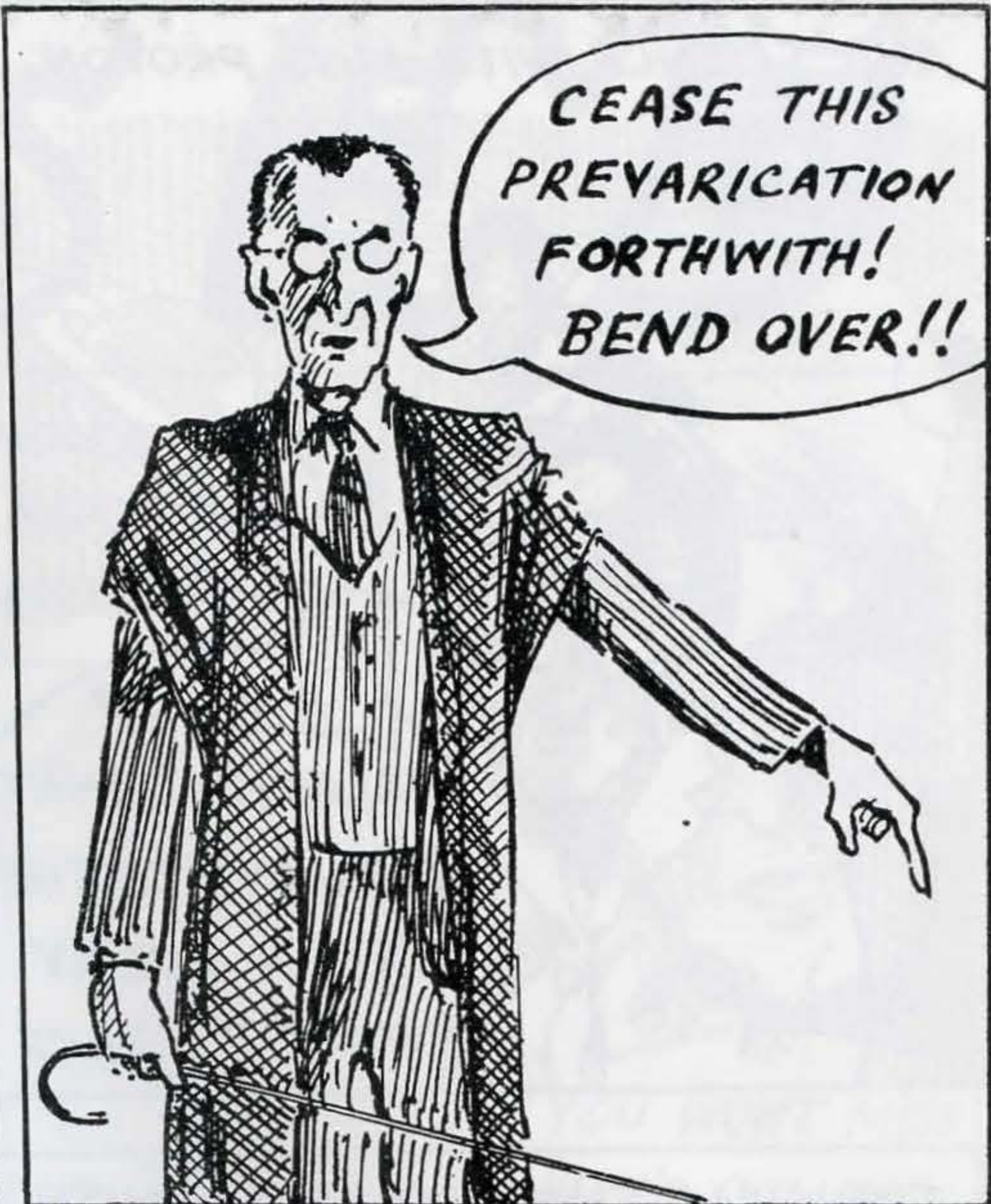




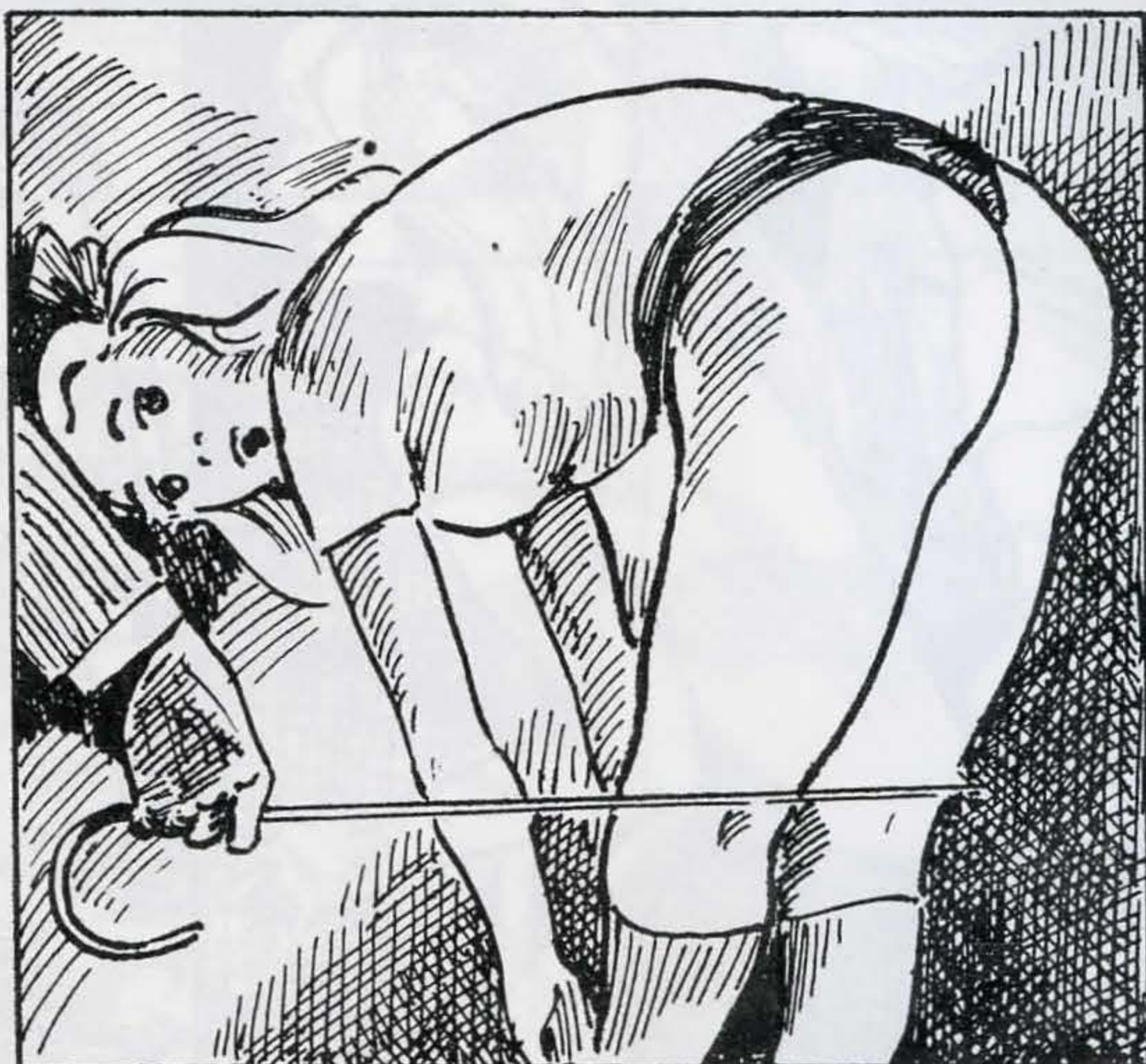
YOUR VISIT IS NOT UNEXPECTED MISS PETERS. FIRM MEASURES ARE CALLED FOR!



PLEASE SIR, I DIDN'T DO IT SIR..AND I'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN

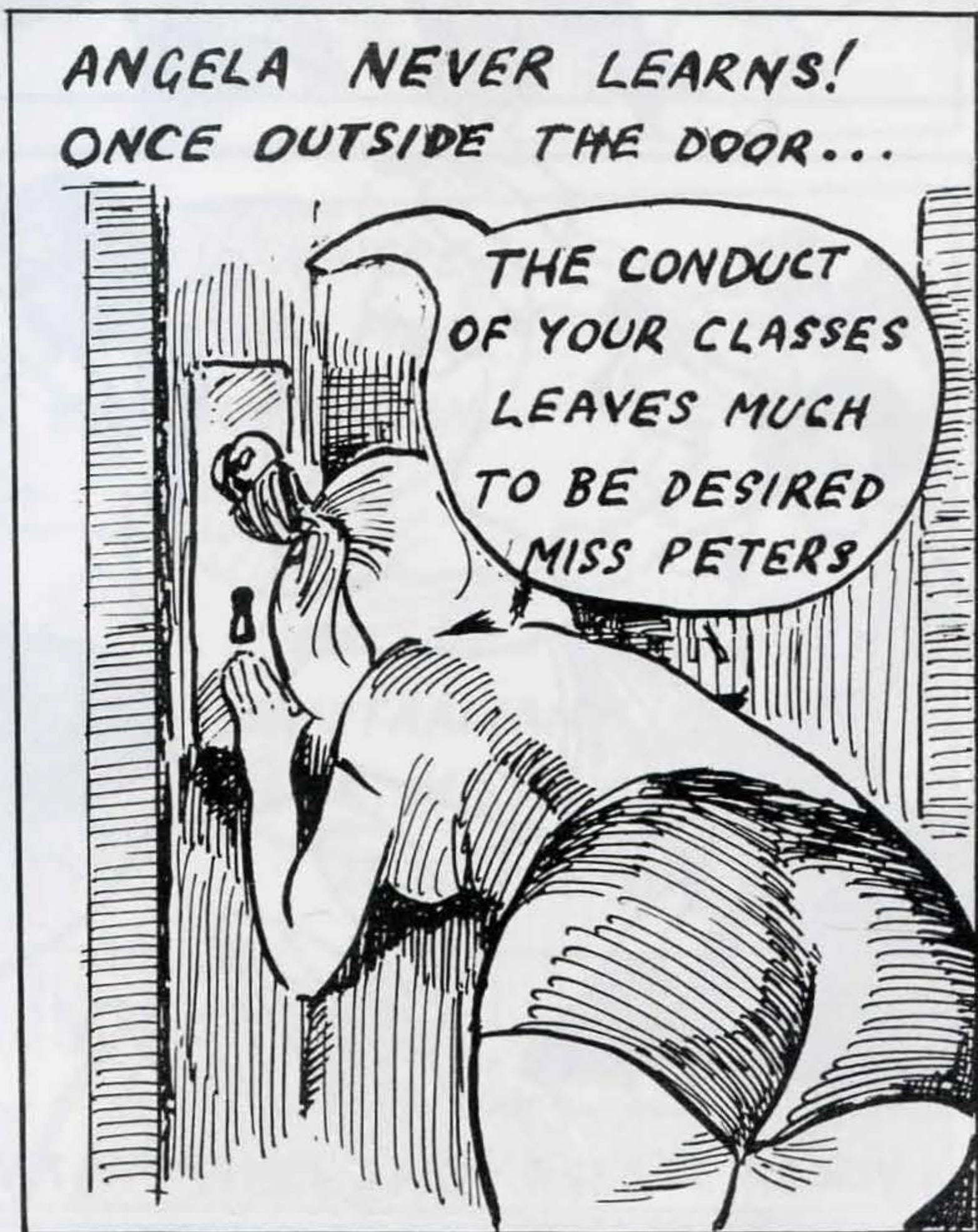


CEASE THIS PREVARICATION FORTHWITH! BEND OVER!!



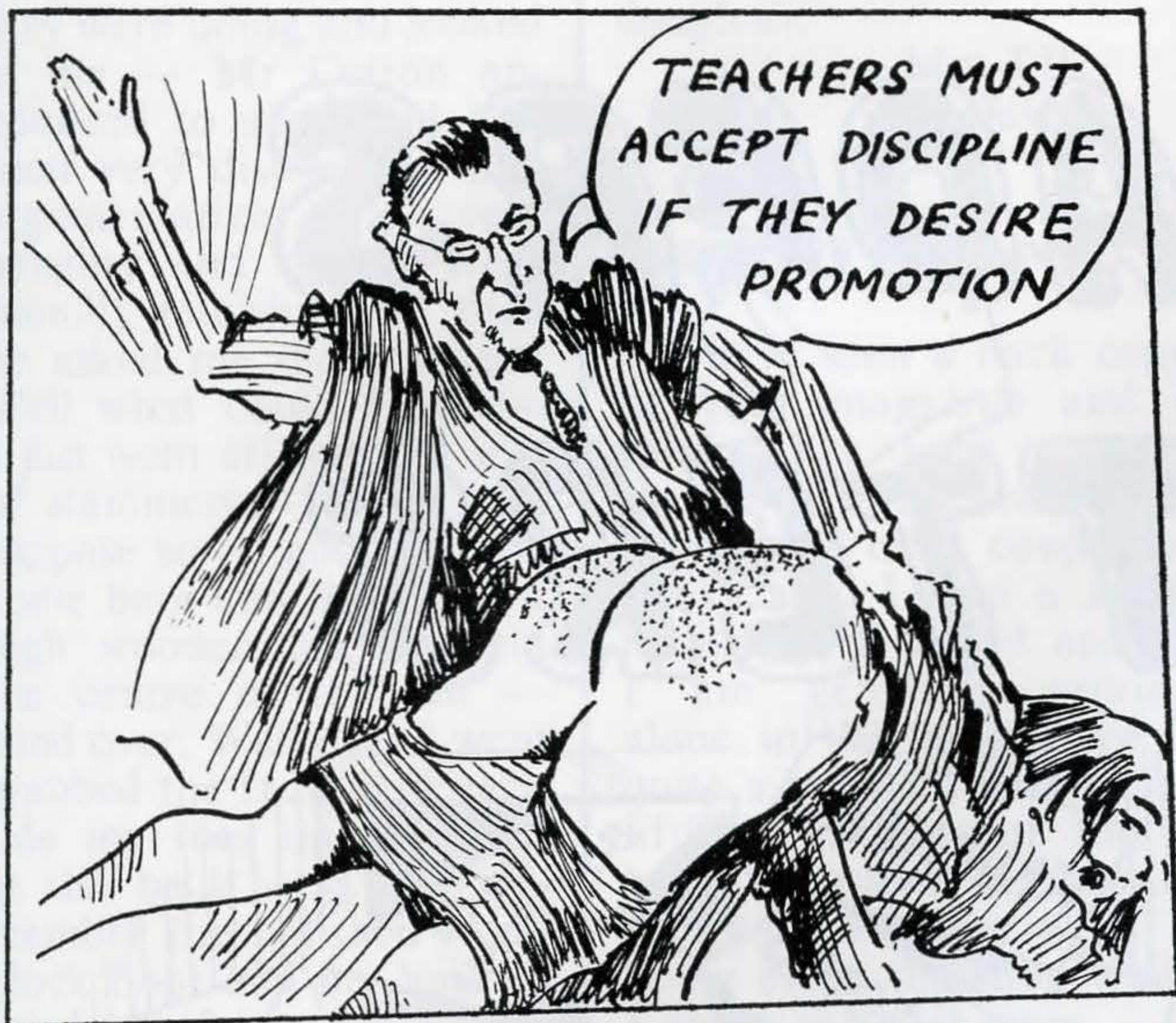
YOU WILL HAND THIS LETTER TO YOUR PARENTS.. NOW RETURN TO YOUR CLASS

MISS PETERS, YOU WILL REMAIN



ANGELA NEVER LEARNS! ONCE OUTSIDE THE DOOR...

