

# PRIVILEGE

## Club

**"We'll keep you better informed"**

**Number Twenty-Seven**

**NOT FOR RESALE**

## SECRETARY'S MESSAGE

IN this issue, for the first time, I have included three stories, all of course from members. I shall be interested to receive your response to this. I know some members feel the magazine should be primarily devoted to Readers' Letters but this may not be a majority view. Certainly many of you are sending in stories rather than letters and my feeling is that as it is the members' magazine it should reflect what is sent in. For those who want more letters the answer is obvious: send one in.

One of the stories in this issue is a fantasy involving the one and only Miss Paula Meadows and I must stress that this is a work of fiction. As far as I am aware that most attractive young lady did not start out as an art teacher wielding a cane although, like our author, one can picture the attractions of this. One of the other pieces is an evocative offering from a Swedish member and this story, I understand, is based on fact.

I was particularly interested in this story to read about the birch rods decorated with coloured feathers being sold in the market place in Sweden. When I was in Prague at Easter a year ago I saw a very similar item for sale in the streets as an Easter decoration. This was a stick about three foot long made of six or eight thin young willow twigs plaited together and decorated at the end with coloured ribbons. One of our party inquired of the guide what these were for and was told with a grin, 'For keeping girls and wives in order'.

These decorated sticks were being bought mostly by children but evidently were a festive variant of something which in the past had been, and for all I knew still was, a typical household item in that country being put to the use stated by the guide. As I say they were intriguingly similar to the feather-decorated birch rods in K.E.'s story. Are similar items seen in any other European countries, do any members know?

GORDON SERGEANT

# Drinking Capers

by P.C. of London

MR R. W. BADGER, B.Sc., M.A., Headmaster of Houndsfield County Grammar School, stood tall and stern on the school hall platform. The 62-year-old Headmaster had been complaining at length about certain aspects of school discipline, but to the relief of the school's 500 mixed pupils his long lecture had almost drawn to an end.

'And finally school, before I dismiss you I'd like to give another reminder about this continued lunchtime drinking.' The Headmaster peered over his thick-rimmed tortoise-shell spectacles. Once more he rambled on about the evils of drink. Being a teetotaler himself made matters worse.

'And may I conclude, that any of our sixth-form boys found in a public house in future will experience the greatest difficulty in sitting down for a week. I hope I have made myself perfectly clear.' His voice rang out around the assembly hall. Then at very long last those welcome words, 'Dismiss school'.

Martin Rangwell, Head Prefect, having had enough of the Headmaster's lecture now made his way to the tuck shop, one of the many privileges open to sixth-formers.

'Boring old toad,' he thought, only to have his thoughts abruptly broken .... 'Psst! Hey you! Psst!'

Who the hell ...? he thought.

Suddenly emerging from the hedge was a scruffy looking lout clad in jeans and T-shirt. He had some rippling muscles, though, so Martin wasn't going to argue with him. The youth in his cockney voice asked Martin if he knew Lisa Russell and Dawn Fletcher. Martin did indeed know those two sixth-form girls very well.

'Well done mate,' said the visitor, 'Tell 'em that me and Pete will meet them at The Pied Bull at one o'clock. Got it, my son?'

'Yes I think I have, grandad,' replied Martin. The youth then disappeared.

On Martin's way back to the sixth-form common room, he saw Graham Osbourne, his closest pal.

'Silly ol' fool that headmaster of ours', moaned Graham, mopping his thick ginger hair. 'Lecturing is all he's any good for.' Graham was a pupil who frequently visited public houses.

'He's good at one other thing, Graham ... and that's whacking.'

'You're right there. But I hope it's not just us boys who experience difficulty in sitting down if we get caught in the pub. Bloody girls at this school get away with murder!'

Mrs Wigley, the Deputy Mistress, who usually dealt with all female disciplinary matters at the school had apparently grown very lenient in her old age, not so Mr Badger with the boys.

'What I didn't like was the way Whacko-Badger just directed his complaint at us boys; surely the senile ol' four-eyed twit knows that girls go to public houses as well. Only last week I saw five sixth-form girls leaving The Red Lion. I say the girls should get whacked as well.'

'Here, here!' agreed two other boys, joining in this most interesting conversation. 'Bottoms up for the girls!' said one. 'I say ol' Whacker Badger should take over from old Wigley.'

'Perhaps Badger would whack the girls if he knew they were involved in this.' Martin licked his lips at the prospect, giving it some thought.

'No chance!' said Graham. 'No girl has been whacked to my knowledge at this school for years. Even if it did occur, it'd be ol' Mrs Wigley who dishes it out on their hands. I reckon ol' Whacker-Badger would have a heart attack at the thought of caning a girl.'

Martin was still deep in thought. 'The girls never seem to get caught out' he said, 'Unless ...'

'Unless what, Martin?' asked Graham.

Martin was thinking of the conversation with Lisa's scruffy boyfriend. Would it grass on them? he asked himself. No surely I wouldn't ... But why not, they were a stuck-up pair of snooty-nosed bitches.

'I'll tell you later, Graham.'

Just then, the two sixth-form girls in question, Lisa Russell and Dawn Fletcher appeared in the corridor, both dressed in Houndsfield's navy-blue school uniform. Both girls looked as delightful as ever, even though they were both the school's biggest teases. Martin briefly passed on the message, in spite of the fact that he disliked Lisa Russell. She was nothing more than a tormenting little flirt, hurting

all the boys and breaking hearts, including his own once. How high she wore that blue pleated school skirt, deliberately showing off those gorgeously tanned long shapely legs of hers. Her PE skirt was even shorter! She was nothing more than a spoiled brat, a real daddy's little darling.

'Thank you, Martin,' said Lisa, her deep blue eyes gazing into Martin's, giving him the 'come and get me' sign. 'I can't wait to get to grips with Steve at dinner time. Oh those rippling muscles and that gorgeous tan!

'Yes, and Pete's really dishy too!' chipped in the lovely Dawn, aged 18, who had started at the school only three months ago. The two shapely sixth-form girls wandered off to their 'A' level maths period. Martin and Graham watched with interest as the two shapely bottoms encased in their short tight-fitting skirts swayed from side to side.

Martin and Graham were now off to their Economics group. The 'A' level examinations were looming and if the mocks were anything to go by they were in for a hard time, but first of all Martin had a little business to attend to ... like slipping a little note under the Headmaster's door telling him about two certain girls going off to the Pied Bull ...

Before you knew it, it was dinner time. Lisa and Dawn hurriedly made their way to the locker room to change out of school uniform.

'I'm a bit worried about this, Lisa,' said Dawn as, blazer removed, she undid her striped tie and began to unbutton her crisp white blouse. Lisa looked perplexed. 'I mean about the warnings Mr. Badger gave us this morning,' she continued, as her blouse came off to reveal modest youthful breasts cupped in a pastel-blue bra.

'Don't be so silly, Dawn,' said Lisa, growing rather cross with her friend, 'I wouldn't give up seeing Steve for anybody, and that includes Baldy Badger.'

'Anyhow,' continued Lisa, now unfastening her skirt, 'they wouldn't do anything to us girls, we'd get let off, and besides we're sixth-formers, and privileged. After all we're only here to do our exams. Hey you're not worried about getting the cane are you, Dawn?' grinned Lisa. 'CHRIST! Girls don't get it here. Besides even if they did it'd be silly ol' Wigley who gives it on your hand and she's so blind and batty she'd probably miss. And as far as I'm concerned a silly little tap is worth it to see Steve!'

Both girls now stepped out of their pleated skirts to stand in their panties

and bra. Dawn with medium length blonde hair wore a very brief pair of pastel-blue lacy panties which strained and stretched across her firm but full bottom cheeks. Lisa with highlighted brown hair wore black-and-white horizontally striped knickers which pleasantly encased her own firm bottom, while her full 36" breasts were cupped in a small white bra. Lisa's large breasts were the talk of the school, especially at netball time when Lisa frequently left off her bra.

Both now clad in tight jeans and T-shirts, the two girls made their way out of the school and down to the Pied Bull. Freedom at last! How marvellous to be with their boyfriends during the lunch hour. They drank and puffed cigarettes and giggled and chatted and when it was time to go, they emerged from the public house arm in arm with the boys, completely unaware of the note earlier slipped under the Headmaster's door. Back in the locker room the two gorgeous girls were changing back into school uniform when in walked Susan Woods, the Headmaster's attractive 25-year-old secretary.

'Hello Susie!' said Lisa.

'Never mind 'Hello Susie' you two are in big trouble. I'm afraid. Both of you are to come with me to the Headmaster's study! The two girls looked dazed. 'You really are a stupid pair,' added Susan. 'Hurry up and get changed!'

Lisa blinked. 'How did we get caught and why are we seeing Mr Badger and not Mrs Wigley?'

'Because, Lisa, Mrs Wigley regards this matter so seriously she felt it warranted a visit to the Head.'

'It's all your bloody fault, Lisa,' said Dawn, fumbling with her skirt. 'I said we shouldn't have gone.'

The threesome went off to the Head's study, Susan walking briskly, Lisa and Dawn dragging behind, arguing with each other. Three sets of heels clattered on the hard wooden floor as they passed the sixth-form block. Both girls looked white as ghosts as they suddenly found themselves outside the Head's oak-panelled door.

'I thought you said we'd get let off as we're girls? And we're only here to do our exams? It just shows you what you know!' moaned Dawn.

'Shh!' whispered Susan. 'The Head is furious with you two ... It could be a caning you know.'

'What!!' echoed both girls.

'Could be,' continued Susan 'and from him too! Mrs Wigley was banned from using the cane four years ago. She caned

a girl across her hand and missed a stroke and the girl ended up with an injured wrist and her parents sued the school. After that it was decided only Mr Badger could dish out corporal punishment, including girls. Sorry to tell you that! Susan was half grinning.

'Well at least we shan't get an injured wrist,' sighed Dawn, ever the optimist.

'No Dawn, you certainly won't get an injured wrist. No chance of that ... because ... er ... well, I hate to be the bringer of more bad tidings, but Mr Badger prefers the bottom, girls as well as boys.'

As the girls gasped in horror, Susan tapped the door. He's an expert at whacking bottoms too,' she added with another grin.

'Enter!'

