

Mr. _____'s Spanking Paddle

In the seventh grade at the old Jr. High School across the street from the High School, I had a Literature class "taught" by a teacher whose name I cannot remember, which perhaps is just as well. He wore old clothes and farm boots to school, and it was rumored he lived in a small trailer somewhere. He was apparently a nomad, traveling from town to town, and finding work teaching.

He was an ineffective teacher. We mostly wasted our time in his class. Those of us who wanted to get a decent grade had to badger him to give us an assignment to get graded on. The classroom was noisy, and it was even difficult to use the study time for other classes if there was nothing to do in his class.

Somewhere along the middle of the Spring semester, Mr. _____ acquired a paddle for spanking. He said someone made it for him in shop. It was a flat board, about 4 inches wide and maybe 20 inches long, and had a series of holes drilled in it. It looked like a formidable weapon. Since he had no real control of his class he took to threatening us with his paddle.

One day, he threatened Kathy Titus with his paddle, and made her more than a little upset. I cannot remember for sure if he made her cry, but I think so. After that, I had had enough. When he left the room for a few minutes, I went up to the front of the room, grabbed the paddle and threw it out of the window. I retrieved when class was over and it disappeared forever.

I don't know who ratted me out, but next day Mr. _____ knew I was the culprit who had stolen his paddle. He sent me to the office!

Our Principal was Mr. Thompson. If you remember him like I do, he was a tall, strong imposing figure, and the word was out that he was an ex-boxer. I was more than a little afraid, warming the bench outside his office for an interminable time

Mr. Thompson called me into his office and sat me down across from me, and spoke to me with an extremely serious look on his face.

"I understand you took Mr. _____'s paddle. What did you do with it?"

"I threw it out the window," I quavered.

Mr. Thompson looked at me for what felt like a week. Then he said, "Look, it's only a couple of months till this school year is over. Do you think you can stick it out in his class till then?"

With what I am sure was a shocked look on my face, I indicated that I could.

By Larry Sidwell