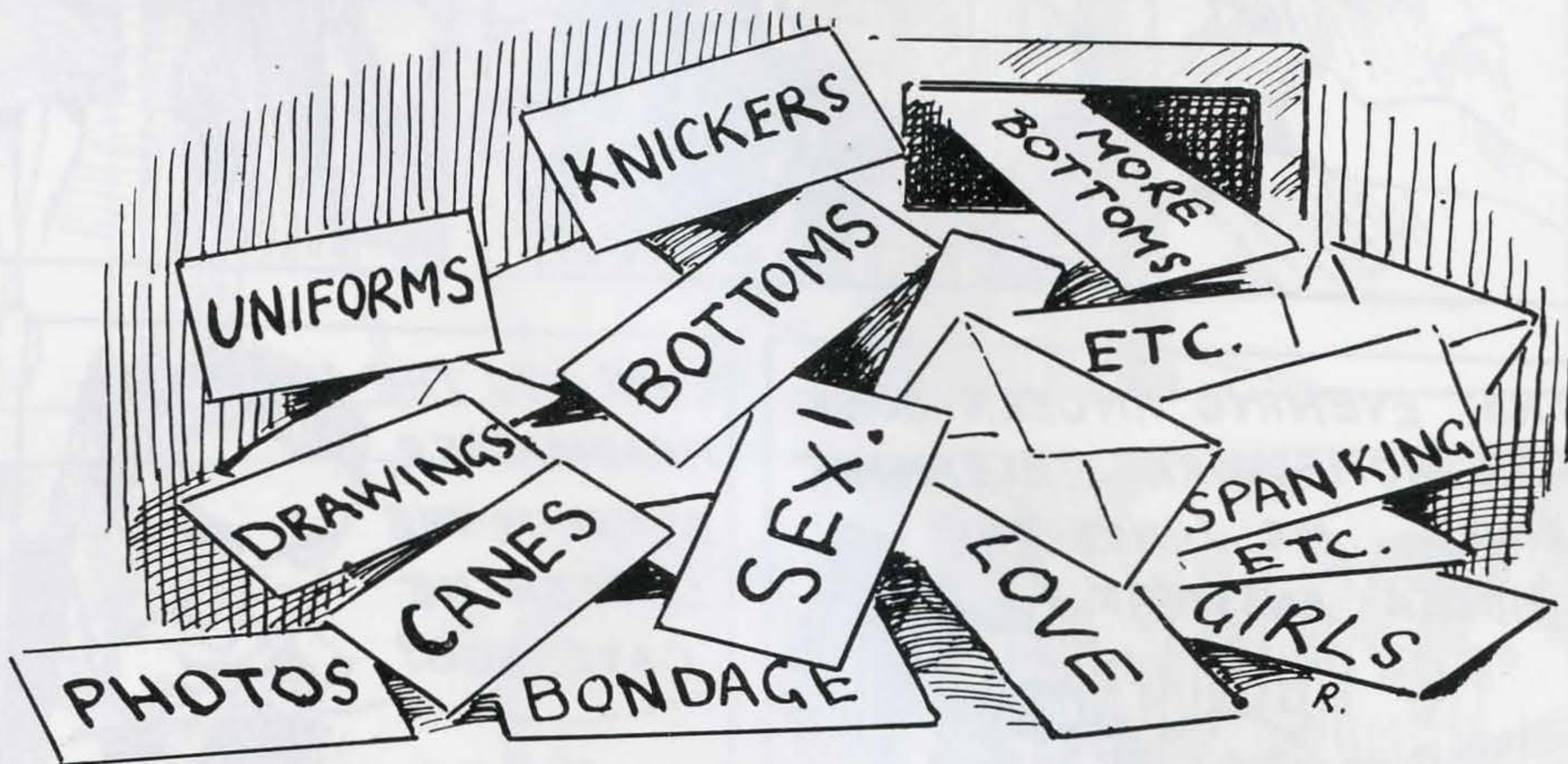
THE CONDUCT OF YOUR CLASSES LEAVES MUCH TO BE DESIRED MISS PETERS



NEXT MONTH ANGELA FINDS THAT TIMES CHANGE BUT ATTITUDES TO GIRLS DON'T!



# READERS LETTERS



## OFFICIAL— UNOFFICIAL?

In the last edition of *Janus* it said in one letter that the cane or strap was given to boys and girls in Devon schools by both male and female teachers, and it named Sharon Davies for the order of the burning bot.

To put the records straight, a headmaster may cane a boy pupil (as any loving parent would) on the hand or the seat; and this usually means a couple of strokes of the cane on the hand, or two or three across the seat of the pants, if the boy is wearing gym pants then that's his bad luck.

A senior mistress or headmistress can cane boys or girls, and again a couple across one hand or two or three across the top of the legs or pants (skirt lifted up) would be the expected norm, in the case of a girl, a primary girl wouldn't be hit hard.

I don't think any boy or girl in any Devon school would ever expect or get the cane on the bare bottom, nor would a girl get the cane from a man. In certain religious establishments or childrens' homes it could be different, there it is possible that a girl might get the cane from a male — I don't know.

What I do know is that not very long ago, but quite a long way from Devon, I was sent to a very good girls' school and dressed from the top of my head to my toes in a very expensive regulation uniform, we had it in the junior school and wore it out for the first three years as a senior, so changed to a more adult uniform at fifteen in the fourth form so went about with frocks up around our knees showing all our montfort school knickers (all your men readers would have loved us) we wore grey.

We had one male teacher, a Mr Cotton always very

popular, and he had a cane, the only teacher in the school with one — I think it was unofficial but he would make any girl bend over for two or three sharp strokes across her grey cotton clad bum. He was a very good teacher, extremely fair, but strict, we all worked hard for him, then the other teachers started sending naughty girls to him to be swished as he called it, and he punished them, they used to leap around afterwards both hands on their swished cheeks; but nobody complained. The head and all the parents knew. Then to set the seal, one day some senior girls played truant. All the school knew and they were sent by the head mistress to Mr Cotton to be punished, presumably what he did then became unofficially official, but they got a darn good tanning.

My parents never hit me, I suppose they never really needed to, but one

day at about fourteen I was very disobedient and Mum got fed up and rang the Headmistress and complained about my general behaviour at home and asked her to punish me. After lunch that day the head sent for me, she ticked me off for not obeying mother and she told me that I would be punished — go to the general science lab and report to Mr Cotton.

Mr Cotton was taking the first year Junior Science Club (they had been into first lunch sitting) I knocked and entered and I stood as was our rule at ease position, legs apart and hands clasped behind my back until he spoke to me — we were never allowed to speak to an adult first. He kept me waiting ages then turned and picked up his cane and went on talking to the juniors, I suddenly realised that he was expecting me.

He called me over, all the little girls dressed like

me but a bit longer went silent and stopped what they were doing and looked at me — Mr Cotton announced to all that I had been very disobedient and argumentative and very naughty and needed very soundly punishing — then he asked me did I agree? Well what could I say — I just went all red and sort of stammered — yes — I suppose so — good he said come here and he placed a high wooden lab stool in the centre of the lab — bend over. Well over I went grabbed the front legs each side my toes on the floor at the back — I well remember the polished wood block floor and my hair all over my face, I well remember being frightened and very ashamed. I knew my knickers and vest would all be visible to all those kids, I tried to pull my tunic back, but he folded it almost over my head pulling my skin tight knickers up even further to the titters of those watching — he rebuked them — I never deserved the eight strokes that followed. He laid them on so hard (probably as he had the truants) the pain that went right through my whole body was horrible — there were gasps from the juniors as there had been titters. I just held on for grim death my bottom ablaze and yelled and I think now the more I yelled the harder he hit.

I was a very subdued little girl in class that afternoon and very good at home after that, my punishment was never ever mentioned, but Mr Cotton sought me out next day to see if I was O.K. so he must have known he had hit me too hard. I had awful welts but was quite a hero of the little girls for staying in place to take it, some said it was just like a Tom Brown schooldays thrashing that he lifted the cane well above his shoulder. I never asked for or had a second dose, but I do approve of the cane for both boys and girls in schools today, and I have a family and if they misbehave here in Devon then I hope that they will get it in reason, but certainly not

bare, and I don't want any man thrashing my teenage daughter.

Mrs J.R.  
S. Devon.

### SHOPLIFTER CANED

I have seen a back copy of your magazine and I think that your readers would be interested in my experience of a couple of weeks ago. I own a small bookshop in Ilford and as I am generally serving alone in the shop there is quite a problem with shoplifting. To prevent this I have a system of mirrors so that I can see what is going on in the shop while I am in the backroom.

About a fortnight ago a young lady about 20 years old came into my shop and started browsing. I asked her if she was looking for anything in particular but she said she was just browsing. As she was the only customer and I had to go through some orders I left her looking at the books and went into the back. After a minute or two I glanced up and was surprised to see her slipping a hard back book into her bag. I came out quickly and asked her if she had found anything she wanted but she brazenly said that she hadn't seen anything she wanted and began to walk out. I stepped in her way and grabbed hold of her bag. I said: 'Oh no you don't you haven't paid for that book in there.'

I opened the bag and took out the book. At first she said that she had brought it in with her, but when it was opened it still had my shop's marker inside it. I told her that I was going to telephone the police as I always prosecuted shoplifters.

I was surprised at the response. I had expected the 'couldn't care less' attitude I had come across on most similar occasions but instead she was very distressed and obviously near tears (though I suppose she may have put this on to try and gain my sympathy).

I told her that what she had done was against the law and that she was a criminal and that the law

must take its course. She begged me not to phone the police; she was training to be a solicitor and her parents had spent hundreds of pounds on her to get a degree and to pass the Law Society Examinations — if I reported her it would all be wasted as she would not be allowed to qualify as a solicitor if she had just been convicted of shoplifting. I said that that was her fault and she should have thought of that first but she kept on imploring me. She said that she knew that she had done wrong but that her whole life and future career would be ruined if she had to go to court, and that she would not be able to face her parents.

It was only then that I thought of the obvious idea. Several years ago when my son had been a mischievous school boy I had occasionally used a few quick whacks of a regulation school cane on him when he was exceptionally naughty. I was almost sure it was still upstairs. Looking at this girl admitting she was wrong and begging me not to go to the police reminded me irresistably of my son Richard aged 12 begging me to let him off the cane the first time I was going to cane him.

I said to the girl: 'Well you admit that you attempted to steal the book which was a crime, so you must be punished. I will only agree not to go to the police if you agree to take your punishment from me.'

She asked hesitantly what I meant but I think she knew by then. I told her that I thought I still had a cane upstairs and that the choice was hers, as far as I was concerned I would phone the police that minute. She asked what the punishment would be if she agreed. I said that there were two elements to a caning—pain and humiliation. If anyone deserved a sound caning she did and I would give her nine whacks on her clothed bottom and a final tenth stroke on her bare backside. I knew this added greatly to the punishment, Richard had always hated taking down his trousers and presenting

his already wealed bottom to receive yet another whack.

When I explained this to the girl she didn't speak for a while and then she started crying. She said she couldn't make up her mind. She didn't want me to go to the police but she couldn't stand the idea of taking her clothes off in front of a stranger. I said that my only interest was that she got the punishment that she deserved one way or another. I suggested that she go off and walk around a bit to make her mind up and come back at 6.00 in the evening. I would keep her handbag as a safeguard and I told her that if she wasn't back by then I would telephone the police.

I took a good look at her. She was about 20 as I said, about 5' 4" tall and quite slim. She had long brownish hair. She wore a white cotton top which was quite tight and showed off her breasts very well — it had the words from a Coca-Cola advert written across it. She also had on a pair of bluish grey trousers which had a slight flare — however they were tight at the top and hugged the shape of her thighs closely. She wore a pair of chunky sandals and I could see she wasn't wearing tights as her toes were free. The material in her trousers seemed quite thin and I was quite satisfied that she would feel the effects of the caning if she decided that way. I told her not to change into jeans or thick cords or anything, or put on tights or another pair of panties if she decided to be punished by me. If she did she would get the entire punishment on the bare.

After she left I checked in the handbag to get some information, in the intervals between serving customers. I soon saw that she'd been telling the truth about training to be a solicitor and she had an orange card saying 'Law Society Student's Card'. I saw that her name was Claire Peterson and also noticed her address. The shop closed at 5.30 and I went upstairs to find the cane. It didn't take me long

and I practised a few experimental whacks and left the cane lying on my bed. I had suggested 6.00 as both shops next to me would be closed by then and neither of the owners lived over the shop. Should Claire elect for a caning there would be no-one to hear her if she cried out with the pain.

In the meantime I wrote out a document to protect myself saying: 'I, Claire Peterson of such and such an address, hereby agree to accept a caning as a fair punishment for having tried to steal a book.'

Just before 6.00 the bell rang and I opened the door. Claire was there with a determined look on her face. She said that she had decided that it would have to be the caning and that she wanted to get it over with as soon as possible. First I told her to sign the piece of paper which she did and then I told her to follow me upstairs to my bedroom. I asked her if she wanted to go to the toilet but she said no and so I told her to wait in my room by the bed. I did this as I knew that waiting would make the punishment more severe. When I came in she was holding the cane, obviously trying to imagine what its effect would be. At last it was time for me to show her.

I told her to stand by the bed about two feet away and bend down placing her hands on the bed. This is a better position than bent right over touching the toes as the bottom muscles are much more relaxed and so each stroke hurts more. The tight blue trousers really displayed her bottom cheeks to perfection. I swung the cane lightly onto her bottom to check I had enough room for a free swing, then I said: 'Right. This is your last chance — shall I phone the police?'

She said in a choked voice, obviously between gritted teeth: 'No', so I said that as the idea was that no-one should know what she had done or that she'd been punished it was up to her not to shout out otherwise people might come in to enquire what was going

on. I told her I would give her an extra stroke for each time she cried out loudly. Actually, of course, there was no chance of anyone hearing but she couldn't know it and it would not be a very satisfactory punishment if she yelled and shrieked and struggled at every stroke. After all she had, literally, asked for it.

I left her waiting for the first stroke and swished the cane in the air a few times so as to take her by surprise. Then I lifted the cane as high as possible and brought it down with all the strength of my right arm putting all my weight — 12 stone 4 pounds — behind it. It landed exactly half way up on the target area and there was a very satisfactory Whack!