Susan opened the door and led the girls into the Head's handsomely furnished study.

'Dawn Fletcher and Lisa Russell, Sir; you wanted to see them right away,' said Susan.

'Come 'ere!' growled the Headmaster, flicking through their school records. Susan left the study and closed the door behind her. Both girls stood to attention by his desk, the smell of wood polish and Mr Badger's pipe tickling two pert noses. Lisa studied Mr Badger's balding head and the thick bushy eyebrows bushing above his spectacles.

At last the Head looked up, removed his specs and got to his feet. He sighed and he studied the two girls' attire. He was a real stickler on the importance of smart school uniform.

'Your tie, Russell ...'

'Sir?'

'Straighten it, girl!' He continued to inspect young Lisa, slightly taller than Dawn, her hair light brown with a side parting, and her dark complexion now more pronounced by her recent holiday abroad. Then it was Dawn's turn for his scrutiny. She was another most attractive young lady, her medium length blonde hair softly permed into fluffy loose curls. She had a light complexion complete with a handful of fading freckles on her nose.

'You two are an utter disgrace to this school. How dare you defy my warnings! I can hardly believe it was only this morning that I lectured the entire sixth-form on this very matter. Yet here we are with you two, with the world at your feet, ready to sacrifice your whole education for the sake of alcohol.' The Headmaster was working himself into a nice rage. He paced up and down behind his desk. 'I

have a good mind to write to your parents,' he continued, once more removing his specs. The dressing down went on and on.

Meanwhile outside young Martin Rangwell was dragging Graham Osbourne up the corridor. Martin seemed most excited.

'Come on, Graham, they're in the Head's study now! Susan told me! And with those two holes in the stationery room next door ... you can see straight into the Head's study. Come on!'

'But ... how ...?' Graham was lost for words.

Quickly Martin undid the stationery room door with the key that Susan had given him. 'Sshh! We'll have to crouch down.'

Graham could hardly believe it. Sure enough there were two holes, giving a perfect view into the Head's study.

Mr Badger had at last concluded his dressing down. 'Well girls, in view of the seriousness of this incident you must certainly be punished.'

Both girls' hearts now began to beat faster and their mouths were dry.

'It has been decided by Mrs Wigley and myself that you should be suspended from school for a period of three weeks. This will mean that you won't be able to sit your 'A' level examinations this term.'

They both looked highly alarmed. 'However, I can offer you one alternative option,' Mr Badger paused. 'That is that I take the most unusual steps of offering you a caning. A sound caning which neither of you will forget.'

The girls' heads were in a whirl: they couldn't believe their ears.

'Frankly I feel you would be better off opting for this alternative. That way you will not miss your 'A' levels and I shan't have the unpleasant task of informing your parents. Also the incident will then be forgotten.'

Mr Badger let them think it over. It was Lisa who shortly spoke for both of them.

'P... please Sir, we ... we'll accept your second option ... Sir.'

'Very well, I hope you are both quite certain of your decisions. One stipulation I will make is that I expect both of you to take the punishment in good grace and without complaint and show me there is at least some moral fibre and self discipline in you.'

Pushing back his gown, the Head walked to a cupboard along one of the study walls. He opened the door and took out two crook-handled canes and placed them on his desk. One was about three foot long, the other at least three foot six

inches! The two boys peering through the two holes could hardly contain themselves.

The Head turned first to Dawn. 'Fletcher, you are pretty new at this school and so far your behaviour has been good. However, this is a serious blemish on your record and you should certainly have set a better example at a new school. Therefore you will receive six strokes of the No. 1 cane, the shorter one. You will take these, Fletcher, across your buttocks, bent across my desk.'

Mr Badger now turned to Lisa. 'You, Russell, being a prefect should be utterly ashamed of yourself. What an appalling example!'

'For this reason I'm going to be particularly hard on you, Miss. EIGHT STROKES ... TOUCHING YOUR TOES ... WITH THE NO. 2 CANE.'

The room was silent except for the heavy breathing of the two nervous girls. Lisa gulped as the Head passed sentence.

'Also, girls, I shall require both of you to bare your bottoms for this punishment! So please both remove your blazers.'

'Sir! NO! Not that. You can't, Sir,' they gasped.

'Silence or do you want to be suspended?'

'Why b... bare Sir?' Asked Dawn.

'Because it hurts more, girl,' answered Mr Badger as he picked up the shorter cane and cleared a space on his desk. 'I shall deal with you first, Dawn. Lisa, stand in the corner.'

Mr Badger moved in close behind Dawn. 'Lift your skirt to your waist,' he commanded.

The tearful Dawn looked pleadingly round at the Head, and then slowly edged the pleated skirt up to her waist to display those brief pastel panties.

'Bend over my desk!'

Slowly Dawn placed herself across the large old leather-topped desk. Her lovely firm white fleshy thighs and legs were on full display while silky panties strained across her shapely rear. The girl's breathing became heavier as she felt Mr Badger's sure and expert thumb and forefinger enter the waistband of her panties. She gave a little cry, but in no time at all the old Head had slipped them off her bottom. The milky flesh wobbling as he did so, down past her creamy thighs until the now inside-out panties were at the hollows of her knees. There they rested. Mr Badger stepped back to get a better view of what he had just uncovered and found himself admiring a most

voluptuous bare bottom. Full and pouting and blemishless.

Yes, I'm certainly going to enjoy caning this, he thought as he swished his cane through the air three times.

Without further comment Mr Badger placed the thin cane dead centre across the naked rear. The girl braced herself, desperately clenching her bottom cheeks. Then the cane came back over his shoulder and was speeding down. SWISH-THWAAAK!!

'AAAAHHH!!' cried Dawn. She jerked and grabbed her bottom with one hand trying to rub away the sting.

'You will have to do better than that, girl! Keep your hands down or there'll be extra!'

Mr Badger lined up the second stroke, checking his distance and pushing the cane into the milky buttocks. Then up it went ... SWISH! swinging his body like a golfer at the tee off. THWAAAKK!! Crack onto her bottom 'OOOOOOOHH!' Her loud shriek filled the room as the stroke landed just above the first.

SWISH THWAAAKK. 'Aaaaoww. Oh please Sir, no Sir.'

She yelled like hell as the third caught her square on the lower creases, adjoining her upper thighs, as she tried to rise from the desk.

The Head pushed her back over the desk and instructed that she must 'keep still'.

'I can't take any ... more!' sobbed Dawn.

'Three more to come, girl!' The fourth caught Dawn squarely across her right buttock, bringing forth another anguished cry of pain from the 17-year-old.

Four painful red weals were now across her once blemishless rear, and since Dawn's right buttock had received the last stroke, equal justice had to be given to her left, and so the Headmaster angled himself accordingly. It was true what the boys had said, Old Badger was an expert whacker, as young Dawn would agree as this fifth stroke caused her to fill the study with another frenzied yelp. Her head shot back, her body jerked, and her shapely legs kicked out in sheer agony.

'Get back into position .. buttocks raised much more!' commanded Mr Badger as he prepared for the final stroke. Once Dawn was more or less ready he took two paces back and came skipping forward to bring the cane down high on her bottom cheeks for the sixth time.

SWISH - THWAAAKK. 'Aaaahhh ... Oooowwwh!'

Dawn clasped her bottom with both

hands, crying unashamedly. She looked a proper sight when she stood up, face flushed and tear-stained, hair a real mess.

'Adjust your clothing and stand in the corner. You, Russell, now come here,' he said turning to the worried looking Lisa. Dawn's lovely, but distinctly sore bottom disappeared out of sight under panties and skirt. In the next room Martin and Graham, both staring open mouthed through their little peepholes, could hardly believe what they were witnessing.

Lisa followed Mr Badger to the centre of the room, tears already starting in her eyes. The Head picked up the longer cane and told Lisa to face the right wall, which meant her back was towards the watching boys.

'Touch your toes!'

Lisa quickly complied, stretching right down, slender fingers touching the tips of her toes, legs quite straight, her short skirt riding up even shorter.

With one swoop Mr Badger lifted the navy skirt up to her slim waist, leaving only her brief panties protecting her modesty. Lisa could feel her full shapely breasts hanging down, causing her bra to stretch to its limits.

'Knickers down!' came the Head's stern command.

'No; oh good God I can't,' Lisa thought, but she knew that she had no choice. She hooked her fingers into the waistband and drew the little tight striped panties down to her knees.

'To your ankles,' said Mr Badger. Lisa gulped, hesitated, then complied. The sight in the study now was quite delightful; for here was 17-year-old Lisa Russell, prefect, netball captain, and head of her house, bent over touching her toes, with her bare bottom presented to the school Head, and also to two more uninvited and far less distinguished guests.

Mr Badger flexed this most painful looking cane as he gazed on the splendid sight before him, for there was no doubting that Lisa possessed a superb bottom. The long slender legs were shapely and tanned, and the buttocks were well spread in this bent over position, curving beautifully. One could clearly see the bikini marks high up on her bottom cheeks. A good half of her rear was well tanned and very soon it would be tanned all over; not in brown through the sun, but in red weals, from this menacing cane which Mr Badger was now measuring across her flanks.

Old Badger, a lover of the female rear, couldn't resist a quick feel of Lisa's soft bottom. 'Relax your buttocks, girl,' he told

her, and briefly slid his hand over the left cheek. Lisa remained silent, too embarrassed to do anything.

Suddenly the cane after being once more measured against Lisa's bottom was raised above his head and brought slicing down.

SWISH – THWAAAAAK.

'Aaahh! Christ!!' she yelled, whipping her head up in sheer agony. Her knees sagged a little, until Mr Badger told her to straighten them.

SWISH – THWAAAAAK!

'Ooooh! Oohh! Ow, it hurts!' Lisa protested as the cane landed close to the first line, in fact landing on top of the welt now showing on her right cheek. Mr Badger gazed down on her marked rear as he lined up the third.

'Not s...so hard, Sir,' moaned the suffering girl.

SWISH – THWAAAAAK! 'Oooh! Nooo! Urrhh!' The third, coming down squarely across her left cheek, caused the whole buttock to wobble like a plate of jelly. Poor Lisa gritted her teeth.

The fourth stroke landed in exactly the same place, her gasping cry filling the room. Yes, that one certainly hurt, decided the Headmaster.

