

JANUUS



£2.00

A JOURNAL OF FETISHISM AND C.P.

VOLUME 8 NUMBER 8



**Film Spanking
& Collectors
Corner**

**Spanking
Photo Feature**

**Readers
Letters**

FOR ADULT ENTERTAINMENT
ONLY

●
NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS

THE

Gym Lesson

Another superb spanking film from the studios of Harrison Marks and Luke Lukas.

Extract from the review by John Donnelly, the Janus film reviewer.

Yes, they've done it again. Marks and Lukas have come up with a film that it possibly even better than their original 'The Riding Lesson'. This time their masterpiece deals with a theme close to the hearts of all enthusiasts of corporal punishment, the caning and spanking of some highly attractive schoolgirls, dressed in the traditional outfits including navy blue gym knickers and long white socks.

The amusing story which leads up to the punishment of the two young ladies in question we will keep as a surprise but the result of the girls' misbehaviour leads to caning and spanking sequences that are not only genuine, but absolute classics. Firstly poor Julie, the instigator of the crimes is led into the gymnasium ordered by her teacher to bend over a padded bench. Satisfied that the girl is in the correct position to receive her punishment the teacher methodically lays on six really hard strokes across Julie's very bare and very pretty bottom. The weals resulting, as you will see from the film are absolutely genuine.

Having disposed of Julie Miss Christopher turns to young Lisa who has been standing in the background witnessing her friend's punishment. The teacher grabs her second recalcitrant pupil and throwing her across her knee delivers the soundest spanking you are likely to see on film today, with the obviously very genuine results.

Another very real must for the spanking enthusiast.

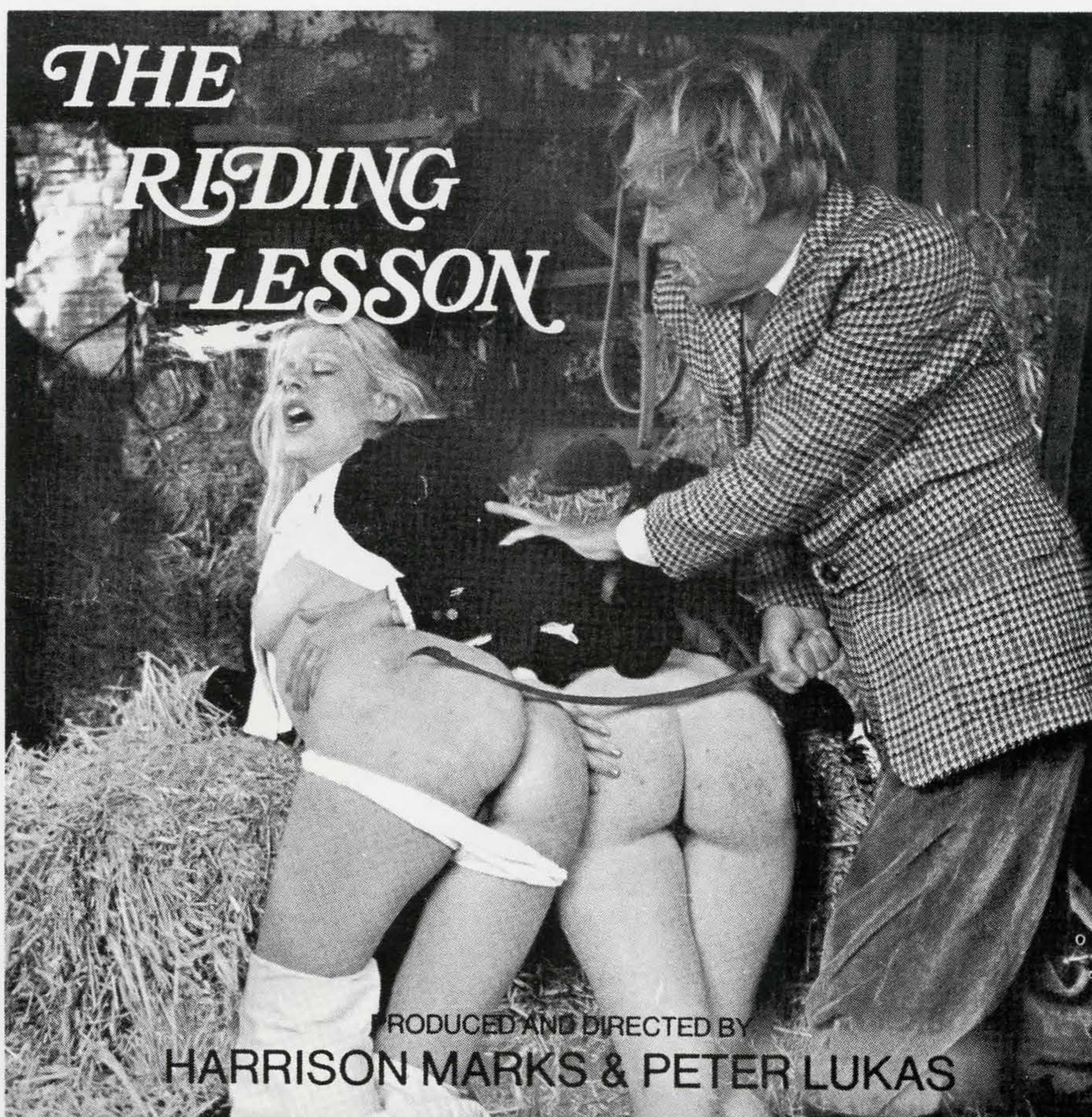
**PRODUCED EXCLUSIVELY FOR
JANUS PUBLICATIONS**

**PLEASE NOTE:
ALL PARTS ARE PLAYED BY PERSONS OVER
18 YEARS OF AGE.**

KANDINSKY LTD., 40 OLD COMPTON STREET, W.1.

SUPER 8 COLOUR

£20



THE RIDING LESSON

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY
HARRISON MARKS & PETER LUKAS

Directed & Produced by Harrison Marks and Peter Lukas.

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

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

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

**PRODUCED EXCLUSIVELY FOR
JANUS PUBLICATIONS**

**PLEASE NOTE:
ALL PARTS ARE PLAYED BY PERSONS OVER
18 YEARS OF AGE.**

KANDINSKY LTD., 40 OLD COMPTON STREET, W.1.

SUPER 8 COLOUR

£20

JANUS

A Magazine of Fetishism and C.P.

Volume Eight Number Eight

CONTENTS

La Ronde	<i>Patricia Ware</i>	5
Collector's Corner ABC of Film Spanking ('S')		11
Julie	<i>David Johns</i>	18
This Is How We Do It	<i>Photo Feature</i>	23
Peep Show	<i>Paul Dombey</i>	30
Tales of Spankers End (Cartoon)	<i>Colin Peters</i>	39
Readers' Letters		41



Janus, Published by Woodheath Ltd. Registered office: 4 Greens Court, London, W.1. Printed in England Distributed by Kandinsky Ltd., 40 Old Compton Street, London, W.1. Telephone: 01-437 1741. Trade enquiries: Sweden: Erik Horsta AB, Barnhusgaten 4, Box 3277, S103-11, Stockholm, Sweden. Holland: Octopus Trading Co., Starndammstraat. 73-75. Amsterdam. Tel: 010-3120-867-422. Denmark: Concerno, Gammel Mont 17, 1117, Copenhagen K, Denmark. Australia: Rical Enterprises Pty., Daking House, 11 Rawson Place, Sydney, Australia.

Although every care will be taken, no responsibility can be accepted for unsolicited material, which must be accompanied by return postage. All letters are deemed to be offered for publication unless otherwise stated. All photographs are posed by professional models over the age of eighteen, and no resemblance to any person living or dead is intended. Contents copyright © 1979 by Woodheath Ltd., and nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without the publisher's permission.



LA

ROMANCE

The first lesson of the afternoon was that of Latin. Roy Fenner gazed around him. It was strange; the period was progressing smoothly. What was wrong with the small and pretty Tamsin? The question was on everyone's lips.

Tamsin's friends had been trying to find out all day, for she appeared so silent. She was far away from them; they felt that they could not get through to her. The usually bubbly schoolgirl was no more; and in this particular lesson, she was looking nervously around her . . .

Tamsin was indeed attempting to look anywhere in fact save in the direction of Roy Fenner. She was unable to cast from her mind the happenings of the previous day.

Carole, the girl she tended to sit next to, giggled, as she too remembered some of those wicked things Tamsin had got up to, teasing poor Mr Fenner beyond endurance.

'Don't worry, idiot!' she whispered to her classmate, 'he's giving a lesson in Latin now, not in spanking! It's only threats in any case, not promises . . .'

Carole was amazed to see her friend's face turn a deep scarlet, as the girl heard what she was whispering. 'Is there something special?' Carole hissed eagerly; but Tamsin refused to acknowledge the presence of her friend, yet, despite this, she could not prevent herself from twitching and trembling even more openly.

As the day wore on, the tension was increasing. Tamsin did not fully understand herself; she did not understand why this uneasy feeling was afflicting her. nevertheless, she felt convinced that she had good grounds for her misgivings. She observed too that Roy Fenner kept letting his eyes stray towards her, though admittedly quickly dragging them back. Tamsin sensed his gaze on her thighs, and she wriggled on the chair. She felt as if her whole body was blushing . . . and there was nothing she could do about it. How dare Carole mention the idea of spanking! It was perfectly ridiculous even to think of such a notion . . . But, in that case, why had Carole's words bothered her so much?

Latin was almost invariably the lesson before games for the girls of Tamsin's class. This day was no exception. Once more they were off to the games field.

Roy Fenner gave a sigh of relief as the last girl disappeared from his sight to the changing rooms. Tamsin had not been the last girl to leave. For once, she had behaved in such a fashion as to suggest that she had been dying to be out on the lacrosse pitch or whatever. She had positively dashed from the room, her little bottom jiggling up and down beneath her uniform.

Roy was glad the class was over. He had found the minutes ticking by as great a strain as Tamsin had. He too had been constantly averting his eyes; but his eyes had been sweeping away from that young bottom of his pretty pupil. Yet also they had been drawn towards the sensual curves and contours. The cheeks appeared so delectable. Roy Fenner felt his face redden, as he thought those thoughts. He felt his face turn scarlet, as he recalled his own bottom clenching in front of Lorna Freeman. But then a sparkle came into his eye. His heart pounded: to think, he was to have the liberty of spanking that naughty girl's bottom! Yes, it had been difficult to contain himself in class, with Tamsin sitting there, right in front of him — Tamsin unknowing of what was going to happen. He did not wish to spoil the unexpectedness of it!

Roy Fenner rubbed his hands together, dreaming of the palms coming into contact with Tamsin's bared bottom. The girl deserved the chast-

isement. Think of her disregard for her work! Why, it was disgraceful! As for her general cheekiness . . . 'Yes, I'll give that cheeky bottom a spanking all right!' He murmured the words out loud. He was determined to leave his mark on Tamsin's wriggly cheeks. He stretched out his hands and looked at them. Yes, he would ensure that nothing stopped him from administering this spanking.

Some time later, Roy Fenner was walking up to the door of Tamsin's aunt, that Lorna Freeman. He hesitated in front of it. He was as nervous as he had been the day before. A question was now striking him more forcibly: Why had Lorna suggested that he should arrive well before her niece did?

No answer came forth, but Roy suddenly sensed that this Lorna Freeman was a lady who was full of surprises. He bit his lips as he remembered how she had smacked his own bared buttocks only yesterday. Ashamed of his cowardice, he lifted his hand to ring the bell, telling himself that there could be no catch awaiting him.

Lorna had been eagerly looking out for him from her bedroom window; so she was able to be opening the door almost before Roy's finger touched the bell. She grinned with obvious pleasure at having taken him aback. For a moment, Roy was reminded of his naughty pupil. Lorna flashed that cheeky grin across her face — a grin which had haunted Roy for hours in the classroom, when Tamsin was present, grinning in like fashion. How could Tamsin not be naughty? After all, her guardian

seemed herself to be the epitome of bewitching mischief.

Lorna beckoned Roy into the house, and he tried to pull himself together. It was not easy. Lorna was wearing a knee-length skirt which swirled around her legs with each step which she took. Her stilettos brought her up almost to Roy's height. He followed her up the stairs to her bedroom. His eyes were fixed upon her swaying posterior, and the nylon-clad legs which spelled the way to her feminine secrets. He imagined lifting that skirt of hers up . . . tracing his fingers along to the moons of her bottom, and then yanking at the knickers . . .

He was awoken from his reverie.

'I wonder which of US you are thinking about!' Lorna's words came totally out of the blue.

Roy Fenner smiled to himself: perhaps Lorna Freeman understood him better than he had ever anticipated. Certainly, both niece and aunt were, in their own ways, equally enchanting and tantalizing. And Roy told the aunt just that! Indeed, he was truthfully thinking about both of them.

'Don't worry, I'm not jealous of little Tamsin,' Lorna whispered, and half-giggled. 'I want the three of us to have fun together.'

'Fun?' Roy echoed the word. He lifted his eyebrows. He was in Lorna's bedroom. There was the attractive woman's nightie stretched out across the bed. There was a definite air of intimacy. Nevertheless, Roy sensed that it was not *that* kind of fun, fun associated with bedrooms, that the sensual woman opposite him was thinking about — at least, not exactly! Yet why had she invited him here so early, and straight to her bedroom? Furthermore, Tamsin deserved to have a spanking administered; that wouldn't be fun . . . would it?

Lorna Freeman began answering some of his unspoken questions.

'You must hurry, Roy. You have some business to attend to — *before* Tamsin arrives. I've been dying to . . .'

Lorna cut that sentence off sharply, and she began again. 'Before you spank Tamsin, you must practice on someone!' She lowered her eyes demurely; Roy's eyes lit up with delight. The only *someone* there was Lorna herself! Now was evidently the time for him to enjoy exerting a little male dominance. He suddenly saw Lorna Freeman as a naughty girl needing to be taught a lesson. At last, he was beginning to feel completely confident and at ease in the house. He was the man of the home.

Lorna was shaking. It was clear that

she was silently begging him to give her a jolly good smacking.

He sat down on the bed, and tapped his knee.

'Right! We'll have no more of this hanky-panky. Get across my knee, and we'll get the spanking over with.'

Lorna gazed at the tough expression now on Roy's face, and she noted his large masculine hands. She almost fell to her knees, as she began stuttering out that there was no rush and that perhaps just a tiny slap would do. Roy would listen to no excuses. He pounced, and with one powerful movement, he had hauled her body across his knee. The vigour behind the movement astonished Lorna. What was she letting herself in for?

Roy quickly pulled up Lorna's full-flared skirt, so that it dangled right over her head. Beneath it — he gasped at the sight! She was clad in sexy stockings and suspenders, but with merely a tiny pair of daring panties — black, lacy ones, and definitely daring, too daring even! The moons

of her bottom already stared up at him, virtually naked. The panties were little more than a teeny triangle covering the groove. Roy yanked the offending garment down to her knees, and then stared for a moment at the bared bottom. Lorna squirmed. She sensed his eyes taking in every inch of her rear. She was right in what she sensed!

Roy Fenner liked the look of the trim buttocks of Lorna Freeman, with their creamy unblemished skin; but he would not delay the proceedings.

SMAACK! Crisp and sharp, his hand swooped down and made a bright red mark, with the imprint of all four fingers and thumb, across the centre of the naked bottom, so that both left and right cheek were touched. He stared, for a moment, mesmerized by the effect which he had produced in the delicate skin, and he saw that Lorna was twitching her cheeks. She must already be stinging.

He felt hot, and threw off his jacket and tie, while rolling up his shirt



sleeves. He was going to dish out a proper spanking. He wanted Lorna to know that he was putting his heart into it. Lorna was beginning to feel that!

He got to work on Lorna's bottom properly, slapping the cheeks alternately, and whenever Lorna wriggled, he made sure he smacked an even more sensitive spot on her bared flesh. He soon had those smartly stockinged legs and feet kicking out. The stilettos swung through the air, and Roy guessed how undignified Lorna Freeman must now be finding it. Her bottom bared, across his knee, yet still wearing those expensive ladies' shoes!

Lorna began to cry out. It might be — indeed, it was — the first time that Roy had spanked anyone, but he could not have taken to it more adeptly, nor have picked up the spirit of it! Her bottom felt scorched; fires were raging deep inside her flesh; and then another smack fell, making the surface of her skin burn. She felt as if it was swollen twice its normal size!

Lorna had frequently been spanked as a child; but she had received her first 'adult spanking' from a boyfriend at the age of eighteen. The experience, although unpleasant and humiliating at the time, subsequently fascinated and thrilled her. It was so unlike any of her childhood ones; a different order of things altogether had been brought into being. She felt her sore bottom in bed, and tingles ran from the raw skin right to the depths between her legs, whilst she dreamed of her chastiser. From that point on, periodically, she had teased male hands (and sometimes even female hands) into chastising her. That had been one exceptionally good feature about George, her husband. He had been a very ready helper over disciplining her cheeky bottom.

Occasionally, Lorna herself was chastiser. Initially, she had imagined she could hide these feelings from Tamsin. Such things should not happen before such an impressionable young girl. Tamsin, however, must have possessed an instinct for having an upturned bared bottom! She had quickly shown herself to Lorna to be at once sufficiently young and yet also sufficiently old to be initiated. Lorna recognized her as a girl who deserved to be spanked, to be spanked hard; but also she was a girl who appreciated the exquisite joys of a sore and smarting posterior, along with its more painful adjuncts.

Lorna squirmed on Roy's firm knee. Her attention had wandered to Tamsin's involvement; but it was purely a

brief diversion. Unconsciously, she must have been emphasizing to herself that she was no novice at this game . . . But how Roy was now spanking her! It was so hard, it was impossible not to take note of it! A suspender dug into the top of the raw flesh of her thigh, while he continued to cover all over the sensitive bare patch where the stocking ended, and up to the crease of the buttock.

Lorna shrieked; but then she heard the key in the front door. She held her breath. Both Roy and Lorna were momentarily paralysed. Then, Lorna swiftly got to her feet. As quietly as a stalking cat, she re-arranged her clothing. Her face flushed with excitement; it was also with embarrassment, for Roy was observing with delight the spectacle of Lorna getting her panties caught round her stilettos, finally flinging them off! However, both the adults were now in harmony with one question. What would Tamsin think of the scene with which she was about to be presented?

Tamsin stood in a puzzled fashion in the drawing-room. Her satchel fell to the floor, and she pulled her hat and coat off slowly. (She was not a girl of tidy habits.) Where was her Aunt Lorna . . . and where the mysterious visitor of whom she had spoken?

All at once, Aunt Lorna was beside her. Tamsin looked up, and saw that her cheeks were hot and her eyes were sparkling. 'Come on, darling!' said Lorna cheerfully, giving her Tamsin a quick kiss, and then guided the doubtful child up the stairs to the bedroom.

Tamsin stared; Tamsin gasped; Tamsin felt a strange shiver run through her. Tamsin looked in bewildered amazement at what was before her. She had suspected something . . . but not this!

On the bed sat Roy, his sleeves rolled up, showing his hairy fore-arms. His face was red. He was exuding a rugged masculinity. This was not like the Roy Fenner of her Latin class; but it was that Roy Fenner. His manner was actively ebullient. Tamsin partially backed away. She was drawn to him, yet she was also apprehensive. She stared about her. She suddenly caught sight of something on the floor. She looked more intently. She could see a pair of knickers, knickers which she knew to be her aunt's!

A sound caused her to look up. Roy's hand was slapping against his thigh. 'Come on, Tamsin!' he roared. 'Are you ready for the treatment?'

Tamsin did not reply. She was

horrorstruck; the whole proceedings seemed like a dream, or rather, they seemed as if they would become a nightmare. She tried desperately to work things out in her mind. Roy Fenner was clearly the 'guest'; equally clearly, he still had it in his mind to spank her, to spank her at her own home indeed! Tamsin winced, and she hung her head with shame, hoping that she would somehow manage to escape. Then, she remembered that there was something else very weird going on; and that 'something very weird' was to do with her aunt's role in it all. That, she could not make out.

'Go on, Tamsin!' It was her Aunt Lorna's voice now. 'Roy tells me that you have merited a spanking with your ways over school work; and that he's going to administer it to you right now. So, hurry up, or I shall have to give you a taste of the medicine first myself!'

Still Tamsin did not move. She was far too astounded at what Aunt — or Lorna, as she preferred to be called — had said; and she had talked of Roy, not *Mr Fenner* . . . ?

'Very well, then,' said Lorna briskly. 'I think you are a little heavy for my knees these days, so please kneel up on the bed.'

She grabbed hold of Tamsin's sweaty hand. Automatically, the girl allowed her limbs to be manipulated into the correct position. Her aunt's hands felt over her body. As they drew close to her skirt, Tamsin shivered. Was she really to be spanked in front of Mr Fenner? She could not bear the thought! But then, she could not bear the thought of being spanked by Mr Fenner!

Lorna felt guilty. Her delicate Tamsin! How could she subjugate the poor little girl to such a painful and humiliating experience? Yet she would. And she knew why. She was convinced that in the end her niece would thank her for it, thank her for being shown the experiences, the pleasures and sorrows to be had from a firm man's hand.

She tucked Tamsin's skirt around her waist. Then, with infinite tenderness, she began to pull down the girl's elasticated knickers, caressing the cheeks of her bottom as they became exposed. Tamsin held her legs together, a little coyly, and vainly begged that her knickers should not be removed. She already sensed Roy Fenner's eyes upon her nubile rear, and she felt she would never be able to look him in the face again!

Her knickers were now down and

around her knees. Lorna waited for a moment, and then raised her arm and let it descend. *SLAAAPPP!* Her palm smacked the central mound of Tamsin's left cheek. Tamsin felt the stinging spreading through her skin, but then another mass of stings built up in her right cheek. Lorna was going at her, left to right, left to right, the slaps pouring down like rain.

Tamsin felt lost in the sensations. The more spanks delivered, the more the physical pain intruded upon her. Nevertheless, she could not escape from the fact that racing through her body and mind were also strange throbs and aches which seem to accompany the nettle-like stings. Indeed, the hotness in her rear was not that unpleasant — well, not after the first half-dozen slaps.

'Oww!' Tamsin cried out. Lorna had struck along the groove between her cheeks. Instinctively, Tamsin clenched her buttocks together, but the pressure of inflamed skin against inflamed skin only magnified the pain.

Lorna did not like to see her charge suffering. Carefully, she spoke out the words: 'If you will accept your just desserts from Roy, then I will stop.'

'All right,' a small voice squealed in reply, and a minute later, an embarrassed schoolgirl was lying across her schoolmaster's lap.

Roy tugged the girl's knickers right off, and then decided that perhaps her tunic should be done away with as well. Lorna grinned, as she saw it fall to the floor, next to her knickers. She felt her own bottom shudder; but Lorna still could not help admitting that Tamsin did look rather enchanting, with her white school blouse ending where her cute shapely rump began, her cute red rump began! The white emphasized the girl's two curvaceous moons beautifully, now that they had already received an initial chastisement.

Lorna was beginning to experience some flutterings inside her. She wanted to feel more part of the scene. Without further ado, she removed her own jersey, and sat in her skirt and brassiere, watching the powerful Roy Fenner laying down the law. She was aware of the swell of her bust showing above her brassiere; she was acutely conscious of her knickerless state, with her raw bottom pressing directly against her skirt. She thrilled inwardly . . .

SLAP! SMAACCKK! Roy was straight into the spanking. Watching Lorna, as it were preparing Tamsin for him, had been an exceptionally

stimulating experience; and his hands were ripe and keen for the pupil's tender rear.

Roy was set to cover every inch of Tamsin's pert behind with the prints of his fingers and palms. He would imprint the marks so deeply that they would remain for many days, and have Tamsin squirming, trying to escape.

A resounding *SMACK!* came forth, each time he had lifted and then swished his arm down. The girl was now wriggling about like an eel. He warned her not to risk falling into even deeper waters — there was a slipper in the room which he was sure he could put to excellent use! Tamsin tensed herself, and she directed every bit of self-control she possessed into trying to keep still.

Apart from the odd 'ooh!' and 'aaah!', Tamsin did, on the whole, take her spanking remarkably well. She did not cry, and after the first few wiggles, she kicked up neither literally nor metaphorically any fuss of any substance. True, she did put on a look of anguish at Lorna. Lorna waited patiently though. The girl was re-

proaching her at the moment, but a little later, it might be a different story; yet having told herself that, Lorna longed to leap forward, in her half-naked state, and comfort her niece's painful bottom.

Tamsin was filled with thoughts. They raced off in differing directions, as she felt the pangs from Roy's spanking in her rear. The thing which she had dreaded so much — a spanking from Mr Fenner — was actually happening! Ooh! When that was uppermost in her mind, she could not cancel out the stabs pounding at her tender cheeks. How the spanking hurt! Her bottom felt as if it was being slowly burnt to a cinder by his punishing hand. In a way which she could not account for, however, she was growing used to the punishment already! She did not like it. Certainly not! Well not in one way! After all, people do not enjoy being spanked. She knew that much, or so she thought.

As the hot glow spread through her loins, she wondered if she did know that spanking was something people



disliked so very much.