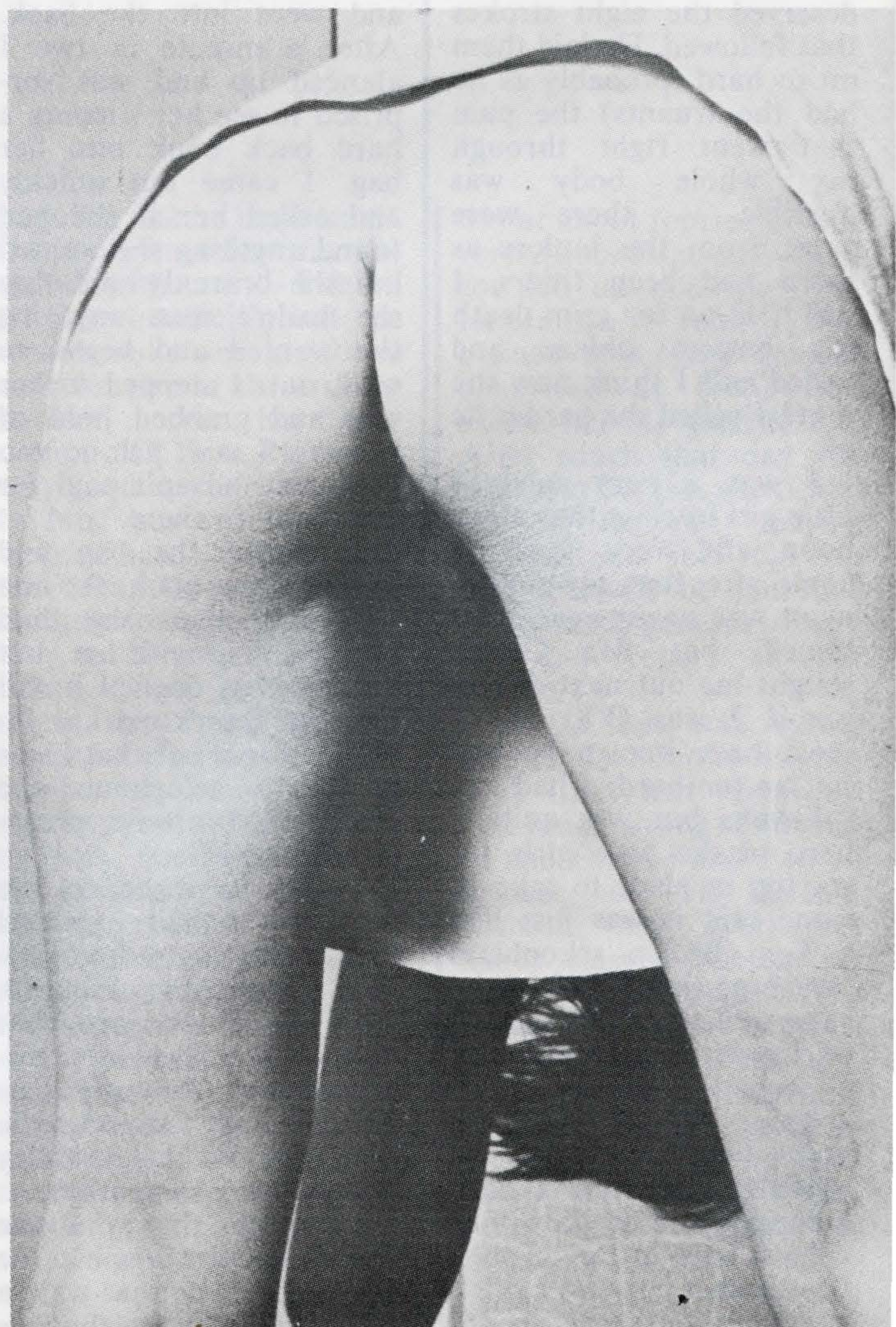
Claire gave a convulsive leap upwards and her hands went to her bottom. She could not restrain a high pitched note of pain but cut it off short. I admired her bravery as she bent down again immediately ready for the next stroke. I counted one. I kept her waiting again for the second and landed it slightly lower. It was as hard as the first stroke but she took it well apart from some involuntary squirming. I said two and landed the next stroke simultaneously. It had the desired result and took her by surprise; she yelled out blue murder. So I didn't count that one and whacked her another in the same place. She jumped and I could hear the sharp intake of her breath but she restrained her yell. So the punishment was one third over so far as the over trouser caning was concerned. I took stock of the situation. Claire was crying and breathing heavily, her breasts wobbling through her teeshirt, she was still in her position but couldn't help moving slightly all the time. Her long hair was all over the place and right over her eyes. I released stroke four which was landed just on the lower curve of her buttocks — again her hands went to her trousers and away. The next stroke landed in the same place and Claire yelled again —

so I whacked just as hard in the same place. Stroke six was an experiment. I aimed it just to the left buttock so that the end of the cane was halfway across her trousers. She was now sobbing continuously but it did not evoke a yell. The remaining three strokes I aimed low down so as to avoid the panties. I hit as hard as I could, but though she certainly felt them as she jerked each time she didn't yell out. I was getting tired.

After the ninth whack had reverberated round the room I stood there watching Claire's trousered bottom as it shifted from side to side and listened to her whimperings. Several cane marks were clearly visible across the seat of the blue-grey trousers.

I told her to get up and she did — slowly. She put her hands to her trousers trying to control the pain. When she was in control of her self I told her to pull down her trousers.

At first she started to protest and refused but when I insisted and told her it had been her choice she undid them and with her back towards me. All resistance was gone. She took them down very carefully and slowly and I don't blame her. It must have hurt like hell sliding those tight trousers down over the swollen and wealed buttocks. She'd been wearing very small pink panties and the marks showed clearly through them as her trousers fell to her sandals. Then I told her to drop the panties too and after a while she did. This was an even more careful operation, and she was constantly squealing to herself. When they reached her feet I told her to bend again and she did so hesitantly. I stood a minute looking at the pattern of weals on her arse and then suddenly let loose with the hardest stroke I could muster, aim it diagonally so as to cross two of the biggest most raised weals. This time her



yell was frighteningly loud even though I knew no-one could hear. So I said: 'That's another one then,' and waited for her to position herself again. When she did so I just touched her bottom lightly with the cane and said '10'. She didn't deserve any more, she'd been really brave. I told her she could stand up now and as she did so I saw some blood seep out from that last punishing stroke — no wonder she'd shrieked. I told Claire to get dressed and said that it might be an idea to put the trousers on without the panties, and this is what she did. Even in her pain she did not turn and face me until she had her trousers on again. I suggested that she washed her face and put her hair back in place and then come downstairs where I would wait.

Then I said that she had taken her punishment well and as far as I was concerned it was all forgotten. I offered her a cup of tea and suggested she stayed indoors for a while till the worst of the pain went and then went back to her flat. Otherwise her flat-mates would probably guess more or less what had happened. Surprisingly enough she accepted and I quite enjoyed sitting down to my tea watching her standing up drinking hers and still crying.

Afterwards we went into the sitting room and I switched on the telly. We watched until after News at Ten and by then she had stopped crying and dried her tears. She made up her face and managed to control her expression so that no-one would guess what she had been through. She still walked stiffly though and could not help an occasional glimpse of pain. She told me that if her flat-mates noticed she would tell them that she had bumped her leg and bruised it. Very gingerly she tried to sit down but she jumped up straight away with a loud 'Owwwww'.

I handed her back her handbag and she put her panties in it. About 11.00 she left and I wished her luck in her profession.

That was the last I saw of

her until yesterday when she walked into my shop. This time she was wearing a printed summer frock. There were other customers in then but when they had been served and had gone she walked over to the counter. I was very surprised but pleased to see her. I asked her how she was. She knew what I meant and said it was still sore and bruised though she rubbed soothing cream in every night. She told me that it still hurt to sit down and that she had had to take a whole week off work. She said though that she knew she deserved it and that she'd come to say she was very sorry and would not ever do anything like it again. This gave me the chance to ask a question I'd been wondering about the whole fortnight. She'd taken the punishment so well I had wondered whether she'd ever been caned before.

In fact she told me she had hardly ever been spanked properly before and the only time she'd cried as a result of a spanking was when her mother had spanked her with a hairbrush for using the word 'shit' when she was 14 years old. So I told her she was a brave girl but had probably needed a good spanking. She replied: 'Well if so, I certainly got one!' and ruefully rubbed her bottom. She told me she had not been able to wear trousers or jeans for all that fortnight as they rubbed so painfully but had worn dresses or skirts all the while.

In the end she got out her purse and gave me 4.95. She finally bought the book it had been all about, and then Claire went out again and I watched her bottom wriggle through the frock and thought about the marks I knew were on it.

So far no-one else has tried to shoplift but I think now that I'll offer anyone I catch the same choice even if it's a boy. The cane has probably been a more effective punishment for Claire than a fine would have been and she didn't deserve to have her whole career ruined.

## AUNTIE PAM

My life at home was a very happy one, but if I misbehaved I was smacked: and smacked hard. That would have been bad enough but our next door neighbour was often on the scene. Mrs. Gordon, Auntie Pam to me, always seemed to be there when I needed a spanking.

'Isn't she a naughty girl, Auntie Pam?' Mum would say to her: 'What do you think I should do?'

'Give her a good smacked bottom. That's the only thing she understands, Mavis,' was Auntie Pam's reply.

'Yes, I suppose so,' and Mum would take off her slipper. 'Come here, young lady. I'm sure I don't know what else to do with you.' Mum reached under my skirt and pulled down my knickers before pulling me over her lap. With my bottom in the air I'd get a good slipping that had me wriggling and squirming as I tried to get away from that awful stinging.

Mum held on tight though, and I never did escape from her knees.

'Now just go and stand in that corner for a while. I'll teach you to behave yourself.' Mum said as she pulled up my knickers. Into the corner I had to go still crying and smarting from the slipper.

When I was about thirteen, Mum bought a cane, but still Auntie Pam always seemed to be there. Even when I was nineteen I once caught it in front of her.

'It's really too bad of you Sylvie,' Mum said: 'I wish I knew what to do for the best.'

'I don't know why you worry about it Mavis,' from Auntie Pam, 'she's been asking for a touch of the cane for some time now. Give it to her. She's not too old to have her bottom warmed.'

'Oh, dear, it does seem the only thing and she does behave better for a while. Go and fetch the cane then.' When I came back with it I had to stand near where Mum was sitting. 'Hold your clothes right up, my girl.'

While I stood keeping my

dress and petticoat around my waist, Mum had my knickers down. Having to show myself off to Mum would have been embarrassing but with Auntie Pam watching it was awful. Mum made me wait facing Auntie Pam while she went into the other room for the stool.

'You see, you're not too big for the cane are you?' Auntie Pam was enjoying herself. 'If you were my daughter I'd have you touching your toes every night this week for a taste of the strap. And I'd put you back into school uniform. Your mother is too soft with you.'

Was I glad when Mum came back. Even though it meant I would soon be howling under the cane. Over the stool I went and down came that cane over my bare bottom. Twelve times it stung me. Still holding up my clothes and with my knickers round my knees I went into the corner as always. I knew I deserved it, and I learned a lot of lessons over Mum's lap and the stool. My own two daughters will be obliged to learn the same way. I've already watched my neighbour smack her daughter several times. I am sure she will be interested enough to come round when I find it necessary to correct mine later.

Sylvia H. (Mrs.)  
Hounslow.

## A PLEA FROM SWEDEN

I am a Swedish reader of your magazine. Thanks a lot for a great paper. Many here in Sweden read *Janus* with pleasure, I can say.

I believe in C.P. but here in Sweden it is nearly all forbidden to discipline children with C.P., but it is still C.P. in many homes anyway. Naughty children taste the birch or perhaps the hairbrush on their bottoms by their mothers.

How is it with C.P. in homes in England or anywhere else? I should be very glad if I could have some letters from mothers with specially daughters

and how C.P. is given to girls.

It is so that just C.P. on girls is discussed here in Sweden and how old girls you can give C.P. (if perhaps a 16 year old girl can be punished on her bare bottom with a birch and so!)

I hope some mothers or girls could be so good to send me a letter of their own experiences in that, please.

My address is:— Haken Johansson, Riktargatan 62B, 67700. Torshälla, SWEDEN.

Thank you,  
Haken.

### DOMESTIC SCIENCE PUNISHMENT

Not many years ago I attended a domestic science centre once a week, it was, my friend a hateful experience. My school was a girls' secondary modern, and every Thursday it was D.S. with Miss Crabb — her name was very apt. I think she hated girls, obviously believed in C.P. as she was allowed to by the authority and she demonstrated this very firm belief on the backsides of many of our girls every Thursday: and I suppose to groups of other girls who attended her centre on the other four school days in the week.

Cleanliness was her key word, not that we were ever dirty. Morning started by lining us up all around the room, for an inspection of clean shoes, knees, hands, nails, ears and face, an inspection of spotless handkies (kept up our knickers). No hair had to be seen, it had to be tucked into our white cookery caps — and any girl, however young or old who transgressed any of her rules on anything at all, found herself standing in the centre space of the room hands on her head, along with any who were late, or laughed, or talked after she had blown her whistle calling us in from the outside yard. Any girl who touched her nose, let alone pick it or who scratched her bum even through her tunic, found

themselves in the centre — lined up for the cane, school issue, curved handle, kept hung on a nail by the stockroom and passage door — known to we girls as the passage of doom.

She would teach for five minutes, then call the first girl taking down the stick, they would return often the girl snivelling. She would teach for another five minutes then off they would go with the next girl in line — and so on. We waited in deadly silence, firstly because we wouldn't dare talk as our name would be written on the board by her appointed monitor and we would then — and sometimes did join the punishment queue, but we were silent rather to hear and count the number of swishes and hear the yells coming from the laundry room to which we were taken at the end of the passage of doom.

As a school girl we had to wear the traditional uniform mentioned in your letters, blouse, tie, ankle socks and my navy knickers which were fleecy lined and came from Woolworths and were faded with constant boiling and shrunk and shrunk and I had to yank them up to get them out of site in my short tunics and summer dresses, but they were all I ever had to wear, not like the kids today — navy knicks and school dresses often outgrown, or nothing.

It was very important for a girl to keep out of trouble, whatever we made it was wrong, congeal tarts, queen cakes, rock buns, even stew, she found fault with everyone, talking, thumb sucking, even splashing water when cleaning up — she always seemed to find some paltry excuse to get you standing in the centre hands on your head waiting to be thrashed, and it was all taken for granted as was the cane back at school and the birch for the boys at the local cop shop — and all this wasn't very long ago.

Actually we got quite used to it but even today I can feel that feeling in one's tummy as you were sent to stand in the centre and await the cane, and I

still recall the cold air on my bare thighs and my red hot bottom afterwards, the giggling girls and inquisitive boys and my feeling of hurt pride by the punishment I had just had in her room, how I longed to get home away from all my school chums to my strict Mum and Dad but to some love and affection. I well recall having had her maximum of eight strokes returning to the class, well knowing they had been counting the strokes, trying hard to hold back the tears, to appear brave, we would all have gladly broken down and sobbed and sobbed.

