

How school paddling can derail sexual development in children

By Martin

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The author stipulates, "If you use this in your research or post it somewhere, just delete my last name and that will be cool. Please be aware that some of what I say here may be shocking, but as God is my witness, it is the truth."

I was born in Dallas in 1956 in a family that agreed with spanking in principal, but practiced it very rarely. I remember a couple of whacks when I was three or so, but that's about it.

In the fall of 1962 I was enrolled in Carrollton Elementary. My parents had told me the old cliché, "If you get it at school, you'll get it at home." That never happened because I never told them when I got it at school.

On my second day of school I witnessed my first school spanking. A girl one row over had thrown one of those big pencils at another kid trying to get their attention. Mrs. Clifford, about 50 years of age, called her to the front and moved her chair behind a portable chalkboard to block the view from the class.

She said something like, "we don't throw things that could hurt others" and then told her to bend over. This was followed by about 10 or 12 whacks and the girl crying loudly.

I can still remember how tense I got and I could feel my heart pounding. I had never seen anything like this in my life and I have never forgotten it.

About two days later a boy who sat across from me was called up for talking. Again she scooted her chair behind the chalkboard and when he got up there I heard some unintelligible discussion followed by a "no" from the boy. A few more seconds went by, and then I heard the "bend over" followed by about the same number of whacks as the previous incident. He didn't cry as much, but when he returned to his seat you could see he was in distress.

Later at recess me and another boy asked him how much it hurt. He said it did hurt some, but what he said next shocked me. He said she made him pull his pants down and spanked him on his underwear. I was only six years old, but I have never forgot that statement.

Someone got spanked about every other day in that class on average. It was the same three girls and the same six boys

who received the lion's share of them. I guess they were the Ritalin kids of their time.

It was about two months into the school year when I got my first one. I was arguing with a girl nearby and she stuck her big pencil in my face, so I grabbed it and broke it. Mrs. Clifford called me to the front and I felt my heart begin to pound.

As I walked up there I heard her scoot her chair behind the chalkboard, and when I approached her I saw the paddle in her hand. It was one of those that used to have a string and rubber ball attached. She looked at me with a serious look and told me I had no right to break her pencil, then she told me to unbutton and pull down my pants. I asked her why I had to do that, and she said the girls get it on their underwear, and so do the boys. I was still in shock I guess, because she unbuttoned them herself and pushed them down and pushed me over her lap. This was the most helpless feeling I had ever experienced. When the whacks came, my little fanny lit up and I tried not to cry, but I did cry a bit. After I got up I quickly pulled my pants back up and buttoned them.

I remember as I walked back to my desk I could see every kid looking at me as I made my way back. It's been 41 years since that day, and I can still remember it in slow motion. I received another 10 or so paddlings that year, and I remember them all.

In the 2nd grade I got a reprieve. The 2nd grade teacher did not paddle, but instead made you stay in at recess and clean the room, which I believe worked better. There seemed to be less problems from the kids.

On my first day in 3rd grade I was shocked to see that my 1st grade teacher, Mrs. Clifford, had moved up to third grade. She spanked in the same manner as she did in first grade, except now she took us to a small bathroom that was attached to the room. There the spankings were muffled quite a bit so it wasn't quite as nerve racking.

My first spanking from her in third

grade made me realize how much I had grown. My feet now could touch the ground as I lay over her lap. I also remember how loud the pops were being enclosed in that small bathroom. Her paddle was different too, looking more like a traditional one except on a smaller scale. I remember how nervous I was that I would pull down my underwear when I pulled down my pants. I received another six spankings from her that year.

The 4th grade teacher only spanked about six students that year, and I was not one of them so it was not real memorable for me. She did it in the hall.

The 5th grade teacher was a big spanker. We were in a portable building classroom that was not attached to the main school. Attached to our classroom was a small supply room where books and other schools items were stocked. This is where Mrs. Gray took students to be paddled. Once in there she made you bend over the back of a small chair as she walloped you.

One incident that really sticks in my mind was she took four boys and two girls into the room for a reason I can't recall. You could hear the spankings through the thin walls, even though the door was closed. Evidently one girl was giving her some trouble because I heard a couple of whacks followed by, "I don't care that it hurts, it's supposed to hurt. Now bend back over the chair." She evidently hesitated because then I heard the teacher say in a very angry and frustrated voice, "I said bend over now!" This was followed by a shuffling sound and then about 10 more whacks. The girl wailed loudly, and I remember her distressed face when she returned to the room. She got a couple of more paddlings that year, but it was nothing like that.

It was in this grade that I first remember feeling a sexual connection to spanking as I recall getting an erection whenever one of the kids would talk about their spankings. I had no idea at the time why that happened as sex was not talked about in my house.