'Oh Sir Pleeesse, Oh it hurts.' Lisa attempted to get up.

'Keep still or there'll be extra!'

SWISH – THWAAAAAK. 'Aaaahh!' she shrieked, clenching her fists together, as the stroke hit her across the fullest swell of her bottom.

In the corner Dawn was still sobbing intermittently but Mr Badger was not concerned with her, only with thoroughly warming up Lisa's naked rear. Number six landed squarely on her right rump. Again the room echoed with an agonized yell while this time the victim couldn't avoid claspng her sore rear with both hands.

'I warn you, girl, get back into position or there will be extra!' The Head waited for Lisa to bend back over again. She was crying now like a two-year-old. Mr Badger reminded her that there were 'Two more to come.' Slowly, sobbing uncontrollably, Lisa bent over again.

'Knees back!'

With a supreme effort Lisa braced her knees well back. Mr Badger decided to give her the final two strokes on her lower cheeks. He placed the hard tip of this most painful spanking instrument on her lower creases. Two taps and up it came. And down ...

SWISH – THWAAAAAK, curling itself around her lower cheeks. And how Lisa responded ... 'Aaaahh! Ooooww!'

Almost immediately the last stroke landed in the same place followed by another ear-piercing shriek which echoed round the room like a pistol shot. The girl jumped up like a released spring clutching her rear, as Mr Badger mopped his brow.

'Compose yourself and adjust your clothing,' he said primly as he returned both canes to the cupboard. Lisa eased her panties up and let her skirt down. Both girls were told to put their blazers back on as Mr Badger now sat at his desk and started writing details in the punishment book. With pipe in his mouth and specs back on he acted as if nothing had happened, seemingly unmoved by the two girls sobbing at his desk and ruefully rubbing their bottoms. Yes Mr Badger was a master of his art, as the girls' sobs would testify. He made them both sign the punishment book.

'Well girls, I hope you have learned your lesson, and I trust we shan't have to meet in these circumstances again. You can rest assured that the matter is now closed and I hope you will continue to be happy at Houndsfield Grammar ...' He

shook hands with both of them. 'You may dismiss.'

On shaky limbs the girls left the study. The Head sat back in his chair in a relaxed manner, then glanced over at the wall which separated his study from the stationery room. Getting smartly to his feet he stalked over to where the holes were and banged on the oak panelling.

'Don't go away, Rangwell and Osbourne ... I'd like to see you in here immediately.'

One thing I can't stand is spying. I really must get that panel repaired, he thought. As for that Susan Woods, I've told her a hundred times about giving the stationery keys out to pupils. He pressed the intercom button. 'Susan, would you report to my study after school please. There's a little matter you and I need to get sorted out.' He gave a rasping chuckle. 'Something I really must get to the bottom of ...'

Pretty Susan, in her office, said, 'Yes Sir.' She looked at the wall, pondering the Headmaster's words. She blinked and bit her lip. And then squirmed her shapely, quite full bottom on her seat.

# Miss Meadows

by R.H. of Clacton

Note: As I have made clear in my Editorial this is purely a piece of fiction. Perhaps we will be able to get Miss Paula Meadows' reaction to R.H.'s fantasy.— G.S.

PETER GRANT was 17, a Sixth Former and a Prefect. He looked across the study and watched as Miss Meadows, the 25-year-old Arts Mistress at St Marks, went to a cupboard and selected a long thin whippy cane with a curved handle. This naturally was a few years before Paula Meadows became the beautiful model and talented artist for JANUS. Paula flexed and tested the cane in her hands.

'Now Peter, for losing your temper in class this afternoon and swearing at me – if I recall you called me a bloody rotten cow and also you used an obscene four-letter word – you are going to be severely punished. I am going to give you a choice, you can have a severe caning from me or I can report you to Dr Howard and let him deal with you.'

Peter didn't hesitate. 'I'll take a caning from you, Miss; the Head would expel me.'

'Yes, I think he might,' said Paula, 'but you must understand if I cane you it will be a severe caning, your bottom will be very sore for a few days. I shall mark you and it will be quite some time before you want to sit down.'

'Yes I know, Miss,' replied Peter, 'but I'll have the caning. I can't risk being expelled, my parents would never forgive me.'

'Very well, Peter, we'll get it over with, shall we? Take off your blazer, please.'

Peter took off his blazer and was then told to drop his trousers and his pants. He undid his belt and let his trousers drop, then tugged his pants down below his knees.

'Now roll your shirt up well under your arms, please.'

Peter turned his back to Paula before he rolled up his shirt. It was the first time he had ever been caned by a schoolmistress and this was a young and very pretty one. He was conscious that he was getting a very big erection. Paula smiled to herself. She could understand Peter's modesty, but he would not be thinking about his modesty after she had given him a few strokes with the cane, he would have something else to worry about.

'Now Peter,' said Paula when Peter had rolled up his shirt and was naked from just below his shoulders to his ankles, 'I want you to lie over my desk and stretch out and grip the other end.'

'Yes Miss,' said Peter, and did as Paula told him.

Paula looked at Peter in position. The boy had a rather nice well-rounded bottom and very nice thighs. She had never caned a boy before, certainly not a young man of 17, and she was really going to enjoy the experience. She was so excited she felt quite damp between her legs. She stood on Peter's left side, the cane in her right hand.

'For swearing at me, Peter, I am going to give you eight severe strokes on your bottom. I am going to sting you; it will hurt a lot. Are you ready?'

'Yes Miss,' said Peter, thinking of the delectable Miss Meadows gazing at his bare bottom.

Paula lined up the first stroke, raised the cane, and brought it down hard across the cheeks of Peter's defenceless bottom.

**THWACK!**

He gave a yelp of pain. Hell, Miss Meadows had made that cane sting! He stood up and clutched the cheeks of his bottom. **Christ it really hurt!** He had been caned before but no single stroke had made him sting like that.

'Get back into position please, Peter,' said Paula coolly, 'and you must stay in position while I cane you. If you get up again before I finish I shall give you ten.'

'Yes Miss,' said Peter, and got back into position. His bottom now had a thin red weal across both cheeks where the cane had landed.

Paula caned Peter again very hard, the cane biting into the soft flesh with a loud **THWACK!**

**'Ohhhhhch! Bloody hell, that's murder!'**

**THWACK!**

**'Yeeeeooooowwww! No, please, not so hard! You're killing me!'**

'Come now, Peter,' said Paula smiling to herself. 'You are 17, and a boy. I'm sure you can take a few strokes from a mere woman.'

'Yes Miss,' said Peter, gritting his teeth. 'But ... not so hard.'

'Never mind, only five more. It's nearly over.'

She then caned Peter's bottom five more times just as hard as before. Peter had eight vicious welts across his bottom when Paula had finished with him, but he stayed down and took his punishment. After the eighth stroke Paula said, 'Right, Peter, it's all over. You may get up now.'

'Thanks Miss.' He stood up and his hands went to his smarting bottom. Christ it was sore! Miss Meadows had really laid it on but in spite of the pain having his bare bottom caned by this very pretty young schoolmistress had turned him on and he still had that very big erection. Paula smiled to herself as Peter stood there rubbing his sore bottom and now not caring that his teacher could see his aroused manhood. Paula could imagine it would one day give some nice young girl a lot of pleasure.

After some moments Paula said, 'Get dressed now, Peter, then you may go.'

He got his clothes back on. 'May I go now, Miss?'

'Yes, off you go. I expect your bottom will be sore for a few days, but I think you deserved what I gave you.'

'Yes, Miss, I did deserve it,' said Peter, 'and thank you, Miss, for not reporting me.'

'That's alright Peter,' Paula smiled. 'Actually I enjoyed caning you. If you ever want any more come and see me.'

'No thanks, Miss,' said Peter flushing. 'You make it sting too much.' He smiled. 'Apart from the pain, though, it was quite a turn-on.'

Paula smiled back. 'Well if you want to come again, the caning could be less severe. Just enough to give you a nice warm tingling bottom, would that fit the bill?'

'Thanks Miss,' said Peter, 'I'll remember that.'

The next day on her way to her classroom after lunch Paula met Dr Howard, the Headmaster.

'Oh Miss Meadows, would you come and see me in my study after school please? I want a little talk.'

'Yes Sir,' said Paula. She liked Dr Howard, he was quite young, in his early forties, and very good-looking. She wondered what he wanted to talk to her about.

Sharp at 4.15 Paula knocked on the door of the Head's study and was told to come in. The Head was sitting at his desk.

'You wanted to see me, Sir?'

'Yes Miss Meadows, I do. Sit down please.'

Paula drew up a chair and sat facing the Head at his desk.

'It has come to my notice, that yesterday afternoon after school you caned a 17-year-old Sixth Former, and you caned his bare buttocks. Is that true?'

'Yes Sir,' admitted Paula.

'Really Miss Meadows, you must know you have no authority whatever to cane the boys. Girls yes, but the boys are caned by me or their form masters. This is a very serious matter. I feel I shall have to punish you.'

'Yes Sir, I'm sorry Sir,' said Paula, who had been well aware of the regulations.

'I understand,' said the Head 'that you gave the boy the choice of a caning from you or being reported to me, is that correct?'

'Yes Sir.'

'Very well, Miss Meadows; you were fair with the boy and I shall be fair with you. For exceeding your authority I shall give you the choice of a caning from me or being reported to the school governors and perhaps dismissed from your post.'

Paula thought for a few moments, her face going distinctly pink. Finally words came out.

'I'll accept a caning from you, Sir. I'm very happy here and I don't want to lose my post.'

'Very well, Miss Meadows, I think you're being sensible. Shall we get it over now or would you rather come back some other time?'

'No Sir, I'd rather have it now. I'd like to get it over.'

'Good. So if you will just take off your skirt and slip and lower your tights and knickers and bare your bottom, I'll give you your punishment.'

Feeling distinctly hot and bothered Paula did as the Head told her and bared her bottom.

The Head fetched his cane from the cupboard. 'Please stand at the end of my desk. Lean forward and rest your hands on the top.'

Paula got into position as the Head had instructed, her bottom pushed out and ready for the cane.