The very first time she thrashed me and I was marched down the passage of doom the cane prodding me in the back, I was eleven, she made me bend over a big wash tub with my legs apart and grip the big rough galvanised handles each side, she tapped my bent knees straight till they hurt, and she gave me three strokes across the middle of my bot all on the same place — that time I howled for the remainder of the day and had the marks for a week, since then up to taking my O levels I had it tons of times often her max of eight, and with my pants down. We never told our parents, secretly we were ashamed of getting the stick.

The poor boys at the woodwork centre in the next building had an equally hard task master who threw wood at them and caned them hard across their shorts with a thick bamboo, he never hit them bare, some caught were punished in front of all the girls in the playground yard, how the dust flew from their pants, but the girls caught on the roof with the boys got sent in to be punished by Miss Crabb.

Near our school was an orphanage and boys and girls from there attended our classes. I felt that they were punished harder than we were, she always provided the ingredients for their cooking, God help them if it went wrong and was wasted. She caned some of them every week,

and I expect every day, but they used to say that they had it much harder behind the high brick wall with glass on the top which surrounded the orphanage.

After school we went to catch the bus at an old oak and thatched bus shelter divided into four sections. There was always tons of ragging going on with the boys from the woodwork centre, pulling up our tunics, taking our hats, and cooking, sometimes eating it, and if they knew we had been punished always wanted to see the marks: if we objected we would be manhandled by them until you were bent over and your knickers would be torn down and you would end up on the dirty floor covered in mud and get a row when you got home. I came round to the view that it was far better if they found out (and some girls sneaked to them) to go round the back, simply lift your short tunic and pull down your knickers a couple of inches to let them see the wealts, they then left you in peace, no fighting, no twisted arms, no being sat on, up ended, often showing yourself both back and front and ending up in tears being dumped in the mud. So two or three of my pals did as I did and one day this landed us all in trouble. Everyone knew I had had the stick, the boys were waiting for me as we came out. I had had eight on the bare bum for dropping a jar of strawberry jam — school property, gross carelessness. I had been whacked at about eleven o'clock, and was feeling ill and kept in the whole of the lunch break. The gang grabbed my arms, and marched me to the shelter, voices raised, it was Spring and we didn't wear coats over our tunics just blazers. We didn't know we were being followed, I put down my basket, bent, turned my tunic up and peeled down my knickers about four inches for the boys eager eyes to feast on my marks, they whistled, then we all froze — a voice shouted GINNY — it was Miss Crabb.

Well of course I could have died — I will see YOU

next Thursday young lady and she took all the boys' names.

All the way home the girls teased me, you will get it in front of all the boys and girls, her maximum with your knickers down, they went on and on, and I knew that they were probably right.

I went home and confessed to Mum, she inspected my bottom — and said, you've had quite a whacking young madam especially for only dropping a jar of school jam, even if it is scarce and rationed. In desperation I explained to Mum all about her punishments, the boys' interest and how I showed them each time rather than have a fight with them. She was cross about this and said not to tell Dad and she sent me to bed without tea

locking my bedroom door.

Oh ignorant youth — it appeared that Mum knew Miss Crabb quite well, she only lived two streets away and went to the same Ladies Guild and her brother was the lay reader at our church. Mum would see into it.

The next Thursday we heard that at break the boys had an awful thrashing for indecency, they were still all in the woodwork section crying. Miss Crabb hadn't said one word to me and also hadn't caned one girl that morning (my pals said that she was saving all her energy for me). At lunch time they all went out to eat their sandwiches and I was told to stay behind, I was petrified, the big door was closed and bolted, she turned to face me — so

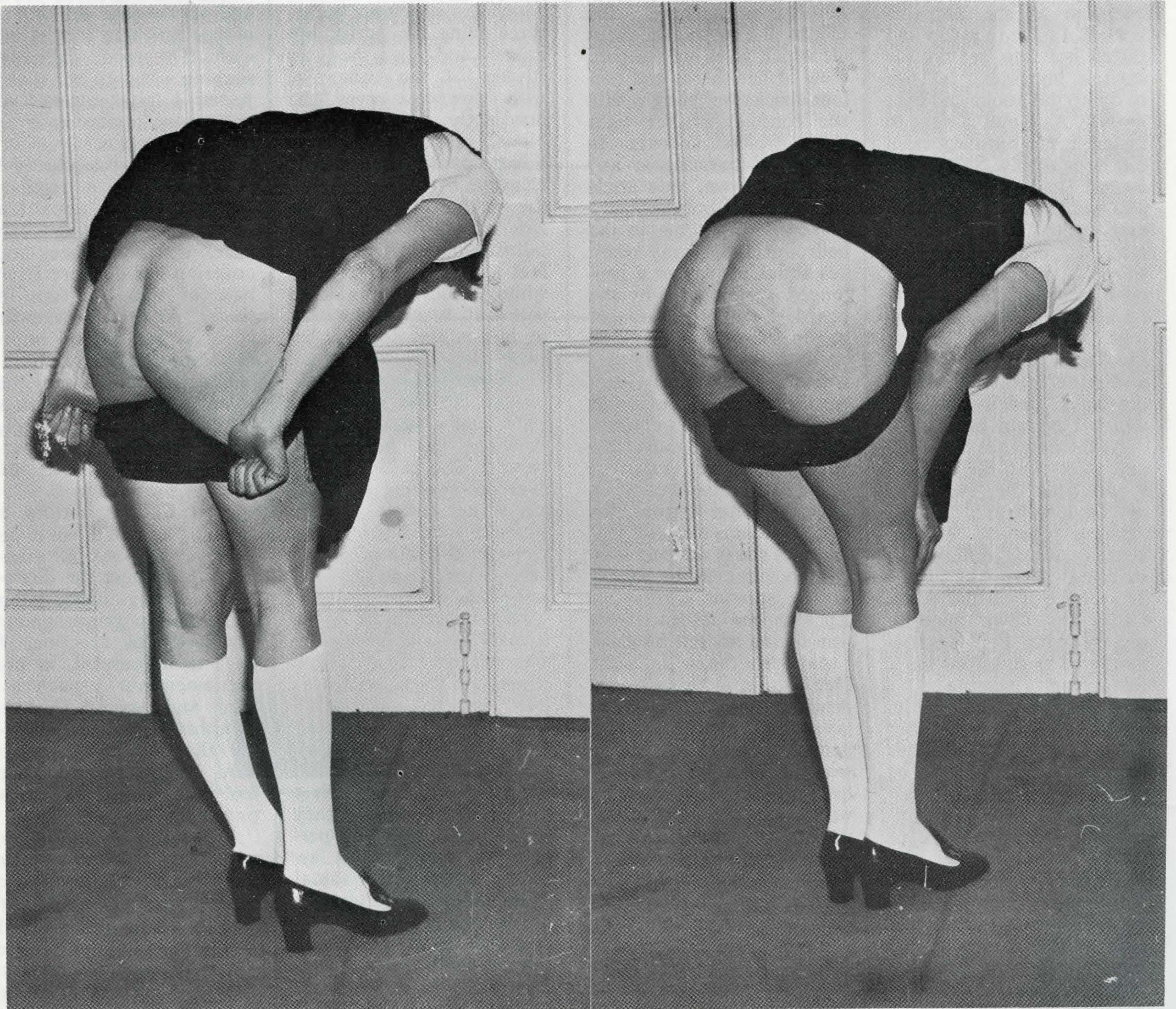
you like taking your knickers down Ginny. I bit my lip and said nothing, so this was it — she took down the cane from its hook. Oh no! I thought, not another eight on my bare bum.

'Ginny,' she said, 'I know your mother, and my brother thinks a lot of you but he won't if you cheapen yourself with the boys. Now my dear, I promised to cane you so I must keep my word — bend over. I bent, my hands on my knees, my tunic was turned back, my knickers were pulled down. I knew last week's marks were still visible and I waited — then whack — one stroke laid on with all her strength, I must have jumped four feet into the air, gosh it hurt, and I was crying. I felt as if I had been cut in half, but I bent again

and waited, then through tearful eyes looked round and she was sitting at her desk the cane hanging up. 'That will be all, you may dress and have your lunch, I have kept my word.' So with a burning bottom that whack was worse than eight of her normal ones, I sat in the playground and ate my lunch.

Miss Crabb never hit me again, I learned later that all the kids from the orphanage actually loved her in all her strictness as she did them lots of favours, but she was strict and her standards were high. My kids today would die if they met a teacher like her.

Ginny,  
Penzance.



# Letter of the month

My naughty darling of a wife gets her bottom spanked thoroughly by me at least once a week! Perhaps readers would like an account of our discipline sessions: so here goes . . .

On Fridays we both finish work at mid-day so we have time to do the weekend shopping and still have two hours to spare before the children come home from school. After we've unpacked the shopping, Cathy goes upstairs to 'get dressed' while I make the coffee. I find it tremendously exciting to hear her footsteps overhead in the bedroom as she prepares herself. I have to go up and fasten her into her basque as it is impossible for her to do up the hooks and eyes herself. As I pull it tight to fasten it, her buttocks swell out delightfully. She is big-busted and big-bottomed and would have been eminently suited to the Renoir era, as our photograph shows. I return to the kitchen imagining her pulling on her black seamed stockings, her frilly French knickers, petticoat, blouse and either pleated skirt or the black, pencil-slim skirt which I bought her.

As she descends the stairs and walks into the kitchen I can hear the 'swish' of her nylon-covered thighs rubbing together. Women actually 'sound' different in stockings than in tights! The coffee is on the table. Cathy sits down opposite me, crossing her legs defiantly so as to afford me a tantalising glimpse of stocking-tops and white thighs. Depending on her mood she may be either submissive, woe-begone or defiant — daring me, almost egging me on to punish her. I do not have to dictate her part to her, she is far too good an actress for that. Besides, we rely a good deal on the inspiration of the moment. The conversation over the coffee is interspersed with remarks from me like —

'You're really for it this time, my girl,' or 'I'm really going to wallop that big backside of yours,' which makes Cathy wriggle apprehensively in her seat.

She deliberately drags out coffee time, while I fidget feverishly, dying to start the performance and looking anxiously at the clock to make sure we've still got enough time. Her delaying tactics finally annoy me so much that I empty her coffee cup down the sink and pull her to her feet and propel her upstairs to the bedroom by strategically administered slaps to her large derriere. She climbs the stairs ahead of me which gives me a superb view of her thighs and bottom cheeks wobbling within the confines of her tight skirt which appears in danger of bursting at any moment. From this angle she looks all bottom!

Now I've got her in the bedroom and all my resolves about giving her a prolonged scolding go by the board. I can't wait to get her in the classic spanking position — across my lap with me sitting on the bed. As a prelude I sometimes insist on a 'bottom display' which means she must turn her back to me, bend forward and raise her skirt and wiggle her bottom in a most salacious manner. But the skirt she is wearing may be too tight to be raised so she sprawls across my lap with her upturned bottom facing my left hand — I spank 'southpaw' fashion! Her bottom at this stage is protected by possibly three layers of clothing skirt, petticoat, knickers, so it won't bruise her bum (or her ego) if I commence with a few 'warm-up' strokes with one of my bedroom slippers. This method produces crisp, gunshot-like sounds that fill the room and sound as though they are doing much more damage than they are. Cathy's only response may be sharp intakes of breath and

slight twitchings of legs as her body re-acquaints itself with the unique sensations that only spanking can cause. I ought to know — I've been on the receiving end often enough.

The next stage involves the removal of blouse, skirt and petticoat. To do this she must clamber off my knee and undress with her back toward me so I can view her bottom in all its splendour. The ritual of undressing is all part of the mock humiliation inflicted on Cathy and she registers this by uttering protests and even blank refusals, which are overcome by my threatening to strip her naked and give her six strokes of the cane. So, with downcast eyes she obediently unbuttons her blouse to reveal large breasts pushed into a deep cleavage by the bra part of the basque. Then she unzips her skirt and lets it fall in a puddle around her feet and slowly lowers her white, blue-embroidered petticoat, turning her back to me as she does so because her white French knickers are practically transparent and she is terribly embarrassed about showing me her pubic mound. The petticoat slips over the swelling rotundities of her ample bottom, where a faint flush, visible through the filmy panties betrays the slipping she's just received.

How pleasant it is to stroke, pat and gently rearrange those panties that cling and work their way into her cleft: how pleasant to feel the tension of her suspender straps and to check the straightness of her stocking seams with a three-foot rule and, if they are not geometrically perfect, to give her a few hearty whacks with same!

'Bend down, pick up your clothes and put them neatly over that chair. Do not, on any account bend your knees!' She blushes furiously at the full implications

of these commands. For a few brief seconds while she stoops to pick up her fallen garments her bottom is upturned towards me, swaying and wobbling in her attempts to obey my instructions. The nylon knickers strain to contain the swelling backside, the gusset slips deeper and deeper into her cleft. Once her clothes have been tidily arranged over a chair she drapes herself over my knee again for the second instalment of her spanking. Once more her upturned bottom is in position. I give her cheeks an exploratory pat and gently ease the gusset of her knickers out of the cleft. The nylon fabric is soaking wet with her sticky juices! I feign anger. Sexual arousal deserves even stricter discipline!

Slowly but relentlessly I begin to beat a regular, rhythmic tattoo upon her bottom, alternating left cheek with right cheek and covering her derriere from base of spine to tops of thighs. At first the smacks come at five second intervals but gradually I increase the tempo until the room is resounding with a barrage of satisfyingly fleshy 'SMACKS' that practically drown the wails and cries of the victim.

Now Cathy's bottom is jumping up and down in an unashamedly sexual manner: up to meet the downstrokes of my cupped palm and down to grind against my powerful erection. I have to be careful, in my excitement not to spank too hard and exceed Cathy's pain threshold, while ensuring that the smacking is hard enough to make her feel she really is being punished.

When the blush on her nether cheeks more than matches the blush on her other cheeks I deem it time to call a halt and proceed to the next stage. First she must completely remove her knickers and place them with her other

clothes. Then, clad only in basque and stockings she must fetch the cane — a two-foot slender bamboo rod — and present it to me. I, meanwhile shall have arranged three pillows, one on top of the other, over which she lies so that her big red bottom is sticking up in the air. After giving her a few token swishes I strip completely and penetrate her from above, supporting my weight on my hands and driving down upon her.

Cathy climaxes quickly in this position but for additional excitement we sometimes play a cassette tape recording (available commercially) of a Victorian maid being birched and then seduced by her 'stern master'. 'Lucy' is made to remove her voluminous dress, petticoats and drawers before being soundly birched. All this is highly sadistic and would be far too cruel in reality to be in any way aphrodisiacal yet we both — while making

love — find it a tremendous 'turn-on'.

