

Miss Annabel and Julia

Chapter 03

“A Little Paddy-Whacking vs. Old-Fashioned Walloping”

Fiction by Angela Bauer

On the afternoon of Tuesday, 23 May 1933, Julia Scott and Richard Barclay cuddled in the back seat of a beautiful Rolls Royce as his new chauffeur Buddy Edwards drove them to be married in Greenwich, Connecticut.

Her wedding dress was riding in another Rolls Royce belonging to her best friend and matron of honor, Martha Pryor. Beside her was Richard's best man, Leonard “Lenny” Rogers. For safe keeping, Martha had the wedding ring in her purse. Dinner jackets with black ties for both Richard and Lenny were also in her Rolls, as was a stunning matron of honor dress for Martha.

She had phoned ahead to be sure the best wedding photographer in Connecticut would be on hand to take pictures.

Julia had gotten up very early to be sure Richard's household was re-organized. That she had done. An entire new mansion staff had been hired. Julia was surprised that Annabel, her about to be nine year-old step-daughter, still wet her bed and wanted to be returned to wearing diapers.

It became Julia's task to arrange for an emergency DyDee diaper service delivery from them, as well as a supply of diaper pins, lotion, baby powder and PlayTex latex baby pants to be delivered by the Barclay store to the mansion before Annabel was put to bed.

During the long drive to Greenwich, Julia and Richard necked as if they were randy teenagers. Neither was sure how they had resisted doing that during the six years she had been his executive secretary.

What can be said about a wedding which took place less than three hours after the proposal? The Greenwich judge had a beautiful estate. A few close friends of Julia and Richard had managed to reach the wedding site before the happy couple.

There were lovely fresh flowers as decorations. The guests were seated on folding chairs. Before the ceremony the wedding party changed clothes. Martha loaned Julia a blue garter. She gave her both an old and a new penny.

The judge had long ago memorized the formal dialog. Nobody in the room objected, which was a key reason Richard's jealous younger sister Gertrude was not told about the elopement.

A classic photo was taken as the couple kissed for the first time as man and wife. A few more formal pictures were taken while the guests were eating a sumptuous meal. The cake was cut. They fed each other pieces of the wedding cake as photos were taken. The wedding party all changed back to their traveling clothing for the return drive to Manhattan.

Julia and Richard necked even more ardently during that drive.

In the other car Martha closed the curtain so her chauffeur could not see her necking with Lenny Rogers. Neither was entirely sober.

Dedicated as they were to work, the wedding party returned to the executive offices of Barclay's of Fifth Avenue. Richard needed to sign some papers. Julia needed to check messages, since she hoped to not go to the office for the next couple of days. Also, Lenny Rogers had left his Rolls parked in the store's garage.

The entire store seemed to know about the wedding. The wedding party took the Executive Elevator to the top floor offices. Masses of flowers from staff and suppliers covered Richard and Julia's desks. There was so much clamor that Richard had to take Julia down to the second floor, which had a balcony from which they could share their joy with staff and customers alike.

Back at the mansion, Richard and Julia arrived only to find that Annabel had already eaten her dinner and asked Nanny Parsons to diaper her and tuck her into bed. Gertrude refused the fine dinner prepared with talent and care by the new cook, Jane Wilson, assisted by Daisy Robinson.

Clearly Gertrude and Annabel had been told about the wedding and did not embrace the joy of the occasion.

Debate raged, but all in all the consensus was that Gertrude had behaved as the bigger spoiled brat.

She started out still calling Julia "Miss Scott". Instead of ignoring the insult, Richard loudly announced, "This lovely woman is my wife and must be treated with respect, certainly in my home. She is to be addressed

as ‘Mrs. Barclay’. Those unwilling to respect my wife are most welcome to return to their own homes!”

Richard ostentatiously kissed Julia, while whispering “I’ll hold Gertrude while you spank her!”

In a huff, Gertrude pulled her frequent fainting gag. Unfortunately none of the new staff knew to be ready to stop the fall. Getting up from the floor on her own, Gertrude stormed off to her private apartment within the mansion.

Richard gave his wife another deep kiss, raised her right arm and declared, “Round One to Mrs. Barclay!”