Dr Howard laid the whippy bamboo across Paula's cheeks. He was very excited. He had caned many girls of 17 and 18 but never a young woman of 25 and he was conscious that he now had a large erection. Miss Meadows had a gorgeous well-rounded mature bottom, a bottom he was really going to enjoy caning.

'I understand you gave the boy eight strokes, Miss Meadows?'

'Yes Sir.'

'Very well. I shall give you the same punishment, do you think that's fair?'

'Yes Sir,' mumbled Paula.

The Head raised the cane and brought it smartly down across Paula's naked bottom.

**THWACK!**

Paula groaned with the sharp sting of the cane but she remained still.

**THWACK!**

Again the pretty schoolteacher gave a little cry of pain. It really stung but she remained still awaiting the next stroke.

The third landed lower down with a fierce splat. Once more she moaned with the sharp pain.

The cane strokes followed each other at spaced out intervals each producing a sharp gasping yelp. They seemed to get harder as the Head warmed to his task. The final ones really made Paula jump. For the last one Dr Howard cut it in very hard across the top of Paula's thighs.

Paula jerked upright, her hands grabbing at her tortured bottom. **Christ her bum was sore!** It was the hardest caning she had ever had and for a few moments the pain from that last stroke was out of this world. She vigorously rubbed her bottom and slowly the pain began to ease, but she had stayed in position and taken her punishment and she had not cried.

'You may get dressed now, Miss Meadows,' the Head told her.

'Thank you, Sir,' gasped Paula. She pulled her knickers and tights up and very gently eased them over her smarting bottom, then put on her skirt and slip.

'Good,' said the Head. 'You may go now, and I am pleased that you took your punishment so well. I gave you a severe caning but you kept still and stayed in position. Is your bottom very sore?'

'Yes Sir,' said Paula ruefully. 'It's smarting quite a lot. It feels like I won't want

to sit on it for a week!'

'Never mind. Now you won't be caning any more naughty boys, I hope.'

'I don't think so, Sir,' Paula smiled. 'I must admit I did enjoy caning Peter, he has rather a nice bottom, but I think I have learned my lesson. I shall have to be satisfied with caning my girls, won't I, Sir?'

Paula left the Head's study and went to her room to collect her things, then made her way to the car park.

As she drove home sitting on her smarting well-stripped bottom Paula thought of the Head and the severe caning he had just given her. He had caned her hard and it had really hurt. Her bottom was still painfully sore, but it had also turned her on. It was the first time she had been caned by a man and exposing her bare bottom and thighs like that had really excited her. Showing her naked bottom to a man and feeling the sting of the cane was something she was going to need again in the future.

And that was how it all started. Paula didn't know it then, but in the not too distant future she would be having her bare bottom caned quite regularly by the Editor of JANUS and all those many lucky readers would see her well-caned, well-stripped, gorgeous bottom adorning the pages of that splendid magazine. There would be universal acclaim and if a vote was taken for the most beautiful bottom ever to appear in JANUS she would surely get 80 per cent of the vote.

Yes, that's how it all started. Now we know the facts I'm sure all JANUS readers would want to give a hearty vote of thanks to Dr Howard who started our heroine off on her splendid career. As for that boy Peter Grant I'm afraid I don't know if she had any more dealings with him. It is tempting to think that she did - perhaps out of school. Perhaps someone should ask Paula? Or perhaps someone should write another story!

# When Mummy Was Young

by K.E. of Sweden

ALL who pass the market-place seem to have to stop to admire the magnificent view which suddenly opens to them. There are feathers everywhere. Feathers in all colours. The whole place is like a sea of colours. The square is crowded with people buying flowers, fruits and vegetables. Most of them also buy a bundle of birch-twigs with feathers glued to them as Easter decoration.

Only few among the throng of people observe the two young girls, who are standing by themselves whispering and looking around, as if they are searching for something or waiting for somebody whom they are to meet.

The two long-legged girls are pretty, with slim waists and slender figures, dressed in well-fitting school uniforms. Barbara, the light-haired one, is 17 years old since one week and Mona, her cousin, is soon to be 18.

Barbara is an English girl, but living in Stockholm, where her father is a representative for an English Corporation in Sweden. They have lived in Sweden for more than six years. Mr Banner, Barbara's father had married a Swedish girl after his wife had divorced him some years earlier and moved to the US. His Swedish wife and Mona's mother are sisters and the two girls have been best friends for all the six years Barbara has lived in Stockholm.

Sometimes, when someone comes a little too close to the girls, they move further away and it is obvious if anyone watched them closely that they wished to be alone. There is of course no one who has even the slightest idea that the girls have been sent to the market to buy something which they would rather than anything else in the world be spared to buy.

Barbara and Mona had been at the market once earlier during the day. Then it had been different. At that time they hadn't known what to do. They were playing truant from school and had soon found that playing truant was not as much fun as they had thought it would be. To kill the time they had decided to walk around in the big store, which had huge doors opening to one side of the market place.

It was in the store it had happened, which was the reason too, why they now

were back again. This time it was all like being a bad dream. The girls would very much have liked it to be a nightmare instead of cold reality.

It had started on the top floor in the store. The girls had finished their tea and were sitting pondering about what to do next to make the day pass till they could walk home again to Mona's mother, pretending they had been at school as usual. For a few months Barbara was living with Mona and her parents while her own parents were back in England for some reason, something to do with her father's work. But Barbara had to remain in Stockholm, as she was in the middle of a school term. Now afterwards neither of the girls could understand how such a foolish idea could have popped into their heads.

The clock on the wall opposite in the tea-room showed almost 12 and they were sitting at the table with their now empty teacups, talking in low voices about what to do. Still they had three and a half hours to pass before it was time for them to go home. Leaning over the table Mona whispers something about nicking. Barbara straightens up in her chair, opening her eyes wide at her cousin.

'But that is stealing,' she whispers.

'No, it is not,' Mona insists. 'If nobody detects you it is not stealing. It's just ... exciting.'

Barbara feels her cheeks getting a little hot. There is a strange fluttering in her stomach.

'I need a new pair of stockings,' Mona whispers. 'Yes. And I'd like one of those new lipsticks we were looking at on the third floor.'

'But Aunt Sonia doesn't like us wearing make up,' Barbara reminds her.

'She doesn't have to know everything,' Mona smiles.

The girls feel exhilarated. They start walking through the store from one floor to another. Their confidence increases as they find themselves quite successful as shoplifters. Stockings, a pair of panties each and lipsticks are hidden inside their jackets. Mona also has a packet of cigarettes in one of her pockets and Barbara a little purse when they casually stroll out from the store at five minutes past one.

Excited and happy they stop for a moment on the pavement outside looking

innocently in the window, where they can see lots of magazines. A couple of them have portraits of ex-Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia on their covers. The girls remember, that the ex-Queen had tried to commit suicide following her divorce from ex-King Peter. They had read about it and liked the pictures inside. Alexandra was nice-looking and they pitied her but admired her new Paris clothes for 1954, which she was wearing in the pictures. The girls hadn't been standing by the window more than a few seconds, discussing which way to go, when suddenly a woman stands in front of them and another behind.

A stern voice is talking to them and their faces turn pale. 'Will you girls please follow us inside for a moment?'

It is the elder of the two women who is speaking and she sounds very determined. Blushing and scared with feet heavy as lead Mona and Barbara realise that they have to do what they are told. In a little office all is handled swiftly. The girls have nothing more than their personal belongings in their pockets when one of the women, grey-haired and kind-looking like a mother, talks on the telephone with Mona's mother. It is rather a long conversation and the girls are wishing they could go to the toilet.

When the telephone conversation is finished, the two girls are allowed to go. Now all the fun and excitement is gone. Two very miserably-looking schoolgirls walk slowly back to the house where Mona and her parents live. Now they have to meet Mrs Larsson in the large flat where the Larsson family lives and the unhappy girls shudder at the thought. They feel more distressed than they ever felt before.

Mrs Larsson knows what the girls have been up to. She has heard all about it on the telephone. She is angry, which the girls had known she would be. She tells them she is speechless, but that doesn't mean she can't talk. She lectures the girls till they are on the verge of tears. Mona's mother calls everything by its right words. Mona and Barbara have been stealing and persons who steal are thieves. Blushing Mona and Barbara sit side by side on the settee holding their hands in their laps. Tears glitter in their eyes and they are feeling very much ashamed. What Mrs Larsson says is the truth. Snivelling, both remorseful girls declare that they are willing to suffer almost anything rather than be turned over to the police, as they had been told they would be at the store.

Barbara listens when Mrs Larsson talks

about how Mona has promised only some weeks ago never to smoke again. Last time she did she had been spanked. Yet she has now stolen a packet of cigarettes too. What was she intending to do with them?

Before Mona has a chance to answer that awkward question the telephone rings. It is Mr Larsson, Barbara's Uncle Erik. He tells his wife that he has talked with one of the managers at the store. It is a man who is a member of the same club as Mr. Larsson. The manager has promised that there need not be any report to the police. Mr Larsson has given him his word that neither of the girls will ever again do what they have done. He himself intends to see to that.

Mrs Larsson seems very much relieved after that telephone call. But she admonishes the girls severely. She lets the girls know, that they are not to go unpunished. She explains to Barbara something which Mona is already well aware of.

'I'm sorry but you must both be punished,' she tells them, her eyes looking sternly at Barbara's downcast eyes. 'When teenaged girls here in Sweden do things such as this they must get a sound birching. That is what my husband suggested on the telephone now as the most suitable punishment for young thieves like you and I agreed.'

Mona jerks and opens her lips to protest. She wants to tell her mother that she is far too old for something like that. But she changes her mind when she meets the stern look from her mother's eyes. To make the birching more memorable, Mrs Larsson sends the girls in an errand to the market. Mona and Barbara are to buy a bundle of fine birch-twigs. She instructs them to come back as soon as possible, as Mr Larsson has told her he will be home within half an hour.

'And you, Mona, know well enough what kind of twigs we will need. Try to choose them carefully and get very thin ones and remember we don't need any feathers on them.'

So two very reluctant girls walked down the marble stairs in the ancient but expensive house in which the Larsson family lived and made their way out into the crowded streets.

At two o'clock the market seems more crowded than earlier in the day when the girls had been walking around playing truant. Almost everyone is in a hurry and no one notices the two pretty 17-year-olds, who ten minutes later are standing near the fountain at one end of the square.