During the past couple of years we have managed to collect most of the spanking cassettes commercially available and have enjoyed them considerably. The above-mentioned one 'Victorian Swish' is a firm favourite as is the Janus-produced 'Spanking Daughters' which has a terrific scene where one of the two girls is sent back to school to be caned by her ex-Headmaster. Her cries of pain are utterly convincing.

Since having these tapes we have tried our hand at producing our own and have, we feel, achieved some measure of success. It is important to remember to have some sort of script laid down beforehand so that there is a rough plot to follow. Above all, try not to get carried away by the actual spanking otherwise all there will be on the tape is sighs and grunts and groans! The build up to the spanking is what counts on

tape and provided both partners can enter fully into the spirit of the fantasy the end product should prove to be a fascinating oral document. It certainly beats television!

We enclose a polaroid snap of Cathy in her schoolgirl outfit, bent over a chair awaiting a dose of the cane. We think that the white schoolgirl knickers pulled down to half-mast make a nice contrast with the black seamed stockings. Note too, the charming mole on the right upper cheek!

In the context of a loving relationship we have found spanking to be a marvellous erotic stimulant and antidote to boredom that might otherwise creep in after fifteen years of marriage. Let's hear from other couples who incorporate C.P. in their love life. We're sure there must be many more like us.

Tony and Cathy,  
Birmingham.

## CANADA AND FRANCE

I am a very new reader of *Janus* and am writing to say how much I enjoy it.

My particular interest is because, having been brought up in Canada, my first job was Assistant Matron at a religious girl's school and one of my duties was in connection with discipline which was strict, serious or persistent misbehaviour resulted in a girl visiting the Headmistress to be caned on her bare bottom.

Punishment was given in a large room furnished with a desk, a stool and a cupboard and girls who were to be caned had to report to me in a room next door to the punishment room and there was a lavatory next door to that.

It was my duty to prepare the girl and this involved making her strip right down to her knickers. This was not as easy as it sounds as several of the girls resisted and the need to remove blouse, skirt and in the case of older girls, brassière.

The girls were sent into the punishment room all together and were each told what they were going to get, usually 4 or 6 for the younger ones and up to 10 in the case of older girls depending on the sort of misbehaviour. By the way the ages of the girls at the school was from 12 to 16.

Each girl was told when her turn came to 'take your knickers right down' and this meant to her ankles and then to bend over with her hands on the stool. The Head was an expert with the cane, each stroke was deliberate and given after a long pause on the fleshy part of the girl's bum just above the top of the legs.

When all the girls had been whipped I led them back next door to get them dressed again and return them to the dormitory, punishment was always given in the evenings after tea. As you can imagine there was a lot of howling, dancing about and massaging of bottoms during re-dressing but I found that a sharp slap on the caned



bum cheeks coupled with a threat to return her next door for a further dose of the cane was sufficient to stop those capers.

To get back to *Janus* I think my favourite item in Vol. 8, No. 1, are the four pictures of the punishment scene in France. The artist has certainly painted an extremely vivid picture giving an excellent idea of the way in which discipline was ensured in those days.

The picture on page 29 showing 'La Marquise' watching with obvious interest a girl of about 17, presumably her daughter, being birched on her bare bottom by I would imagine the Nanny whilst being restrained by three other members of the staff. I notice that it was only necessary to pull up the girl's skirt and petticoat to bare her bottom sufficiently. There are certainly no signs that the girl wore any knickers and I notice that a riding whip is available, one hopes it was not used, I am extremely interested that the Nanny, if that was who she was, is administering the punishment from the front of the girl bringing the birch down vertically on her bottom, surely one would have expected her to deal with her with her bottom facing giving the strokes horizontally. I would think that a far more effective whipping could result.

I think the illustration I enjoy most is that on page 32 showing Mother thrashing her young daughter's little bum, again with the birch. The position in which the girl is gripped between Mother's legs also with her bare bottom facing out is obviously an excellent idea for restraining a girl when no help is available for that purpose. I also notice that in this case as well there is no evidence of knickers, nor even a petticoat so that all that is necessary is to raise up the girl's dress to administer the necessary punishment. Obviously mother is giving a really hard thrashing, the unfortunate girl appears to be not more than 12 or 13 years of age, to judge by the display of breasts well below nipple level. Mother

is clearly putting plenty of effort into her task. Of course the two following pictures of the errant wife being flogged by her irate husband, I wonder what she had been up to, is rather different as the punishment is given with her stripped completely naked.

In the case of the picture on page 36 showing the young Nun's bottom being flogged here also it was sufficient to lift her habit to make her bottom bare for the punishment and there are no knickers in sight and the whipping is being administered from in front.

I wonder if you, or any of your readers, can give any further information on the more interesting aspects of punishment in France in those days. It seems clear that knickers were not in fashion then and that young girls were birched and older ones flogged in every case on the bare arse and I should love to know more about the vertical method of whipping from the front position as opposed to the present day practice of caning girls across the bum cheeks.

I should also like to know when the birch was superseded by the cane as an instrument of punishment for girls.

Again, many thanks for your excellent magazine and as you say in your editorial 'up with the bottoms and down with the knickers'.

Susan B. (Mrs).  
Basingstoke.

Knickers, or drawers, did not come into general use until the early or middle nineteenth century although we are told that during the French revolution, respectable bourgeoise ladies and their daughters wore 'under-breeches' when walking abroad, because of the danger of being attacked and up-ended by the unruly mob.

#### COLONIAL LENIENCY!

I have just picked up *Janus* Vol. 7, No. 8 on my return from a former colonial territory of ours. I do not want it identified so let

us use the old-fashioned term and just say 'east of Suez'. After all I have just seen a group of young ladies getting a most old fashioned treatment, bare bottom and all.

But, I hasten to say, nothing like 'Judicial Punishment in S.A.' Highly civilised in its way and, it was claimed, it had been handed down as a legacy from us. To be exact what had been handed on was a leather tawse, property of the last white inspector of Police, together with a procedure for its use.

My business brings me into contact with a variety of officials and this particular Police Inspector, behind his own desk, pulled open a drawer and laid the solid length of leather, split at the ends, right in front of me.

'There,' he said triumphantly, 'that was bequeathed to me by my predecessor. So you see we are not the barbarians some people say of us.' I did not quite see how this followed. But he went on. 'Would you like to see it in use my friend?'

This was clearly an invitation and a real question for he stood up, picking the strap up and, opening the door, stood aside for me to pass in front of him. He led me along an upper verandah above a floodlit inner courtyard and down to the ground level.

A little huddle of girls, eight in all, looked apprehensively towards us as we approached and fixed their gaze more especially on the instrument in the inspector's hand. My own clothing is always pretty formal when I visit officialdom and I was obviously accepted as some sort of senior civilian myself. There are still plenty of Europeans in such posts.

My friend indicated the young women with the belt in his hand.

'You see this lot. If they had strict justice they would be charged with prostitution. But we learned from you that leniency can prevent many from being hardened in that way. So we give them a warning and keep an unofficial record of name and date.'

A police sergeant approached, saluted smartly and presented a hard cover exercise book. 'All present and correct, sir, one second warning.'

'They get only two,' said the inspector. 'Not many fail to heed the second.' He did not bother to look at the book but returned it to the sergeant who saluted again. The inspector addressed the wide eyed girls. 'Who is for second warning?' he asked conversationally.

There was a slight pause, then a very attractive girl of fair complexion and raven dark hair timidly stepped forward.

'Come and stand by me,' he said. 'We shall deal with you last.'

He pointed with the tawse to a petite Chinese wearing a European style cotton frock in pale blue. 'Come over here.'

The girl looked really scared but she came obediently forward. I noticed her little hands were creeping back to cover her buttocks. 'You will be our ladies' maid tonight. I shall instruct you in your duties as we go along. If you do well it will not go against you.'

The girl looked bewildered but inclined her head in a slight bow and made a small bobbing curtsy.

'You,' he said pointing to a young negress: 'We'll start with you.' He turned to the sergeant: 'Take her up.'

The sergeant walked smartly over to the girl, took her hand and quite gently led her to the inspector. He then turned his back on the young woman, grasped her wrists and horsed her in the traditional fashion.

The inspector fished in his pocket for a minute, then produced two very large safety pins which he gave to the Chinese. 'Pin up her clothes to the shoulders.' The girl looked blank but scurried to do as she was bidden. The white cotton dress and petticoat were made fast as prescribed, after some inept fumbling.

'Take down her knickers.' They were of white cotton too. Down they came to the

ankles. 'Right off,' said the inspector. 'You look after them for her till I'm finished.'

The dark buttocks were small and neat. She lay still across the sergeant's back keeping her legs tight together. The inspector raised the strap and brought it down across the girl's bottom. It was in no sense a savage blow but the young woman gasped and her bottom clenched, relaxed and clenched again. A second blow followed. And a third. By now the bottom was moving pretty smartly, opening and closing.

'Oh sir,' she moaned, 'please . . . ' The fourth stroke made her straddle the policeman's back. Two more strokes followed, producing much scissoring of legs and a return to the straddled position.

'Let her down sergeant.' The sergeant deposited his tearful burden carefully and her hands sought her injured rear.

'You next.' A tall lass, with quite fair hair whom most people would have taken for a European came hesitantly forward, her hands to her hips. 'Take her up.'

Again a female form divine swung from the official neck. The girl was wearing a dark red evening frock. There was a flash of light underskirt at the hem. One of her evening shoes slipped off.

'Come on, ladies' maid, get your safety pins and get to work on this one!' The Chinese girl let the dark young woman's clothes fall about her nakedness. She was still holding the white panties she had taken off the negress. This hampered her attempts to pin up the long evening gown and its underskirt.

'Come along girl, complete your task. We're finished with number one, let her have her knickers back.' I noticed, however, that it was not until considerably later that the negress attempted to pull them back over her bruised skin. She stood rubbing her bottom through her frock and holding her pants like a handkerchief in her left hand, even using them to wipe her eyes.

The evening gown was eventually pinned satisfactorily to display a pair of black French knickers. They were hauled down like the flag of a vessel in surrender. Crack! Across the white bottom, which was as slim and boyish as that of the Negress. A red line appeared clearly this time across the white skin. Crack! The gyrations began. The girl began to shiver although the night was warm and humid. Crack! Crack! Once more the fourth stroke opened her right up and she fully mounted the sergeant's back displaying the secret features of the feminine valley and a growth of darker hair than crowned her head. Crack! Crack!

'Number three!'

Number three proved to be another young girl of European appearance rather Italian in colouring and style. She wore a tan silk blouse and slacks. Like the others she was picked up and hung around the sergeants neck.

'Take down her trousers and whatever else she's got underneath them.' And down they came. No safety pins were needed this time to bare the culprit from waist to heels.

'Leave the pins where they are for the moment,' said the inspector briskly. 'You'll have enough to do looking after her good trousers as well as her knickers.'

So number two was left with her skirts up while number three got hers. This did not seem to worry her. She was busy rubbing her stripes.

Six firm strokes were applied to the swinging bottom, and the opening cleft displayed a remarkably fine crop of vaginal hair. When she was let down we all had good opportunity to observe that she had a good dark bush, too, on her Mount Venus. She was quicker than most in donning her knickers (and slacks) no doubt because of her full frontal predicament.

Numbers four and five bore a remarkable family resemblance not only to each other but also to the charming model of the

centre page 'spread' of the same issue of *Janus* I have mentioned at the start. No tights, though. And number four, when she was horsed and pinned up (while number two had her casually enforced nudity covered by letting her clothes fall at last) distinguished herself by lying herself fully astride the sergeant's back from the first stroke of the leather. She was slightly fuller in the hips than her sister and altogether made a charming picture.

Neither the sergeant nor the inspector seemed to tire. The tawse was applied expertly but never with full force. The inspector was careful never — even in the case of number four — to strike in such a way as to harm the delicate area of the feminine vale. Number five, however (perhaps 'accidentally since no doubt the wielder of the strap was tiring a little) received a swipe across the lower part of her nates that produced the loudest response so far. Most of the girls simply gasped, gave little moans, wept and said out loud things like: 'Oh sir!' 'P-please . . . ' My bottom!'

The sixth, the only one still not called forward, was clearly a negress but of a fairly light complexion. She was a big woman, a little older than the others. (I guessed the general age range to be fifteen to twenty-five, but I could be wrong.) This woman I reckoned to be approaching thirty.

Her full floral print gown and petticoat were pinned up to display a bare, large and very mature bottom. I could see the inspector did not much care for the immodesty which her lack of panties more than merely suggested but he made no comment. I had the impression, however, that his strokes were a shade more severe. The woman, however, took it well — probably best of all. She even continued to keep her thighs together until the second to last stroke. Then suddenly her legs opened wider than I would have believed possible. Then she gripped the sergeant's back tightly be-

tween her knees.

When he released her she was still gripping in this way and she would have very likely fallen backwards had the Inspector not stepped quickly forwards and caught her.

She crouched, now no longer in stoicism, her skirts bunched about her neck, while the Inspector looked down at the little Chinese and said: 'What are we to do with you?'

Another little bob and bow. And down cast eyes. Fingers twisting. 'Take your knickers off and let one of the others hold them for you.' The pale blue panties the same shade as the cotton frock were chastely stepped out of.

'You'd better get off your frock as well.'

It was unbuttoned and pulled over the head. Number three came forward to take charge of both garments.

'And your petticoat.' The little blue slip was handed over too. The Chinese girl stood clad only in white high heels and a tiny bra on her small breasts. A small wisp of dark hair charmingly enhanced her lower belly and her little bottom was quivering.

The inspect turned to me for the first time since the serious work began. 'It's not that one wishes to humiliate this girl, but it is a tradition that the ladies' maid undresses herself. Take her up sergeant!'

Six strokes as before but much milder than anyone else had received. No doubt this was another tradition! Number six was still rubbing her bottom miserably when the Chinese 'maid' was gently placed on the ground. 'Let me have my pins back and get dressed.' The older woman's clothing was put in order and a much relieved Chinese girl returned the safety pins to the policeman and climbed back into her reclaimed garments. All were now fully dressed.

There remained only the pretty girl who had been standing quietly by the inspector's side from the start she wore a black skirt with white blouse and her dark hair was fastened at the nape of her neck in a

pony tail. 'You realise this is your last warning.'

'Yes, sir, I know.'

'Strip to the waist!'

The inspector turned to me. 'This they do not like at all. You will see why.'

'No one,' he said to the girl, 'will hold you. You are at liberty to choose to be charged with prostitution.' By now the blouse was off and in the hands of the 'ladies maid' who spontaneously continued her duties, her white slip was pulled down to her waist and her brassiere was passed across. She stood naked to the waist her firm breasts rather lovely.

'Kneel on the ground and sit on your heels.' This was done. The black skirt was in contact with the beaten earth of the courtyard.

'Protect your breasts with your hands.' The young woman's lips were trembling as she cupped her breasts as she had been ordered.

'Bend your head.' She did so. The Inspector then brought the leather down three times really hard across the bare shoulders. The pony tail did not seem to get in the way all that much. Her hands left her breasts as she started to feel the stinging area behind her neck. The attractive breasts stiffened. Tears flowed.