Roy began to slap her thighs, and that she decided was agony — though more of a mental anguish; for she felt particularly embarrassed by the fact that her legs were parted slightly, and so her very sex was on view. An occasional slap fell right between her legs and her cheeks, causing her puckered anal lips to twitch. She told herself she was silly. But she knew that deep down inside, she was not silly. It was a fact of life that a sixteen year old girl like herself felt ashamed, when showing off her privates, and more especially, for Tamsin, she felt ridiculous at having to be in such a posture at her age! Fancy! Being across a man's knee! She liked Lorna to think highly of her, and normally, she believed, that Lorna did have just those thoughts. Yet Lorna had spanked her too . . .

Tamsin found the world extremely puzzling.

She made no protest, when she felt her stockings and suspender belt pulled off. Slowly, however, it dawned on her. She was being stripped, but not by Roy Fenner. No! She could still feel the slaps! Lorna was undressing her. What was she saying above her?

'Those suspenders can dig into a girl's thighs horribly, Roy — I should know!'

Tamsin nearly did jerk off Roy's lap when she heard Lorna say those words. She was shocked and surprised. How on earth did Lorna know a thing like that?

Yet things were moving too fast to meditate too long on one issue. Roy let rip with a few more spanks, but then Tamsin felt herself being gently lifted off Roy's lap and on to Lorna's, only this time, sitting up. Lorna was cuddling her. 'Poor Tamsin,' she said to Roy, as though gently chiding him. 'I'm sure you spanked her harder than you did me!'

Tamsin immediately stared up at her aunt, disbelievingly. 'Surely Mr Fenner didn't really spank you?' she breathed. Then she remembered the pair of knickers she had noticed on the floor. She blushed. She blushed more at the idea of Lorna being spanked by her teacher than at the idea of being spanked by him herself. After all, Lorna was a fully grown woman, and though she had bits of fun with Tamsin, to the outside world she was dignified and sophisticated.

Lorna laughed. She could read her niece's thoughts. 'Why shouldn't I have been spanked too, darling? Let me show you my bottom to prove it.'

She slipped off both her brassiere and skirt, while still sitting on the bed, with Tamsin against her. A ripple of excitement ran through Lorna as her naked breasts swung against the girl's face. The girl sat on the bed; then very coyly, and very unlike herself, Lorna slowly rolled over on to her front on the bed, leaving her bottom on total display, in its full naked glory.

Tamsin gazed at it. There was no denying the fact: it was an exceptionally bright shade all over of red — a colour which Tamsin guessed her own rear to be.

She caught Roy Fenner's eye, who, instead of blushing himself, simply winked at her. He had come a long way quickly, from being such a shy man at school, with the girls around him. At least they were dressed there!

Tamsin returned to Lorna's naked body — naked, save for the stockings. Tamsin felt an urge to touch her aunt's punished rear, and to have Lorna stroking her own stinging flesh. Perhaps, after all, everything was all right. Perhaps there was nothing to be shocked about. The warmth of her bottom was gradually encasing her. When Lorna turned back round, and gave a sensual groan, she held out her hands to her. Lorna responded immediately. She knew that this moment could be one of the most formative of the girl's life.

Tenderly, cooing soft words, Lorna stripped the blouse and tie from Tamsin's body, and then pressed her own naked bosom right up against Tamsin's ripe breasts, whilst their legs intertwined. Instinctively, Tamsin's hands slipped down to touch Lorna's bare bottom. She stroked the curves, trying to ease the pain away; while Lorna's more experienced hands glided across the girl's own chastened rear, and stroked into the painful stings held within the anal groove. Tamsin jerked, and then tried to be more daring with her aunt by pressing her fingers round her aunt's thighs.

Both women wallowed in it, but then Lorna pulled herself up. 'It's you who needs the fuss at the moment, Tamsin,' she said, and she rolled the girl over on to her tummy. Slowly, she began to rub some soothing lotion into Tamsin's inflamed bottom; and the girl felt a deep sensation of relaxation and comfort sweep through her body. She would have liked to lie thus, with Lorna soothing away the anger in her bottom, for an eternity. But Lorna had additional delights in store for her.

'Are you cross with me for letting Roy spank you?' Lorna asked. Her tone was serious, but her sparkling eyes belied it. Tamsin shook her head, Lorna persisted. 'You must be at least a little bit angry, Tamsin; I would be, if I were you!' And eventually Tamsin acceded: yes, she was perhaps just a little annoyed.

'Are you going to ask Roy to spank me then?' asked Lorna, 'Or?' she lowered her voice in a conspiratorial manner. 'Or would you perhaps care to do it yourself?'

Tamsin started back at the very idea of either. While her own bottom was being fondled, she had allowed herself to forget that Lorna's bottom was red too — that Lorna, the sophisticated woman of whom she thought so much, had actually allowed somebody to deliver a spanking across those lovely moons of her bottom.

'Now, Tamsin,' Lorna was beckoning the girl earnestly. 'Spanking isn't just for children. Adults need it sometimes as well!'

Tamsin still held back. How could she smack the bottom of someone older and superior? But Lorna's urgent enthusiasm was contagious. She urged Tamsin to hurry . . . and Tamsin did just that.

Roy Fenner had been observing the two young women with a certain satisfaction. The two lithe young bodies seemed made to go together. Tamsin was tentative; Lorna more confident, with her taller, slender figure. One feature, without doubt, was common to both of them: that was possession of well-tanned buttocks!

Roy looked in wonderment, as he saw Lorna sticking out her pouting bottom towards Tamsin. He saw a sudden sharp glint in the girl's eyes. and then she was slapping each cheek of her aunt's rear with as much force as she could muster. She was obviously searching round for a spot that he, Roy, had left untouched. Roy grinned to himself: Tamsin had not set herself an easy task! He was surprised at the alacrity with which Tamsin was setting about it. He was surprised too to see Lorna submitting so readily, even though he was there. Surely, she did not delight in the possibility of being mocked by him? Or was she so desperate to have Tamsin spanking?

Roy, if the truth be known, was feeling neglected however. He no longer felt satisfied as a simple spectator. He had, after all, been the initiator of these spanking games — well, in a way he had been, be persuaded himself.



He threw off the rest of his clothes and diverted Tamsin from Lorna's posterior by administering a sharp swipe on the girl's own red bottom. He looked her straight in the eye. 'I thought that teacher would have deserved a lesson from his pupil for once!' he said jocularly.

Roy Fenner wondered why he made the remark; but still, he had made it. Tamsin blinked at him; Lorna stared at him. For Lorna, it was no surprise. She could recognize that he was wanting and waiting . . . just as she had hoped.

She and Tamsin moved across to

him. 'Shall we spank a cheek each?' Lorna laughingly asked the somewhat bemused Tamsin. But before they had a chance to get in even a tiny smack, Roy had caught hold of them.

'Before teacher has his lesson, there are two very selfish young ladies who need one!' he shouted. His powerful arms pinioned the two delicious females down to the bed, and they both thrilled at the sheer masculinity of it all.

They obeyed his orders, and a few minutes later, he was spanking Lorna and Tamsin at the same time. Left hand on Tamsin, and then right hand

on Lorna. Left, Tamsin! Right, Lorna!

They submitted to this overwhelming power and dominance. As the spansks descended, they clutched hold of one another. Although they did not speak, they were both mentally agreeing that teacher most definitely would be taught, when his time came. Over this, they had no doubts. In his enthusiasm, Roy Fenner had forgotten how he would be treated at school, were Miss Lorna Freeman to inform the masters and mistresses that he had been punished by her. The cine camera had been running perfectly all yesterday afternoon!

COLLECTOR'S CORNER

and 'S' of film spanking

'C.C.' would like to thank all those readers who expressed appreciation of our research in the 1978 *Janus* survey, and re-assure them that we remain dedicated to the pursuit of knowledge in our — and their — specialist field.

However, if there is one thing we value more than appreciation, it is information. Your contributor must already have established some sort of record for the number of books read not worth reading, and films seen not worth seeing, but finds his efforts restricted by the tiresome necessity of earning a living. Various readers have kindly contributed information and material over the years, but there must be a vast reservoir we haven't tapped yet. Any letters marked for 'Collector's Corner' and requesting an acknowledgement will receive one.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, a rare event hit town last November, a play with not one, but two real live spankings in it. The play was 'Molly' by Simon Gray, in which Billie Whitelaw played a woman in her thirties married to a man twenty-five years older (T. P. McKenna) and not finding it any too exciting. The trouble is that T.P. cannot, as the saying goes, 'get it up' and gets his kicks instead by spanking Miss W., using her cigarette smoking as a pretext.

The first time round the luscious Miss Whitelaw goes across his knee quite willingly, positioning herself nicely with fingers and toes just touching the carpet, there to receive eight or nine quite firm smacks on her bottom from T.P.'s right hand. On the second occasion there are other people present so she is naturally much more reluctant about the whole thing. The mixture is as before, except that T.P. demonstrates his versatility by delivering the chastisement with his left hand.

Your contributor, being a realist in these matters, never expects too much from stage spankings, but was, nevertheless a little disappointed on two counts:— Firstly, while one would not expect her to throw herself around like a teenager experiencing the punishing palm for the first time, Miss Whitelaw's complete passivity was rather off-putting. Secondly, and even more off-putting, she was unmistakably girdled.

All the same it worth seeing and other productions may be free of these defects. Alas, it didn't last long in the West End, being taken off after about six weeks.

Romantic lady novelists — for positively our last word on this subject we mention two Mills and Boon paperbacks which were published in 1978 and should, therefore, still be around:—

TO TAME A VIXEN — Anne Hampson

WITCHWOOD — Mary Wibberley

Regrettably, no other titles of interest have come to light.

Finally the next instalment of our film spanking saga.



SUDDENLY IT'S SPRING

This 1947 Paramount film starred Fred McMurray and Paulette Goddard. The still shown looks realistic enough, and your contributor had high expectations when he saw the film, which chronicles the various devices by which Fred attempts to get a divorce from Paulette. One of these involves him throwing his weight about in rather oafish fashion, in the course of which there is many an 'all-but' spanking opportunity. None of them comes to anything though, so all we are left with it a quite good still.



STRONGER THAN DESIRE

Since this 1939 M.G.M. film has left no discernible footprint in the sands of cinematic time, and the spanking seems to have been only an incident of spice in the plot, there's not much to be said about it. Even the film magazines of the time contain no reference to the spanking. However, just when it was beginning to look as if, perhaps, it never happened, reader L.C. weighed in with a report to the effect that one of the daily papers had referred to the film 'opening the film spanking season with a bang, and making BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE from the previous year look like patty-cake.' And there we must leave it, except to add that the spanker is Walter Pidgeon, the attractive young woman obviously not enjoying the session across his knees is Rita Johnson, and the action takes place — in case you're puzzled — in a railway compartment.



SCENES DE MENAGE

Although there is a fair amount of indirect evidence that spankings have been more frequent in pre-war European films than in the U.K./Hollywood product, stills have been consistently hard to come by. Even Continental film magazines, when they mention the subject at all, usually seem to choose a well-worn old faithful like McCLINTOCK or THE IRON MAIDEN for illustration.

Those that do come to light, however, often seem to have something a bit special about them, and this one is no exception. The film itself is a 1954 French effort with Francois Perrier and Marie Daems, derived from a story 'Peace in the Home' by Courtelin. As for the story, the only version your contributor has come across was in an Austrian magazine, and since the grasp of that language is somewhat tenuous, this version of the plot is no doubt somewhat garbled. Three married women have their respective husbands under their respective thumbs, until one day the husbands ask an adjudicator to rule on the disputes with their wives. The adjudicator appears to have prescribed a remedy that would meet with the approval of *Janus* readers and Marie Daems is shown on the receiving end.

STAGECOACH KID

This film, although of similar vintage and obscurity to those just mentioned, has managed to survive to the present day. In fact it is currently available for rental in the U.K. to anyone with a 16 mm projector and around £10 in his pocket.

The still is one of the best around, the lariat loop round the girl's shoulders suggesting prior scenes of chase and struggle which the film fully validates. Having got the girl into an excellent spanking posture, if the cameraman had simply taken it from there, all would have been well. In the event, although Tim Holt starts the spanking in fine style with a couple of solid, dust-raising smacks, the camera then moves forward so that the interesting half of Jeff Donnell (from the waist down) is hidden from view. In the course of their struggle Jeff threatens to land Tim in gaol and he replies: 'I'll cheerfully go to gaol for what I'm going to do to you!' The one who should really go to gaol is the cameraman for playing such a dirty trick on the patrons.

The plot? Oh yes. Jeff plays a reluctant visitor to the West who takes advantage of a stage-coach hold-up to set off and make her way back to civilisation and her boy friend. Tim, who needs her as a witness to the hold-up, sets off in pursuit on his horse and lassos her. They have a fine old struggle on the dusty plain before he finally subdues her and proceeds to administer the aforementioned rather disappointing spanking.



STAMPEDE

Back to the B. Westerns again with this 1950 Allied Artists' 'oater', starring Gale Storm and Don Barry. We are indebted to reader J.C. who tells us that Don Barry 'tucked the lovely but saucy Gale Storm under his arm and slapped her several times on the shapeliest part of her buckskins. It was quite a light hearted affair and the lovely girl showed no resentment towards Don.'

Incidentally, the lanky gent viewing Don's technique with approval is none other than Rod Cameron, who gave Yvonne de Carlo the same treatment a few years earlier in *THE BRIDE WASN'T WILLING*.

SADDLE TRAMP

This still is included in the hope that some will find it of interest. Most readers will probably feel that it looks too much as if they were both asked to stop whatever they were going and 'give a big smile for the photographer'. Also, Wanda Hendrix gives the impression of being only about 4 ft. tall and 12 years old. She was never a tall girl, but seems to have shrunk. The film itself contains no trace of a spanking.





SO THIS IS NEW YORK

Finally, a rather appealing picture which is, unfortunately, just a publicity still. Henry Morgan is registering disapproval and the owner of the shapely legs is unknown.

STARLET

Regular readers of C.C. will know that your contributor is not, by and large, an admirer of 'skinflicks'. But the films put out in the late '60's and early '70's by Entertainment Ventures Inc., were certainly better than most, and nearly all of them contained an element of c.p. Their 1969 film STARLET was well up to standard.

A stage film actor completes a scene with a girl, and later gives her a lift back to the apartment she shares with two other girls. One of them is rather a kooky character who tries to start a necking session with him. She sits on his lap and starts nuzzling him.

'Do you know what I need?' she says.

'I know just what you need baby,' he replies.

'Then give it to me!' she cries — and he does just that!

He turns her face down over his lap and in the process her shift rides up around her waist, revealing her bare bottom. He proceeds to land about a dozen spanks on this tempting target — not all that hard — but sufficient to turn one cheek of her behind quite a bright red. He then dumps her, sobbing on the floor and leaves.

CONGRESS DANCES

Janus has received a great many letters looking back nostalgically to that classic German film of the early 1930's, 'Congress Dances', and in particular to the whipping scene.

So when this rarity turned up briefly in London earlier this year, your correspondent eagerly accepted the Editorial assignment to visit Hampstead (a journey not lightly undertaken by civilised men), report on the action, and if possible, obtain some pictures.

Incompetent bungling by your correspondent frustrated the attempt to get some pictures, but here is a brief summary of what takes place: —

Christel, a young assistant in a glove shop in Vienna, has a habit of tossing bouquets at visiting royalty as it drives in state through the streets. This makes her unpopular with the police, as visiting royalty, seeing something lobbing gently towards it, tends to think in terms of bombs and ducks for cover. She disregards all warnings, however, when the Czar of Russia arrives to attend the Congress of Vienna she duly catches him in the back of the neck with a sort of miniature herbaceous border.

In no time at all she is hauled up before the judge and promptly sentenced to

- twenty-five strokes of the cane
- on the bare behind
- with a No. 11 cane.

We just have time to see her clap her hands apprehensively to her behind before two warders grab her and march her off to the punishment room where sentence is to be carried out.

This turns out to be a small cell lined with racks containing whips and canes of all shapes and sizes, and tastefully furnished with one low punishment block. As we enter the cell we see the custodian, a strapping lad with a nasty expression, rolling up his sleeves, taking a cane down from the rack and making a few practise swishes.

At the sight of all this, poor Christel bursts into tears: 'Please don't beat me!' she begs. The custodian pats her arm as if to say: 'Don't worry, this will hurt you a lot more than it will me!' He forces her face down over the block and straps her in position. He then raises her skirt (at least we assume he does because he starts to do so, but the camera moves on so that we only see Christel from the waist upwards) and takes up his stance.

At this point the cell door bursts open and in rushes a messenger with a free pardon. The custodian, registering great disgust, flicks down Christel's skirt and unties her, allowing that very relieved young lady to scramble to her feet and make a hasty exit.

While a spanking would not have been out of place, it was from the start highly unlikely, given the light-hearted style of the film, that there would be anything like a serious whipping, and in fact the scene is played mainly for laughs. There's nothing particularly erotic about it, but all the same it's a great film. They really 'don't make them like that any more.'

For the amusement of our readers we asked our artist to visualise what the scene would have been if the whipping had really taken place and this is what he came up with!



JULIE

Although the days of servant girls having to take punishment from their masters are over, occasions still do arise fortunately when attractive young ladies find themselves in a position where a spanking is an acceptable and even welcome solution to a problem.

Driving home one summer evening in Lincolnshire I spotted some distance ahead two uniformed figures walking along the roadside. I let the speed drop since Service personnel in uniform are my exception to not picking up hitch-hikers.

As the distance narrowed I could identify the Air Force blue, and a little later realised that two pairs of very attractive legs below much shorter than regulation length skirts indicated two WAAFs presumably from the main training base some 40 miles away.

Braking to a halt I was confronted by a pert blonde ACW with her forage cap perched precariously on top of a mass of curls, and a willowy brunette with the two chevrons of a corporal on her arm. Both looked extremely worried.

'Please could you help us Sir,' said the corporal, 'we have been delayed and shall never make it back to Camp in time for roll call at eleven.'

I looked at my watch. I had a powerful car and given a clear road could make it with a little time to spare even though the camp was somewhat out of my way.

'Only too glad to help the Services,' I said, 'but why are you stuck like this?' The blonde giggled — 'It's our own fault,' she said, 'we should have left the party much earlier and then there would have been no problem.'

'That's all very well,' said the brunette, speaking in a low voice, husky with apprehension, 'but the discipline and regulations in a training camp are very strict and if I miss the roll I shall lose my stripes.'

'That seems a stiff punishment for a minor offence,' I said, 'but presumably you knew what was likely to happen when you overstayed.'

'Yes,' said the brunette, 'but I worked hard for these stripes and it's a bit harsh to lose them for a stupidity like this although I admit we deserve some punishment.'

'Perhaps you would rather receive stripes elsewhere rather than lose those,' I said jokingly. The brunette studied me thoughtfully for a moment.

'If you mean what I think you mean,' she said, 'the answer is yes — those stripes would be gone in the morning and I would still have these on my arm.'

The blonde who had been listening intently broke in at this point — 'If you mean you will guarantee to get us back to the camp in time if we accept a spanking from you instead of regulation discipline, I agree for one — we deserve punishing but as Julie says, the alternative is too steep.'

'How about you, Julie?' I said looking back at the brunette and admittedly getting more than interested at the turn the conversation was taking.

She thought for a moment and then smiled slowly. 'I don't see why not,' she said, 'it seems fair and certainly preferable from my point of view. But' — and her smile became broader — 'from a practical point of view how are you proposing to carry out our punishment. Surely not in the middle of a main road.'

'No,' I said, now thoroughly enjoying the situation. 'There is a major lay-by a couple of miles this side of the camp where the road has been bypassed. If you undertake to accept your punishment there we will call it a deal.'

With that they both got into the

car, Julie in the front and Pamela the blonde in the back, and I started the car determined to make good time to our destination.

In spite of the concentration of fast driving I was able to spare the odd glance at Julie in the seat at my side — the Air Force blue skirt riding high on her thighs showing a long length of shapely *dark stockinged leg* with beautifully rounded knees, and wondered at the thought of this attractive girl willingly bending over to accept her punishment.

The necessary frequent glances in the rear view mirror showed Pamela also smiling in thought until she caught my glance and winked!

The sports saloon ate up the miles and soon I was slowing for the remembered lay-by which followed the old road, sweeping well out of sight of the new main road for nearly a quarter of a mile and luckily deserted at this time of night.

I pulled the car into a gateway under some trees and switched off the engine.

'Right young ladies,' I said getting out of the car into the warm evening, 'report for punishment parade.' The two girls came and stood in front of me properly at attention.

'Please Sir,' said Julie, 'may we know what our punishment is to be.'

'I think Pamela should have an across-the-knee spanking,' I said, 'but you, as the senior defaulter should have the cane — six stripes, and to apply them I have remembered the swagger stick I carry in the back of the car when lecturing as a cadet training officer.' Although shorter than a school cane this was thin and flexible and would serve admirably.

Getting into the back of the car I pushed the front seat right forward and leaving the door open, called to Pamela and told Julie to turn her back to us.

Pam came to the door with a wry smile and whispered: 'will it be bare, Sir.'

'Of course,' I said, 'particularly if you are wearing Service issue.'

Her smile widened and then she draped herself across my lap with her head and arms on the seat and her bottom correctly positioned. I eased her short skirt up her back to reveal a suspender belt and black frilly, very un-Service like panties. She raised her hips to help as I slid the panties down to just above her knees leaving her delectable little bottom ready for punishment.

Savouring the sight for a moment, I brought my right hand down in a



DAVE
CARNEY

sharp slap which caused an 'oh' from Pamela and a peep over her shoulder from Julie. 'Eyes to the front, Corporal,' I ordered, and continued to spank that beautiful little bottom until it glowed with fire, and Pamela's moans became ecstatic as she obviously came to orgasm.

Pulling up her panties I settled her on the seat — causing another long drawn out sigh as the cool leather soothed her burning rear end. Then picking up the cane I got out of the car and approached Julie who seemed a little apprehensive.

'Changing your mind Julie?' I said. She drew herself up straighter —

'Certainly not Sir — it's a fair punishment — you have been fair — and I deserve it. Where would you like me to bend over?'

'I think if you bent yourself over the bonnet it would be the right height,' I said, and walking towards the low slung car Julie arranged herself across the smooth curve of the bonnet with her arms full length and hands curved over the far side wing.

In this position with her bottom high it required little effort to slide her short skirt higher leaving me the fabulous sight of those two beautifully long dark stockinged legs topped by creamy sun tanned thighs — a suspender belt and black knickers somewhat less frivolous than Pamela's.

'These will have to come down Julie if I am to get your stripes right,' I said, slipping my fingers under the waist elastic.

'Fair enough Sir,' came the reply as Julie rested her head on her outstretched arms.

I stepped back and swished the cane taking in that gorgeous view I shall long remember.

An attractive, sensuous girl in uniform bent over my car bonnet with skirt up — knickers down — and that magnificently proportioned bottom. Two perfect globes of unmarked brown skin waiting for — and asking for punishment. The oldest and most effective punishment in the world.

I remembered an old saying — Flog her gently but make it sting — as I brought the cane down in the first stroke leaving a straight red line across both flawless cheeks.

Five more times the cane swished through the air landing with an audible crack and leaving parallel red stripes as I carefully placed each stroke.

At the end I gently removed the knickers altogether and Julie slowly rose to her feet, her skirt falling gently over her hips as she stood

upright and looked at me, tears glistening in her eyes. 'You certainly know how to use a cane Sir,' she said quietly, 'but the punishment was exactly right. I shall feel it all tonight but tomorrow it will be gone.'

'Yes,' I said, 'and you will still have the stripes on your arm.'

'I shall always be grateful Sir,' said Julie, and stepping forward slid her arms around my neck and gave me a heart searching kiss whilst my own hands cupped her superb bottom, burning from the cane.

I delivered both girls to the camp with five minutes to spare and drove home with just a memory. But what a memory.

* * * *

One Saturday afternoon I was watching Grandstand on television when the telephone rang.

Answering it I heard a vaguely familiar husky feminine voice. 'This is Julie. Do you remember the Corporal who got back to Camp in time to keep her stripes — and collected some different ones on the way?'

My mind raced back to that never to be forgotten evening a few weeks ago. 'I certainly do Julie,' I said, 'how are you?'

'Very well indeed, Sir,' she said, 'I have some great news and I wondered if I could see you and tell you about it.'

'Of course,' I said, 'but how did you find me?'

'It wasn't too difficult Sir,' said Julie, 'your car is not exactly inconspicuous in this area and I was very discreet in my enquiries.'

'Fair enough,' I said, 'when would you like to meet — I can't wait to hear your news and I should like to see you again.'

'I shall be off duty at 1900 hours tonight if that is convenient,' said Julie, 'but there is no bus until 2000.'

'Alright,' I said, 'you leave Camp at 7 and walk away from town and I will pick you up near the cross-roads a few minutes later.'

'I shall look forward to it Sir,' said Julie, 'see you then.'

I put the phone down and went back to my chair reviewing memories of that fantastic evening when this beautiful girl, hitch-hiking her way back to Camp far too late for an important roll-call — a misdemeanour which would have cost her Corporal's stripes — had willingly bent over and accepted a caning from me in exchange for her safe return to Camp on time.