'But why,' Barbara nervously asks her

cousin. 'Can't you tell me? Is auntie really going to punish us with these twigs?'

'Yes. You heard what she told us, didn't you?' Mona answers, blushing as a couple of boys stop and look at them and the girls have to try to walk aside.

Barbara is feeling scared. This is something quite new to her. She has never even heard about anyone being punished with a birch, though she is of course aware that she and her cousin have deserved to be punished. And Mr Larsson had succeeded in saving them from the police. They have not only been playing truant from school, they have also been caught as shoplifters in a store.

When they are alone again and nobody can hear them talking, Barbara again asks Mona about this frightening thing.

'Does it hurt much? Being birched, I mean?'

'Of course it does,' Mona whispers sulkily. 'It's awful. It's so childish too. But mummy wants me to feel childish when I have been naughty or stupid like today.'

'If it is childish, then it can't hurt as much as the strap? Can it?' Barbara whispers. The uneasiness she feels makes her voice tremble.

'No. It doesn't. But it really hurts, and it's much more embarrassing. You'll see for yourself, when we are home again,' Mona tells her as she looks at the different stalls.

There is an elderly woman, who seems to have lots of twigs without feathers in them. Some of her twigs are as thin and swishy as Mona wanted to find. From earlier smartening occasions, Mona has learned that very young and thin birch-twigs don't sting so unbearable as others.

She whispers to Barbara to follow and together they walk up to the old woman. Swiftly Mona takes the bundle she has made up her mind to buy and says she wants to have that one.

'Yes, as you like, young lady,' the woman smiles at her. Her voice sounds a bit hoarse and much too loud for Mona's liking.

'I've cut them myself early this morning. That's why I haven't put feathers in them yet. See how nice and whippy they are. Just the kind of birch-twigs young girls have to look out for. You had better behave at your best as long as your parents have them.' The girls blush deeply and flee away as soon as Mona has paid the money.

At home the girls are well aware of what is going to happen. They feel deeply ashamed. It is too late to change anything now. They can't even explain to them-

selves how they could have done something that foolish. Playing truant is one thing. Pilfering or stealing, as Mrs Larsson called it, is something quite else. All the way home they haven't been able to think of anything else. Mona carried the bundle of twigs with the whippy ends pointing backwards so they didn't have to look at them. At home now their bodies are trembling. Mrs Larsson has taken the birch-twigs out into the kitchen leaving the girls to wait in the little room with all the bookshelves, which they liked to call the library. The palms of their hands are wet and they are standing not even wanting to look at each other, resigned to the fact that they have to take what is coming to them. They have admitted to themselves with tearfilled eyes, that they deserve a punishment.

Mona has told Barbara that her father is going to chastise them. 'Mummy did it till I was 15,' she had whispered to Barbara as they mounted the stairs up to the flat after their errand. 'Then she said I was too big for her to handle and that I made too much fuss. So she asked daddy to do it, when I was disobedient or nasty. Now it is always daddy.'

Mrs Larsson is back in the room again. She is still angry and upset. 'You are lucky not to be locked up in a cell at the police station,' she tells them. 'You understand daddy must punish you. For girls of your age it is far better to get a well deserved punishment at home.'

She looks sternly at the young girls standing in front of her and Mona shamefully knows what she is going to tell them next. 'Take off your dresses and go and stand in the corner. I want you to feel properly ashamed of yourself.'

Mona and Barbara have to obey. They can find nothing to say in their defense. A few minutes later two very unhappy and humble 17-year-old girls, clad only in their underwear stand in the corner facing the wall. They are told to put their hands on their heads and they obey submissively. Their red faces tell how ashamed they feel. To the left of Mona hangs a picture of a couple of deer and to the right of Barbara a painting of a lady in a dress from the eighteenth century. But anyone looking would have chosen the two girls as the most enchanting sight to fix his eyes upon.

Also from behind the girls look very attractive. They are both rather tall with slender bodies and very slim waists. Dressed as they now are in only short vests and tight-fitting knickers they show their long tapering thighs in nylon stock-

ings fastened with suspender straps stretching across the bare skin at the tops of their thighs and disappearing inside their white cotton knickers.

With their knickers fitting like a second skin, Mrs Larsson can see their girlishly-rounded buttocks twitching in anticipation as the girls move unhappily from one foot to the other.

Mona and Barbara can hear Mr Larsson talking in the kitchen. He has finished his tea. Humiliated they stand in the corner waiting. Of course Mr Larsson has seen their underwear before, but not like this, when they are put here to wait for punishment.

Suddenly there are voices behind. Mrs Larsson's stern voice summons Barbara to come. Mona shivers and gets a fluttering feeling in her stomach as she finds herself standing alone in the corner. She guesses that Barbara is to be first as she has never had any experience of the birch before. She moves a little aside to glance in the mirror to the left of the picture of the deer. She doesn't need to take more than one little step backwards from the wall to be able to observe what is happening in the room behind her.

Barbara is standing close to her Uncle Erik's knee on his right side. Mona can hear how she is sobbing and knows she must feel shy and very anxious. Behind his chair Mrs Larsson is waiting holding a birch rod in her hand ready to give it to her husband, when he asks for it.

Barbara doesn't dare to resist. Uncle Erik holds his hands round her hips and helps her bend down over his knee. She tries not to weep as she is pivoted across his thighs. Her long tresses are hanging down to the floor on one side and she is holding her toes to the floor on the other.

Snivelling Barbara implores him not to pull her knickers down. But she knows it is in vain and too late now. He already has his fingers inside the elastic round her waist. A few seconds later her knickers are hobbling her long legs round her knees. Her bottom is bared. Barbara is no longer a 17-year-old almost-grown-up young lady. She is a naughty little girl, who has to pay for her mischief.

One hand holds her down with her well-rounded bottom up. The other hand grips the birch-twigs. Holding them in the air above the target he aims this implement chosen to teach Barbara what happens to young girls who can't keep their fingers away from things which don't belong to them.

The birch rod swishes through the air

spreading its twigs out and smacking with a dull thud against the resilient flesh of Barbara's pert girlish bottom. The sudden stinging pain is a new experience to Barbara. She cries out. Involuntarily she tenses her body and stretches her legs straight. White stripes across both her bottom-cheeks are slowly reddening on her smooth velvety skin. Her body wriggles.

Moaning, she relaxes again waiting fearfully for the next stinging lash. She knows she has deserved it. She wants to be a good girl. Obediently she tries to lie still, prepared to receive the punishment Mrs Larsson has several times told her is meant for her own good.

Mr Larsson is well aware that this is the first time Barbara has had a birching. From Barbara's parents he also knows that they have never allowed their daughter to be disobedient or naughty. At home they used to chastise Barbara with a strap which they called a tawse. Now he has to teach Barbara how girls are usually punished in Sweden. But as a start he only wants to let Barbara get used to how a girl feels having thin birch-twigs slapping against her bare skin to make her bottom sore. Barbara doesn't know that these first flicks he is giving her are rather gentle. The supple twigs spread out at each light impact and Barbara feels them stinging all over her well-formed chubby bottom.

Mr Larsson carefully notices all her movements and especially how her buttocks wince and wiggle. Small buds from the birch land on the floor in front of them. The girl will never be a thief again, that he has set his mind upon.

Now and then he gives her a flick across the backs of her thighs above her stocking tops and below the nether parts of her swelling wobbling bottom-cheeks. He is in no hurry. He aims each whack to let it land at a new place each time, with at least 10 to 20 seconds pause in between. Both Barbara and Mona have brought shame on the family and it is really for their own good to have them spend a few minutes barebottomed across his knee. Now it is Barbara, but shortly it will be Mona's turn.

The whippy twigs of the birch are stinging more and more fiercely in Barbara's smooth tender skin, which she is so ashamed to have on display. Barbara blubbers and whines, imploring him not to smack her more. Eventually he decides it is time to let Barbara have the real lesson; that is the real feeling of how it is to be birched.

Mr Larsson lets the birch rod crack down hard 10 or 15 times, making the young girl's bottom bob up and down and forcing Barbara to cry out with loud screams how the pain is hurting her behind. Perhaps it doesn't hurt as much as the strap that she sometimes gets at home, but it tingles and burns like fire and there are for each whack a whole bunch of switches biting into her soft flesh.

Then at last the birch-twigs are resting against her poor red-striped bottom. The teenaged girl is lying still, moaning helplessly, pleading and begging him not to hurt her any more.

But Mr and Mrs Larsson know their duty. Barbara is a 17-year-old girl who has to be taught never to steal, and Mr Larsson has to teach her this lesson with the thin twigs in his birch. His wife whispers something into his ear; and then Barbara gets more smartening smacks until she has properly got the birching she deserves. Her bottom and the bare skin down to her stockings is red like ripe tomatoes and striped with fine weals when after six or seven minutes he at last lets the girl up.

Barbara is blubbing from the smartening pain. Desperately she pulls her knickers gingerly up over her purpling skin. She stumbles over to the settee and sits half lying down with her head in her hands. She is weeping bitterly with tears flowing down her cheeks.

It is now Mona's turn. She is no less scared than Barbara. She knows she can't escape and is well aware that she has deserved this birching more than any she has got before. Like Barbara, Mona has to lie down across her father's knee. Supporting herself on her elbows and toes, she lies submissively with her tummy pressed against his lap. She is already sobbing when he pulls her knickers down. It is by no means the first time her bottom is bared for a birching. But it is as always awful to be almost grown up and yet have to be punished in this way like a child.

No, Mona is not braver than Barbara. She is birched and she cries and screams. Her flinching bottom is striped with fine red lines from one hip to the other. Her thighs are soon red too on their backs down to her light-brown nylon stockings. She can't do anything, only howl and kick with legs up and down, and wriggle her boyishly narrow hips, as she feels the pain spreading through her body from her

rounded bottom-cheeks. Mona tearfully pleads to be let off, but she knows she has deserved this birching and must take it all until it is over and her father lets his right arm rest.

Mona stands up, crying. Her knickers are round her ankles. Her bottom is striped carmine. She is not allowed to pull the knickers up. Mrs Larsson takes her by her ear and leads her back to the corner. Mona has to stand there, as she did before. This time it is with her bottom bare, red and striped and sore from that proper birching. Mrs Larsson fetches Barbara and makes her join Mona in the corner. She pulls Barbara's knickers down for the second time that day. What else can Barbara do other than start to cry anew.