'Stand.'

'Drop your skirt.' This was done.

'And your petticoat. And your knickers.' The clothing slid to the dust.

'No!' This to the Chinese girl. 'Let these clothes be.'

'On your hands and knees. No . . . not on your clothes. On the earth. Bend your elbows and put your face to the earth.'

This was the nearest thing to really cruel humiliation I saw that night. But I could see the point. This was meant to deter. Six times hard strokes were applied to the voluntarily presented bottom. 'Flat on the ground. Arms extended.'

Crack! Crack! Crack! The girl wriggled violently and screamed as the leather struck her thighs, her belly and breasts burrowing into the dust. The inspector

turned to me.

'They don't like it at all. They can't wear a low cut dress or a bathing suit for a little while. And their relatives are likely to see the marks anyway and it is very possible they get a real thrashing in the family, with a cane.'

'You can all go.'

And they did. The second warning girl was the last. We watched until she collected her dusty clothing from the ground, tried to give it a rough clean and then, painfully, dress-

ed. The Chinese girl, looking sympathetic, waited until she was ready before passing back her bra and blouse. Clumsily she finished dressing. Then she walked slowly from the courtyard.

'You see, my friend, we are lenient just like in England.'

I am pretty sure that my Inspector acquaintance is convinced that this process is usual in what he calls the 'U.K.' and his visions of soft skinned English roses adorned across the backs

of London police sergeants while bare bottoms blush and the cause of leniency is upheld as well as skirts!

'We have learned so much,' he said enthusiastically, 'from you British!'

We parted on that note. As I wondered back through the thronged street I wondered perhaps couldn't we learn something at least from him.

A.V.L. (Miss)  
London, W.1



WITH LOVE FROM  
RUSSIA

I am Russian, twenty two years of age. My father was a senior official in our Embassy in London, but he is now in Dublin — and even now I am returning to my home in Bristol after a visit to my parents. And here I am at Holyhead and writing to you. I am afraid that this is not an account of wild erotic punishment as 'enjoyed' by some of your readers, but the story of two strong but loving men in my life — my father and my husband John. I thought you might be interested in a letter from a Russian girl, and there is an ulterior motive in writing to you, and this will become apparent at the end of my letter.

I would explain that when a Russian girl marries she presents her new husband with a TARROCH — at least this is the nearest I can get in English. A tarroch is a thin cane, very bendy and at the end is a gold band inscribed with the date of the marriage and his initials. It is a symbol of subjection, and is just a custom of the part of the Country from which I came. It is just a symbol, but at the same time no Russian girl feels she is really married until the tarroch has been used, and this is usual early in marriage — perhaps even on the honeymoon. Later on the man uses the tarroch to discipline the children of the marriage.

I have a twin sister named Nadia, and we were never all that good, but we were never spanked. When we were naughty we were made to stand in front of the huge desk in father's study for a good talking to, and he would show us the tarroch — and we always knew it was there. We kept out of real trouble until we were twelve, and then we were caught smoking in the garage. Smoking was forbidden and it was doubly dangerous in the garage because so much petrol was stored there. We were sent to father in his study. We had a very severe talking to, and I was sent out of the room. I waited outside

the big mahogany door, and heard nothing, but presently Nadia came out crying bitterly and she rushed up to our room. I went into the study and there was father with the tarroch in his hand. He swished it through the air a few times and just said: 'Six strokes — bend over that chair.' Then I saw that a big leather arm chair had been placed in the centre of the room. I felt quite excited that I was to be punished. I walked up to the chair and not only did I bend right over the back, but I pulled my skirt up to my waist — to be caned on my knickers. Nadia and I always considered school knickers to be very frumpish, and we wore them a lot too small. I remember that when I bent over they were as tight as a drum and of course the elastic in the legs had crept right up as far as it would go. I remember hoping that I would not be caned on my bare legs below my pants — but I wasn't. I expected six hard cuts with the cane, but it wasn't like that at all. Father took the cane back a long way and seemed to swish it quite slowly across my pants. Obviously he did not lay it on anything like as hard as he could, but the cane seemed to wrap itself round my behind, on the lower part just above my knicker elastic — and it hurt. I ran upstairs and I cried a lot. Nadia and I had long purple weals across both sides of our bottoms, and they lasted about a fortnight, though we could still feel the ridges after that.

From that day to this letter neither of us have smoked — so father's cane must have been effective!! We kept out of real trouble until we were sixteen. We went down to a disco in Shepherds Bush with two English girls, who were home half term from school. They showed us some 'reefers' or marijuana cigarettes some boys had given them. But no sooner had they showed us, when two plain clothed detectives pounced on us, and we were taken to the police station — all four of us.

Nadia and I were not charged because of father's position, and the two English girls got away with it too. But the police came to see father. He was furious, because in his position it was very embarrassing to have members of his family arrested by the British police. We were told to go and see him in his study. He gave us a real dressing down and I felt that now we were sixteen he would leave it at that — but he went to his cupboard and took out the tarroch and he thrashed us. First Nadia was made to bend over the back of the big leather chair, and she took her ten strokes without making a sound. But she stood up several times only to be told 'Bend over'. Father still took the cane back a long way, but this time it was a real thrashing, and he obviously gave it to her as hard as he could, right across the seat of her tightly stretched jeans. Nadia was sent to her room and now it was my turn.

Once more I felt quite excited that I was going to be beaten by my father, and I was determined to stay down and get it over quickly, but I didn't. I never knew anything could hurt so much. I got up twice before the end, and the last few strokes were specially hard because of it. I ran to Nadia, and we both lay on our beds and howled for a long time. We didn't speak to father for some days, because we felt it was an injustice. We had no intention of smoking even ordinary cigarettes let alone doped ones, but in the end we appreciated that because of our position in London, we had to be quite above suspicion, so I suppose we deserved our ten strokes — but believe me they were no laughing matter, even through jeans with pants underneath!

We heard afterwards that the English girls were reported to their head mistress. They got three on each hand and six across their bottoms — through their pants of course. So justice was done.

Before I was married to John, my big good looking and kind husband. I asked

an Embassy girl who was going back to Russia to bring me back a tarroch. I had the gold band added in this country, and I remembered how intrigued the girl in the shop was when I asked to have John's initials and the date of our marriage engraved on it. Several times before the wedding I took the tarroch out of my drawer. I swished and bent it nearly double and wondered if my kind gentle John would ever use it. When I gave it to him he looked quite mystified. Our honeymoon was gorgeous, but one night when we were lying in bed I asked him how they punished him when he was a boy at boarding school. He told me he was sent to his housemaster for a whacking. He told me that he was told to take off his jacket and pull his shirt out of his trousers, and then to bend over and touch his toes to be caned hard through just his trousers and his pants. He said it was very painful, but that it was the best way of punishing a boy, 'cos it was over quickly, and in ten minutes or so it was not too bad. The next day I dressed in a trousers suit and took the tarroch along to John. I said: 'Darling give me a swishing just like you had it at school — I'm wearing trousers like you were, and my panties aren't any thicker than your pants were.' He just kissed me and told me not to be silly. He said he wouldn't want to hurt me and anyway the cane would leave marks. But eventually he said: 'Right darling — bend over and touch your toes.' I pulled my blouse out of my trousers and bent over. John gave me four strokes across the lowest part of my bottom. He did not cane me hard — but he hurt me. Then he kissed me — undressed me and gave me lots more strokes with something a good bit stiffer than the cane. 'It' seemed bigger and harder than ever, and John gave me a really good 'going over'. Although we had had a lovely honeymoon I knew that this was the first *real* orgasm of my life. It was gorgeous — everything seemed to burst inside me.

I knew then that it was because I'd been caned across my bottom very near my most intimate part, and I knew too that John had been turned on by punishing me. I visited my mother next day and she saw the marks when I was changing. She was very disappointed that it was just four strokes and not very hard at that!!

The months went by and John was kindness itself to me, but I grew spoilt and bitchier and bitchier. They say that women are like children they are always seeing how far they can go without repercussions. I admit that I grew worse and worse, partly because I was a woman, partly because I was spoilt and I suppose partly because there was a deep longing for John to turn round and punish me. And punish me he did!!! He had arranged to take me to the Albert Hall to hear the second Mozart piano Concerto which I love. It was a Saturday, and all day long I had grown nastier and nastier. I was really horrid. He asked me to wear a dress he particularly liked, but I just turned it down solid, and wore something very ordinary as if I could not take the trouble to look nice. But all this nonsense he took — although he was obviously growing very very impatient with me. On the way to the Albert Hall in a taxi I said something to him, and to this day I do not know what it was, but he told the taxi driver to turn round and take us back to the flat we had rented. He said nothing on the ride back, nor in the lift. He opened the door and switched on the lights. Then he went straight to the cupboard and took out the Tarroch. He just said: 'Bend over the back of the settee.' Once more I felt very excited that I was to be punished by the man in my life. I pulled my long evening skirt up to my waist, slipped my pants and tights down to my knees and I bent over the high back of the settee — and I got twelve strokes as hard as John could lay them on. I yelled all the time, but I stayed down for the whole

twelve, then I just slumped on my bed, clutching my bottom with my knicks still round my ankles — and I just howled the place down.

When I felt better — and it was a long time before I did — I looked round for John because I thought he would kiss me and make me better, but he had obviously gone out. I telephoned my mother and told her what had happened — but I got no sympathy, all she said was: 'You've been asking for that for a long time — now you know you are married to a man. Go back and tell him to give you another six strokes for ringing me up and moaning about it.' A couple of days later she asked me to see my behind, and this time she was well satisfied that the cane had been well and truly laid on. Then I found an odd ticket for the concert and knew John had gone on. I had a quick bath and did my face very carefully. I put on a new pair of tights, a gorgeous pair of Janet Reiger French knickers — John had given me, a light lacey bra to match — and that dress I had refused to wear earlier. Then

I went to the concert. John was there — as I expected — and after the first item I slid into the seat beside him — very, very gingerly. I held his hand and said: 'I'm a good girl now.' I wanted him so badly and asked him to take me home — and he did. When we got back off came my dress, down came my Janet Reigers — and 'Wow' I didn't half get it. Over and over and over again all night long. It was worth every one of those hard whacks with the cane. It was particularly lovely when he put his hands underneath me and gently rubbed the deep weals on my bottom. I suppose because that reminded me that I had had a thrashing from my man. Next morning my breasts were red and sore, my backside was laced with long purple ridges, and not so very far away I was so sore I could hardly walk. Gosh it was good!

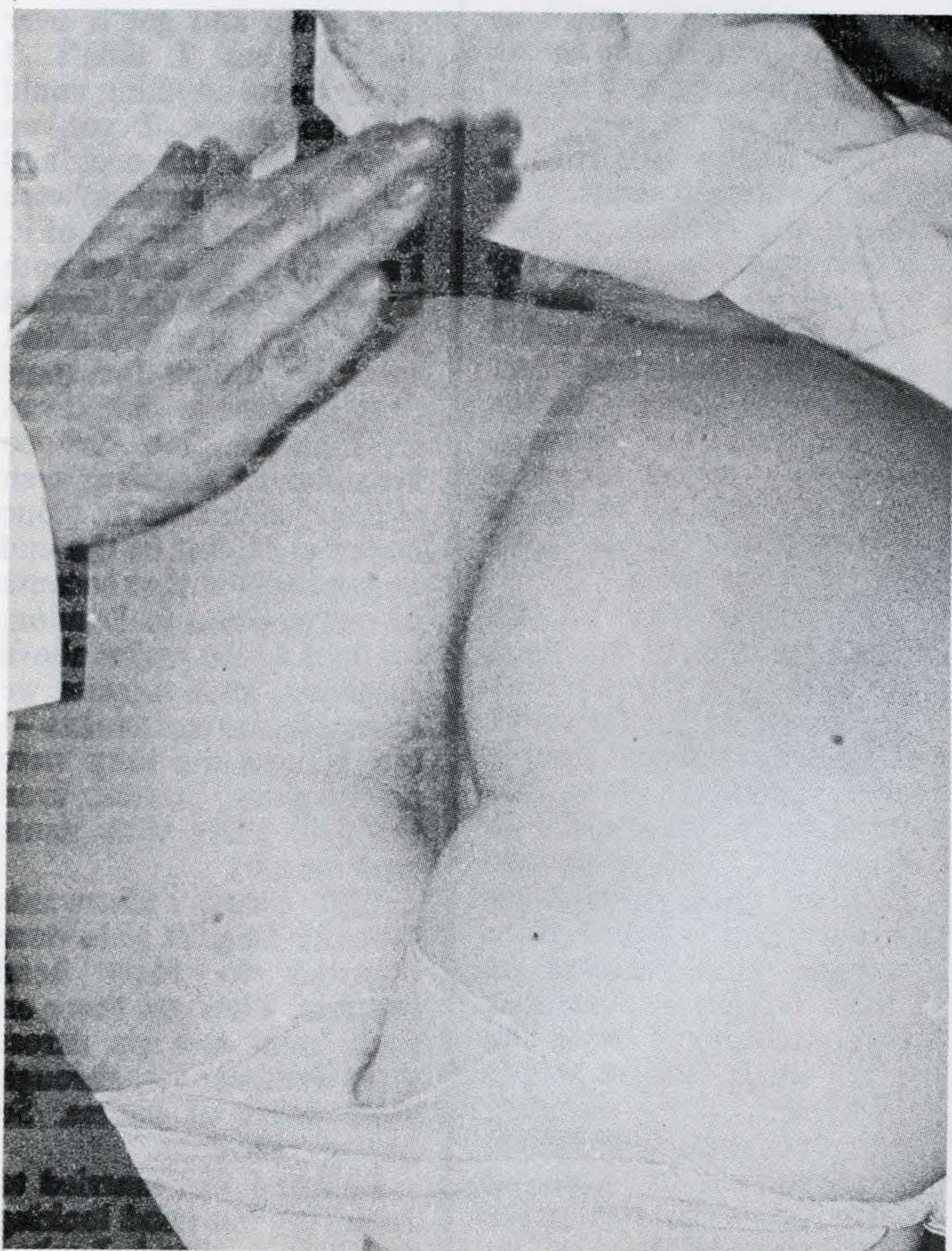
Since that time sometimes when John is watching Match of the Day or reading his Times, I throw a pillow at him or ruffle his hair. Sooner or later he just grabs me, bends me

over his knee and smacks my bare bottom quite hard, in fact the last two — one on each cheek — are real stingers. But always he undresses me on the spot, and I feel very satisfied very soon. I feel grand to think that I have made him give up looking at his silly old football or his Times, and I suppose he feels good because he has disciplined his naughty little wife. I think without doubt it turns us both on.

This is all very well, but I must confess that sometimes — I suppose when I reach the randiest part of my monthly cycle — I need the cane. I don't want another thrashing, I'll take jolly good care not to deserve that again — but I need to be hurt. But more than anything I feel that I need to be made to submit. I need to be told to 'bend over and touch your toes' or 'bend over that chair.' If it's touching my toes, I'll see that my trousers are specially tight across my bottom, and if it's across that chair down will come my knicks without being told. Then six strokes with that swishy cane, and then across the bed while I am still stinging.