I remembered the superb long legs,

the perfect bottom offered for punishment, and the final kiss with which she had rewarded me.

I remembered also Pamela, her blonde partner in lateness, who had offered herself for spanking and obviously thoroughly enjoyed it.

The afternoon passed and I bathed and changed in time to ensure that I was driving past the Camp gates a few minutes after seven o'clock.

Seeing the well remembered figure in Air Force blue ahead I braked to a halt, opened the door and Julie slid inside, the short skirt riding high above those beautifully rounded knees. The door closed and we were away.

'Well, congratulations,' I said, since apart from the breathtaking view of leg, I had noticed the three stripes and crown on her sleeve denoting a brand new promotion. 'How about a drink to celebrate and you can tell me all about it.'

'That would be lovely,' said Julie, 'can we go to that old pub I noticed just before we turned off into the lay-by last time.'

'Of course,' I said, 'I thought you might have wanted to forget that area' — which was where Julie had had her caning the last time we met.

'On the contrary,' said Julie, 'that lay-by turned out to be very important in my life.'

We drove into the pub car park and went into the deserted lounge where I ordered drinks and took them to a table in one corner away from the bar. 'Now Julie,' I said, 'tell me all about it before I burst with curiosity.'

'Well Sir,' said Julie, 'as you know we got back to Camp in time thanks to you so I didn't lose my stripes. Pamela was also all right and passed out of the Course last week with flying colours and has now been posted. For myself, the consequences of what would have happened if you had not helped us really hit me the next morning, and I was so thankful and relieved that I worked like a black for the rest of the Course.'

As a result the Station Commander sent for me last Monday and asked if I would like to stay on as a permanent instructor with immediate promotion to Flight Sergeant. As you see I accepted, and she also told me that if I kept up this standard of work there might be an opportunity to apply for a commission.

'So you see Sir,' she went on, 'if you hadn't rescued me from that stupidity of being late back, I would not only have lost my stripes but I would not have had the incentive to

work so hard and would not have had this promotion.'

'That's absolutely marvellous Julie,' I said, 'it just shows what a bit of old fashioned punishment can do. Incidentally were the other stripes gone in the morning as promised.'

'Yes Sir they were,' said Julie, 'and that is one of the reasons I wanted to see you again. Looking back I was a bit startled when you suggested that punishment, but thinking of the effect and the consequences I realised that I had got off far too lightly. Pamela certainly thoroughly enjoyed her spanking and it was really no punishment at all, but then she wasn't facing the same consequences as I was.'

I looked at her carefully. 'Are you saying that in view of what has happened you feel your punishment wasn't severe enough and you ought to have more,' I said. Julie went scarlet and fiddled with her empty glass. I took it from her and went to fetch fresh drinks.

When I returned to the table she had recovered her composure. 'Yes Sir I am,' she said, 'what started out as a bit of a joke has had such far reaching consequences that I feel I have cheated. You dealt with us both so expertly before that I hoped you would understand how I feel now.'

'I do understand Julie,' I said, taking her hand in mine, 'you are now realising that one shouldn't accept the full rewards without paying properly for the mistakes. You feel guilty and want to get rid of the guilt.'

'That's it exactly Sir,' said Julie, 'I knew you would understand. Could we go back to that lay-by and I will obey your orders whilst you deal with me as you see fit.' She looked up at me: 'I noticed you still carry your officer's cane in the car.'

'Yes I do,' I said, finishing my drink and standing up. 'Come along then — Corporal.'

We got back to the car and I drove to the lay-by and turned into the old gateway. We both got out of the car, and locking it, I took Julie's hand and walked along the hedgerow inside the field until we came to a large fallen log in the shelter of some trees.

I sat down on the log with Julie on my right. 'Take off your jacket and tie,' I ordered. Julie did so, folding them carefully at her side then looked at me questioningly. 'You cannot take a severe caning cold,' I said, 'so I am going to warm you up first with a spanking.'

I gently pulled her across my knees so that her head and forearms were

resting on the grass, and unhooking and unzipping her skirt I slid it down over her legs and placed it beside the jacket on the tree trunk.

The black panties followed next, and there I was again in what most men think of as a fantasy situation.

The soft summer evening — a beautiful girl lying compliantly across my lap — lovely dark stockinged legs — suntanned thighs striped by suspenders and belt — and that gloriously moulded bottom awaiting punishment. Above her waist the Service shirt had slid up her back showing the edges of a black bra straining at its clips. As an afterthought I unclipped it and moving my left hand up her warm stomach slid the cups free feeling a glorious breast in my hand, nipple coming erect.

A shudder ran through her as she stirred on my lap. I brought my left hand back to clasp round her waist and began to spank that inviting bottom cheek by cheek with my right until it began to glow red in preparation for the cane.

I then eased her from my lap and using her skirt as a blanket positioned her across the tree trunk, head and arms on one side, dark stockinged legs on the other, and her bottom the highest point, the spanking glow beginning to fade.

I picked up the cane. 'Now Julie,' I said sternly, 'this will not be like last time. It is a punishment and it will hurt. You are to receive twelve strokes and you will not get up until you are given permission. Understood?'

'Understood Sir,' came a little whisper, 'I expect it to hurt and I may cry a little.'

'You will feel much better if you do instead of bottling it up,' I said, and swishing the cane to flex it began to stripe those two magnificent globes.

Six medium strokes evenly spaced caused no more than a tremor in the stockinged legs and produced the same red stripes as the previous punishment. 'Harder now Julie,' I warned and gave her three stinging strokes, the cane landing with an audible crack each time.

'Oh — that's enough Sir,' wailed Julie turning her head and beginning to raise herself up.

'No it is not,' I said firmly pushing her down again with a hand on her bare back. 'You must get this out of your system for good. The next three will be harder still, particularly as I ordered you not to move.'

Julie relaxed again in submission and I studied the striped bottom care-

fully to place the last three strokes, not wishing to be cruel but knowing that this emotional tension must be released.

With an audible hiss through the air and a crack the cane came down twice more bringing a little scream from Julie as the dark stockinged legs kicked in the air. Very carefully, dead centre across that flaming bottom the last stroke much harder than the rest — CRACK.

This time a real scream, a kick of leg, and then at last a flood of tears. Laying the cane down I bent towards the trembling figure still properly positioned for punishment across the log and eased her tenderly back onto the soft grass. She buried her head in my shoulder, the tears still streaming and I soothed her sore hot bottom with my hand.

Her sobbing eased and she raised her head to look at me, full lips apart. I lowered my head and our lips met in soft sweet contact whilst my hand of its own volition found her moist womanhood.

I continued to caress her and moved to kiss those proud erect breasts. 'Yes — oh yes,' moaned Julie in ecstasy and our bodies met, fused and exploded in that warm summer evening.

Much later we dressed and shared a quiet cigarette as the twilight settled and the peace of the countryside enfolded us.

'I feel so marvellously content,' said Julie dreamily, 'I'm sure all punishments can't be like this.'

'You weren't enjoying it so much earlier on,' I said, 'in fact you were begging me to stop.'

'Oh yes,' said Julie cheekily, 'but I knew you wouldn't and here I am feeling better than ever.'

'Flight Sergeant,' I said, getting to my feet, 'the object of this exercise was disciplinary punishment and as you seem to have forgotten I had better remind you. Stand up.'

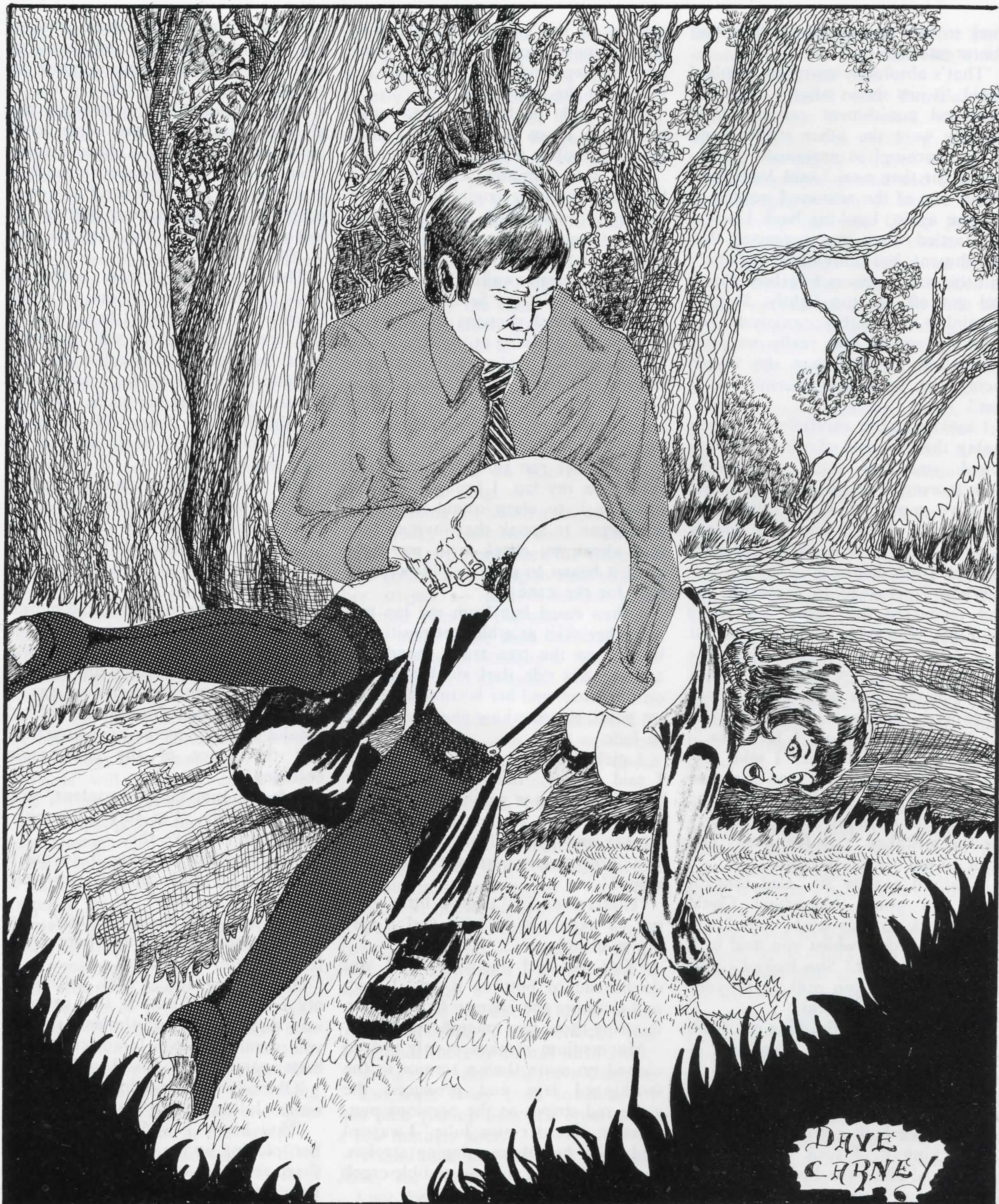
'Oh no Sir you wouldn't do it again,' wailed Julie standing beside me.

'You know I would,' I mimicked her, picking up the cane. 'Just a short sharp reminder to take back to Camp. Bend over and touch your toes.'

Julie looked at me and then did as ordered, bending over that convenient log, hands touching the ground and skirt riding up.

'Please Sir, how many,' came a little girl voice.

'Three for being cheeky,' I said. 'Skirt up to the waist,' suiting the action to the words, 'panties down to the thighs making a nice little frame for a cheeky little bottom.' One, two,



three stingers with the cane each causing a squeal, then panties eased back into place and skirt lowered. 'Now you can be a Flight Sergeant again,' I said.

We drove back to the Camp, Julie this time sitting slightly sideways for comfort. I stopped just short of the Main Gate and Julie got out.

'Goodnight,' she said, 'thank you for being so understanding and — oh

for everything. May I ring you again some time.'

'Anytime Julie,' I said, 'you are a perfect example of the effects of good discipline' — I grinned — 'if you ever have cause to put any attractive young ladies on a Charge and they want an alternative punishment you know where to come.'

'That's quite a thought,' said Julie, 'but I don't want them all to get

promoted — and I certainly wouldn't want them all to get exactly the same treatment.' She smiled up at me, 'rank still has its privileges you know.'

'I promise to reserve the finer points of the treatment for my favourite Flight Sergeant,' I said.

A gentle lingering kiss and she was gone, leaving me as before — with a memory, but this time with a certain knowledge that this was not the end.

THIS IS HOW WE DO IT...

Come on girls! Own up! How many of you enjoy dressing up specially so that your husband or boy-friend can take your knickers down and smack your bare bottom?

Like Harry and I do. When we want to play games I trot upstairs to our bedroom and put on my schoolgirl outfit. Gym tunic (out of date now but Harry likes it and so do I), white blouse and striped tie, straw hat, and usually white socks or short stockings with white knickers. Harry likes me like that and I must say I don't think I look bad when I'm all dressed up. Quite schoolgirlish and looking as if I really need a good sound spanking — which I do! Sometimes for a change I wear navy blue gym knicks with black stockings and suspenders and we both like that too, but white socks and tight white knickers are favourite.

When I come downstairs again the first thing I must do is to pull up the skirt of my tunic and bend over a bit to show off my tightly be-knickered bottom and pull my pants even tighter from the front so that not a crease or a wrinkle can be seen. I look back over my shoulder for Harry's approval, which, I am glad to say, he is always ready to give — though it doesn't get me off any of the spanking to come — and the next thing I know is his hand firmly in the small of my back, the other one upraised for action and his voice saying: 'Ah! So my naughty little girl is all ready to have her bottom soundly smacked!'

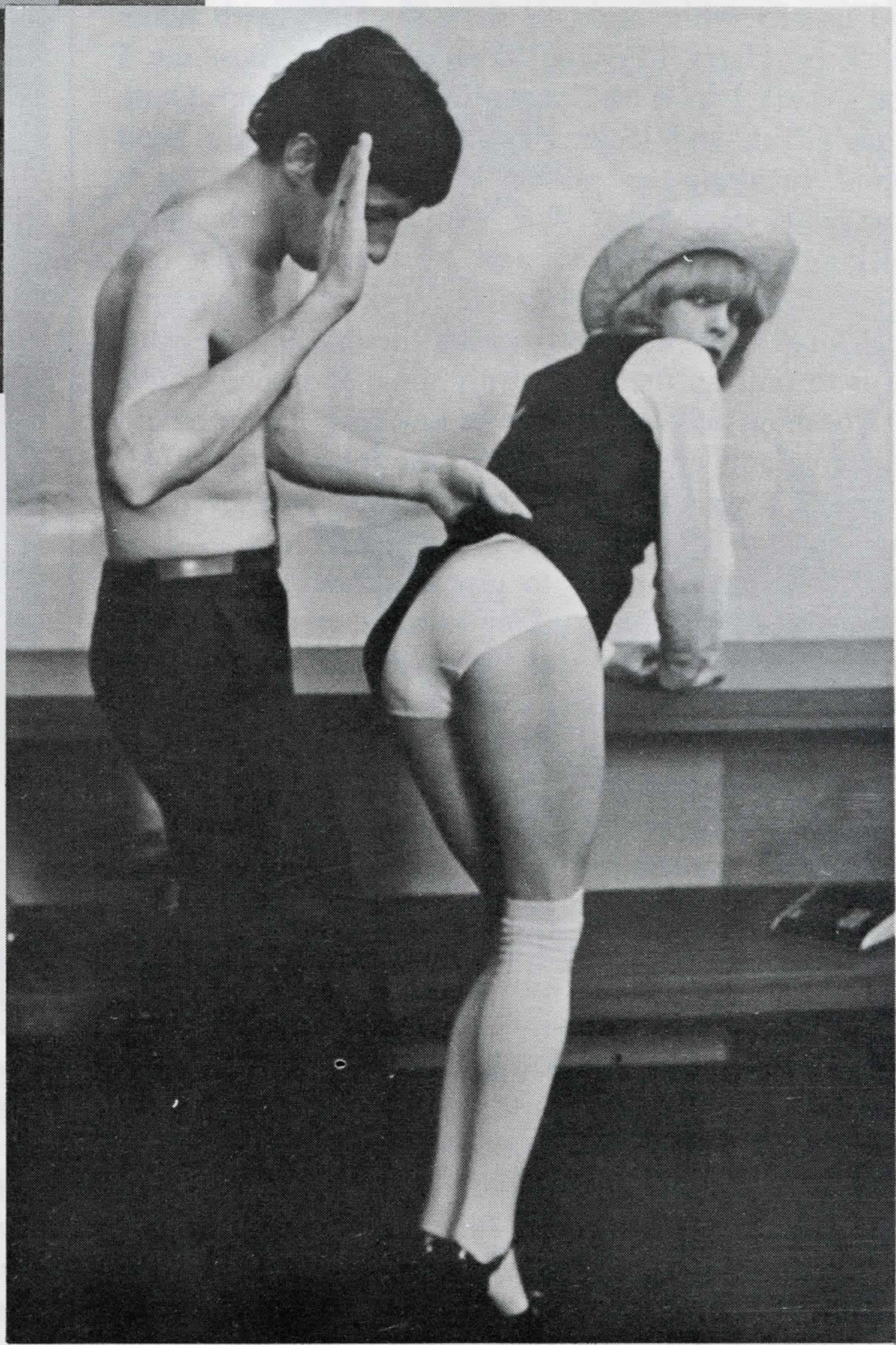
I shrink away in pretended horror at these menacing words and immediately get a couple of resounding smacks on the seat of my knickers — both, incidentally, on the right cheek. 'That's for starters,' says he, and then begins to take my panties down.

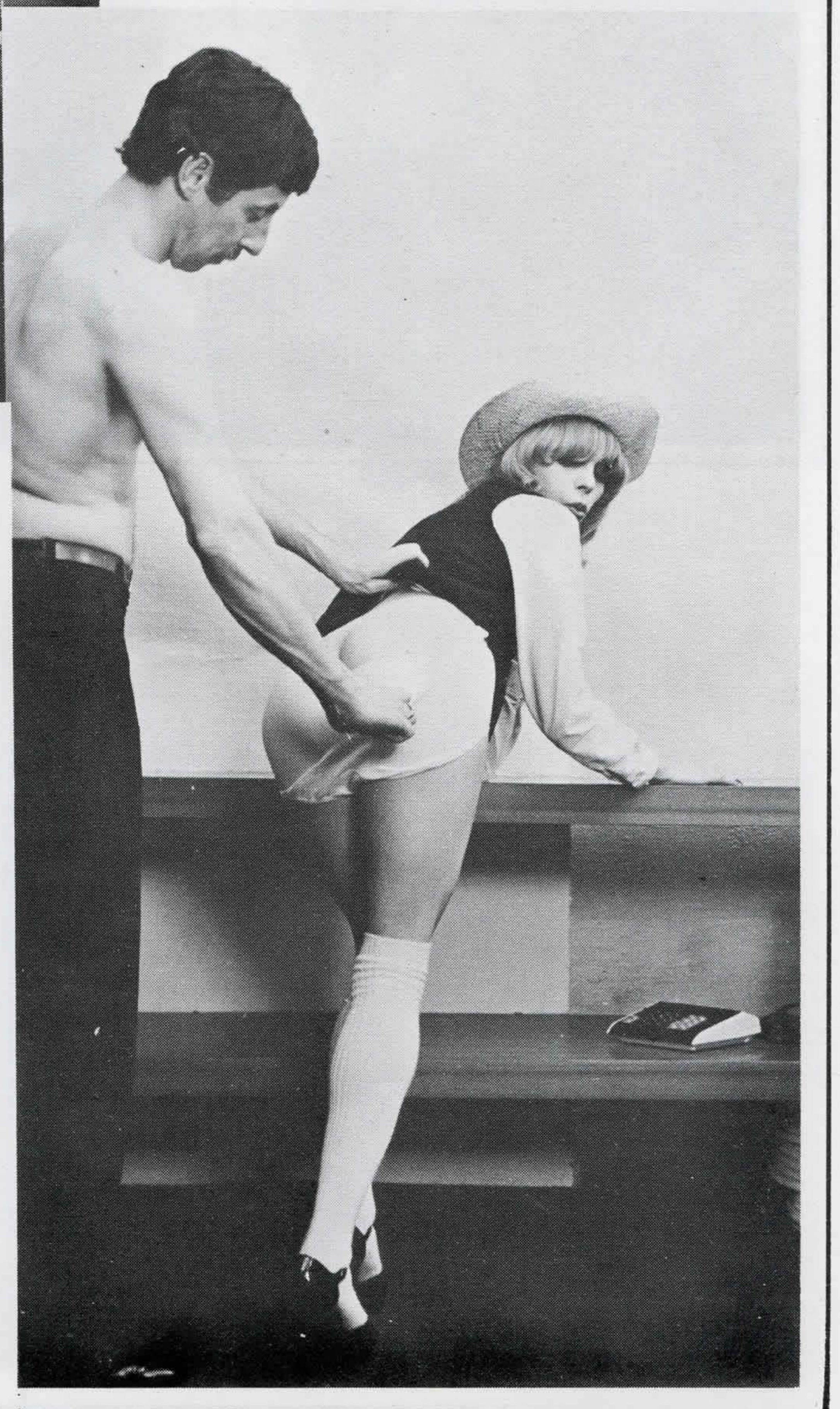
I'm never quite sure who or what Harry is supposed to be during these games. He's nearly always stripped to the waist — he says it's to save time and trouble for what follows after the spanking is over, he only has to drop his trousers and strip off his V-fronts — but he certainly doesn't look much like any of the traditional figures who administer spankings to naughty school-girls, does he? I mean you can't imagine a headmaster, or a stern father, (he's much too young anyway) looking



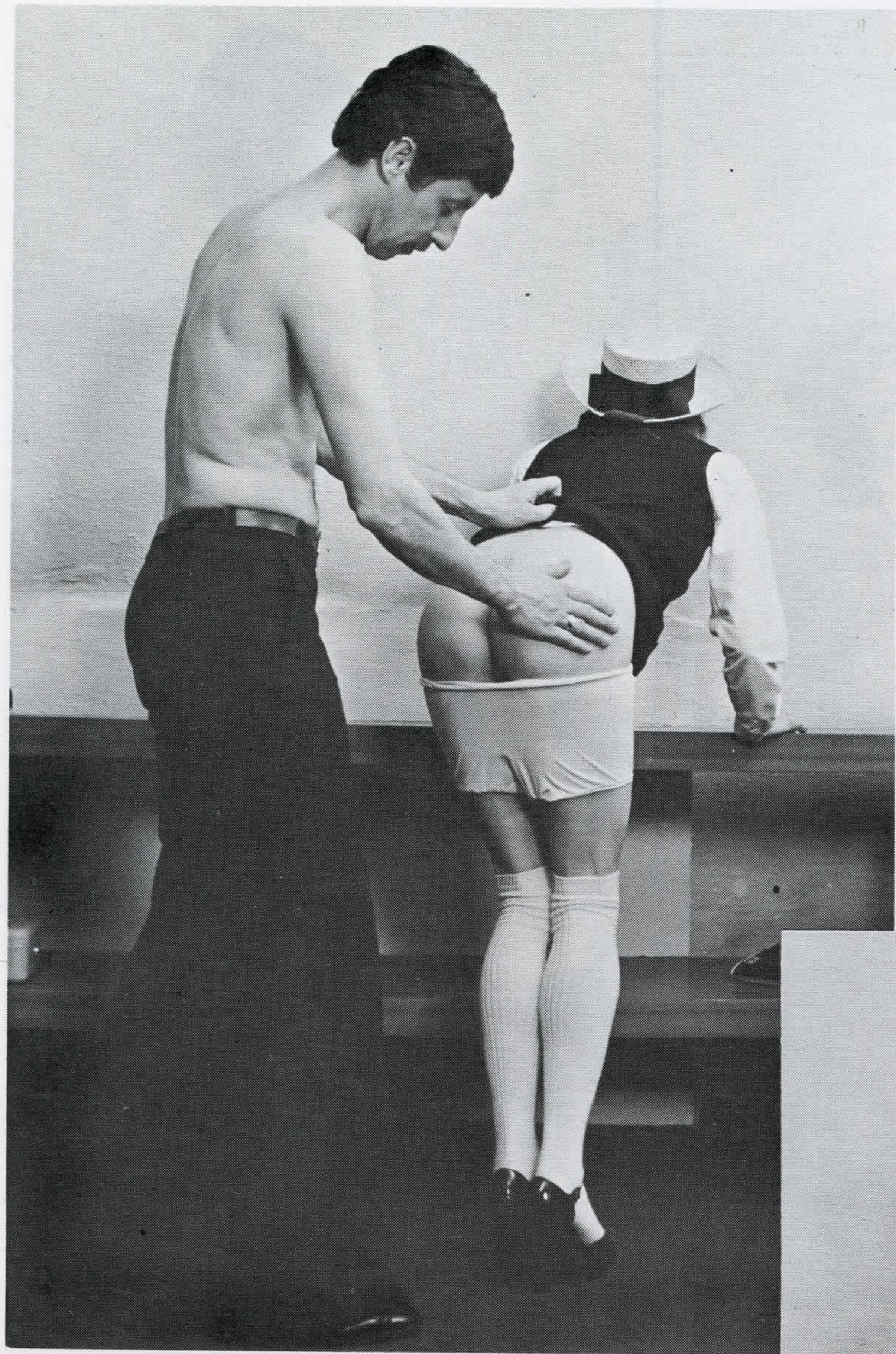
like that. Perhaps he's an elder brother or a young uncle? What do you think? Actually I think he's just Harry giving me a good bare-bottom smacking because he enjoys doing it and I enjoy getting it. And you all know how much better the afters are with a hot, smarting bottom, don't you? Come on girls, own up!