Continued overleaf

The 6th grade teacher was the first one I remember being really vocal against spanking. She said she did not believe in “whipping” kids and instead would make you stay after school in 15-minute increments, depending on your transgression.

It was the 7th grade when the sexual connection to spanking really burst open for me. I had broken my arm just a few months after the school year began and instead of PE class, I was assigned to the school library for three months as I mended. After a couple of weeks I was really bored sitting in the library so I asked the librarian if there was anything I could help her with.

She pointed to a storage room towards the back of the library where new books that had yet to be placed on the shelves were kept. A lot of old magazines were kept there too, such as “Boy’s Life” and “Look.” She said to I was to glue the little folders that attached to the inside of the front cover where the check-out card was placed. This room shared the same wall as the girl’s gym dressing room. I made this connection about three weeks into my library stint.

I had noticed several days earlier that you could hear conversation through a vent near the floor. Evidently a heating duct came down the wall and split into two vents, one for the dressing room and one for the storage room. On this day I heard the woman gym teacher talking to three girls about cheating of some sort, and then I heard her tell the first one to grab her ankles. This was followed by four whacks. Then the other two got theirs.

I immediately got an erection and it was quite uncomfortable. Even though I was 12 years old at the time, I still did not understand why hearing a spanking gave me an erection. It was a tortuous year. On one hand I was excited when I would hear the girls in the gym getting paddled, yet I hated the uncomfortable feeling that often accompanied the excitement. In fact I found out I even got excited when boys told me about their paddlings, or when I heard them in the hall getting it. This made me wonder if I was gay. I seemed to think about spankings all of the time.

In the summer between the 7th and 8th grades was when I finally learned how to relieve the “pressure” received from

thinking about spankings. Just as the summer began I went to the public pool where I ran into a girl that I kind of liked. I saw she had a small, light bruise on her upper leg where her bathing suit began. She told me she got it from a spanking she got three days before. I asked her was it by hand or by a paddle, and she said it was by hand from her dad. What she said next really made me think about spanking even more. For some reason I asked if she got it on her underwear or on her pants, and she told me she got it totally naked!

“What?” I asked. “You’re kidding, right?”

She said she wasn’t kidding, and that when she or her sister got a spanking, that they had to take their clothes off before being spanked. He would make them bend over his lap as he spanked them with his hand. She also said that didn’t get a specified number of whacks, but it was based on time. Her dad had one of those oven timers, and after she got undressed, he would set it in 2 to 10 minute increments, and then spank her until the timer went off.

I can’t tell you how just hearing that warped my young mind. There wasn’t a day that went by afterwards that I didn’t think about spanking. In some of my fantasies, I wanted to be there as a spectator. In others, I wanted to be spanked myself alongside her. I really thought I was weird, and the erections were killing me. In fact, the day she told this, I had to leave the pool and return home right then because of the eternal erection I was sporting as a result.

I masturbated nearly every day for the next several years, and it was always after thinking about spanking. Even today, at 47 years off age, I still think about it a lot. That is why I have never spanked my four kids. I never will spank them, nor do I allow them to be paddled at school.

Paddling is an act that is performed on an area that is unquestionably an erogenous zone. I can’t emphasize how much it has affected me. The slightest references to it could set me off. I remember in the 7th grade being aroused just looking up “spanking” in the dictionary. I remember another book had a fanciful Mother Goose picture that had a drawing of the Old Woman in the Shoe spanking her kids, and I found that exciting.

It’s time now to remove corporal punishment from the schools and move into the 21st century. Ignorance is no longer an excuse. One just has to type “spanking” in one of the various search engines on the net to see how sexually charged this practice is and how many adults my age have been affected just like I was. I have no doubt that there are principals, teachers and coaches who are getting a kick out of spanking kids.

I just want to really emphasize that spanking really disturbed me during my youth. I literally became a recluse for a couple of years. All I saw in my mind was butts and paddles. I spent a lot of the summertimes in my room fantasizing about either getting paddled or giving it. I knew something was not right, but who could I turn to? I could not confide in my parents, and I could not ask my friends for fear of becoming the laughingstock of my neighborhood.

I finally came to terms with it about the time I graduated college when I read some book {forgot the title} that warned parents against spanking because of it’s connection to the erogenous zones. I realized then, for the first time in my life, that my “secret problem” was far more widespread than just me.

Today, with the Internet, there is plenty of access to good material about this subject. Such was not the case in my day. I do remember, now that I think back, a few of my friends who seemed to bring up the subject of spanking on a regular basis. I often wonder now how many others were messed up like I was, yet everyone kept it a secret. At least my parents didn’t contribute to the problem by spanking me as well.

Please use whatever you like in your research, and I am ok if you pass it along. I am sure there are many other “Martins” out there.

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