I said at the start of this long letter, that there was an ulterior motive for writing and this is it. You see I am too shy to tell John what I want, but I found a copy of *Janus* in his brief case. I read this secretly and with great interest. But then it occurred to me that if he reads *Janus*, he must also be very interested in *Janus*' 'special subject', and maybe he's too shy to tell me. If so 'Darling it's all right — you know now what I need. And darling I deserve a swishing for writing this letter don't I?'

Since writing I have bought a Welsh loving spoon, to give John for Christmas. This is wooden, beautifully carved, about a foot long, with a large bowl, which is just slightly concave. The girl who sold it to me asked me if it was for my husband, and I said: 'Yes.' Then she smiled and said: 'Many a Welsh girl knows what this is for' and she gave me a little smack with the spoon,



one on each cheek. So the Welsh loving spoon is the Welsh equivalent to the tarroch! Then when I was in Ireland I was told that a bride is spanked on her bare bottom by her bridesmaids the night before her wedding. All these customs seem to have much in common, maybe your readers can add more.

'Oh John darling I deserve twelve strokes with the cane. Four through my trousers, four across my knickers and four on my bare bottom.' Not terribly hard darling, but I want it to hurt just the same. And then 'you know what'.

Olga S.  
Bristol.

### SUGGESTION?

I am a great enthusiast of your magazine, and tapes. I am writing to enquire whether you could make a cassette featuring a *judicial* caning of an adolescent girl, which so far I believe has not been done. I think there is plenty of scope for illustration.

The tape would open with the Judge of the Court passing sentence on the girl for her misdeeds. She would stand before the Prison Wardress and Doctor for medical examination, and then would be led to the cells for her birching or caning. The punishment would be slow and severe, with the strokes and the culprit's reactions clearly audible. The girl would of course be tied down throughout the punishment.

I suggest that the girl herself narrates the whole story, until the moment she is led down to the cells for her flogging when there would be a dialogue between the female wardress through to the end of the whipping. I think that such a tape/cassette would prove popular and informative.

L.E.  
Merton,  
Leicestershire.

What do our readers think of this?

### DUTCH AU PAIR

I am glad to see your English magazine published about girls being spanked at home and I am happy that I find your magazine in a shop here which is new. I am a Dutch au pair girl and I read the letter from the German girl whose Daddy canes her bad when she kneels on his desk but she is not the only one though I do not think she should have the cane so bad, though I believe she does not tell all story and exaggerates.

I am not naked when my father was spanking me. First I take my skirt off. I wear only the short skirts. There is no good to take stockings and shoes off. I am only spanked when I am home in Eindhoven which will again be Christmas. I have long legs and a good bottom for the spanking but Daddy would not hurt me with the cane or I would not be pleased to having the spanking now.

Only once I am caned when I go with Daddy on a business trip. I am nearly nineteen then. At the hotel we stay for two days. I keep my panties stockings and shoes on only and bend over for the cane which he buys in the shop in Amsterdam. This was at the night when the maids do not come. He does not cane me hard then, very light, and it is not horrible hurt. Then he wished with my panties off which I do and kneel on the bed. I have four strokes very stinging then I wish him to stop, but he says two more soft, so I do. Then I sleep good.

It is not comfortable on hard desk like your correspondent. I am better for at home when my skirt is off which I do in the day living room I stand with my arms behind my head while Daddy takes off my panties. I do not have lecture because I know what spanking is for. Sometimes it is long and slow and my bottom burn like a fire.

When my panties are off I wear only white blouse, stockings and shoes or black net blouse. I must straighten my stockings

tight and walk up the stairs but not hurry when Daddy follows me, I then feel funny and hold my bottom tight as I go up because already I feel in my thoughts. If it is late I must stand in corner while he wears pyjamas and then sits on his bed for my punishment. The German girl does not say if she baths or has perfume. I think so. I have much perfume because otherwise it is not nice. Then I turn round and take off my blouse and bra when I am told. I wear bra because I am big there. If my shoes are not high polished I had extra smacks but always now I prepare. I do not lie over Daddy's lap because on bed it is not good and once I slip off and so he puts his legs open and I sit across one and bend under his arm. I must keep my bottom tight with my left leg straight out and the other bent under me with my knee on the bed edge.

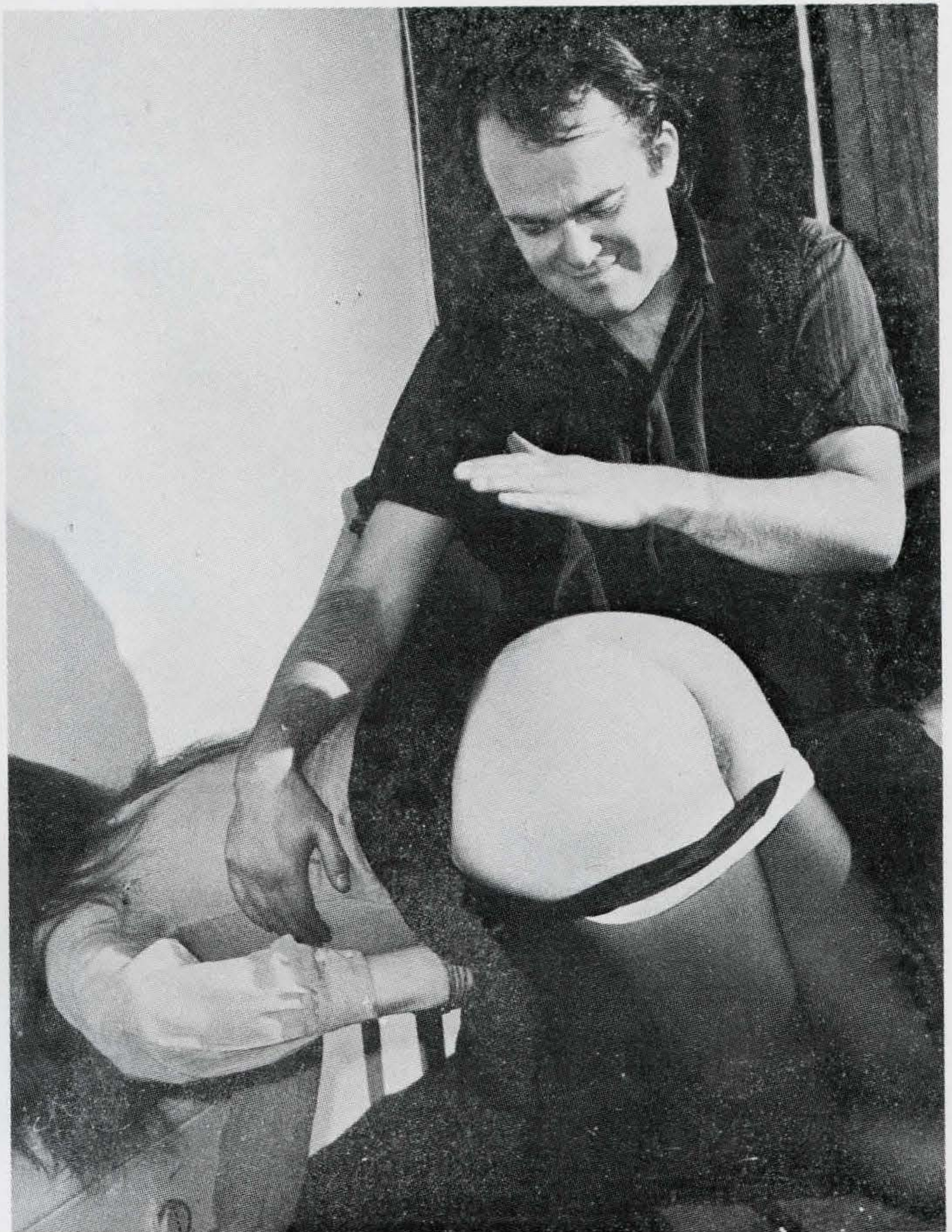
First I am stroked to become warmer. It is not good to smack chill body. Then he begin smacks very slow which sound loud and make my bottom a flame as each cheek is hit hard with his hand. I can cry hard

because I must often have twenty smacks. After ten my bottom is a big fire and I beg him to stop which he does for a while and strokes me again until I must ask and receive more until I am finished and ready then.

I cannot explain but I am not always ready until I have about twenty. Sometimes if I have the strap when I am bent over I am ready quicker. I know other girl the same, my cousin, because we are spanked together two times in Amsterdam, once at hotel. I know I must have the spansks always so I do not deny it to him when my bottom is throbbing after the burning goes. It is understanding. I am haved spansks in this way for home lateness and afterwards I am voluntary.

Also I do not tell lies so I must confess when I go home and then I believe as I have told him I will have strap first before being naughty more after. I can send him magazine if you print this because it is known between us.

Iiona K.  
Tunbridge  
Wells.



We see that your next edition is to be all about the fun and games married couples have from C.P. so we thought that we would drop you a line for your letters section. We both went to school in South Africa, and I was a Mining Student and Jean my wife a Junior School teacher. Unless you have lived in South Africa then you don't know what C.P. is all about. It is used in the home, the schools, the police courts all the time, it certainly doesn't pay to break the rules out there.

At my school one could have a quite severe thrashing for almost nothing simply get sent to the head who was a vicar and without any ado your bum was tanned usually your shorts or longs were taken from you for six of the very best with a long thin cane. I

think most boys had it many times, I certainly did. At home a hairbrush was kept for my sisters where Mum tanned their bottoms their knickers down around their knees; often the boy or a maid looking on, they could and did also get it. Dad kept a cane for me and if I broke any of the family rules then no messing brother, it was naked over the bed for a round dozen — yep right up to my leaving school.

Jean wore a much stricter uniform in Capetown than any English schoolgirl would have to wear even at eighteen and her head had a cane and she used it daily and often in front of the whole school and this is why I write. When we left school Jean kept her uniform — tunic and blazer covered with all the badges and stripes she had at school and one day I made her put it on. She looked smashing her skirt way up her legs above her knees

and she bent as they were made to at school and she let me punish her. Well one thing led to another and now it is a regular do — I keep a record of everything she does wrong and she gets the cane. Every Friday night when I come home she is in her blazer and tunic complete with white blouse and tie and navy blue Montfort knickers bought in Truro just like she had to wear when at school.

The fun I get is fantastic, six of the best laid on hard across her pants bent over a chair, then I pull them down for another six, what comes next I will leave to your imagination, but she spends the rest of the evening dressed in her short tunic with her knickers on the sideboard. If only more people realised the fun you can get out of smacking. Jean says that she never enjoyed it at school because of the fear, it was much too hard, and they kept the

girls waiting standing there in their vest and pants just looking at the cane for ages before actually giving it to them, many girls wet themselves with fear especially if the head was in a temper. Our head never got in tempers you just knew that if he was to thrash you, then you would get it hard in any case and spend the remainder of the day sore and unable to sit down.

So from Truro we send you our good spanking wishes, my wife teaches but only smacks the legs of naughty children, but I can assure you from some of the slaps my bum has had she certainly can slap — so also some of her pupils in the school football team have told me, they say her slaps are awful and leave finger marks all day and that she's softer with the girls.

Simon,  
Truro,  
Cornwall.





As all readers of Janus know, we are constantly seeking new items for their enjoyment.