Anyway, he pulls my knickers down to just below my bottom so that they dangle halfway down my





thighs, and gets on with the smacking. And doesn't he let me have it! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! *And all on the right cheek* till I think it's on fire. I begin to kick and struggle a bit but he holds me firmly and continues to smack my burning bot — or half-bot.

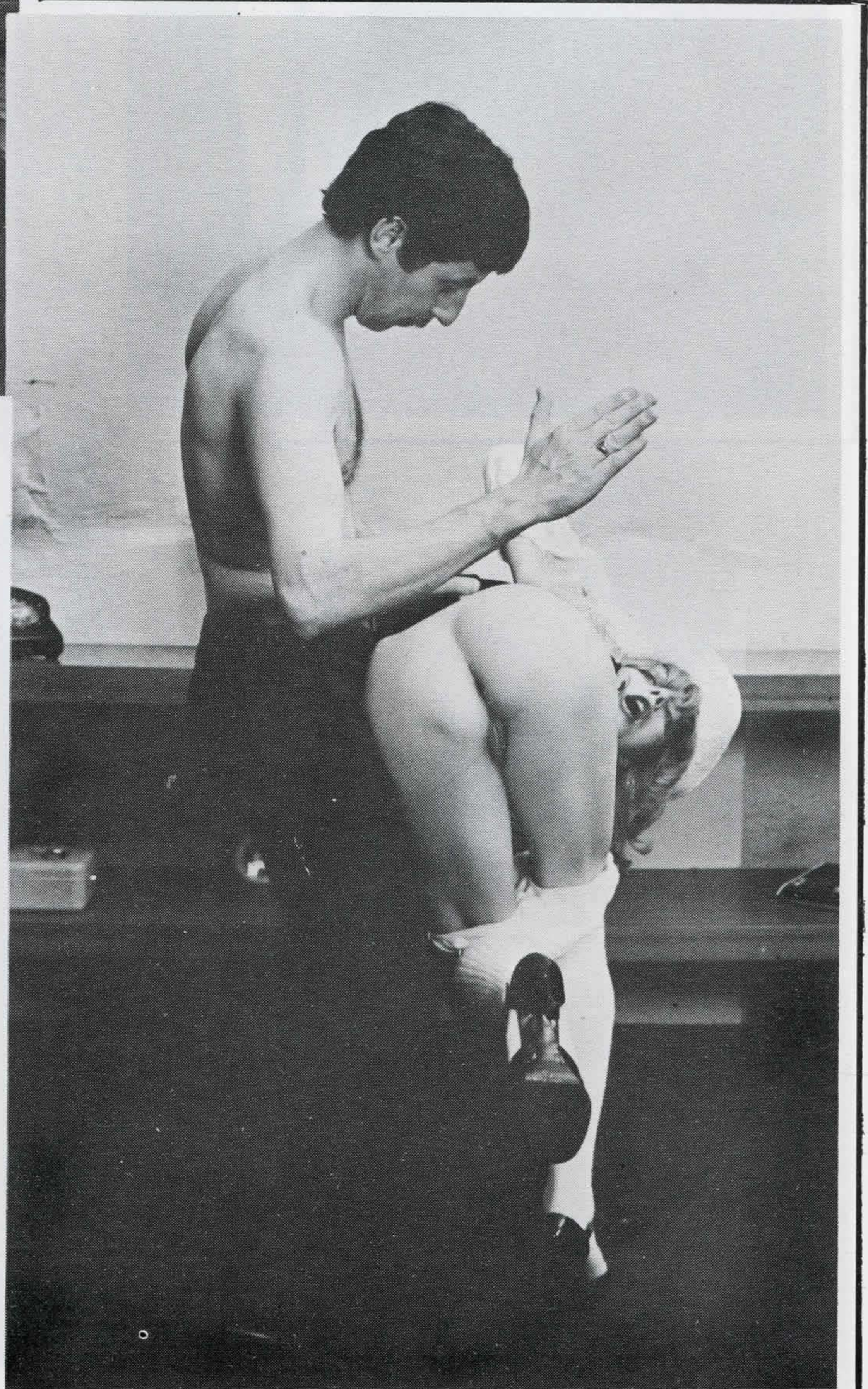


Then comes a pause and I think perhaps he's going to change his target. But not a bit of it. What he does is to pull my pants down even farther till they're stretched just above my knees and SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! On it goes, *still on the right side of my bottom.*



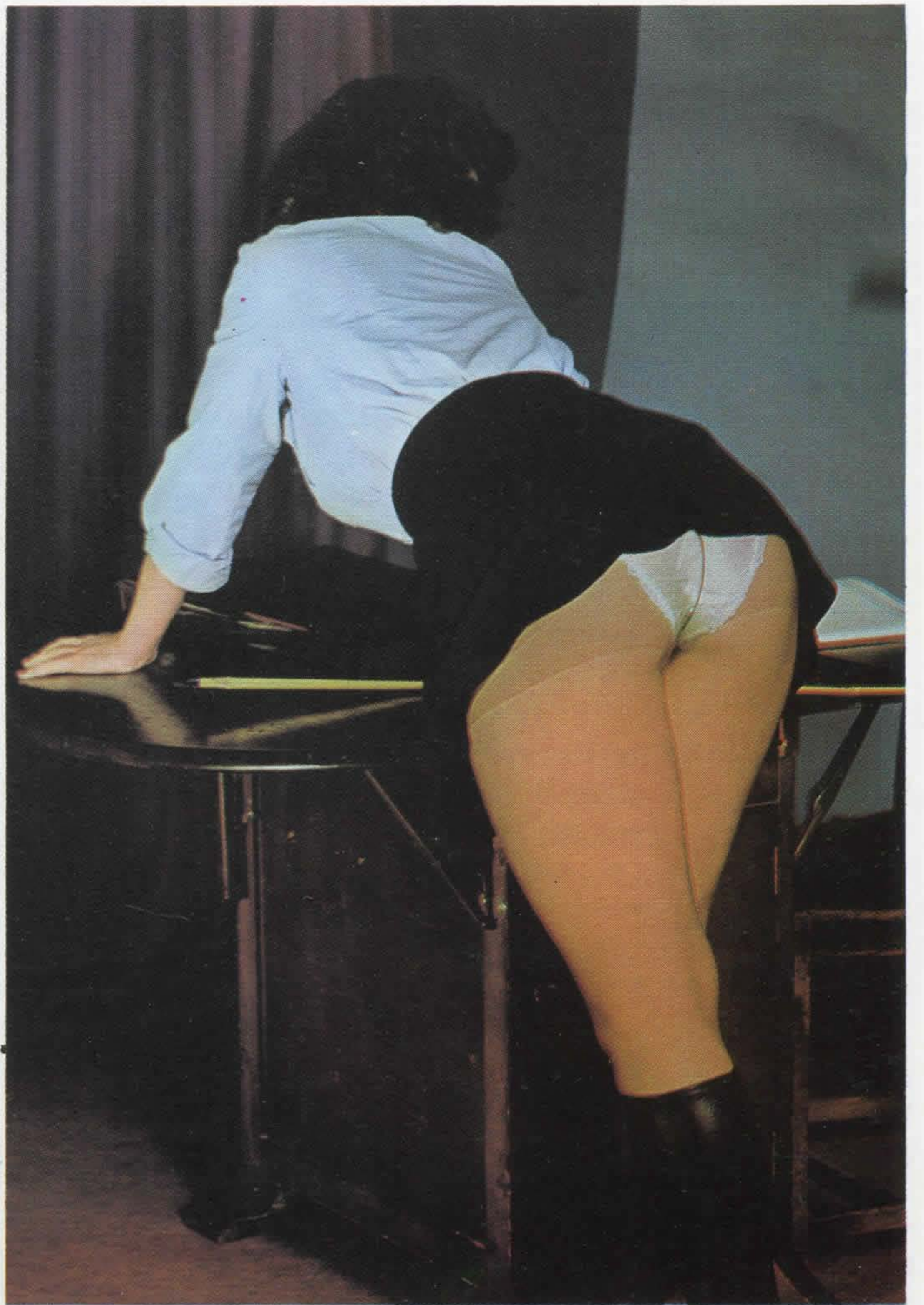


Then at last he changes his position, puts me firmly over one knee, bent much farther over, and SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! Away we go on the other cheek. It's almost a relief! But not for all that long! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! on the other cheek soon begins to build up with each stinging slap until the burning smart on that side is approaching that of the other well-smacked side.



And that, girls, is when the tenderness of your soundly smacked bottie begins to merge with the other feelings which have been creeping up on you ever since you first put on the special knickers for the sole purpose of having them taken down for a smacking, and it all centres in that small special area between your legs, and your Oh's! and Ah's! as each painful smack descends on your naked curves turn to OOH'S! and gasping AAAh's of rising pleasure and emotion, and the time has come when you can't wait for him to whip your knickers over your feet and free your legs to open wide for whatever comes next — and you know well what that will be. And you're going to love it!

Come on girls! Own up! I've bared my soul as well as my bottom. Let *Janus* hear from you. How do you do it?



PEEP SHOW

Canal Street was bleak that day, until I popped into the 'Three Roses' and saw her sitting at the bar. I say she was sitting, but that doesn't really describe the relationship of that divine arse to the red leather stool upon which it was so precariously placed. It wouldn't keep still, this glorious bottom, tightly sheathed in a blue silk dress. Her arms were placed firmly upon the counter, her red-nailed hands cupped around a 'grasshopper'. Upon this pivotal support the rest of her body moved, and how it moved. The sight had me so entranced I forgot entirely why I had come in. The 'Three Roses' is a black bar. The negress snapping her fingers for attention spoke in slightly ironical tones.

'You wouldn't want anything — like a drink?'

I imitated the finger-snapping, but kept my face pleasant.

'If one of those "Supremes" moves on you could have a job with Diana Ross,' I said.

In making this none too brilliant reply I was already aware that my 'pop folklore' was out of date. Hoots of laughter from various black guys playing pool at the back of the room didn't cheer me up at all. 'I'll have a "Miller's" please.'

'You won't, said the black girl, 'you'll have a "Bud".'

'I'll have a "Bud",' I said.

The girl with the divine bum turned to me. She shook her long black hair out of her eyes. Like myself she was white; unlike myself she was beautiful. Her smile made it stop raining outside.

'Give the lady a "Bud",' I said.

I let my eyes travel down her body. The blue dress was low-cut, her tits aggressive, but my gaze lingered there only for a moment; even greater delights were calling, in the shape of two legs, clad in black silk and exposed almost to the thighs.

'What are you looking for . . . nuts?' she asked.

I shoved her glass of beer along the counter.

'Your good health,' I said.

'What are you . . . English?'

'That's right.'

'What are you doing in New York?'

'I've got a show on in one of the Galleries . . . paintings.' She uncrossed her legs, then recrossed them in order to draw my attention to them once more. I saw a flash of lacy white panties, as I had been intended to. A certain stiffening took place in the region of my crotch.

'Why don't you paint me?' asked the girl.

'That might be an idea.'

'You can pick me up from work at five o'clock.'

'I'll do that,' I said, 'where do you work?'

'You can take me there now,' said the girl, 'I'm on shortly.'

'How do we go?'

'Get a cab,' she said, 'we're going to 42nd Street. I dropped her off at Times Square. She pointed to the entrance to a cinema.

'I'll be standing there at five o'clock.' The wind was blowing her hair about her face; she hugged her fur coat closer to her.

'What's your name?' I asked.

'Samantha.'

'I'll see you at five.'

I was rather interested to see where she worked, so after paying the cabbie I followed her up the street. She disappeared into the doorway of a dirty book shop. In the window was the notice 'Peep Show — 25c.' I decided to drop in later, in the meantime making a stop at the nearest delicatessen. I ordered a pastrami on rye then sat back to think about the girl.

In thinking about her I can not for a moment say that as an artist I reflected upon any predominantly aesthetic consideration. What chiefly beguiled my mind was the idea of pulling those white lace panties of hers down over her bum and applying my hand to her snowy white buttocks. Because I knew, without the slightest possible doubt, that

that girl's bum must be quite simply perfect; I have a sure instinct for these things, backed up, of course, by a considerable amount of artistic experience; I have gazed upon quite a few female bums in my time.

I imagined the gradual red flushing of that glorious bottom, the yelps of protest, quickly turning into yelps of delight, the gyrations, the contortions of the nude, excited body.

'You serve "Millers"?''

'Sure do, mister.'

'I'll have one,' I said, relieved at not having to resort to the inferior "Bud".

It was still raining when I left the Delli. I headed towards Times Square, keeping my eye open for the 'Peep Show'. There were several around, all looking much the same, but I recognised the one I wanted by its adverts. Heading past the book counters towards the back of the shop I reached the big peep show deal. You stepped into a private cubicle, put a quarter in a slot. Then a shutter slid up in front of you, and you found yourself looking into a little room in which there were a couple of divan beds, and three naked girls. The naked girls were thrusting their crotches into the faces of the punters behind the shutters, or else lying on the divans with their legs apart, fingering their pussies; but there was a further ramification to the entertainment. The punter in the cubicle next to mine was on the point of thrusting a dollar bill into the hand of the girl who was dancing in front of him.

She immediately crouched down thrusting her tits towards him; his fingers closed upon her nipples. After a moment she pulled away, but hovered teasingly, gyrating her pelvis. The punter produced a five dollar bill; her hand closed upon it; a moment later his probing fingers were between her thighs.

At that point my shutter went down, but I had seen enough for the moment; the girl I had been watching had been my new pal, Samantha. And I had been right about one very important thing: her naked bum was the loveliest imaginable. The very thought of applying a birch to that peerless bum was one that warmed the cockles of my heart (to use an old-fashioned expression lacking in anatomical precision; the area warmed up by the spectacle was situated a good deal lower).

I walked down 42nd Street for a couple of blocks then went into 'Kelly's Bar'. I ordered a double gin then sat at the bar listening to the general conversation. On the wall right before me was a large framed photograph of Babe Ruth shaking hands with Jack Dempsey. It was signed by both men and had obviously been hanging there since the signing. For a while I thought of some of the Dempsey fights I'd seen on film. The one that stood out most clearly was the 'long count' fight with Tunney. Tunney couldn't have beaten that count, no Sir. But it wasn't something I could get really excited about at that moment; I was thinking of Samantha's bum.

To help me think of Samantha's bum, to add fuel to my imagination, I ordered another double gin, then the bum in question loomed large and vivid in my mind. The voices of those around me suddenly disappeared. The room itself became a blur. No longer was I aware of the enticing smells being wafted from the food counter. I saw only one thing . . . the quivering, the rise and fall of that beautiful bottom. I heard a voice in my ear. 'Penny for your thoughts.'

I looked up to see the bartender grinning at me.

'Pal,' I said, 'my thoughts are worth more than a penny.'

* * * *

Samantha was waiting for me when I turned up at the cinema; she obviously hadn't noticed me in the peep show; I was glad of that.

'My place or yours,' she asked.

'Have you got your paints with you?'

'I won't paint,' I said, 'I'll draw. I have a sketchbook in my pocket.'

'Where do you want to go?'

'Your place if you don't mind; I'm living in a hotel.'

'Get a cab,' said Samantha, 'tell him to take us to Delancy Street.'

We went by way of the Bowery. Groups of derelicts hung round the entrance to hostels. Others staggered along the sidewalks, brown paper bags in their hands, bags which contained the bottles of whisky or gin which were their last consolation in a world which had dealt them the wrong card.

'They say this is the worst,' murmured the girl.

'No worse than Tooley Street in London,' I said, 'or the Grassmarket in Edinburgh!'

The cab pulled up alongside a row of shopfronts. As the girl fitted her latchkey into her front door a group of coloured guys watched us with smirks on their faces. I was glad they said nothing; flash repartee isn't my strongpoint in New York; you've got to know what league you're in.

Samantha's room was practically unfurnished. There was a mattress on the floor. Next to it stood a few suitcases with various articles of clothing hanging from them. I looked around, suddenly growing panicky about the absence of drink. The girl read my mind.

'There's a bottle of whisky in that bag.'

She nodded towards a brown leather hold-all. I found the bottle whilst she fetched a couple of glasses from a tray in the corner of the room. When I handed her the bottle she filled both glasses to the top. I clinked mine against hers and said:

'We haven't talked money.'

'When you leave,' she said. 'Now tell me exactly what you want?'

'Well, I don't want any classical poses,' I said. 'I'm after something a bit more relaxed, a bit more casual.'

'Do I take my clothes off?'

'Start taking them off,' I said and I'll stop you when I see what I'm after.'

'I think we'd better have some music,' said the girl, pulling a cassette recorder from a bag. 'How does that grab you?'

She turned up the volume so that the music pounded through the room. It was Donna Summer at her sexiest, most upsetting. Samantha

took a slug of her whisky, then put the glass on the floor. She sank down upon the mattress, looking at me enquiringly.

'O.K. if I lie down?'

'You go ahead,' I said, 'just do what you feel like.'

'Unconventional . . . sort of like Toulouse Lautrec?'

'That's it,' I said, 'as though I weren't here at all.'

I pulled out my sketchbook and a charcoal pencil. Samantha started wriggling out of her blue dress. Casting it to one side she sank back on the mattress, her legs casually splayed.

'Hold it there,' I said hastily.

'I thought you'd like that,' she said.

'Toulouse would have liked it.'

'How would he have liked this?' Samantha pulled at the ribbons at either side of her panties, drew the freed garment between her thighs, at the same time pushing her pussy towards me.

'Even more,' I said.

'Shall I hold this?'

'Please do,' I said, 'I'm not a movie camera.'

I sketched rapidly for five minutes, then tossed it to the girl.

'It takes a while to work my hand in,' I said.

She looked at the drawing, her eyes widening with surprise. 'But you're good,' she cried.

I shrugged my shoulders. 'I thought you understood that I was.'

'I wasn't sure,' said the girl. 'Can I keep this?'

'Sure,' I said, 'I'll give you a better one than that.'

'Right, what do you want me to do next?'

'Lie on your tummy,' I said.

The girl did so, kicking her legs behind her, one of her high-heeled shoes half-hanging from her foot. 'That's almost right,' I said, 'but not quite.'

'Then fix it yourself; come across and arrange it.'

I laid down the sketchbook and went across to the naked girl; she looked at me over her shoulder, smiling.

'Go ahead,' she said, 'it won't be the first time I've been touched by a man.'

I thought back to the scene in the peep show that afternoon. 'You're not kidding,' I thought.

'I think . . . if your legs were a little further apart,' I suggested.

'Surprise, surprise,' said Samantha. She splayed her legs apart and





raised her bum in the air, exposing the full length of her pussy.

'Choose a position you can hold,' I muttered.

'I can hold this,' she said, 'get on with it.'

I stood there, looking down at that bum which I had spent so much time imagining all afternoon. In every respect it lived up to my wildest dreams. And there was an additional treat thrown in: a most luxuriant pubic fur, curling between her legs.

'You seem to be taking rather a long time to get started,' she said.

'Sorry,' I . . . I . . . was letting my mind wander.'

I walked back towards my sketchbook, then hesitated. 'Do you mind if . . . if, instead of drawing your bum . . . I . . . I, spanked it?'

'Spanked it?'

'If you don't mind . . .'

The girl laughed long and loud. At length she pulled herself together enough to reply. 'I must admit it would be less boring for me,' she said. She wriggled nearer to me, raising her bum higher into the air. 'When you're ready,' she said.

Beneath my hand her bum played the sweetest of tunes, and it became very quickly evident that Samantha was a music lover. Her voice was before long raised in song, a melody of moans, and groans, and sighs.

'Harder if you wish,' she panted.

I thought it about time to remove my jacket. 'You look as though you meant business,' she said.

'That just about sums it up, darling.'

She sighed with contentment as she flopped onto her tummy once again. 'What's the hold up?' asked Samantha.

* * * *

Samantha was enjoying herself. She writhed upon the bed, her long black hair tossing upon her shoulders. Her coral lips were parted wide, her pearly teeth gleaming. Continually her red-nailed hands crept between her legs, fastening upon her pussy. Sweat glistened upon her naked young body as my chastisement drove her nearer and nearer towards orgasm.

'Listen,' said Samantha, 'I don't know your name?'

'Boris,' I said.

'Listen, Boris, I'd like you to tie me up. You'll find some cord in that suitcase over there.'

Samantha must have seen my eye wandering to the bottle of whisky.

I heard her laughing gleefully. 'Yes, I agree, it is about time we had a drink.'

I took her glass across and sat beside her on the mattress. She took the whisky from my hand, leaning her head against mine; her hair was soft, fragrant, as it settled across my face. I put my arm around her, drawing her closer.

'I want you to tie my hands behind my back,' said the girl in my ear, then tie my legs apart. Then you can use your leather belt on me.'

It was now dark outside. I went over to the window and pulled the curtains, then switched on the light. 'I still want to draw you, you know,' I said.

Samantha gazed at me threateningly. 'Not before I've cum again,' she said with a slightly reproachful note in her voice.

'Of course not,' I muttered hastily.

The girl sipped her whisky and looked at me speculatively. She was lying back on the mattress, her legs held provocatively apart, the fingers of her left hand teasing her pubic fur.

'Where's this Gallery where your pictures are?'

'Spring Street,' I said, 'not very far from here.'

'Will you take me to see them?'

'Sure, I will. We'll go tomorrow morning; you can stay here tonight.' 'Tomorrow it is.'

'We're wasting time,' said the girl. 'Are you going to tie me up or not.' She grinned, her teeth fastening upon her lower lip.

I rummaged in her suitcase and found some pieces of cord. Judging from the length of them, they were about to be used for their usual purpose. Nor did Samantha have any doubts as to how exactly she wished to be secured. She stage managed the whole business to the last detail, indicating a suitable hook in the ceiling for typing the cord to. Her arms stretched upwards above her head; the cords which bound her ankles were fastened one to a hook in the floor, the other to the handle of her heaviest suitcase. That this position excited her was plainly visible. She looked downward at her parted thighs, blushed, and began wriggling sensuously.

'Take your belt off,' she said. 'Take all your clothes off, Boris.'

A few minutes later I was as naked as she was. It was now quite obvious to her eyes that I myself was not entirely unmoved by the

situation; my prick was raising its head inquiringly in her direction.

The girl swung her body towards me. 'Don't just whip me behind,' she said. 'Hit me in front too; you know what it's all about.'

I started by laying the leather belt across her buttocks. The way she bucked as a result of these blows, her pelvis jerking forward, caused my prick to twitch and raise itself higher. The girl noticed and laughed accusingly.

'Who's beginning to enjoy himself?'

I grinned ruefully and covered my confusion by switching to a full frontal attack. She gasped, then jerked spasmodically as the leather belt landed between her legs, curled between her thighs, flicked against her bum.

'Oh Yes,' she cried, her eyes glistening with excitement.

All at once she began to writhe uncontrollably. She was breathing heavily and moaning. I could see that no further efforts on my part were required, so I stood and watched as she jerked herself the final inches towards a climax. As she came she tossed her head, her hair suddenly wild, then descending upon her shoulders. She hung her head, staring downwards, her pelvis still twitching.

I was completely entranced by the movement of her pussy. Suddenly I was down on my knees, crawling towards her. My hands were upon her thighs, my tongue was tasting the juiciness of her tender lips, was upon her clit, was driving her to frenzy yet once more.

'Oh Boris,' cried the girl, 'Oh Boris.'

* * * *

The next morning we sat in the 'Spring Street Bar', trying not to gaze too fondly into each other's eyes. We were, both of us just a little bit ashamed of getting on quite so well. As ships that pass in the night we should really have been on our way. Yet we were lingering, one drink followed fast upon the other. We were in that part of New York called Soho, which bears no resemblance to London's Soho, but rather to Covent Garden since the Market went. It is the quarter of artists and art galleries, a district which has over the last few years stolen away the glamorous reputation of the once famous Greenwich Village.

'Shall we go to see these pic-

tures,' asked Samantha.

'Let's have another drink.'

'I've got to go to work soon; I can't turn up drunk.'

I eyed her for a moment or two, wondering: 'What would she say if I asked her where she worked, and what she did for a living. Would she claim to be a secretary, a waitress, a nurse, a receptionist? Would she immediately become guarded and vague, murmuring something about being in advertising? I had already decided to spare her feelings when she herself resolved the matter quite simply.

'What do you think my job is?'

'That's something I really hadn't thought about,' I lied.

For a moment or two she gazed thoughtfully out of the window of the bar; then she seemed to make her mind up. 'I work in a peep show,' she said. 'Men pay to have a look at me acting dirty.'