Sobbing and weeping the teenaged pair have now to stand quite still to complete the punishment. It is really embarrassing for the two 17-year-olds to have their bottoms on display like this, showing where the thin and swishy birch-twigs have made their skin so purpled and full of smartening fine weals.

The displayed flesh is framed by stockings, suspender straps and the hem of their vests. Inside these frames the bare parts of their bodies are crimson and crossed with dozens and dozens of fine long angry ridges across buttocks and thighs. It hurts very much and the girls are very regretful now.

Some ten minutes later their weeping has abated. The errant girls are allowed to pull their knickers up and dress. They feel unhappy but they have only themselves to blame. Mr and Mrs Larsson have done what almost every respectable parent would do in Sweden in those days if their daughters had been caught nicking in a store. The girls have been given a lesson that they will not easily forget and this is exactly what they were supposed to learn by the birching. The girls know several of their friends at school who have been birched for much more minor mischiefs than shoplifting. As soon as they are allowed they hurry up to their room. Now they need to be alone for a while to have time to think.

Time passes. Days go by. Smooth skin which has been red and swollen is like silk again. No pain remains to remind errant girls about their misdeeds, but the memory remains in their minds. They can vividly remember being over Mr Larsson's lap, and the cruel caress of the birch-twigs. They will not be such silly girls again.

## MEMBERS' LETTERS

### Those Schooldays

Dear Editor,

READING JANUS and PRIVILEGE I feel far less isolated in my particular desires and it still excites me to know that the strong feelings I experience at the mention of those trigger phrases – 'six of the best' or 'bend over for the cane' and so on are well known to others.

I went to school when being caned was just part of life and our Headmaster, sadly now dead, would have been in the **News of the World** at the very least had he still been in action today. In an obituary a friend wrote that he vividly remembered being beaten by him – 'and well deserved it was, too'. More pompous members of my generation have been heard to state that it 'never did me any harm'.

Another ex-school friend whom I met after over 30 years also had vivid memories. 'Do you remember how he liked to cane people in their pyjamas?' he asked me.

I remember it quite vividly. I was truly caned for punishment, not pleasure, in just my underpants. My trousers were discarded because, as I have explained to my ever-patient wife, underpants in those days weren't like modern Y-fronts but were far more substantial. Even so, they never seemed to deflect any of the fiery sting of the HM's long swishy canes.

I remember more recently when Enid Blyton books began to be frowned on for some reason which escapes me. Well, we read *Billy Bunter* and loved the corporal punishment bits. – 'Coker would have preferred not to have taken his dressing gown off, not just because of the cold night but because thin pyjamas were little protection against Mr Prout's cane ...'

There was a marvellous book on our shelves at home called 'Parent and Child' it has an amazing section headed 'Corporal Punishment': 'Corporal Punishment should only be used as a last resort after other means of discipline have failed. Remember, it should be painful to have any effect and preferably be administered by a parent of the same sex as the delinquent. It is undesirable for a father to beat his daughter. Use a cane and not the hand and strike only the buttocks. Avoid if possible the infliction of the indignity of baring the child's buttocks particularly before others. Hit a little harder without uncovering ...' Surely this must be a prelude to Desmond Morris' 'Human Zoo' where he compares buttock caning to the

submissive rump presentation of the female monkey.

My parents never actually beat me but school was something else ...

Latterly I have enjoyed the film 'If ...' which featured a luxurious caning in the school gym and, perhaps more realistic, 'Ptang Yang Kipperbang' where a boy was sent to the Head's study from a gym lesson for the cane and not even allowed time to retrieve his underpants. In this film, before exerting himself the Head confided, 'I don't really approve of Corporal Punishment so you had better regard this as a deterrent'. And the way he kept selecting a fresh cane during the beating was so true. 'Don't get up yet, boy. I haven't finished.'

I needn't dwell on the lovely warm feeling left by a severe infliction. Your correspondents seem to be all too aware of that and even the difference between the cane and other instruments of punishment.

My satisfaction and fond memory is of how we refused to budge or cry despite extreme provocation when we were being whacked. The first stroke usually hurt quite badly but as an infliction progressed you got used to it, so to speak, or that is how it felt. So six or eight strokes wasn't much worse than three or four.

To return to JANUS I am thrilled to see real cane marks on the girl's derrieres. They just have to be genuine and quite fresh (as we used to describe the early swellings on our newly caned bottoms). I remember discussions in your columns over whether it would be alright to publish such pictures. Glad to see you have the courage.

Finally, I feel no guilt for my condition. My strange inclinations have not affected in any way my happy full life. My wife listens kindly to my memories (they are not all fantasies). I appreciate that everybody's scene is slightly different and in answer to those who say that CP is boring and repetitive, I have been fucking for 30 years and am not in the least fed up.

F.J.A.,  
Leeds

### More Schooldays

Dear Mr Editor,

MY interest in corporal punishment began 20 years ago at school. The school was an Anglican public school in Dorset and the mistresses were allowed to use the

cane as and when they felt it suitable. We had a regulation school uniform that included all underwear not just knickers. All the girls wore sky blue gymslip and knickers, maroon blouse and blazer, black shoes, maroon tie with sky blue stripes. Younger girls had white vest and sky blue knee-length socks with maroon turn-over tops; Sixth Formers wore sky blue bra and suspender-belt with black stockings.

During my time at the school I received the cane three times. The first time was in a history lesson where three of us were misbehaving. Having been warned twice already we were ordered out of the form-room and into the mistress's private study close by. Here we were lectured and told that we all deserved a sharp shock and that we would each get four strokes of the cane immediately. She told us to remove our blazers and one by one to lower our knickers and stretch over her desk. I was to be second and I first had to watch my friend remove her knickers and bend over the desk. The mistress then went to the cupboard and took out a long, thin crook-handled cane. She really took her time before laying the first stroke into my friend's bare bottom. This was followed by a second, third and fourth stroke, about 35 seconds apart.

It was then my turn and it felt distinctly embarrassing to lower my knickers in front of the mistress and my friends. I was soon bent right over the desk and well remember the pain of the first stroke. It seemed ages until the next stroke and even longer before the last. My rear end seemed on fire whilst I watched my other friend receive her caning. After this we were expected to simply rejoin the form as if nothing had happened.

A year later I was caught smoking by the same mistress. She told me to report to her at 4.15 p.m. I knew all day that this almost certainly meant the cane again.

At 4.15 I knocked on her door and was summoned. She lectured me for ages before telling me I was to receive eight of the very best. She then told me to remove my blazer and gymslip, loosen my tie and take off my shoes and knickers. This I found most embarrassing when I peeled my knickers down and off. She ordered me to fold my clothes up neatly and then to touch my toes in the middle of the study. She then produced her cane from the cupboard and methodically whacked me eight times. There was about 40 seconds between each stroke and I was left in agony. When she had finished

she said that if she caught me smoking again I would be reported to the Headmaster. I then painfully dressed, conscious of the eight lines across my bottom, and left. Later that evening when the worst of the pain had died away I remember feeling a kind of glow all over.

Three years later was the last time I received the cane. I was then nearly 18 years of age. The senior Geography mistress caught me and my friend, Susan, playing with each other in the toilets. She told us to report to the Headmaster's study at 9.30 the following morning.

At 9.30 we knocked on his door and were summoned. He told us to stand in front of his desk and then lectured us for some time before telling us we were to receive ten strokes of the cane on our bare bottoms. We were told to remove our blazers and gymslips, and to take off our knickers. He told us to fold all our clothes up neatly, and he placed an upright chair in the middle of the study. Then he told me to bend over the back of the chair and place my legs apart so that my feet were on the outside of the chair legs. He produced a yellowish crook-handled cane about 36 inches long and about as thick as a pencil. He placed the cane across my buttocks and then began to whack me, ten times. There was about one minute between each stroke and I was left with the fear of God in me and in real agony after the thrashing. He told me to stand up, and my friend was ordered to bend over the chair. After Susan's caning was over we were told to dress. When we were dressed the Headmaster told us to rejoin our form.

After those schoolgirl experiences I have had an interest in CP ever since; both receiving it, from members of either sex, and dealing it out to younger members of my own.

Miss Pauline K.,  
Cheshire

## Knickers To The Cane?

(An 'Across-Stick' Punis(h)me(a)nt  
Sonnet!)

FOUR HUNDRED schoolchildren went on strike yesterday over alleged canings. Police were called as they demonstrated in their playground before marching to a cafe for a protest meeting. A fourth-former said: 'There was something of a riot. One girl has been caned recently for no apparent reason. When she said she would wear trousers for the caning, like

the boys do, there was a row.' (**The Sun**, 4 March 1976, in a front-page report.)

She would wear trousers, less to warm  
her hips  
Than keep them cool. Her chief concern  
is not  
Posterior chill, but lest that cane which  
whips  
E'en female haunches overheat her bot!  
Those teenage briefs, which, snugg'd  
between the cheeks,  
Each trim rump's lowest curves all bare  
expose,  
Reproach her crimes. She much prefers  
that 'breeks'  
Should, schoolboy-like, their substance  
interpose  
So schoolgirl bottomglobes be spar'd that  
hell  
Chastisement else might kindle. But –  
alas! –  
Her Burnham elders burn to burn 'em  
well –  
Oh, tempting cheeks! Oh, naughty  
knicker'd arsel  
O'er skimpiest pants, and 'neath uplifted  
skirts,  
Long supple rattan smacks, and (How!!)  
it hurts!

T.B.,  
London

## Collating The Canings

Dear Gordon Sergeant,  
YOUR admirable forthright editorial comments in PRIVILEGE 25, coupled with the interesting analysis of the latest STOPP report and appeal for further data on the general question of school discipline deserve a wide response from the membership!

I have tabulated herewith in normal 'punishment book' format a selection of recent instances of the well-publicised and well-authenticated use of what is tactfully referred to as 'the posterior option' where secondary schoolgirls are concerned. I have included the original reports &c. relied on for this data, but have deliberately confined the actual punishment record to what can be accurately inferred from the reports themselves.