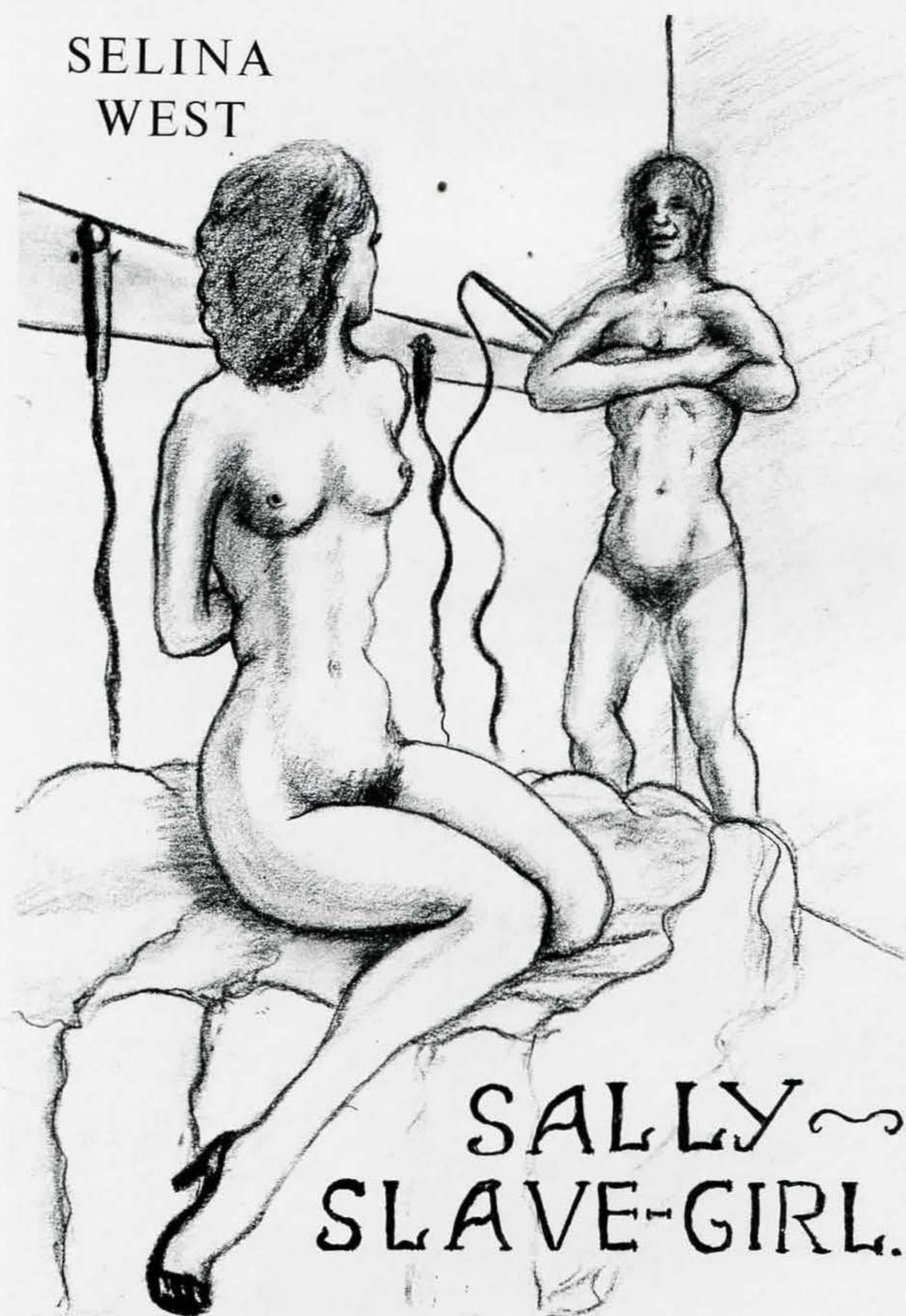
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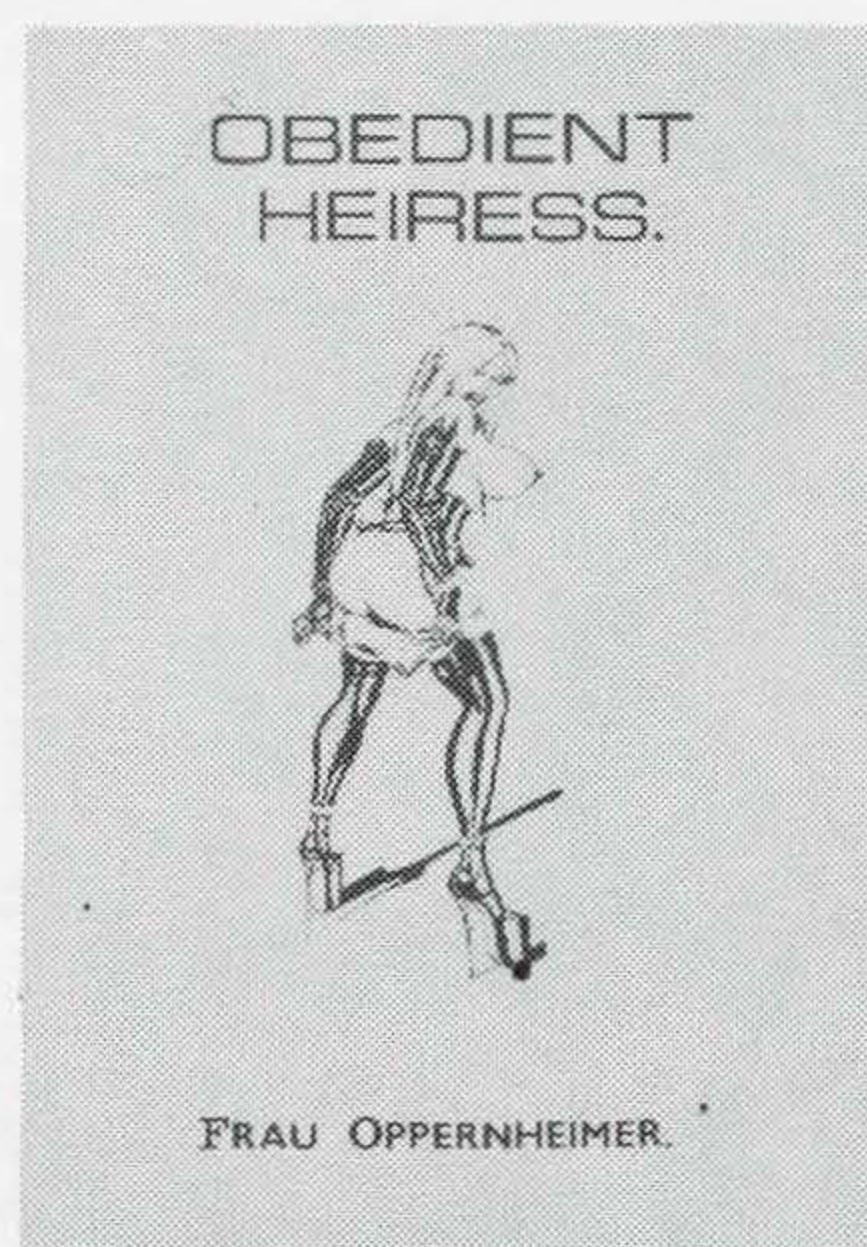
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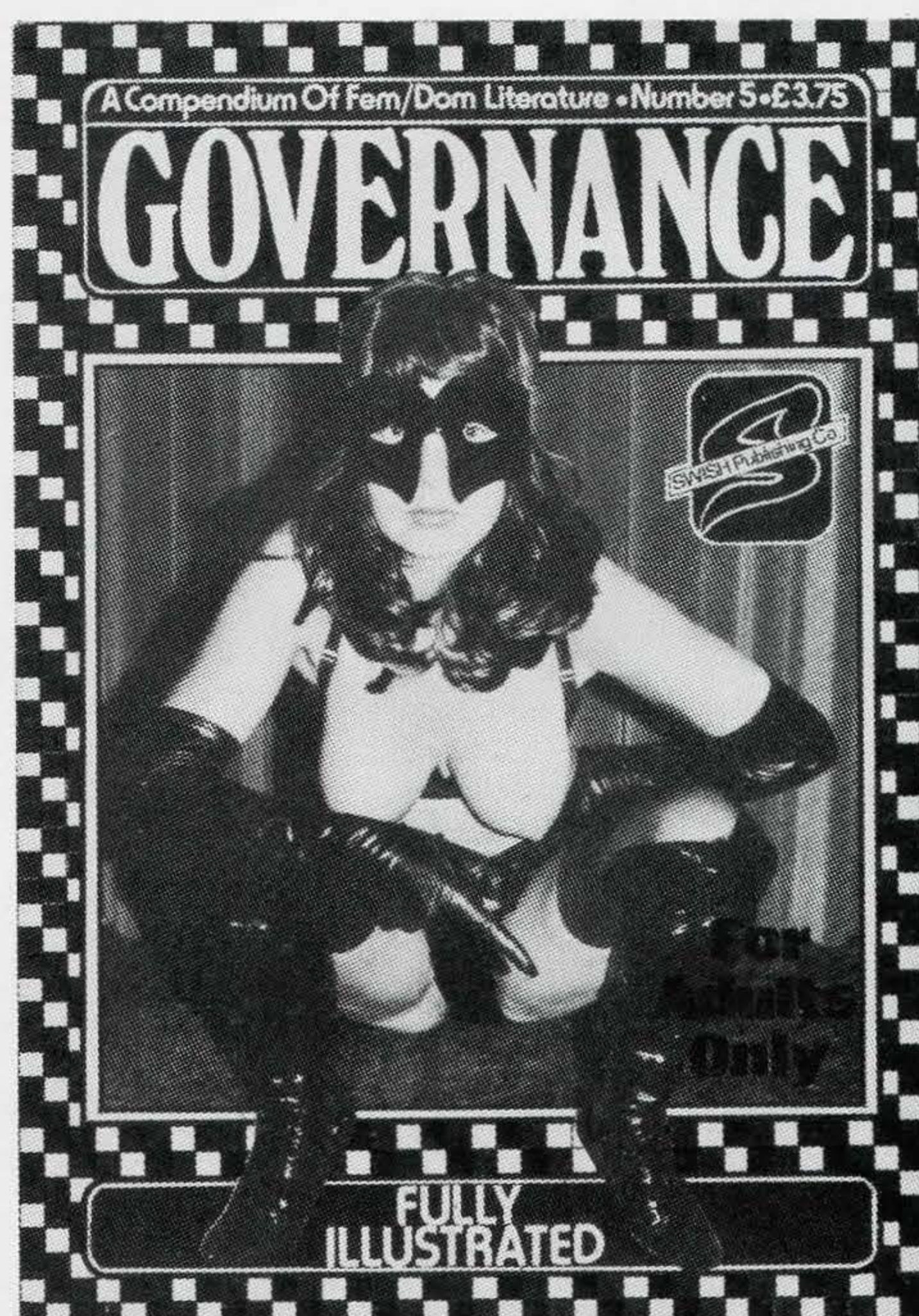
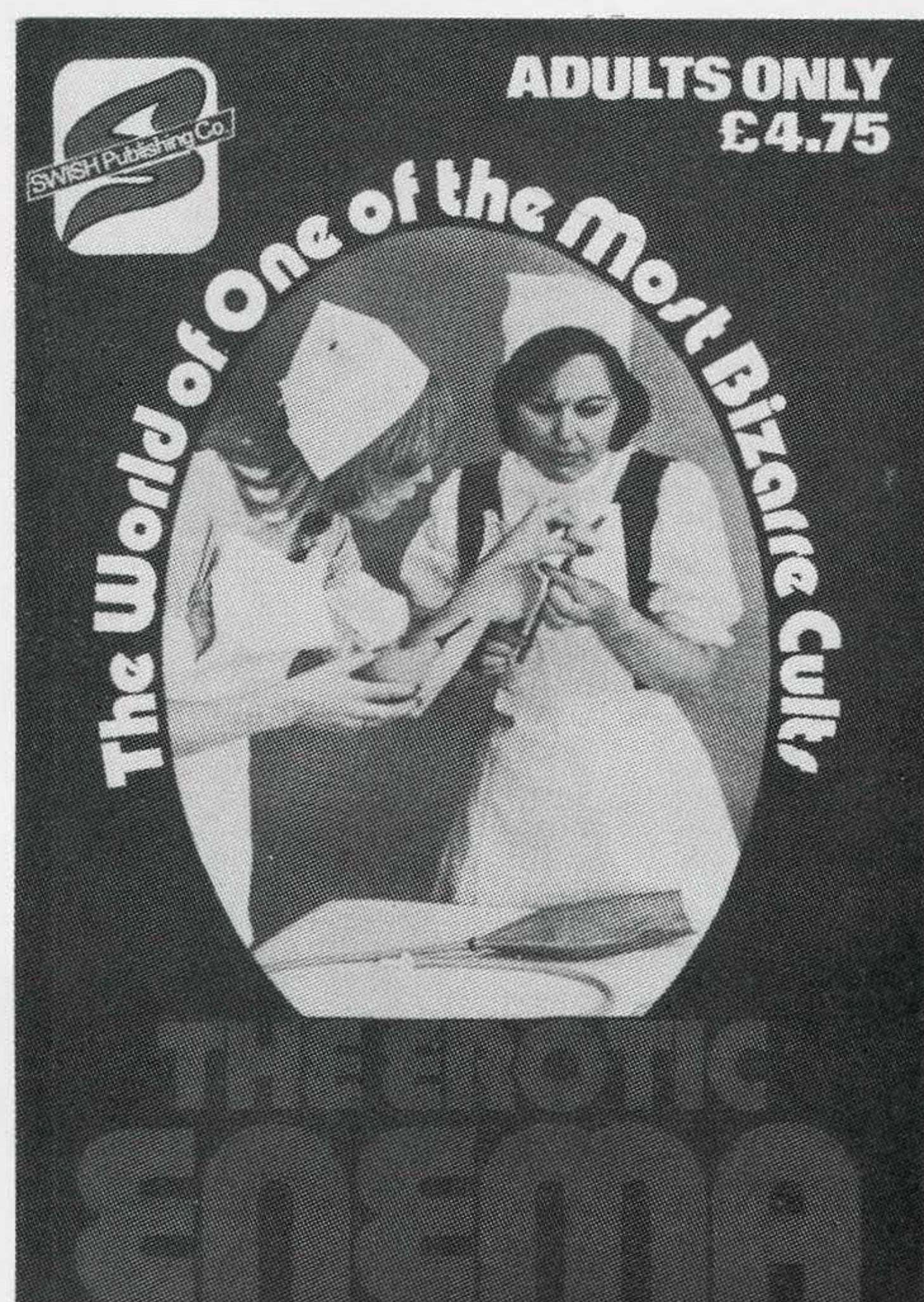
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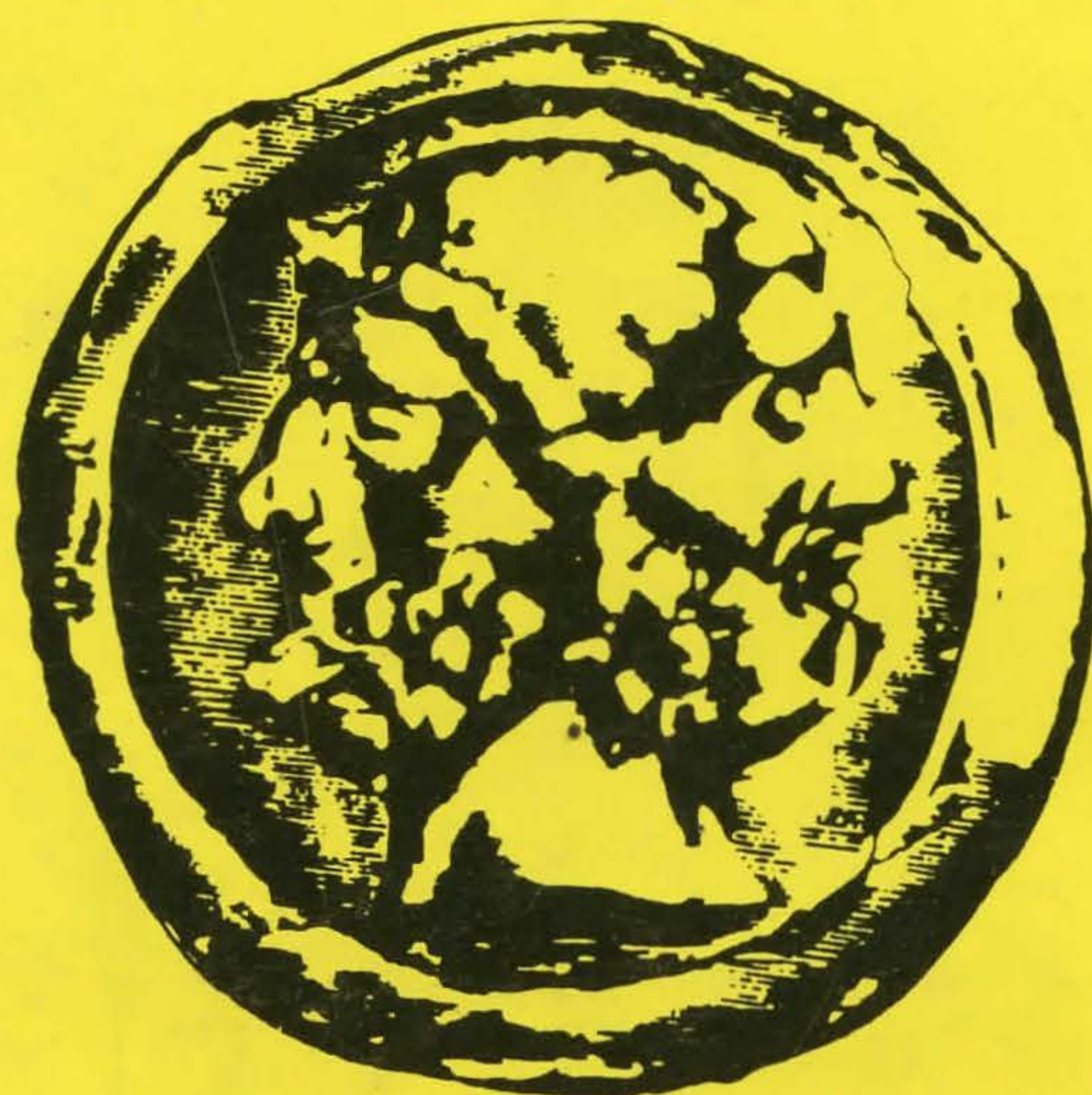
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