I tried to look straightforwardly interested, betraying neither too much or too little surprise.

'If they fork over a bit extra they can touch me,' said Samantha.

'Oh,' I said, 'I saw something like that the day before yesterday, up near Times Square.'

'Do you want to know why I do it?'

I waited for a tale about a sick mother or an orphaned kid. 'Tell me,' I said.

'Because I like it,' said Samantha. 'I like men touching me, men I don't know; I like to be humiliated.'

'That sounds fair enough to me,' I said. In actual fact although I'm a pretty broad-minded guy, I was slightly taken aback.

'Let's go see those pictures,' said the girl.

'Yes,' I said, 'let's do that.'

We saw the pictures, then walked along to Chinatown for lunch. 'I must rush,' said the girl.

'I'll pick you up at five,' I said.

'I'll wait at the same place.'

When we got back to the flat that evening I needed no directions. Before minutes were out I had her bound, hanging from the ceiling, her naked body jerking its way towards honied bliss. Watching each lustful twist and turn I began to realise the infinite depths of this woman's need for stimulation and excitement. When I untied her she crawled all over me, her lips fastening upon my prick, teasing it, nibbling it, yet ever retiring before the point of no return; then once again to the attack, her tongue flicking, probing, circling.

She pressed the leather belt into my hands once more, rubbing her belly on the mattress, raising her bum in the air.

'Again,' she cried, 'you're so good for me; and soon you'll be going away.'

'That's what I wanted to talk about I said.

She swung round, her eyes narrowing. 'You're going tomorrow? Don't say you're going tomorrow. You don't have to go to L.A. You can postpone it.'

I put a piece of paper into her hand; she looked at it for a moment, her eyes widening. 'It's not true,' she said.

'I felt a touch of the sun would do you good,' I said. 'Funnily enough I sold a picture yesterday. I couldn't think of a better way of spending the money. You're coming with me, darling.'

I was about to say more but decided not to. Instead I lay back and enjoyed what those scarlet lips were doing between my thighs.





Tales of SPANKERS END ⁵

ANGELA IS HEARING THE TROUBLES OF HER BEST FRIEND, DAPHNE

YOU KNOW WHAT MY DAD'S LIKE, ANGELA

"HE'S GOT THE GET UP AND GO OF A DOZY JELLYFISH"

"EVERY NOW AND THEN MUM STIRS HIM UP"

DAPHNE'S BEEN UP TO HER TRICKS AGAIN. YOU SHIFT YOURSELF AND... DEAL WITH HER

ER...WHY... WHO...WHAT SHALL I DO DEAR?

DO...DO! YOU'RE HER FATHER! SMACK HER BOTTOM FOR HER!

UM...ER...WELL I'VE GOT TO READ THIS ARTICLE ON ETRUSCAN POTTERY

I'VE TOLD HER TO GET UNDRESSED AND YOU'D SEND HER TO BED WITH A SMACKED BOTTOM...SO GET ON WITH IT!

OH DADDY! YOU'RE NOT REALLY GOING TO SPANK ME, ARE YOU?

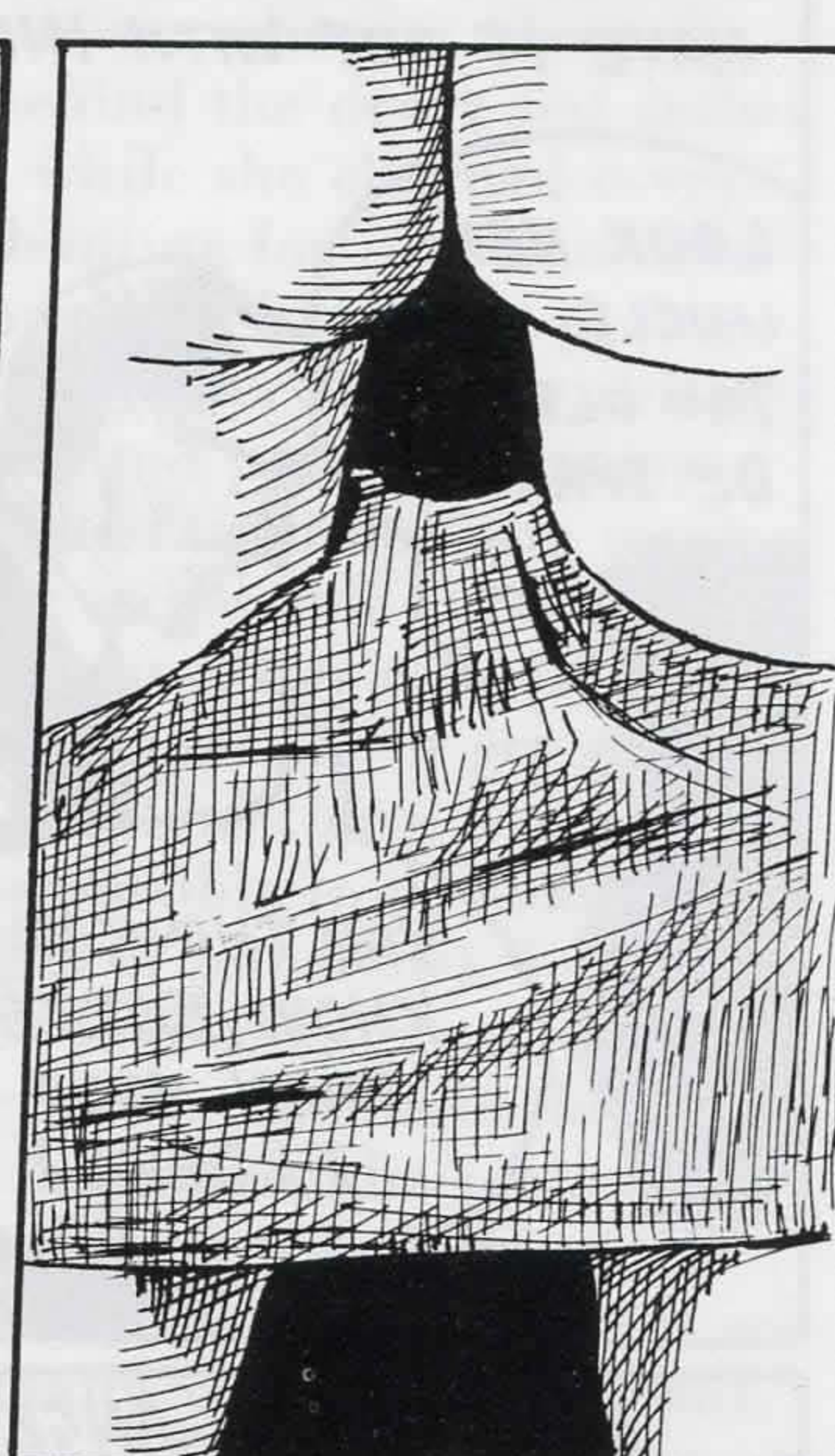
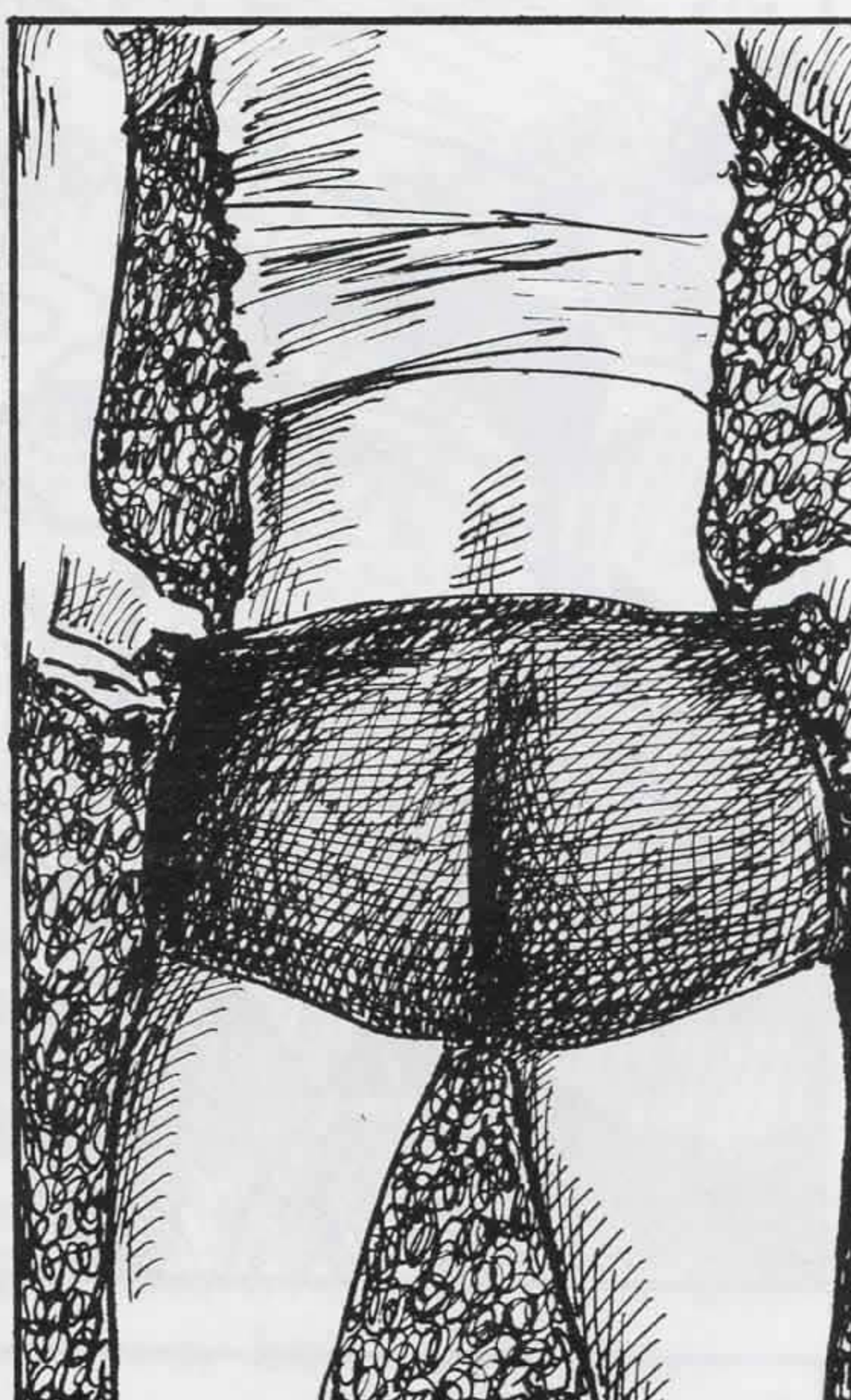
ER...WELL, YOU'VE BEEN VERY NAUGHTY...YOU RUINED THE DINNER...CHEEKY TO THE VICAR...SHAVED THE CAT

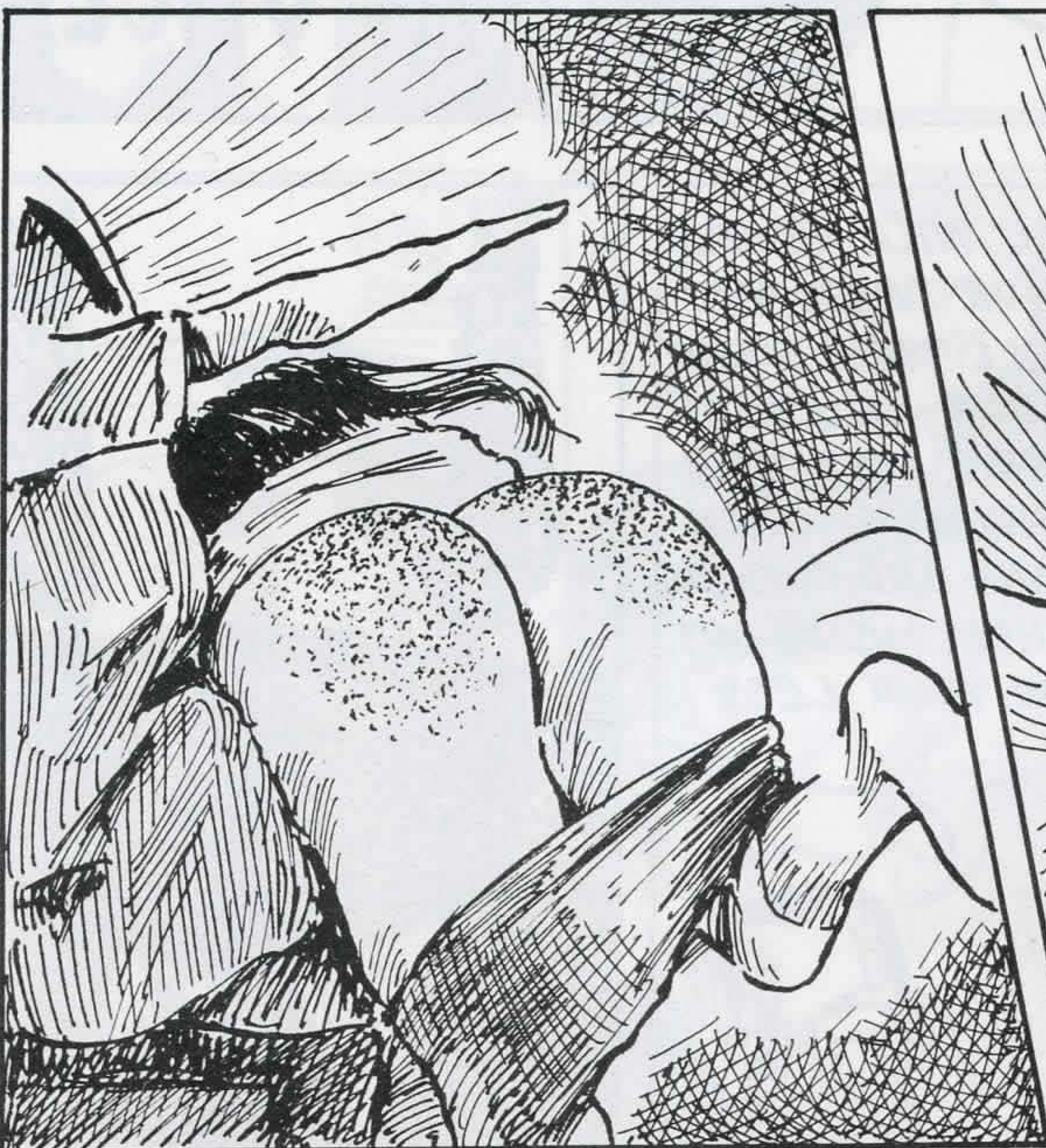
"AFTER A WHILE DAD'S MIND STARTS TO WANDER"

AND...YOU RUINED THE...VICAR...AND SHAVED THE DINNER

AND CHEEKY... TO THE CAT...AND SHAVED THE VICAR AND...VERY CHEEKY



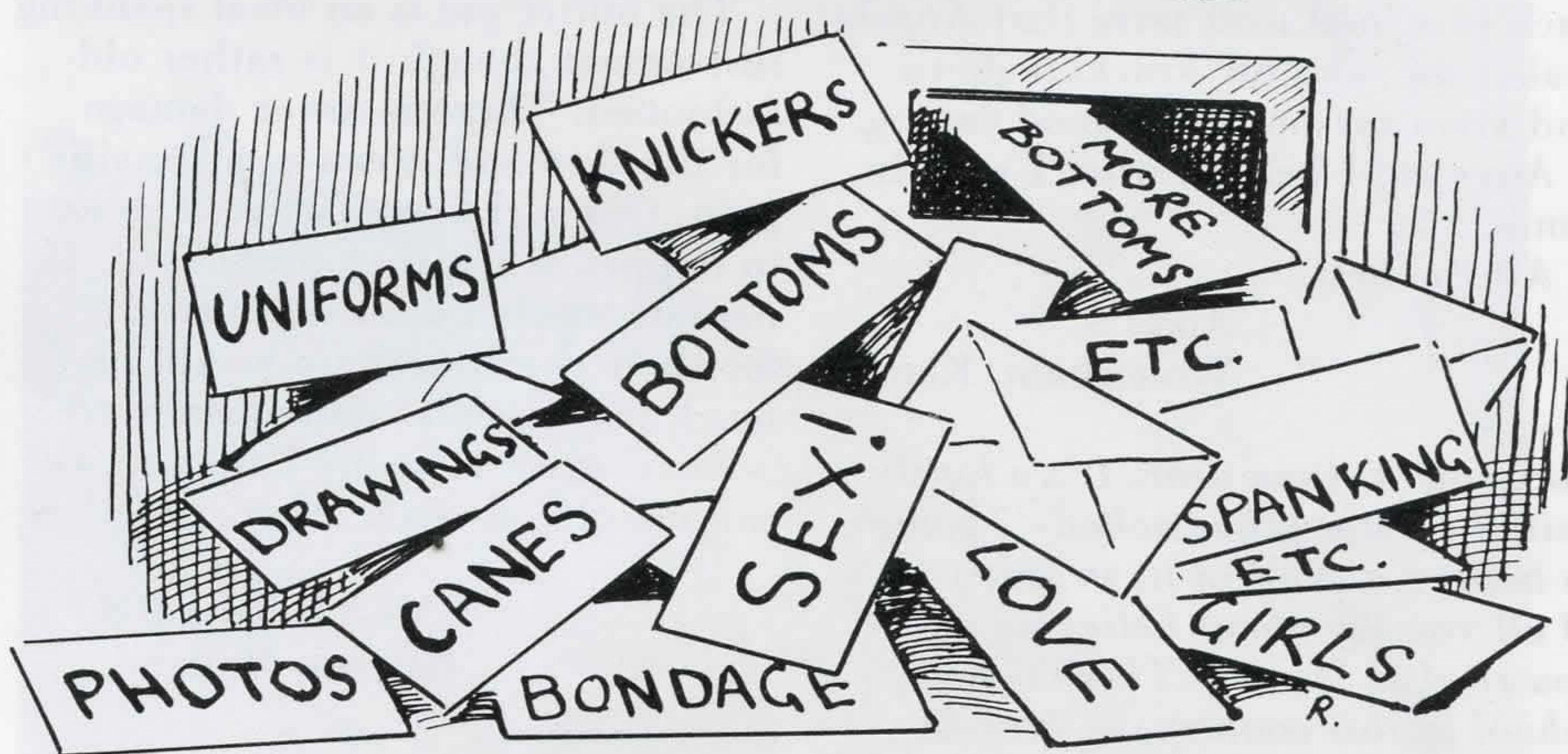




NEXT MONTH ANGELA'S HEADMISTRESS UNCOVERS A SCANDAL AND WINS HER STRIPES



READERS LETTERS



THIS DAY AND AGE

I am an eighteen-year-old girl attending a small finishing school, where corporal punishment is still very much in use and where (secretly at least) *Janus* is read quite a lot by the girls.

Coming home on holiday I was, I confess, rather surprised to see two oldish men opposite me in the train eagerly reading a recent copy of your magazine. There was no one else in the compartment and I was quite intrigued to hear some of their comments. They were obviously getting quite a kick out of the pictures and also some of the articles and (especially) the letters, but I was rather surprised at their disbelief at some of the things they read. It was pretty obvious that they did not believe that 'girls of that age' (presumably 18 plus) still get spanked with canes and things 'in this day and age'. I could hardly restrain myself from saying that if I were to get up and take my pants down and let them see the weals across my bottom they might be convinced.

Perhaps I should explain how my seat got into that condition on that

particular occasion. At school I have to tick (perhaps you call it fag) for a sixteen-year-old girl called Angela (yes, she is two years younger than me!) and she really makes me chase around for her, most of my spare time I am at her beck and call for this, that or the other and she is always finding some pretext or other to give my bottom a taste of her cane.

Well, on the last day of term just as most of the girls were leaving she decided that she had got her study into a 'hell of a mess' and that she could not leave it in such a state. She said that she was going to see matron about something or other and told me that I had to get on and tidy up the study while she was gone and 'make a good job of it'. You can guess I was not too cheerful as all the other girls had gone and I was faced with tidying up all the mess and muddle that she had left and she is certainly not one of the tidiest of girls. Anyway after about half an hour I was really getting on top of it and it was beginning to look quite smart, when in came Angela all in a rush and fluster as she nearly always is.

Her sentences seem to come out

one after the other, almost falling over one another: 'That woman never seems to stop talking. We shall never get away on holiday. Are you still tidying up? I thought I told you to get it done by the time I came back. Get over that table and take down your knickers. Where the devil is my cane?'

The cane was where it always is, hanging behind the door; but rather than wait while she churned everything up hunting for it, I went and took it down and handed it to her and then bent over the table, lifted up my skirt and pulled down my knickers. She raised her arm to give me my first stripe and somehow managed to catch her cane in the end of the curtain and it got stuck there. (I shouldn't have thought that it was possible to do that, but she managed it somehow). I had to pull up my knickers, get up on a stool, release her cane and then get down, get back over the table and once more lift up my clothes and take down my knickers. She gave me eighteen really vicious stingers with her cane across my bare bottom and believe you me she may be a muddler about most things, but she is certainly an expert when it comes

to making a cane sting.

It was about two hours later that I was sat in the train hearing those two old boys rambling on about 'girls of that age' not getting their bottoms caned 'in this day and age'. It was a job to remain quiet, I can tell you, with my bottom still stinging and smarting from the effects of my caning which was the last of about twenty that I had had from Angela during the term.

I shall think about those two men who think some of the things in *Janus* are, as they put it, 'pure fiction' the first time when I get back to school next term that Angela makes me take my knickers down and gives my bottom a good caning.

Anyway, I believe what I read in *Janus*.

All the best.

Anne S.
Westerham, Kent

Come off it Anne dear. It's a lovely titillating story, but nobody's going to believe a word of it, in spite of all you say about believing all you read in 'Janus'. There is no school in this country, or even in Europe, (a) where the cane is used as you describe, or (b) if it was, could be administered by a sixteen-year-old to a girl two years her senior.

Send us your correct address and then come and show us the stripes on your bottom and we might begin to believe a bit of what you write!

MORE THAN A PAT

Congratulations with your splendid journal. In *Janus* I read about spanking with a butter pat. Now I know a lot about this. As a child I was on the receiving end so I know perfectly well how such a spanking stings!

Now I am the mother of two girls Eelly and Astrid. I always use the butter pat when a girl gets her punishment. My husband and I don't like spoiled children. So they have to obey at once, they have to be honest etc.

When a girl needs a punishment she knows what to do. She brings the butter pat and then she must stay at attention while I (or my husband) lectures her on what was wrong. The girl now has her opportunity to give her opinion — of course in a very polite way — then we tell her how many blows. Now the culprit takes off shoes, skirt and

knickers, for all spankings are given on the bare bottom. She bends over a piano stool, palms on the floor. I say 'It is coming,' and SMACK!! a hard blow on the left cheek, followed by another . . . SMACK!! on the right one. Then I wait awhile and again one smack left and one right and so on. The buttocks of the delinquent are completely red. I know from experience you think your behind is on fire. The girl stands now and puts on her knickers, skirt and shoes. Now she must say 'Thank you for the punishment.'

The butter pat is an ideal spanking instrument though it is rather old-fashioned. There is never damage for the skin and it causes a stinging pain. Our girl knows what is going to happen when they misbehave. If parents would be far more strict for their children there would be much less juvenile delinquency etc.

Janus gives us many letters so we can learn from each other.

(Mrs) Helena B-S.
Leyden, Holland

FILM SPANKINGS

Many congratulations on your excellent issue Vol. 7 No. 7. The Victorian Tableau was superb and any fan of the classic over-the-knee position must enjoy the beautiful photography of the saucy young lady's bottom just asking to be given the spanking it deserves. It's a pity that the pictures of the lovely Agnes did not include such a gorgeous full-bottomed view in the over-the-lap position. Perhaps this is something we can look forward to in future editions and hopefully with some emphasis on the after-effects with a picture of rosy bottom cheeks.

As you will soon be reaching the last letters of the alphabet in your 'Cinema Spanking' feature, may I draw your attention to an article in Cinema X Vol. 8 No. 6 relating to a French film which they have entitled 'Spanking' and which includes four scenes depicting the naked female sit-upon getting spanked across a man's knee. I was fortunate enough to catch this film in Paris at the end of 1976 when it was released under the title 'Tempête Sexuelle — La Fessée' and it should be a must for all *Janus* readers, that is given the opportunity. I saw the film no less than six times and it contains nine superb scenes. The

spanker pulls no punches and nothing is edited out as eight mademoiselles (one gets it twice) experience a very efficient smacked bottom given for a variety of reasons with some even paying for the privilege. The one whose bottom was presented twice received only ten and thirty smacks, but a mean average of the other scenes would throw up an average of 80-90.

The hero of the film was regarded as a 'master spanker' who always gave a polished performance which left his victims with a well-reddened derriere and sitting down must have proved difficult for all the ladies in the cast.

One fantasy scene depicted a 'best bottom' competition, with 20-30 pretty entrants and was followed by a practice demonstration in the art of spanking conducted on a stage before a large audience and the winner of the competition became the subject of the letter. The lucky girl appeared to be very proud of the honour and she draped her bare bottom over the knee of the spanker quite willingly.