The fact that the record is collated from half-a-dozen different schools, whilst the culprits are in the main strapping young fifth-formers, seems to throw up some intriguing variations. It certainly bears out your own conclusion that 'CP is always reserved for what are regarded as serious school crimes', and seems to suggest, in the occurrence of some offences even

more outrageous than those you list, that there is nothing quite so naughty as a really naughty big girl! Perhaps it was understandable that one Nottinghamshire councillor should have urged 'Birch them' (Yorkshire Post, 5 November 1980) in relation to young Reformatory School trollops repeatedly absconding from one of the County's 'Naughty Girls' establishments in order to mix with prostitutes! In the case of one such youngster who 'had been given three strokes across her clothed bottom' the Chairman of the Social Services Committee, Mrs Brenda Borrett, commented that 'we now know that the caning has stopped her from associating with prostitutes'. But 'clothed bottom' here evidently implied the very thinnest of thin pyjama trousers stuffed to bursting point with a really strapping young pair of fifth-form bottomcheeks, and what a pistol-shot SMACCKK! the matron's whippiest three-footer must have made as it bridged the teenage bumcrack and wound its supple length round heaving haunches!

The caneswomanship of even some of our modern senior mistresses seems to leap off the page in the record of the North-East lady who apparently managed to send the toughest of Glaswegian tarts howling home after a 'trousered sixer' of which only the last four (according to the superintending headmaster) had 'contacted her (strappingly-rounded adolescent buttocks!) properly'. For an incorrigibly insolent wench whose culminating offences had been a refusal to put out her hand in the normal fashion in order to be caned for spending a whole lesson skiving in the toilets with her trousers down, it might be harder to imagine a more poetically just comeuppance.

For sheer unmitigated rudeness, though, the fifth-former whose school crimes included telling dirty jokes in Scripture and making up dirty stories about her 'sexual experiences' to the extent of actually fibbing that a lad had put a bun in her oven – well, doesn't she just take the bawdy biscuit? The punishment book even has to record that this young madam 'made rude bottom noises' at her teachers by blowing raspberries at them behind her back! And it seems to suggest that there must have been no end of 'rude bottom noise' of one kind and another once her headmistress finally got her into the study, bending over the bookcase with that 'blue summer uniform dress' hefted right up over her great broad haunches and proffering the seat of her 'navy knickers' to the whippiest and

smackiest three-footer in the head's cane-cupboard! The punishment book records cane weals leaping angrily from cheek to cheek across the teenage bumcleft, 'two of them stretching around the hip region 14 inches long'. My goodness me, **what** a whippy cane, and what a quite exceptionally whippable pair of bottomcheeks that could accommodate such whippiness in such a lengthy fashion. One of your more prudish only-cane-the-hands disciplinarians would probably have declared that it was positively indecent for a fifth-former to have a beam broad enough for a fat-and-forty-ish housewife. You might have thought such a big-buttocked mid-teener would have gone to almost any lengths to keep her backside out of a caning headmistress's study, let alone invite the only sort of discipline that really fitted the crime of making 'rude bottom noises' at the lady teachers! We'll give you 'bottom noises', young woman! Cane-bottom noises!

SMAACCKKK! 'Eeeowowowwwchl'

SMAAACCKKK! 'Owww! Oowwww!  
Christ almighty, my bum, my BUM!

'Your **situpon**, you naughty young trollop!

'Oh, yes, miss, please, miss, my situpon, my **SITUPON!**'

SMAAAACCCCKKKK!

And up she leapt, we presume, into a howling 'bum-bottom-situpon' knees-up-Ma-Brown round and round and round that study! Rubbing away at that big soundly-whipped botty, even the hands plunged down the back of her gym pants in a fair way to flaming on their own account. We are **told** the hand-marks came from the extreme whippiness of the cane catching them 'round the corner' as she held her dress up off the target area, but one has the suspicion that the naughty young madam may have been trying to 'cover up'.

Perhaps we'd best not dwell too much on the fate and antics of those two earlier fifth-formers in the record, who 'down South' (in more ways than one!) copped an eighter apiece from a more youthful version of the identical caneswoman in the early sixties. What would you give a strapping young adolescent who armed herself against an encounter with 'three feet of really springy malacca, with correct crook handle' by slipping a pair of bum-hugging gym shorts on underneath her school briefs? And what on earth would a youthful deputy head, who 'rated' young Janet's ensemble an eighter (minus the gym shorts), have administered in

those less mellow days to any really rude and fat-bummed fifth-former 'up' for 'making bottom noises'. The bare idea, you might say! A punishment posture redolent, perhaps, of a positively 'raspberry-blowing' gesture of tarted-up contempt for such an indecently provoking young trollop. What was that about not being able to sit down for a month of Sundays?

Now that the available facts have been tabulated punishment bookwise, perhaps others will exercise their imaginations upon some of the inevitable lacunae in the record. How much to give, and exactly how, the saucy young piece who wanted to be caned in schoolboy trousers. How best to cure the shame of some of those naughtier Baconian females? Is six strokes of the cane in thin pyjama trousers necessarily an adequate deterrent for a 16- or 17-year-old in a 'Naughty Girls' institution? Or should the birch be available for such really serious cases of 'indecentcy' as are hinted at in some of the punishment book entries? Should strapping on the bare be considered as an alternative less likely to provoke the sort of long-lasting marks which sometimes give STOPP a lever when the cane is used (who, e.g., stimulated that prosecution of the headmistress who raised those 14-inchers on the strapping young haunches of that 'rude bottom noise' culprit at Northwich, and could it have gone ahead without there being those 14-inch weals, especially in a case where dad himself was evidently by no means averse to trying his hand at a bit of strap-botty down in the potting-shed in a desperate attempt to instil some discipline?).

All these questions, and countless others, seem to leap at us from the pages of the **Posterior Punishment Book Excerpts (Teenage Schoolgirls)**!

E.B.,  
London

\* For reasons of space E.B.'s table is not included. - G.S.

## Mills & Boon Romantic Fiction

Dear Editor,

ALTHOUGH this subject is doubtless not of compelling interest to most PRIVILEGE members, a brief response to the Secretary's Message in Issue 24 may be appropriate.

You, Sir, admit you do not read the stuff, and who can blame you. On the other hand, I, for my pains, have read, or at least skimmed through, hundreds of the dam' things, and can assure you that the

corporal punishment pickings are very thin.

Certainly, the females in these books **deserve** spanking as often as not. Unfortunately, the 'sophisticated, powerful, sexually experienced' (to use the phrase you quoted) males don't often give it to them. Threats are common enough, but only rarely do they put their muscles where their mouths are.

However, they do let themselves go occasionally, and if any reader would like a guide to this literary sub-world, I shall be glad to provide details of authors and titles.

**H.P.S.,  
Hertfordshire**

\* I would be grateful for details. - G.S.

## The Last Stroke Of The Cane?

Dear Gordon Sergeant,  
WITH regard to your message and report in PRIVILEGE 25 re the use of corporal punishment in schools, I thought you would be interested in the enclosed cutting from the 'Liverpool Echo' of May 3 '85 entitled 'The Last Stroke Of The Cane'.

It seems that the cane and all forms of physical chastisement are going to be scrapped from September of this year. This is another stupid idea of our left-wing Council who along with the NUT think it 'demeans the teacher-pupil relationship'. What rubbish!!

I went through a large mixed Comprehensive School in the mid-sixties where the cane and the slipper were the two forms of punishment used. The cane was only administered by the Housemasters, the two Deputy Heads or the Headmaster (the Senior Mistress caned girls on the hands) and was always given across the backside and a record was always kept. The cane was not used very often and was only given for serious offences such as stealing, bullying, playing truant, swearing etc. The slipper could be given by any teacher (they had to be of the same sex as the recipient) across the backside and was used for lesser offences and general classroom discipline.

In the six years that I was at school I only had the cane seven times and each time I deserved it and did not hate my teachers for beating me. In those days we accepted our punishments as the result of our actions. Is this not part of what is wrong with society today, that children are not taught to be responsible for what they do and then irresponsible children become irresponsible adults?

I had a very strict childhood, my father believed in corporal punishment and used it when necessary but I didn't hate him for it, I didn't hate my teachers for punishing me either. I felt secure knowing that somebody cared enough about me to want me to be good and to punish me when I was not. I think this is what we miss now.

It is only 13 years since I left school and one wonders where we will be in another 13 years time.

**P.McD.,  
Liverpool**

\* This was of course the subject of my editorial in PRIVILEGE 26. We must wait, with trepidation, to see the outcome. - G.S.

## Richard Manton Answers

Dear Gordon Sergeant,  
I READ with interest the letter of J.T. in PRIVILEGE 25 and I am happy to comment, as you suggest. As the headmaster of a girls' school in South Africa he seems to have had valuable experience of thrashing the bare bottoms of girls up to the age of 19. Given such an opportunity, it is understandable that he made the canings very severe.

From the answers to the questionnaire, I think most readers certainly wanted the six girls listed to receive what he calls 'severe judicial thrashings meant to really bruise and hurt'. On the other hand, most readers wanted to go beyond the 18 strokes which he considers the 'absolute maximum'. May I suggest why?

Five of the girls were heroines in JANUS stories, the sixth, Elaine Cox, being a fifth-form girl in the Miles reformatory. In the case of the imagined girls, readers were asked what they would like to do within the world of the stories. There was no doubt that their greatest severity was wished upon Lesley, the arrogant and liberated young married woman who was 28-years-old. She was to be punished for having walked out on her marriage and kids in order to assert her right to choose who should screw her and how.

The general view was that she should spend about 18 or 24 months in a corrective institution and should receive an average 32 strokes with a pony-lash across her bare bottom once a month. Her appearance and her manner sealed her fate. Readers may recall her as quite a tall young woman with her straight fair hair cut in an urchin-crop with a long parted fringe. Her firm fair-skinned features, sulky mouth and

dismissive blue eyes indicated Lesley's opinion of men.

When she was held bending tightly over the tall stool and Lesley's knickers were pulled down, the target she offered was considered more suitable for 32 strokes than 18. Her long trim thighs were well-exercised and a couple of well controlled pregnancies had given just a marginal broadening to her hips, a slight erotic firming out to the pale cheeks of Lesley's bottom. Lesley had had regular sex in marriage and after that with her boy-friend. All these things were thought to make her suitable for more severe punishment.