Perhaps *Janus* could obtain more information about this film and particularly with regard to the possibility of it being shown in this country. Or how about arranging a special day-trip for a showing in Calais? Take my word for it — nobody will be disappointed and even the pictures in Cinema X are well up to *Janus* standard and could be repeated in your magazine.

I am sure that I am not the first reader to have drawn your attention to this fine masterpiece.

V.T.
London, W.2

Editor's note: Collectors' Corner will certainly review 'Tempêtes Sexuelles' in due course. We have enquired about U.K. distribution, but so far without success. However, inspired by V.T's comments we'll try again.

A PROTEST AND A REPLY

I and my undersigned colleagues are no great diggers of Women's Lib, but the feature 'Chauvinist Heaven' in your latest issue (it cropped up in our common room yesterday) has really raised our danders. To you, it may be a harmless piece of fantasy to be chuckled over, but to us girls, the idea of a

future Utopia where young women can be stripped and whipped in public to make a Roman holiday for fools, and where every dirty old man employer has divine right over his secretaries and typists is too near reality to be funny.

It is not so long since one café proprietor in my home town was fined for using the excuse of a mistake in his waitress's 'float' accounts to present them with the choice of the police or the cane — a thoroughly dirty bit of blackmail for which a good dose of his own cane, wielded by the parents of the teenage girls, might have been more appropriate than the derisory fine he did get. No doubt the magistrates were property-minded like himself.

It seems that no girl, whatever her class or calling, is safe in your New Order, and this is no joke to any girl who, like some of us, may look younger than her years. One girl in this house, well over twenty-one but looking much younger, can't drink with us in our local, and has often been judged as being in need of a 'good skelping' by some of the elder Harridans who, no doubt, would be glad to offer their services to the barman.

It's significant too that men in this fools' paradise of yours — men over twenty, at any rate — are pretty safe, which figures pretty well with what I've seen of teachers and (since I started university) vacation employers.

Another girl in this house hails from one of the Crown colonies and remembers most bitterly her elder sister being pulled at random from a group of students protesting peacefully against police corruption, charged with mobbing and rioting, and sentenced to 12 strokes of the cane, with all the attendant ritual of stripping and medical check whose nature, she reported her sister as saying, made it almost worse than the actual punishment — carried out by policewomen who obviously enjoyed their job. Her sister carried the marks for nearly three weeks, and the bitterness still remains. It was no surprise to me to hear her say that the drug-racket scandal which shook the top brass of this police force was only the tip of the ice-berg.

If some of your older male readers wish to act out infantile fantasies then that's their affair, but our experience has shown us that there are a good many people who would be only too glad to put such



ideas into practice — politicians, police officials, magistrates etc., and as one recent newspaper case shows journalists, equally ready to make sniggering purient fun of some girl's outraged modesty (we are *not* all trollops like your little female navy!) People who do this sort of thing among themselves are welcome to — it's not our thing, although I suppose it takes all sorts to make a world. But the nastier types — those who would even use the law to gratify their kinks — die hard, and I remember one Midland Magistrate (the author, by the way, of a best selling war epic) calling for whippings for young offenders of both sexes up to 19 years old 'before panel of witnesses!' and 'with photographic record kept' to be displayed outside police stations! This is too near your feature for comfort and a General Election could mean this sort of thing being taken seriously and just guess who would suffer most.

Your magazine is obviously

written for men by men — the names beneath some of your letters don't deceive us, and it's just a pity they can't find better means of occupying their time. As I remarked in opening, we're no Women's Libbers — rather the reverse, as we're all engaged — but the kind of men you write for would put anybody off, and we're tempted to wonder whether the nastier cases of the Spanking Colonel kind didn't begin in the columns of your magazine.

Etella A.
Anne G.
Ella C.
Edinburgh

This letter was addressed from a students' hall of residence.

Your letter was read with great interest, and merits an answer.

We would like to point out that there is another side to the matter. Our magazine is a journal for those people who have a fetishistic sexual

interest in corporal punishment, and nobody who reads it could fail to understand that for many people, corporal punishment, whether giving or taking, is a sexual interest.

Since so many people would like to administer corporal punishment for allegedly non-sexual reasons — their voices can be heard all the time in the press and elsewhere; it must be a reasonable assumption that a good many of them have suspect reasons (whether conscious or unconscious) for doing so.

Our magazine leaves people in no doubt as to what they are doing. You say that 'Janus' encourages people who like spanking or caning boys or girls. We say that it discourages them, both by providing a harmless platform and outlet for what, we emphasise in our pages, is a sexual fantasy, and, more importantly, by making clear both to themselves or others the true nature of their interest.

In former times, when the connection between sex and flagellation was not as widely understood as it is today, it was easy for the self-righteous (and subconsciously fetishistic) person to advocate caning or birching. Today, he/she is less likely to get away with it, and 'Janus' and her sister magazines can take the credit.

MATURE WOMEN

My wife and I are very interested in the articles and letters about corporal punishment and we are particularly interested in any references to the chastisement of older women.

My wife, Ruth, had plenty of experience of corporal punishment as a girl and young woman; she was an only child but she was certainly not spoiled. Her father was a real disciplinarian and Ruth was introduced to the cane at an early age and continued to be subject to it until we married, when she was, in fact, 32. Incredible as it may seem, it is a fact that, even at that age, she had to attend for punishment in her father's study and had to take her knickers off and bend over with her skirts raised to be caned. She was often given as many as ten or twelve strokes on her bare bottom.

Ruth's mother was also subject to the discipline of the cane, which she received, like Ruth, in the study, with skirts up and knickers off. Ruth never saw her mother whipped

but she often heard the sound of the cane striking bare flesh and the victim's sobs.

We have been married for thirty years. During that time Ruth has been over my knees a good many times to have her bottom smacked more or less severely, but she has never felt the cane since a couple of weeks before we married, when her father whipped her for the last time.

R.W.T.
Builth Wells,
Powys

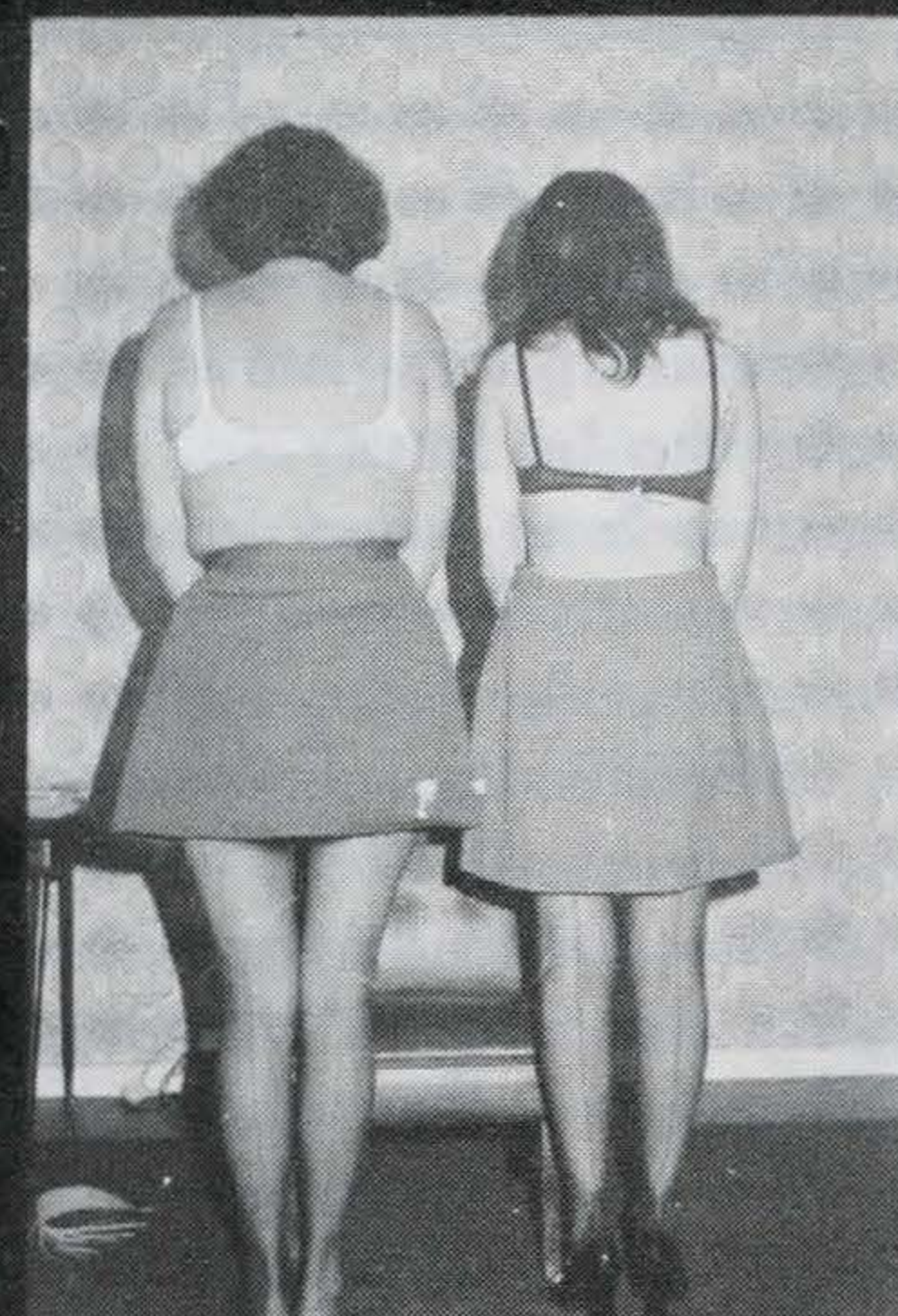
FAMILY GAMES

We are sending some more pictures of Sue, with another girl, Pat, both having their bottoms caned. You will see they are both wearing school knickers. We met the other couple through an advert in a contact magazine. Their names are Pat and Richard. Pat really could take a caning — and give one!

We had the girls both in school uniform and Richard took them for a maths lesson and caned them when they got their sums wrong. They had to bend and touch their toes and received two strokes for every wrong answer. Both girls had over twenty strokes from Richard and he told them that next time we meet and he takes them for a lesson he will double the number of strokes, so they are both a bit afraid about our next meeting.

I then took the girls for P.E. I made them start by running on the spot and then they had to touch their toes sixty times. After about 25 times Pat's gym blouse kept coming out of her knickers so I made her take it off and gave her six of the best. Then Sue's blouse came out and she received the same. Towards the end Richard and I noticed that they were not getting their knickers tight enough across their bottoms when they bent. I made them stop and stand still and told Sue to stand with her legs apart and bend over. This made her knickers extra tight and I gave her six more. The cane really did swish and crack extra loud this time.

By now Pat was getting a little afraid of what she knew she was to receive. When I told Sue to stand up I could see she wanted to rub her bottom but I told her that if she did I would give her the same again, only this time on her bare bottom. I then told her to stand



still and watch Pat receive her punishment.

It took Pat two or three goes to get into the position I wanted and then after three strokes she jumped up and put her hands on her bottom to rub it. She said she was sorry, but the cane really was stinging. So I told her that as she had got up against orders she could either have the remaining three bare or we should start again. She said that Richard had caned her bare before and it really had made her cry, so she decided to keep her knickers on. This time she did not move and took her six strokes well.

We then decided to let the girls have a go, so Sue caned Richard and Pat caned me. I knew she wanted to get her own back a little, so when I bent over I really had to grit my teeth when Pat started. And Boy! Did she make me wince.

Sue was also caned across her bottom by her mother and headmistress when she was at school. She says the head always made them bend over the desk, then she tucked their skirts up and sometimes would put her hand down a girl's knickers to make sure she had only one pair on. Sue says the most the head ever gave her was four, but they really hurt and she always ended up crying. Sue says she always tried to have gym knickers on when she went to the head's study and not nylon ones because she felt that the head caned her harder with nylon knickers on. She liked her girls to look like schoolgirls. Also when Sue's mother discussed punishment with the head, the head told her 'always cane across the bottom, but leave knickers on as this leaves the girl some modesty.' Also: 'the cane when applied across a schoolgirl's bottom should hurt and sting.' Sue says her mother caned her regularly and it *did* hurt and sting. The cane was kept hanging in a wardrobe in her mother's bedroom and Sue had to go and fetch it and take it to her mother. She then had to bend and her mother gave her four or five strokes, with sometimes a stroke across the tops of her thighs, which always made her cry. And when she went swimming this always caused her embarrassment as the red stripe showed below her bathing pants.

We hope you can use the photos and letters in *Janus*. We have had a letter from a couple who have a tawse, so will write again and tell

you about this.

David and Sue
Arnold, Notts.

PLAUDITS AND BRICKBATS

As a regular subscriber to your magazine, and an interested party of C.P. and kindred pursuits for some years, I am writing to you on two aspects of your magazine on which I wish to comment.

First I must admit to being somewhat surprised, and certainly agreeably so, that for the very first time as far as I am aware, you have seen fit in the last two issues of your magazine to relax your former very strict rule that all pictures published by you of female bare bottoms must have the thighs firmly pressed together so that the cleft only is shown, and never ever even the slightest glimpse of the exciting feminine charms thereby hidden so delicately behind it.

Such is the extent of this relaxation that on page 33 of your current issue the coloured picture on it would do great credit to even the most revealing of some of the extreme 'Girlie Periodicals'.

I trust that this policy will continue with your forthcoming issues, as it makes such pictures much more realistic, for as everyone knows who indulges in female bare bottom whipping, the wider the recipient's legs are stretched apart, the more exciting it is for all concerned.

So much then for the first aspect, which has my plaudits on it for you. The second aspect I regret to say, has no such plaudits, but only brickbats!

This is in connection again with your pictures of bare female bottoms, so many of which grace the pages of your paper, but on which there is hardly ever the slightest blemish to be seen, save the occasional rosy glow from a very mild hand spanking.

The thought of any stripes or weals or welts on these bottoms appears to be something that under no circumstances must be published in any form at all.

On the face of it, this appears to be quite ludicrous for any whipping on bare bottoms with canes, whips, straps, martinets, birches, etc., must of necessity leave some form of mark on it, though naturally in intensity dependent on the force of the administrator.

Such stripes cannot be looked on in any way as disgusting, obscene or revolting, as they are purely the natural outcome of such actions being taken, and are certainly much less offensive and distasteful than are many of the girlie mag pictures, particularly those referred to as 'close-up crotch shots'.

However in spite of this it would appear that you are frightened of upsetting the so-called authorities by producing such natural and realistic pictures of bare striped bottoms.

All I can say is why not give it a try, I am sure all your readers would welcome it and apart from anything else your circulation would go up by at least 30 per cent, for even your published letters show how fed up your readers are with the inevitable blemishless bare bottom, with of course the usual unused cane lying alongside of it.

Even in your current edition write-up on your new film 'The Riding Lesson', there is eloquent reference on page 5 to the two girls rubbing their so-called well-striped bottoms, yet the picture on page 61 shows a completely un-striped bottom. You may, of course, say that you could get no photographic models to agree to any bottom-stripping, and to that can be quoted Peter Lukas's comment that you can get what you want if you are prepared to pay for it.

Alternatively you could resort to good make-up techniques which could be very effective, or lastly reader's photographs of such striped bottoms which I am sure many would be only too pleased to provide you with.

Anyway, it is a thought for you all in 1979.

C.G.S.
Edinburgh

This problem has been with us ever since 'Janus' was first published. We would like to accede much more to this and many such requests, and believe me we could do so without offence, but we must follow the legal advice we are given. But the thought is very much with us.

REMEMBER THE INNOCENTS

I hope you had a thoroughly happy and enjoyable Christmas and nothing to worry about.

I myself had a nice Christmas, but I had real cause to worry about

what was going to happen a few days later — on the 28th, in fact, Holy Innocents' Day, the day on which according to ancient practice and tradition all *female* members of a family should be given a special reminder of the slaughter by Herod of all the *male* infants in his kingdom. The tradition was kept up in my husband's home and he has carried on with it in our family. So, I and ten other females were given the special reminder. It was a painful experience, because the special reminder was a brisk whipping with a birch-rod on the bare bottom.

This year the party consisted of exactly the same individuals as last year. There were assembled in our large sitting-room: Myself, Norah, aged 43, my husband John, and our two daughters — Eileen, 20, and Kathleen, 18; my two sisters attended — Mary, 41 and single, and Lucia, 44, with her husband Charles, and daughter Betty, 21; John's sister Barbara was there, and her husband, Bill, and daughter Denise, 19; Barbara is 42; then there was 31-year-old Penelope, our daily help, and finally a near neighbour, Margaret, 38, and her husband Derek, and daughter Carol, at 16 the youngest member of the party. All the girls and women wore fur coats or other winter coats with nothing underneath. Lucia and her daughter Betty had undressed at home and wore only their coats for the two-mile drive in the car. On the way they picked up Mary, who was similarly attired. Margaret and Carol had walked about fifty yards, both nude under their coats, and Penelope, who lives about half a mile away, had also got ready at home before walking the distance. My sister-in-law and Denise and Bill were staying with us and so Barbara and Denise, like my daughters and I, could prepare for our ordeal in our bedrooms.

The *modus operandi* was for each candidate for the rod, in order of age, youngest first, to ask to be whipped, whereupon she was stripped by two companions in distress, those immediately above and below in the age order list, and then held over a piano stool for one of the men to apply the rod to her bare bottom, the number of strokes being a third of the victim's age, with a maximum of fifteen

So the first to be dealt with was 16-year-old Carol. She recited the formula 'To remind me of the

Innocents, I request that I may be stripped and soundly whipped on my naked body.' John, who was the executioner, said 'Prepare her,' and Lucia and Kathleen removed her coat, bent her over the stool and held her securely while John gave her five smart strokes with the birch. John said: 'Remember the Innocents,' and Carol replied through her tears 'I will remember.' Then it was Kathleen's turn. She recited the formula and was prepared by the naked Carol and Denise and received six strokes from her uncle Charles. Denise, prepared by Kathleen and Eileen, was also given six by Derek, and then 20-year-old Eileen got seven from her uncle Bill. John came into action again to give his niece Betty seven scorches; and then Charles had the pleasure of inflicting ten on the naked Penelope's very shapely buttocks. Margaret received thirteen from Bill, Mary fourteen from John and Barbara fourteen from Derek. I also had fourteen, very hard, inflicted by Charles, my brother-in-law, and finally Lucia, the oldest female present, had to ask for a whipping and was stripped by me and 16-year-old Carol to receive fifteen from Bill.

At this stage of the proceedings, about an hour and a half after the start, all eleven of us females were naked, all with striped bottoms, a few with spots of blood where the birch had cut the skin and all needing to restore the make-up on tear-streaked faces. So, an interval of twenty minutes was allowed for necessary first-aid, but we were not allowed to dress again. We had to remain naked while supper was prepared and we partook of turkey sandwiches and wine. After that Mary, Lucia, Betty, Penelope, Margaret and Carol put their coats on over their nudity and departed, while my daughters and I, and Barbara and Denise, remained naked to do the washing-up and tidying.

The first time I had to undergo the ceremony of the Innocents was when I was 21, the Christmastide before John and I were married. John had told me all about the ritual in his family, and his mother invited me to stay for the week-end after Christmas, which included Holy Innocents Day. On that day Barbara, my sister-in-law-to-be, and her mother prepared me for the coming ordeal. There were five candidates for the rod that evening: Barbara, aged 20; myself, 21; my future

mother-in-law, who was 47; her sister Jane, 45; and Jane's daughter, Diana, 22. Barbara was stripped by me and her mother and was given seven strokes by John. Then Barbara and Diana removed my fur coat and held me in the bend-over position for my future father-in-law to inflict seven stinging strokes on my bare bottom. Then it was Diana's turn. Stripped by me and her mother, she received seven from her uncle, and then helped her aunt to strip her mother, who was given fifteen scorching strokes by her nephew, John. Jane started crying at the fourth stroke and by the end was sobbing like a child. Finally, John and Barbara's mother, prepared by her sister and daughter, was soundly whipped by her brother-in-law, Jane's husband. Her dose was the maximum fifteen strokes. Since that memorable evening, I have been 'given the Innocents' every year except the time when I was recovering from the birth of my youngest daughter.

This occasion — Holy Innocents' Day — is the only time that my daughters and I feel the sting of the birch, but John keeps a cane handy and uses it on comparatively rare occasions. He has whipped me about a couple of dozen times in the twenty-two years we have been married and our daughters have been punished perhaps two or three times a year since they reached 14. The procedure is quite simple — the offender is sent to bed and is given her punishment as she lies face down with her nightdress raised to the waist. I get anything up to a dozen strokes and the girls have not yet had more than nine. We see each other whipped, but it is nothing like as bad as the ordeal of the Innocents with its ceremonial stripping and being kept stark naked for hours in mixed company.

(Mrs) Norah M. T.
County Avon

We are sorry we were not able to publish this letter at the appropriate time of the year, but we hope that it will serve to remind our readers that there are still some ceremonials in which a salutary whipping serves to remind us all that we are fallible human beings.

Letter of the month

KEEP IT IN THE FAMILY

When I married Duncan four years ago, I got an extra, welcome wedding present — a really marvellous mother-in-law! My own mother was 4,000 miles away, but Kate, as she asked me to call her, made it clear that I had another mother right on the spot. She took me into her arms at the wedding and under her wing thereafter.

Kate was about 45 when I first met her, a big, handsome widow with a big warm heart. She was full of vitality and enthusiasm and humour, one of those people who make life exciting just by being around. From the start, she paid me the compliment of never being polite to me. When I visited her on my own, which I often did because Duncan travelled a lot for his firm, I was treated just like her daughter Michelle, a slim, pretty, brown-haired girl of 17. If a meal was to be prepared it was taken for granted that I'd give a hand. If there was housework to be done I helped out. And if I made a mess of anything, as sometimes happened, I got a resounding motherly telling-off! We never had the kind of strained, cautious 'in-law' relationship that you so often see. I found I'd acquired a loving, helpful, bossy, outspoken Mum, and I loved it!

Kind-hearted though Kate was, she stood no nonsense from her daughters, whether natural or 'adopted'. I found that out a couple of months after I was married. Michelle and I were in their kitchen one evening. We were supposed to be making a cake, but we were doing a lot of giggling and fooling around. We started flicking cake mixture at each other, and there was flour all over the place, and somehow a couple of eggs landed on the floor. Just when we'd made a thorough mess of the kitchen, Kate walked in. I expected verbal fireworks, but she never said a word. She just took Michelle by the arm and briskly marched her into the living room and over to the big settee. Then she sat down, still holding Michelle's arm — and pulled Michelle across her knee.

I'd followed, and I stood gaping

like an idiot as Michelle's blue, pleated skirt was folded up around her waist. It was a warm July evening (soon to become a lot warmer!) and all Michelle was wearing under her skirt was a pair of pretty floral briefs, which Kate calmly pulled down to mid-thigh. One glance at Michelle's red and apprehensive face told me this was no kind of joke. Spanking had had no place in my childhood experience but now, for the first time in my life, I was going to see a girl spanked!

'Please don't punish Michelle, Kate,' I said. 'It was my fault as much as hers.'

'I'll deal with you later!' said Kate. Then she brought her hand down on Michelle's defenceless bare bottom with a resounding slap. Michelle gasped and squirmed as Kate raised her hand again. Whack! Whack! Whack! I watched in fascination as the pretty teenager was soundly spanked across her mother's knee. It struck me as an intensely undignified experience and I knew I was adding to Michelle's embarrassment by being a witness but I couldn't take my eyes away. I found myself nervously stroking the seat of my skirt as Kate's big, capable right hand landed solidly again and again on the quivering, wincing curves of that well-rounded little backside. It was a noisy business, too. The sound of the slaps mingled with poor Michelle's squeals and yells, and she was sobbing noisily by the time her tender teenage rear had been spanked to a bright, burning red. Finally Kate let her get up, to clutch and rub her smarting sit-upon, with tears trickling down her face.

Then Kate looked at me. 'Carol,' she said. 'Come here!' With a flock of butterflies whirling in my tummy I obeyed. I couldn't really believe that Kate was going to spank *me*! After all, I was grown up, a married woman of 23. The very idea was ridiculous. Kate was just trying to scare me . . .

Kate wasn't! I don't exactly remember how it came about, but I found myself face-down across her lap staring at the carpet a few inches from my nose. It happened so

quickly that it didn't seem quite real, even when I felt my skirt being turned up. But when I felt Kate's fingers in the waistband of my panties and they slid down over my plump posterior, it suddenly became very real indeed! I had a vivid mental picture of how I would look to an onlooker at that moment. A tall, fair-haired young woman draped across an older woman's lap with her green skirt around her waist and her white Marks and Sparks knickers dangling round her knees! Ridiculous or not, I knew I was going to get spanked! I opened my mouth, either to protest or plead, I don't know — and then let out a startled yell as Kate slapped my left buttock, hard!

Like most girls I had received playful slaps on the seat of my skirt, and knew that the momentary sting was quickly rubbed away. This was different. It hurt! And it was followed a moment later by another slap on the right buttock. And another, and another, slap after slap, each one hard and stinging and meant to punish. Any vague idea I might have had about accepting my fate with adult composure soon vanished. My bottom stung and burned too much for that! I yelled and wriggled and waved my legs just as Michelle had done. I knew I was making the most awful, humiliating exhibition of myself, but I couldn't help it. I suppose I might have struggled free, but even when I was crying with the pain of my scorching bottom and the shame of being spanked I didn't really try. Somehow, even though I was a grown woman, it seemed that Kate had the right to punish me. I felt I'd behaved badly and must take the consequences, and take them I did, howling and weeping and pleading across Kate's motherly lap as the spanking went on and on. Finally I was allowed to stand up, crying bitterly, with my knickers ignominiously round my ankles, clasping my burning, stinging backside. Kate walked out of the room and left me to it.

Some time later I looked at Michelle and she looked at me. What a spectacle we made! Two

tear-stained, knickerless, soundly-spanked young women! In spite of my sore bum I found myself laughing. So did Michelle.

'Gosh!' I said. 'Does that happen often?'

'Oh, I get plenty of spankings,' said Michelle, ruefully. 'It looks as though you will too. You'd better be extra careful for the next few days. If Mum has to spank twice in one week, the second spanking is always with the back of a hairbrush — and that stings like hell!'

I got no sympathy from Duncan, of course. He laughed and said it served me right. What's more, from then on he started spanking me himself! Duncan's spankings are a different matter, though. I know he gets a sexy thrill from taking my knickers down and tanning my backside, so I do too. And he consoles me beautifully for my stinging seat in bed afterwards!

But when I go across Kate's knee — yes, I still do, at 27 years old — believe me, that's Punishment! After four years of Kate's loving but firm discipline I'm painfully familiar with the sting of her hand — although I don't think I'll ever get used to the sheer indignity of a spanking, especially when Michelle is watching and teasing me for squirming so much as I get my bare bottom smacked! And when Kate decides that I need a dose of the hairbrush — oh dear! I'm soon watering the carpet with my tears, and my poor behind is scorching and roasting as though it was going to burst into flames.

Michelle still gets plenty of spankings — and not only from Kate. It was decided long ago that when she visited me I could chastise her if I saw fit. So my pretty little sister-in-law often finds herself wriggling anxiously across my lap as her panties are lowered to bare her shapely, spankable sit-upon for a really thorough tanning with hand or hairbrush. Of course I know from personal experience how she feels as she squirms and sobs across my knee with her tender, sensitive seat stinging fiercely as I give her a good, sound spanking. By the time her wincing buttocks are beetroot red poor Michelle is absolutely convinced that she can't bear even one more smack — but despite her tearful entreaties I go on to demonstrate that she can and must! A bit drastic, perhaps, but I know that although a severe spanking is sheer howling misery for the culprit while



it lasts, a healthy young woman suffers no worse after-effects than a temporary bruising and tenderness which makes sitting down pretty uncomfortable for a while. Certainly the friendship and sisterly affection between Michelle and me hasn't been harmed by the fact that from time to time I take her knickers down and give her a good hiding.

I must admit I rather enjoy spanking another girl. In fact, I can never understand why all the 'Burning Bot' letters you get seem to be from men. I can think of quite a few feminine bottoms I'd like to wallop good and hard! Actress Claire Faulconbridge, for example, has an air of demure impudence which makes me long to paddle her nice, plump bare behind with the hairbrush. I doubt whether Lena Zavaroni has ever been spanked — ten minutes across my knee with her knickers down would teach her what a well-spanked bottom feels like. And blonde model Jilly Johnson, whose nude pin-ups my husband admires so much — I'd really make her backside burn, given the chance!

I enjoy reading *Janus* every month, but I'm careful not to let Kate see it. It might give her some uncomfortable new ideas about punishing me. Perhaps I'd find myself touching my toes for six of the best with a cane, or having my tender bare bottom leathered with the Lochgelly tawse some of your readers find so effective. Ooooh! — even to think of it makes me wriggle! Kate's hand and hairbrush are quite punishing enough for me. And I have an uneasy feeling that before I'm much older I'll find myself once more face down across her lap, kicking and squealing, weeping and pleading as I endure the stinging humiliation of a really sound spanking on my bare bottom.

Carol C.
Sale, Cheshire

JUST, FAIR AND KIND

A letter in a past edition of *Janus* requires an answer. The writer was from Birmingham, a chap's wife who was caned and tawsed when at school — well the tawse was allowed and used in the Wallsend schools so there's no doubt where the teacher obtained it. I have taught under that authority and it was used on both boys and girls, both primary

and secondary.

Regarding Devon and Cornwall — they most certainly do not cane boys or girls on the bare bottom — just how silly can your writer be? The cane is allowed for both boys and girls in junior and senior schools but the Head or Senior mistress must give it to a girl — no man *can* punish a girl. I suppose by law pants could be pulled down by a mistress, the criteria being 'a punishment that any normal parent would give their child', but quite honestly in 1979 I can't see any Cornish schoolgirl having to drop her knickers (not mind you, that they don't deserve to). To enlarge on the subject — usually they get it on the hand or the bottom. I saw a boy get six of the best last week — three on each hand — he didn't want any more and he wasn't smiling as he went out of the room.

Teachers down here are human you know — my wife and I taught at a religious school in Africa where naughty boys up to about fifteen had to kneel on a bench to be punished — well, usually the boys. Punishments at this school were meted out in two places — one the dorm over the end of the bed, and two the corridor — really the Head's hall, where there was this old low gym bench about 18 inches high about three feet from the wall. The boys (and girls) wore little clothes because of the heat; girls just brief uniform dresses, boys open-neck shirts and cotton shorts. The children had to kneel on this bench, palms of their hands flat on the tiled floor. If they took away their hands, whatever pain they were in, they fell off, so then the punishment started all over again. When kneeling and ready, then pants were slipped down revealing a bare bottom ready for the slipper, strap, hairbrush or cane, all kept in the hall table drawer. The pleading look in the eyes, their bareness, they were in your hands. To hurt, to beat, to punish, they had no protection. You could thrash them until they bled and they would have had to take it. They knew it and you knew it — their parents had put them in your hands — so what did you do nine times out of ten? Sentence them to the usual six of the best. You took out the cane, made them bend, pulled down their shorts, pants or knickers, kept them waiting a bit, then the first very hard stroke — and while they tensed themselves for the next one, biting

their lips hard, or wiping away one tear, trying to be brave, you put the cane, brush or slipper away and gave them a slap on their rump and said stand up, you stupid boy or silly girl. And gratefully they did, smiling, yanking up knickers or pants and shorts, very appreciative of what you had done. They appreciated justice, fairness, humour and kindness, but above all fairness.

Oh yes sir, we had the rotters, the cads, the bullies, the cheats, the thieves, and they got their just deserts. The cane cracked hard six or eight times across their bare bottoms as they howled out as most bullies do. The plain, nasty girl, she took her full tally of usually four hard cuts, one across the top of the bare leg for all to see next day — oh yes. But the plain naughty child — they came off alright. A sting or two, they go to make school-boy memories. We all remember the waiting, the undressing, the first stroke. You know of all the 'gymslipped or pleated skirted, fleecy-lined or brush nyloned navy knickered schoolgirls' in the world — I don't suppose that three in a hundred have ever been punished and then not hard, and that probably goes for boys as well. Yes, we all like reading about it, we all like talking about it. Jean and I like reading *Janus*, but we also love children, even the naughty ones, and when we had to dole out punishment which we had to, we never ever took advantage of the situation and neither would one of you — irrespective of whatever silly letter of fantasies you write or will write in the future.

M.J.C.
Camborne,
Cornwall

ATTITUDES AND TASTES

The success of *Janus* and the various attempts to imitate it which we have seen show that there is a growing interest among the public in corporal punishment. I don't know what your circulation is, but judging by the crowds in your London bookshop and the ease with which the magazine can now be obtained in the provinces, it must be considerable. And if we add to each of your regulars several others who would be equally interested in the subject if it were brought to their attention the total number of addicts, or potential addicts, of c.p.

must run into many thousands.

I therefore suggest that the time has come to conduct some serious research into their attitudes and tastes, which would be a valuable contribution to our knowledge, and also might be helpful to your publication. This could be done by inserting in one of your issues a questionnaire which readers would be invited to answer and return to you. They would be asked to state their sex, age and occupation, and to answer such questions as whether they had actually experienced c.p., either as donor or recipient, if they saw themselves in fantasy as the active or passive partner, what was their favourite spanking situation, and the technical method they preferred, etc., etc.

Meanwhile and pending such an investigation, a study of *Janus* over a period of time makes it possible to arrive at certain tentative conclusions, assuming that it broadly reflects the views of its readers. The first and most obvious is that the great majority of them are males, and are primarily interested in the chastisement of females, although a minority would be happy to reverse the process. This clearly emerges both from the short stories and illustrations you publish and from your correspondence column. In short, what most of your readers want to read about or see depicted is the spanking or caning by a man of some beautiful young woman.

The second conclusion is that spanking enthusiasts are divided into two schools of thought. The one regards c.p. as part of the love game, mutually agreeable as a stimulant to copulation, the quality of which it is held greatly to enhance. It seems to be the policy of *Janus* to encourage this belief, and of course it makes flagellation much more acceptable to public opinion if it can be shown that the passive partner, usually a woman, **LIKES IT TOO**.

For the other, by contrast, corporal punishment is seen as primarily for disciplinary purposes, as for instance when administered to a naughty schoolgirl. This is by far the most popular theme with your readers, judging from the frequency with which it recurs, and we all know the routine off by heart: the summons to the headmaster's study, the announcement of the sentence, the order to bend over, the raising of the skirt and lowering of the knickers, and finally the swish and thwack of the cane as it makes

contact with the bared bottom.

In Britain toaday unfortunately such happenings are rare, even if they occur at all. A schoolmaster who caned a teenage girl on her bottom, with or without the protection of her knickers, would most probably be reported and charged with assault. All the same it is nice to think that sometime, somewhere, a lovely adolescent is having her bum warmed up by her teacher: perhaps in one of the developing countries where girls as well as boys are still subjected to corporal punishment. So let's keep up the illusion.

In the spanked schoolgirl situation, of course, there is no suggestion of the offender deriving pleasure from her punishment. It is meant to hurt and deter her from misbehaving again. Nor usually is there any hint that the head enjoys beating her, unrealistic as this assumption may be. In fact the spectacle of a sweetly rounded bottom displaying all the charms of nudity, with glimpses of even more intimate treasures, would arouse the desires of any normal man, and if he hadn't a hard on by the time he had finished with it there would be something wrong with him. He would need, indeed, to exercise the greatest self-control, so as to keep his cool and not make a hash of the business by lashing out wildly and missing his aim, to the amusement of the Miss.

In the same category are situations in which the subject is induced to accept corporal punishment as a preferable alternative to something she fears more, such as dismissal from her job or arrest by the police. One of the most popular with *Janus* readers is that of the office secretary, who is given the choice of the sack or a thrashing. Naturally she opts for the latter and ends up either over her boss's lap, minus her skirt and knickers, or draped over his desk and getting six of the best.

Another favourite is the female shop lifter. Spotted by a security man she is conducted to the manager's office, where her bag is searched and the pilfered articles revealed. Of course she offers restitution and pleads for mercy. But the manager is determined to make an example of her: either she agrees to be 'dealt with' by him or will be reported to the police. When it is explained to her what being 'dealt with' means, her heart fails her; but eventually she decides to

go through with it. Her punishment is severe: twelve cuts with a flexible cane and laid on hard. But she is a mature woman with a large and well-padded bottom which can take it.

Many years ago there was a true story of an air hostess who was caned by the pilot for disobeying orders during a flight. The case came up in court and hung on the question whether he had made her take down her knickers. It was decided that he had and he was fined accordingly, not for assault — since she had agreed to the punishment — but for indecent behaviour!

This incident seems to have been the inspiration for many accounts — some of them possibly true — of similar ones. Evidently there is something about the typical air hostess which awakens our latent sadism. Perhaps it is her inaccessibility. Usually an attractive girl, she is also unapproachable. When she is friendly we know she is merely doing her job and will switch off that enchanting smile the moment her back is turned. We long to bring her down to our level, and what better way than stripping her of her uniform and putting her over our knees? And this goes, I think, for other women wearing uniform, such as nurses, members of the forces and even traffic wardens. Imposing as they may be and armed with authority, they all possess bottoms and bottoms are for smacking. It is the contrast between the two images — on the one hand the haughty female, on the other the helpless victim — which makes them eminently suitable candidates for a spanking.

In all these situations the operative word is *punishment*. Our interest is centred in the phrase, 'a girl is to be spanked' — or caned — or whipped. Whether the person inflicting the penalty enjoys doing so does not concern us, although we may assume that usually he does. It is *her* predicament that engages us, and not only when she is actually undergoing the punishment. The preliminaries are equally intriguing: her initially proud demeanour, soon succeeded by consternation as she realises that there is no escape from her humiliating and painful fate, her shame as she obeys the order to assume the required position, and greater shame when she feels her most intimate garments being removed, leaving her naked between the waist



and the thighs, and finally her agony of fear as she waits quivering with anticipation for the first swingeing stroke to fall. It is in fact these preparations, part, of course, of the punishment, which focus our attention, the description of the actual beating often being an anti-climax.

An essential ingredient of the genuine punishment situation is the dominant position of the person handing it out. He has absolute power over the culprit, and this may derive either from his relationship to her, as father, guardian, or school master, or from the temporary circumstances that he is able to blackmail her, by threat of a worse alternative, into accepting it.

An example which has a perennial appeal to your readers is that of the erring domestic servant. She is usually placed in a Victorian setting, for at that period the rights of employers, and especially of the head of the family in his own home, were almost absolute. Although the corporal punishment of servants was not permitted by law, a respectable householder who indulged in it would probably be treated leniently, if he did not get off scot free.

On the other hand the abject poverty of so many of the working class, and the insecurity of their lives, was such that a girl who obtained a post in what was called a 'good house' would put up with almost anything rather than lose it. Hence there is probably some basis of fact in the stories of domestic discipline which flooded the market right up to the First Great War (after which servants became much more scarce) and are still in vogue today.

In these the master of the house is invariably portrayed as an exciting martinet insisting on impeccable service, and it is usually the new housemaid who is in trouble. Although it is not made explicit, he has probably taken a fancy to her and would really like to get her into his bed. Since this would be too risky an undertaking for a married man, he does the next best thing, which is to whip her.

It is easy enough for him to find a pretext: a broken piece of crockery, or furniture left undusted. She is summoned to the presence and during the ensuing interview a stern rebuke coupled with a veiled threat of dismissal soon reduces her to tears. 'Oh, please sir,' she pleads, 'don't send me away. Do

anything you like with me, but don't send me away.'

'Very well, then,' her master replies grimly, 'if that's your choice I shall whip you.'

The cane or birch is fetched and the girl is ordered to kneel on a chair or couch with her voluminous skirt and petticoats hoisted up to her shoulders. She is wearing white cotton drawers which reach to below her knees, but they have a slit down the centre which can be opened wide to uncover her 'moon'. Need we proceed further?

I have suggested that there is a clear distinction between the punishment and the love game situations, but in fact they cannot be entirely separated and often (if the pun can be forgiven) overlap. For instance, a husband and wife who have decided together to have a spanking session that evening will act a play in which the husband, on returning from work, questions the wife on her day's doings, finds her at fault, and sentences her to a caning.

To make the comedy more convincing the wife may dress up, perhaps as a schoolgirl, in gymslip, regulation knickers, white socks, etc. In a story recently published by *Janus* the wife posed as a careless waitress, spanked for spilling the coffee, and in another episode as a prostitute, the husband, pretending to be her unknown client, paying for the pleasure of whipping her.

So we see that, whichever way you look at it, the element of punishment must be present somewhere if the reader is to be satisfied, and I hope the Editor of *Janus* will always bear this in mind.

J.T.
Crewkerne,
Somerset

INVISIBLE DETERRENT

I am not given to writing to magazines but in submitting a copy of your questionnaire, I would like to comment on the letter by Joan C., published in Vol. 7 No. 11. This was undoubtedly the most moving account of corporal punishment I've ever read — the detail in the episode, and effect on everyone involved including the victim's brother, illustrated most graphically what the execution of punishment can mean to real people in a real household, unlike many of the rather bland tales your correspondents



dream up.

I agree wholeheartedly with what she says about the fear of physical pain being a valuable asset in keeping children and youths on the right path. The presence of the cane in the cupboard will make the vast majority of youngsters think twice about their behaviour, although there will inevitably be a minority of reckless souls who will try their luck regardless of the consequences — this is simply human nature.

The school I attended, an ordinary 'red-brick' boys' grammar school in the North, had only one cane on the premises, and this was used by the Head rarely but severely. Being

a cowardly youth, I never even saw it, but the legends of those who had received it ensured that the rest of us watched our P's and Q's very carefully.

The rest of the staff kept control by various methods — lines, Saturday detentions and that most evocative and efficient method — the gymshoe. Readily available in every classroom, it was a case of 'Come out here boy,' shuffling of feet, grinning compatriots and growing butterflies in the stomach. Any handy cupboard had meanwhile yielded up a rubber-soled plimsoll, now hanging menacingly from the master's hand. 'Bend over' — one wit used to say 'Face Australia' —

and four or so cracks would echo with that peculiar sound of rubber on tight grey trousers. Then it was stand up, and try to look unconcerned as searing pain gnawed at your bottom and hobble back to your place with as much nonchalance as you could muster.

Somehow the slipper didn't seem to matter — although it certainly hurt — but the unseen cane had an air of mystique about it which made its use something really special.

Over the years since leaving school I have developed a considerable interest in corporal punishment, and have spanked many boys and slipped a few, I have found always that if a boy knows that he's done wrong, then he'll take his punishment, providing it is just and deserved. Woe betide you if you try to punish without justification, however, and watch out specially if you try to interfere with their clothing! In spite of the permissive society, boys and girls are amazingly prudish (witness the fact that on the sports field, the old navy blue knickers so beloved of your correspondents are now demurely covered with skirts) and I am sure that the prisons of this country would be even more overcrowded with ex-*Janus* readers, if all your readers' stories of bare bottom canings were true! It has been argued in several issues of *Janus* that if you cane bare hands why not bare bottoms? The answer of course is the tremendous psychological difference between bare hands and a bare bottom. The loss of dignity involved in removing pants and knickers is likely to make all the difference between accepting a just punishment and complaining to a higher authority — and we all know what that means.

If anyone doubts whether a slipper or a cane is effective through clothing, the sobbing boys who felt the weight of my gymshoe certainly seemed to feel it, even through cords.

Meanwhile, having digressed over various aspects of the C.P. scene I would wish all power to Mr. C's elbow, even though he has to look over his shoulder to see if neighbours, relatives or judges in a foreign court approve of his actions.

J.M.
Stratford-on-Avon

JANUS SPANKER'S THRILLS

On reading in *Janus* 8-2, C.R.'s letter of the month in praise of Emma, I at once dug out my back numbers, and in particular 6-12 and 7-1. How right he was; what a superb bottom Emma (or Chris) had, and how enchantingly she offered it for punishment. That office spanking sequence is a masterpiece, and thoroughly convincing. She looks like any secretary, as her simple striped skirt is lifted to reveal everyday red panties and tights; a few smacks on these, and down they come for that lovely bare bottom to be well pinkened — then on page 33, she gingerly inspects her tingling posterior, before bending over her desk, looking most apprehensively at the cane which Raymond now holds over her unprotected rear. The final picture on page 61, portrays, what I think, is the most genuinely spanked bottom ever to appear in your pages — no make-up artist could ever impart that hot sore redness; that bottom has really been spanked hard and long, and Chris in her reply to C.R. confirms that her model partners allowed her bottom no mercy. Chris is a brave girl, and I am sure she could not sit in comfort for some time after that spanking.

The second part of the office story is just as good, and Chris has apparently taken another sound spanking for it, for we can see that this time her bottom is reddened differently, the cheeks are not so angrily sore, but a greater area of them has been smacked — some clear fingerprints are visible on them on pages 38 and 39, and the picture on page 61 of her bottom adorned with those white silk knickers is devastating — who could resist spanking her as she lies humbly over Raymond's knee, those saucy knickers taut over her out-thrust bottom, with its bare lower curves just peeping out below the frills. *Janus* readers must see more of Chris — surely her lucky husband could photograph the results of his handiwork, each time she burns the toast?!

On the subject of red bottoms, Alison and Josie are right — colour photos must show red bums, and whilst conceding that for legal reasons you can not show caned bottoms, there wasn't even a spanked one in *Janus* 8-1 or 2! Of course you no longer have the brave Chris to

take a sound spanking for the sake of art, so you may have to fall back on make-up — incidentally I have doctored one or two of the *Janus* photos with a felt pen, and that charming bottom on page 36 now sports four quite convincing stripes.

Finally to the last paragraph of D.M. of Oxford's letter — some of the fictional chastisements are just not on, nor even convincing; fifty spansks on each buttock as a warm-up for twenty-five with the cane, is unendurable by any female, unless she were tied down, and might cause permanent damage, and scarring, and is nothing short of torture, which I think we all agree is not a subject of interest to *Janus* readers.

Any bare bottom caning is a painful business, and only the lightest of canes, and moderate swishes should be used on bare girlish bottoms; that cane on page 57 is far too thick, and also being applied much too high above those fleshy cheeks, which nature provided for the purpose. A little more force may be used when caning a fully clothed bottom, but even that really stings, and the subject will be very wary of sitting down on her striped rear for some time. I personally prefer to cane a skirted or trousered bottom, provided the lady is really tightly bent over, for then I do not need to be so cautious, and also the cane makes a more pleasing 'Whack' on a tight skirt than bare skin. You can always bare her bottom afterwards to inspect the results!

A hand spanking can be very punishing if applied hard and bare, but I find the larger the bottom the more it can absorb, anyhow the soreness of one's palm usually stops you overdoing it! Whilst most hand spanking is done on the bare, you can have a lot of fun spanking the seat of a tight thin skirt; tight silk produces a ringing 'Smack' and probably enhances the sting as it holds the bottom firm and compact. Slippers and tennis shoes make spectacular whacks on tight skirts or tight bottoms, but the latter really hurts on the bare, as does the good old hairbrush back. Heavy straps are really punishing, more so than a cane; a light strap you can use thoroughly and lengthily on her bare rump, leaving a healthy flush, and a lively sting but no real damage. Do not think that a modern girl's panties offer any protection at all — they don't. Although I do think these frothy confections often

increase the visual pleasure for the spanker, removal of them increases the embarrassment for her, and girls will often accept a sound spanking across their pantie seat, but cry 'Rape and Murder' if you try to peel down that final rampart.

What then is the object of a *Janus*-type spanking — certainly not to submit the young lady's bottom to the tortures of the damned, and disfigure or damage it. No, it is the whole scene — the blushing of her cheeks as you tell her to bend over, or her squeals of protest as you put her across your knee — her shame as her skirts are lifted and panties pulled down or her humble obedience as you make her bend tighter and yet tighter still until her skirt strains to bursting point — the swish and thwack of cane on taut seat or the smack of flat hand on firm bouncing cheeks — her wriggles and squeals as her bottom starts to smart and sting — the frantic rubbing and squeezing of her poor bottom as she gets to her feet, and finally the contorting before a mirror to see what damage has been done to her pampered rear. These are the things from which the *Janus* spanker gets his thrills.

D.W.
Chippenham,
Wilts.

BRINGING UP SIX GIRLS

In a recent edition you mention letters as being 'pure fantasy', so I write a letter for you to print should you so wish and let me quickly say that in our household of six girls when our father punished us — there was never any question of fantasy. He was a most loving Dad, always fair but firm. With six girls and a job to do he had to be.

We were poor and always dressed short — if you know what that means — it means skirts and frocks we always had mid-thigh length, more legs and knickers could be seen than was perhaps usual — we always had a lot of bare leg to be smacked when we were naughty — and we were very naughty.

The cane was kept in an alcove in the kitchen, thin and long and bendy, and when deserved we had to go and fetch it and wait at the bottom of the stairs — often standing there for ages, cane in hand in school tunic, summer school dress, Brownie or Guide uniform or

pyjamas or nightie depending on the occasion or time when the order was given 'go and fetch the cane'. We went jolly quick — tears made no difference at all, we all tried it.

I don't know now if we were ever very naughty, just day to day things: disobedience, telling lies, fighting, swearing, being late home, not making our beds, hundreds of little things resulted in one of us or more waiting in fear at the foot of the steep stairs. Then Mum or Dad would come — usually Dad, and he would follow us up those stairs (I recall we could always see each others' skin-tight, bottle green school knickers as we climbed the stairs.)

When in our room the door closed and without instruction we knew the drill — we handed the cane to Mum or Dad and stripped down to our vest and pants — it was at this time when we turned to face them in the 'at ease' position. We had our lecture on punishment and good behaviour and at the end our sentence, usually between four and



twelve strokes depending on our age and the offence, and it was usually only given on the left cheek with our knickers on (they made little or no difference) but as I got older and I suppose naughtier it was across both cheeks and with my knickers pulled down, usually inside out, the leg elastic of my knickers remaining in the grooves at the top of my legs.