I think readers were well aware that 18 whip-strokes across Lesley's bare backside would take her to the limit. On the other hand they wanted to take her some way beyond that. To humiliate Lesley was part of the discipline and, indeed, J.W. in JANUS 17 would make her come before the onlookers as she bent awaiting chastisement. Those who would whip the buttocks and thighs of this urchin-cropped young woman accepted that there might be brief interruptions, that while Lesley screamed and writhed under the pony-lash the sort of incidents would occur 'which we can all imagine'.

The reader whose imagined thrashing of Lesley appeared in JANUS 26 noted that the prison matron had to attend briefly to Lesley after 16 strokes had been given and then again after 21 strokes. Yet the older woman insisted that there should be no reprieve and that the whipping should continue. A leather pony-whip might break the skin or cause other incidents but, unlike a girls school, the institution in which this 28-year-old adulteress was confined regarded that as part of the punishment.

In short, readers regarded her as a moral offender deserving a true prison whipping — one of whose aims was to achieve Lesley's humiliation and, hence, reformation, in front of the onlookers.

In the case of Elaine Cox, we have a girl who was subject to Victorian discipline. Nowadays, as J.T. says, 18 strokes would be an acceptable maximum. As Marshall Vine told the parliamentary commission in the 1890s, 36 was commonplace. He had given such thrashings himself.

In those days — and who knows if they may come again? — an insolent fifth-form tomboy of Elaine Cox's type was severely dealt with. In an age when the new 'lenient' military floggings ran to 50 or 100 savage lashes, no one scrupled to give a sturdy

adolescent youngster like Elaine three dozen strokes of the cane. She was a natural subject for punishment, the lank fair hair framing the broad oval of her snub-nosed face with its thin mouth and narrowed eyes. The sight of her in school blouse and tie, pleated grey skirt worn high enough to lay bare sturdy young thighs would make most men and quite a few women nowadays want to give her a hard time with the birch or cane.

The Victorians were realists. They knew Elaine Cox would not be able to bear 36 vicious strokes with a prison cane across her full pale bottom-cheeks. But that was her problem. As she was told when over the block, they would make her bear it just the same.

It was common knowledge that things were done behind prison walls, when no questions would be asked afterwards, which would be unthinkable nowadays. To have such an insolent girl over the block, to take down the white cotton web of Elaine Cox's schoolgirl knickers with one's own hands was said to be a morally satisfying experience. In other words it was enjoyable.

As the account says, the chastiser made each stroke of the bamboo a swelling agony across the tomboy cheeks of Elaine Cox's bottom. The chastiser raised some truly spectacular weals across her young backside so that after 10 or 12 strokes Elaine Cox screamed — and screamed. There were, of course, those inevitable incidents. But, for example, if the skin was broken it was considered one up to the man with the cane. It was this occurrence, after 16 strokes, which apparently drove the girl to fury, when Elaine Cox yelled: 'My arse! Oh, you bastards, you bastards!'

Above all, our ancestors were able to accept privately that the master or the hangman would enjoy thrashing Elaine Cox and the justices would enjoy watching. Why should moral discipline not be enjoyable? The frantic screams and the state of Elaine Cox's fifth-form bottom were not a reason for leniency.

Such things could not happen in our own time. Yet one suspects that most readers given the chance would like to go back in time and be a very excited fly on the wall of the punishment room when the chastisers gave Elaine Cox a really hard time.

**Richard Manton**

\* A thought-provoking piece on an intriguing subject.—G.S.

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## CONTACT SERVICE

The Mirror, Friday, May 17, 1985:

### Briton Lashed 50 Times

A BRITISH engineer has been flogged with 50 strokes of the cane under Saudi Arabia's anti-drink laws.

The flogging was the first of 250 lashes which a court had ordered to be given to John Kelly, 43, of Weymouth, Dorset.

He is to get 50 lashes every six months while he is serving a two-and-a-half year jail sentence for making wine and beer. He was also fined £17,000.

Mr Kelly recently appealed against the sentence but was turned down.

British ambassador Patrick Wright has expressed concern over the harshness of the sentence.

Mr. Kelly is said to be 'bearing up well'. His wife Barbara hopes he will be freed under an amnesty to mark a religious festival.

At the original court hearing it was said that Mr Kelly had made between four and five gallons of alcohol.

But his wife believes this was translated as 45 gallons, inferring that he was planning to sell it - a much more serious offence.

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Beneath are printed all the contact ads received so far. All the rules and procedures for our Contact Service are published in 'Privilege' Number One, but here is a brief resume.

Advertisements should be written on plain notepaper, giving your name and address for our office files and sent to us.

Payment should be worked out at the rate of £3.50 for up to 20 words and 5p per word for every word thereafter.

Members replying to ads should write out their individual replies, place them in a sealed envelope with the box number of the ad which they are replying to written IN PENCIL on the back flap of each envelope, adding a covering note stating your membership number and payment worked out at the rate of 40p per letter to be forwarded. Your envelopes, covering note and cheque should then be placed in one large outer envelope and sent to:

Gordon Sergeant  
40 Old Compton Street,  
London, W.1

**IMPORTANT NOTE:** Advertisers are reminded that advertisements are accepted strictly on the basis that they are genuine and legal, that no financial transactions will take place between advertisers and respondents, and that advertisers undertake to answer all replies they receive. We should be obliged to hear from any members who experience otherwise.

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**Box C1.** My wife would love to be spanked and caned with her knickers down just in front of you, so you can watch it all! We (34-39) would love to correspond and swap photographs and eventually you can visit us. Couples, single men, naughty girls ... what do you suggest? We're willing to fulfill your wishes. Please contact me.

**Box C2.** Are you 35-45, an unattached female hesitant but longing to experience the canings you missed as a teenager or needing help with disobedient daughter? Bachelor member would welcome correspondence perhaps leading to friendship if your interest in genuine. No fees entertained.

**Box C3.** Young boy (24) requires older male to administer discipline, humiliation. AC/DC. Other services provided. Yours to use and abuse. Your place only.

**Box C4.** It never did me any harm except to mark me for life. Yorkshireman seeks discreet contact with cane wielder.

**Box C5.** Young man (29) seeks Headmaster/mistress to administer regular schooltype discipline. Your place only. Appreciate hearing from retired schoolmaster of PRIVILEGE 23.

**Box C6.** Wanted: genuine Lochgelly tawses, heavy and extra heavy grades 2 and 3 tail. Non-lochgellies considered if extra heavy. Very good price paid for a good tawse.

**Box C7.** Wanted: home-made VHS. videos showing girls being severely caned or tawsed. Also wanted Roue issues 1 - 12. Can supply various Roue videos in return or good price paid for a well made video.

**Box C8.** Male (41) likes to dress as a schoolgirl/boy and have his bare bottom spanked and caned. Full uniform. ALA. Merseyside/Cheshire.

**Box C9.** Male (36) will administer schooltype punishments to deserving cases. Spanking, slipper, tawse or cane. Particularly interested in meeting those in need of a traditional six of the best. Please write stating your requirements. Study located in Hertfordshire.

**Box C10.** Attractive single male (24), needs male or female teacher for regular over-the-knee, hand, or slipper sound spankings. London.

**Box C11.** Stateside American white male owns home and business, seeks submissive female for possible serious relationship, correspondence, friendship. Under 35, varied interests.

**Box C12.** Male (32) ex-public school; seeks discipline and humiliation by male or female under 40. Can take severe caning or tawsing. Can travel.

**Box C13.** Single male (30) in need of severe corrective CP from stern father type. Also willing to administer CP to younger males (18-25). Your place. Liverpool/Merseyside area. Can travel.

**Box C14.** Naughty boy (38) seeks Headmistress or Headmaster or both to regularly punish me with slipper, tawse, cane or birch. Please write telling me to report to your study. ALA.

**Box C15.** Good looking guy (24) seeks lads (18-30) who will take a bare bottom spanking. ALA. Photo appreciated. No fees. Your place or mine. London/can travel.

**Box C16.** Intelligent, sensible young man (26) knows he must be exposed as the naughty excited little boy he is inside. Slim, clean-cut and not sickeningly wet. Needs putting through his paces as only a 'shy' boy can - slowly teased, humiliated, punished, shamed and teased some more until he cries like a baby. Requests frank proposals for his treatment. Photo. Fun only. First ad. 100% genuine so same expected.

**Box C17.** Is there a lady 25-45 approx. who would like a sincere permanent relationship with a quiet friendly good-natured gentleman (36, 5' 3" slim build) whose only vice is enjoying very frequent mild hand spankings and is house trained. Enjoys domestic chores. ALA phone no. Kent/Thanet area.

**Box C18.** Gentleman (55) self-educated non-smoker, would like to be strict father, guardian or schoolmaster to younger person, preferably female, needing spanking or caning. Cumbria/Lancs. but can travel.

**Box C19.** Male (35) 5' 3" slim build good natured wishes to meet male or couple interested in mild schoolboy/girl punishment games, spanked bottoms, smacked legs etc, with hand and light instruments, in shorts. Varied positions. ALA phone no. Kent/Thanet area.

**Box C20.** Ladies! CP can be therapeutic, ease a guilty mind, or be fun and fantasy. Discuss matters with an understanding gentleman. Fully confidential.

**Box C21.** Skilled joiner, experienced in Janus-type fun, makes made-to-measure schoolroom furniture etc. Girl's Victorian-type desks a speciality.

**Box C22.** Very experienced and strict master living abroad but visiting U.K. for business, very often is looking for submissive young girls to discipline whilst in London. Be sure you will not regret it from any point of view.

**Box C23.** Very hard and strict master is ready to oblige and teach obedience to submissive young girls and women up to around 30. His methods are particularly

efficient and very much in demand. Photo with well-presented bottom ready for punishment will recommend if you wish quick response and results.

**Box C24.** Dominant couple (50-30) wish to meet and punish submissive wives and/or daughters. Presence of husband and/or parents particularly welcomed. Experience, discretion and ability assured.

**Box C25.** Male, interested in anything connected with corporal punishment and humiliation of girls. Exchange of information, contacts and material much appreciated and well received.