Mum always threaded double or treble elastic through our knickers as she got fed up with us breaking the elastic in school and hated seeing girls doing gym or headstands without tight knickers — she said it was indecent. I now see that it was correct — but then it made awful marks on growing chubby legs which became sore and itched in the summer when hot and gave me heat spots. They itched like hell and I once got the cane for scratching them and making them bleed — stupid wasn't it?

We had a low chair in our bedroom (we still have it today) and we had to stand legs apart, knees straight and bend over, hands resting

and gripping the seat of the chair — sometimes all the strokes would be across the very top of our legs and none at all on our bottom — I think this hurt me so much more, especially an eight-stroke dose as it was called.

After being punished they took the cane back downstairs and we tore off our vest and knickers as quick as a flash, trying to avoid showing any of our disgusting marks, and straight into bed, between the cold sheets, our bums red hot. The only exception to being punished was when we reached puberty — then we told Mum — who knew anyway — and our whacking was put off for seven days, but we got it just the same. It was worse because our sisters teased us each day to remind us what was to come — and it came — sensible parents fighting hard to rear six naughty kids.

Dad's job — a village policeman — and could he cane? Each stroke making you stand bolt upright — or you put your hands in the way or don't get them down quickly without having to be told — and it would be a double dose. Mum usually punished Jill and Nancy, the two smallest — I think even after 11-plus age, although the cane went up with them, they only got spanked, but a sound spanking as they used to howl like hell. They were always her babies — still are today.

I suppose my worst ever tanning was done in temper — the only unfair dose I can remember getting — the six of us had as usual been sent to do the weekend shopping and whenever we went anywhere it was a family unwritten rule that the eldest was then in charge, responsible and had to be obeyed (if the eldest reported any of the younger ones, then they got punished when they got home — they all knew this.) I was the eldest.

First we went to the open market for veg. and then to a new supermarket just opened. Jenny and I left our four younger sisters — we had bought everything we had been sent for — they went to look at the toys. Jenny and I went to look at all the smart clothes we couldn't afford and wouldn't have been allowed to have in any case. How we both longed to look all 'grown up'.

We were brought to our senses when we heard our names on a loudspeaker — report to the manager's office — we quickly did — four little girls intears — accused

of shoplifting — each had stolen a Mars Bar. I offered to pay for them from mum's money but the Manager was not interested — they had already phoned for Dad at the police station — he was on the way — we were in for it. I shouted at Hilary and Joan for not watching Jill and Jenny, but then they were all guilty. I knew I was to blame, and I knew I would get punished. Dad arrived in a police car and we were all taken home. Mum was furious and we were all taken straight upstairs.

When Jenny and I saw Jill and Nancy undressed and have their knickers pulled down and each get six strokes — howling and kicking to try and kill the pain — I felt quite ill. Then Hilary and Joan were stripped for nine strokes each — the babies having gone to bed still howling. Hilary and Joan danced around and were sent to their room holding their bottoms, the bedroom floor covered with their clothes.

Jenny and I were left to face the music — it was almost mid-day. Mum folded up all the cast-off clothes, pants, vests, frocks, all inside out, then 'decorum reigned'. Jenny and I had both been made to undress quietly as usual — no rush — no pulling things off. I offered excuses, none were accepted. Frocks off, knickers down — Jenny first: nine, ten, eleven, twelve. She screeched and screeched — two weals right across the backs of both her bare legs — she well knew that these would be seen by nearly everyone at school all the next week and so did I — and I knew what was to come.

My turn — I cried — almost sixteen, dress off, socks off, knickers down and off. I begged Dad and Mum not to cane my bare legs — not where it could be seen — and I bent. I showed them how brave I was and how good — and yet the first two strokes were, like Jenny's, low down on purpose across bare legs. Then two more real hard ones, still below my knickers, and I bent for the remaining eight cuts. Then I stood holding the back of my stinging thighs as instructed — the words, spoken, oh those dreaded words, for me who wanted to look and be so grown up — (they well knew how to punish me) — 'and now young lady, for the next two weeks you will wear one of Joan's old school uniforms to remind you to do your duties properly'.

Joan, a small thirteen-year-old. Oh no! all my legs would show all the time — so for school I wore a brief dress as punishment had to be carried out and carried out it was to the letter, and humiliation — all part of punishment in the north of England when we lived there. Cane marks were awfully humiliating and in the top class teachers and pupils could see my punished legs and bruises all the time. They ragged me — I had fights — only my real friends knew my feelings, or I cried in the girls' toilet and the teacher on duty let me stay in, rather than face more ragging in the playground, she knew how I felt.

Sadistic? — NO — my clothes were too short and the marks shouldn't have been seen, but I now have four girls and a cane and a chair. I am an architect's wife — my kids' knickers come down for six of the very best — punishments should be given, should be felt, should hurt — it does.

I am no sadist, but a hard-working and loving Mum.

(Mrs) Kathleen M.
Teignmouth,
Devon

MORE MEMORIES OF HELSTON

Your correspondent J.D.H. in issue Vol. 7 No. 12 brought back many memories of punishment sessions at Helston Mixed School in Cornwall some fifteen years ago, for this gentleman must have been a school colleague of mine, although I cannot recollect anyone of his initials. The description of the spankings received by the girls there is no fantasy and, in my case, it is not just by hearsay, although the happenings are so well described.

A part of the ceremony which was not recalled, perhaps because of the lack of personal experience, is after the beating the Head placing his hand on each buttock in turn and asking if it hurt. When recalled to Mr. Guise's study on a succeeding day one knew that another 'feel' was forthcoming and any protest would be met with the answer that he was only acting in *loco parentis* and wanted to check if the bruising was very severe. Then it was knicks down and bend over for inspection.

The ceremonial preparation for punishment did not seem to vary very much. The setting was always the office of Marjorie Smith, the Senior Mistress who was apparently

an M.R.A. covert of Mr. Guise's. You took off your jumper, skirt and underskirt and tucked your blouse into your knickers. You then had to pull up your knickers as far as possible so that most of your buttocks were exposed. On occasion, Miss Smith would tuck the seat of the pants into your bottom cleft and although Mr. Guise would make a great show of turning his back to look out of the window you were always aware that he was in the room.

The lecture from Mr. Guise which followed was always an embarrassment as one never knew quite what to do with one's hands and the attention paid to being positioned properly over the end of the table was a further humiliation.

The initial bottom warming with the back of the hair-brush from Miss Smith wasn't too bad, but there frequently followed a second session across the lap of the Head but, strangely, this was less embarrassing for soon a girl forgot her semi-nudity and was only aware of the searing pain in her bottom.

For this exercise girls had to kneel between his knees, sideways on, and bend over as though to touch her toes. One of his hands then held the girl's hands behind her back while the other hand brought the back of the clothes brush down across the unprotected buttocks.

Afterwards the girl was given time to redress and compose herself while Mr. Guise once again looked out of the window. It is almost amusing to recall that a handshake was expected before leaving the room to show that the incident was now closed and with no hard feelings.

My memories can only relate to girls that were chastised at the school but being a mixed school there were certainly occasions when the boys were in trouble. Rumours as to the extent of their punishment were widespread, although I think that many of them were grossly exaggerated in order to impress girlfriends. Perhaps J.D.H. can now tell us the mode of their beatings and satisfy fifteen years of uncertainty.

T.A.
Helston,
Cornwall

SPANKED, SLIPPERED, CANED, STRAPPED. WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS ABOUT?

I should like to know why there is all that fuss about a few girls being given a well deserved caning. When I was a youngster we got it whenever we had done anything wrong. It hurt and it made you cry, but at least you knew what would happen if you didn't behave properly.

At first my Mum used to put me across her knees, turn back my skirt and give me a good smacking. She didn't often take my knickers down, but she did end up with a few smacks on my bare thighs. That was just as bad, as everyone could see the marks she left beneath my short skirt.

Later on, Mum began to use one of Dad's slippers and then she did take my knickers down. About that time I was given my first set of grown-up undies. I was so proud of them that when the boy across the road came to play I had to show them to him. Of course Mum had to catch us. Me with my clothes held high, turning round to show off all my new knickers and Jim was showing great interest.

Mum was furious. She sent me upstairs while she took Jim across the road. I don't know what she told his mother, but I do know that he got a good hiding with his trousers down and with my mother watching. For a long time afterwards he blamed me for getting him into trouble.

I knew what would happen to me as soon as Mum came back and I wasn't far wrong. Over Mum's knees I went, down came those precious knickers and down came the slipper. Two minutes later instead of being the proud and excited owner of pretty underwear, I was the crying and miserable owner of a pair of red and very sore bottom cheeks.

As if that wasn't enough, Mum waited until I had undressed and got into bed before she left me alone. When I was allowed to get up an hour later I had to put on my usual cotton clothes. My best petticoat and knickers stayed in the drawer for a whole week before I was told I could wear them again. In fact that must have given Mum an idea because no matter how old I was, after a good hiding I always had to go back into school knickers for several days. She even kept one of

my old gymslips after I had left school and sometimes I had to wear that for the rest of the day as well.

Imagine being nineteen or twenty years old, standing facing the wall in the living room with your hands clasped at the top of your head. You are wearing a very short gymslip and a pair of school knickers are clinging around your knees. In that position the tunic only half covers your bottom so that many of the red marks from the caning it's just had can be seen by anybody in the room. It's smarting so badly that you would give anything to be able to rub it, but Mum will have you bent over for a reminder with the cane if you move or speak.

I can assure you that I have been in that position more times than I care to remember. You would think twice about misbehaving if you had a mother like mine. Not that there was anything unusual in my punishment. Many girls in those days were treated in a similar manner.

To get back to my growing up, Mum brought home a cane when I was fourteen. Spanking with Dad's slipper over her knee ended and from then on I went over the back of an armchair for the cane. Mum used to make me lift up my frock and stand still while she pulled down my knickers. Then I had to get head and shoulders well down while my feet were dangling clear of the floor. Our chairs had padded rolls on the top so it wasn't too uncomfortable in front, but Mum made sure that I suffered behind.

She used to concentrate on the lower half of my bottom which of course left me sitting very carefully for a while. After the caning I had to put on school knickers if I wasn't already wearing them and as I explained, sometimes it was gymslip as well. The older I became the more likely I would have to go back to school uniform, and I often ended up facing the wall for half an hour. I was never caned in front of anyone except Dad, and one exception I'll tell you about later.

I started work at sixteen in a solicitor's office. Before he took me on, Mr. Drew came round to see my mother. They recognised each other from their school days, so it was a long time before they came round to discussing my future. Mr. Drew explained that there was a lot of training involved and once he had taken a girl on he didn't mean to lose her. I guessed where he was leading because two of my

friends had told me about being spanked by their bosses. Mum seemed to know about it as well. She assured him it was absolutely no problem. If my work didn't come up to standard he was to deal with me in any way he thought fit. Mind you, I wasn't the only one. There were four of us working for two partners. One male clerk, a secretary and two office girls. Everyone knew that an instruction to report to one of the partners at finishing time would result in a few painful minutes for the recipient.

The secretary was a married woman and even she had to stay on occasion. You knocked on the door and went in feeling like a naughty schoolgirl reporting to the headmaster. They made absolutely sure you knew why you were being punished and then in the middle of the carpet you touched your toes. Your dress and petticoat were lifted up and laid along your back while you were told to keep your legs absolutely straight. I don't know about the others but my knickers were never taken down. Not that it would have been much worse if they were. Mum's earlier lesson had gone home and I was very ashamed showing even that much. They weren't much protection from the sting either. The strap they used was what you would call a tawse. It was split into two at one end and created a fearsome smarting. All you could do was grit your teeth and keep tightly stretched until it was all over. They gave us anything from six to a dozen and took a very long time over it.

The exception I mentioned earlier was my boyfriend at the time I was twenty. Although I had been forbidden by my parents to go, I persuaded him to take me to a dance one night. Unfortunately we were late home. Trying to stop him telling my parents I explained to Ron that I shouldn't have gone out at all. He was annoyed as my parents were when he told them. Mum decided that it was too late that night for the punishment I deserved. Would Ron like to come round the next evening as Mum thought that having him there to watch would teach me a lesson. Much to my disgust Ron accepted the invitation.

As soon as I came home from work next day I had to change into my school clothes. For the next hour I stood facing the wall, hands on head as usual. I was so ashamed



when Ron arrived. Twenty years old and still being treated like a naughty schoolgirl in front of my boyfriend. I knew I looked a sight with half my blue knickers showing.

A little later I was across the back of the chair with my knickers down taking twelve of the very best from Mum's cane. All placed well on the lower half of my suffering bottom. Twelve strokes that left me crying and sobbing as I stood facing the wall again for another half an hour.

Later I was sent upstairs to undress and put on my nightie before saying goodnight to everyone. When I came down to apologise for my behaviour and to kiss everyone goodnight Mum put me over the back of the chair again. With my nightdress round my ears she gave my bottom a thorough smacking before sending me to bed.

If you think that all this sounds terrible, don't you believe it. I only

got what I deserved and I loved my parents as much as anyone. They punished me for the very best reasons and I only wish that parents were the same today.

Teresa,
Hillingdon,
Middlesex

SIX OF THE FEEBLEST!

I am a caretaker in a public school for girls. I have for some time been reading your most interesting magazine and have long been fascinated by the 'letters'. The fascination for me being the question of how many, if any, of the letters are in fact genuine or whether they are all concoctions by the editorial staff. I often suspect the latter.

Here, however, is a true account — you may not believe it and your readers will probably assume it's another of your concoctions — but here it is anyway.

Next door to the Headmistress' study at the school where I work is a storeroom. There is a communicating door between the storeroom and the study and a separate door from the storeroom to the main corridor outside. I went in the store one day to find the communicating door to the study half open — the head was out — and I set about checking stocks of soap, floor-polish and the like. While I was in the store I heard the head come into her study (she didn't hear me and I stayed quiet for reasons which will become obvious).

Almost as soon as the head had come into the study she went back to the door (the one out into the corridor) and let in one of the senior girls (telling two others to wait outside). As I watched (I crouched behind some large cardboard boxes) the head told the girl (who was rather skinny and unattractive) to bend over the desk — No, I'm afraid there was no lecture or ceremony so beloved by the writers of your 'letters'. The girl did so and the head pulled up her skirt and reaching behind her produced a cane with which she proceeded to beat the seat of the girl's pants. The whole thing took place without any fuss or bother and had little effect on the girl as the strokes were very light. After the caning the girl stood up with hardly a sniff and left the study seemingly no worse for her not-very severe ordeal.

A second girl came in straight-away (the whole thing was like a well-rehearsed pantomime) and she too bent over the desk for six of the feeblest!

The third girl was rather more interesting (to me, if not the head). She was perhaps approaching 18. She bent over the desk and the head pulled up her short black skirt to reveal rather tight, glossy brown panties over a rather large bottom. You can tell I liked this girl because of the way I dwell on the description. The head lifted the cane and swished it across the girl's bottom — not much of a thwack resulted. The cane was raised and swished again across those well-filled brown pants and then again. Three more whacks followed (six — or thirty-six — the way the head was using the cane it would have made no difference). This girl was an actress. She wiggled her behind during the caning and afterwards rubbed her bottom vigorously and whimpered.

After the brown-pantied girl had left the study I let myself out into the corridor very quickly and as far as I know the headmistress did not know she had had a witness to her incompetence with the cane.

So there you are. Girls really do have their bottoms caned at school — but not the violent thrashings portrayed in *Janus*!

H.S.

Thank you Mr. H.S. We have frequently assured our readers that every letter printed in Janus is absolutely genuine and take this opportunity to do so again. The originals of all these letters are kept here for some considerable period (with their envelopes stapled to them) and can be seen by anybody who is sufficiently interested to make an appointment and call at this office. How genuine the writers or the contents of their letters are (including this one) is frequently

a matter for surmise, but the editorial staff have far too much to do without inventing letters and in any case have absolutely no need to do so.

TURNED ON?

In a recent Editorial your imply something that is also often implicit in many of the letters you publish — that you think that there are two kinds of spankings where adults are concerned, those between husband and wife, boyfriend and girlfriend or between two girls where spanking is used to 'turn on' those taking part, possibly as a kind of foreplay, and those where spanking is used purely as a punishment.

Well, I can assure you some people, and I suspect probably a lot more than might admit it, are 'turned on' by giving (and by



receiving) spankings that are, on the face of it, intended only as a punishment. I am quite prepared to admit this is so in my case.

For some years now I have run a boarding house and normally have about seven or eight girls in their late teens, twenties or perhaps even in their early thirties stopping with me, usually on a long term basis.

I never have to advertise when I have a vacancy as I always get them filled through the recommendation of girls already stopping with me. And this in spite of (or perhaps because of) the fact that it is always made clear, that, while I look after the girls very well and they are happy staying with me, I maintain really strict discipline and all the girls are caned frequently and in a matter of fact and everyday manner. I have never had a girl leave because of discipline or because she had been caned or caned too often, and only once did one decide not to come and even in that case I am not sure if that was the reason she did not come. You may ask why my girls accept my methods as willingly as they do. I think that without oversimplifying matters, there are basically two reasons. One is that, even at thirty years of age or more, a girl expects (dare I say wants) to be punished when she has been naughty or made a mistake, and the other is that she is really 'turned on' by having her bottom caned. I know I am 'turned on' when I give a girl a hiding but of course this could remain my secret, but in the case of the girls, without going into obvious details, as I always make them take their knickers down for the stick, I can see that they are aroused during a caning.

I know it could well be argued that because girls are aroused by being caned that it might show that caning is not a good form of punishment. But I must point out that girls (or my girls at least) expect punishment. I certainly don't believe in judicial floggings and such barbarism and would not give my girls the cane for anything really serious (though I don't suppose any of them would ever do anything serious) but I think it is very suitable for minor mistakes and naughtiness and for what I call frisking — keeping them alert and on their toes. On the other hand punishment has got to be punishment — it's no good playing at it. Three smacks on the seat of the trousers may be alright for a twelve year old

boy but would be no use on the well developed bottom of a young woman in her late twenties. On the other hand I make no distinction with my girls on account of age or anything of that sort. At present I have eight girls staying with me and they have all been with me for at least two years. I have five single girls aged 22, 23 (two), 24 and 27, one widow of 24 and two divorcees of 24 and 31 and what ever it is they have done they all always get the same basic punishment (though extras can be added 'not taking it properly', whining or making a fuss). They either get it in the bedroom where I make them lie face down flat on the bed or in the dining room where I have them face down on an old sofa (I have them face down because I suspect that the cane stings more when the cheeks of the bottom 'fat'). Once in position the girls lift up their clothes or take their trousers down and then pull down their knickers and tights (if worn). I use an ordinary three foot cane with a hook handle and really nice and whippy — I keep one in the dining room and one in the girls' bedroom. I always give a minimum of twenty whacks and believe me I really make 'em sting. They get extra cuts for fidgeting their bottoms or other naughtiness of this sort but they are pretty well trained and always take their punishment in the right spirit. I think it is very important that girls do 'take' their punishment, get themselves ready smartly and do not argue or whine. My girls get the cane in front of one another and often in front of other people and sometimes think they would like to 'gib' attacking their knickers down and having their bare bottoms caned in front of other people — but they know I will not stand for any nonsense of this sort.

I seldom employ any other forms of punishment with my girls except caning but occasionally substitute something else instead of more strokes when they have earned 'extras' during a caning. About ten days ago my eldest girl was going down to the local shops and I asked her if she would go into the Post Office and get me a two pound postal order. When she came back she had bought two one pound ones instead of one two pound one. I suppose it was an easy mistake and of course they could still be used for my purpose which I told her but of course I added that she couldn't

have listened to me properly and that it was pure carelessness in any case. So I told her to get on the sofa and bare her bottom for the cane. She did so of course but I had to scold her for the way she fumbled with her knickers as she pulled them down. I gave her the usual twenty good stingers with the cane on her bare bottom but then instead of adding extra cuts for not pulling her knicks down smartly I thought of something more suitable. I made her spend the next half hour, still face down on the sofa, pulling her tight little briefs up and down over her stinging red bottom. It not only reminded her how sore and smarting her bottom was but I fancy it made her arms ache quite a bit too. Since then she has had her bottom caned four times and I have noticed how quickly she has got into position on each occasion and how smartly she has pulled her knickers down for the cane.

My girls all sleep in my large front bedroom which looks more like a dormitory with eight beds in it and you might well think I have a problem getting them up in the morning and I might well do if I had not devised a long time ago a way of dealing with girls who are too fond of their beds in the morning. The girls are not allowed to get up until I go into them. When I do go into the room I don't say a word but just take my cane down off of its hook and just swish through the air once. When they hear that they all have to spring out of bed double quick. If anyone doesn't move quick enough for my liking then it's back face down on the bed again and twenty good hard stingers with the cane across the bare bottom. I suppose I could brag about this curing them but as I said at the start of this letter I really get a kick out of caning the girls so I see to it there is seldom a morning goes by when at least one of them gets twenty on her bare tail end — very often it's more than one of them.

I don't think 'enjoy' is quite the right word but all my girls get 'turned on' by getting their bottoms caned so often (I reckon they each get it about twice a week on average) and I am sure that they don't want me to stop caning them. Only four of the girls were with me at Christmas as the others had gone elsewhere. When I woke up on Christmas morning I found a stocking on the end of my bed and

in it were just two things — two three foot supple canes. Well, what would you do? I did what I am sure the girls wanted me to do. I went into their room with the canes, told them to throw back the bedclothes, get over on their tummies and pull up their nighties, and then, without more ado I gave each of them ten hard stingers with each of my new canes on their bare bottoms. Of course, I gave all the girls presents as well and got some back from them as well as my new canes. Do you want further proof? When the other four came back after the holidays they made it known that they had all 'chipped in' to buy my new seat warmers and when I asked them if they wanted a trial run like the others had had, without being told and with the familiar knowing grin on their faces, they one at a time got down on the sofa and took down their knickers and I gave ten good hard biters from each of my new ticklers.

And do you know something? They loved it (as usual). And so do I.

(Mrs.) Kate Read,
Golders Green,
London, N.W.11

ASKING FOR IT

I am unable to put my name to this letter, you will see why later, but we all read *Janus* at school and I write a letter for your readers about our punishments at home. I am the eldest of two boys and two girls. Dad has a shop and Mum is a school meals supervisor and an ancillary helper at a primary school. Mum used to shout at us, nag nag, stop us going out, stop our pocket money, confiscate things left around, forbid T.V. for a week, break our records in temper, and with four of us there was a row a day in our family. Dad used to sulk, lose his temper, belt us across the ears, pull hair and stomp out of the house and go to the pub.

Then one day a neighbour said to Ian and me: 'What your family needs is organised discipline' — I was about fifteen at the time. Ian and I told Mum and Dad — 'Get a cane and give us a stroke each time we are naughty.' A special 'bottom smacker' from Southend-on-Sea was presented to them by a friend. A Marley ceiling tile was stuck on the wall of the kitchen with a red pin for me, a blue pin for Ian, yellow

for Jane and green for Toby. Dad used these coloured pins in the shop — it was agreed one stroke for every pin to be given after tea on Fridays. It worked quite well (I never got it) mainly the boys — then Mum increased the strokes to one-and-a-half per pin — the boys didn't much like that, but life at home was peaceful.

Somehow having felt the power of discipline, life became stricter — Mum and Dad increased it to two strokes per pin, and six strokes automatically if any pins were unofficially removed. One of the boys took a pin out — we were all blamed because nobody would own up — we were all punished — Toby and Jane had their six strokes — then Ian and I, that bottom smacker across my tight school pants certainly stung.

Then it split — so a cane was introduced — we live in the centre of a basket-making area — a long thin willow wand — and suddenly I found myself one Friday with three pins in the tile — the next week a further three pins — I found I was being caned for the most trivial offences — Mum got the caning bug. Then one Friday I was told that like Ian, Toby and Jane — I must pull my knickers down to be thrashed, so now I have to stand to be punished along with Ian; he has to remove his trousers then slip his pants down. Me, I take off my school skirt and pull my knickers down to my knees — both Dad and Mum are present. We have to kneel

on a chair and grip a lower rail.

I go to pantomime rehearsals every Friday evening — I am in the dancing troupe, and for the last four Fridays I have had a caned bottom under my knickers, and have had to plead with Mum not to hit my bare legs — but, like one of your readers, I got it, and there have been visible marks each side of that navy blue triangle if anyone but knew.

But life at home is peaceful now — Ian and I are a little worried as to what might happen next — there's no doubt about it, C.P. grows on people. Jane has her knickers down now as well — could it be three strokes per pin? I had thought a school prefect would be exempt from whackings at home, but a book not put in its place, hairs in my hairbrush, a sock on the floor, dirty shoes, a light left on, hockey stick not put away — each of these items has cost me two hard swipes across my bare bottom. I think the cane is ideal for little children, after all the boys and girls get it in all our local school but not very hard, only stings across their legs. But Mum really thrashes me — she says it's all my fault as I introduced it and agreed to take my medicine if ever they consider I deserved it. Don't your readers think sixth year pupils are too old for this treatment?

Sincerely yours and 'well disciplined'.

Irene
Millfield,
Somerset







A
JANUS
PUBLICATION