He was leaning in for another kiss when the butler Raymond Franklyn announced that Mr. Henry Gaston and a few other gentlemen had arrived to speak to Mr. Barclay on an urgent business matter.

“Oh, Richard” Julia gushed, “This has to mean that Gaston has granted you the loan for the Rogers deal on your terms. I knew you planned that strategy perfectly.”

“No, my Precious,” Richard answered, “You not only did the research, you wrote the proposal and even my presentation. I delivered it word-for-word. All the credit for the loan and cajoling Leonard Rogers goes to you. I was just a puppet saying your lines!

“If you are not too tired, I would like you to participate in this meeting. Gaston already is eating from your hand. Clearly they have not heard we are married, or they would not have shown up without phoning first.

“Listen, Julia, I dare say you will be running many similar meetings in the future. I meant it when I promoted you to General Manager of the store. When we close the escrow on Rogers’ Philadelphia store, Barclay’s will be a chain. You will be Executive Director and General Manager of all the stores!”

While Franklyn was seating the visitors in the library and taking their drink orders, Richard gave Julia another tender kiss. Then they walked the few steps to the library. And Richard spoke: “Gentlemen and Mr. Gaston, welcome to our home! I trust Franklyn has taken good care of you.

“Before we get down to serious business, I want to introduce you to my new wife and business partner. I need to give her credit for doing all the research needed to put this deal together. All of you have spoken to her by phone. Some of you have worked with her while she was my Executive Secretary under her maiden name of ‘Julia Scott’. Now it is my pleasure to present ‘Mrs. Julia Scott Barclay’.

“Gaston and some of the older fellow must remember her late father Lowell Scott. My late father thought the world of him. My deep regret is that he passed away before I met him. I hope he is looking down on us

from above, because I will move Heaven and Earth to ensure Julia's happiness and future.

"It has been a long and hectic day for both of us, especially Julia. So could we keep this meeting short and as informal as possible? I can clear my schedule tomorrow so we can meet as long as you need, at my office or at your bank. Julia has briefed me so well that I can carry on while she continues getting this home in ship-shape!"

"Your marriage is a pleasant surprise to all of us" Henry Gaston, President of Merchant's Bank, started. "We did not know this marvelous news. I am sure we can wait until morning.

"I have always felt that Richard was a much smarter man than generally supposed. He proved that by marrying Julia Scott. I know all of us have tried to hire her away from Barclay's, going back to her days working for William Barclay. Rumor has it that several friends of ours, all with major fortunes, proposed to Julia and were turned down.

"As for our business discussion, to be brief, we all agree to provide the financing of the Rogers' deal per the draft contract from Barclay's. I am safe in assuming Julia Barclay was the primary author of the contract.

"Mrs. Barclay, tomorrow all your husband needs to do is sign his name in many places. Then the deal will be final and the funds deposited in the company account. Upon your instructions the funds will be wire transferred to the Rogers' Store account.

"Having finished the fine libations served by your butler, I speak for us all in offering both of you a good night and a glorious future of bliss."

"Gentlemen, on behalf of my husband and the entire Barclay's of Fifth Avenue organization, I thank you for making this deal happen. I also thank you for being brief tonight.

"Now, I once read in a book about the duties of a modern wife that there is a tradition that everyone must kiss the bride. If it isn't a tradition yet, it darn well should be. I should admit that Richard has already kissed me" Julia teased.

All of those distinguished men stood up, formed a line and gave Julia chaste kisses.

Soon they departed into the warm summer evening.

Julia stood up to kiss Richard, "Be an absolute lamb. Give me fifteen minutes to take a shower and change into something better suited to put you in the mood for our wedding night."

Then Julia remembered, "Richard, please ring for Franklyn to show me to my room. It will take me time to memorize this house. It really is big!"

“Darling, I’ll go one better. Not only will I escort you to your room, which conveniently adjoins mine, but I will carry you over your threshold!” Richard declaimed with lust.

To her absolute horror, Julia discovered that her bedroom did not have a connecting bathroom. She made a mental note to correct that situation when she could. Meanwhile she undressed and put on her utilitarian robe.

Looking for a bathroom, Julia passed the door she recognized as belonging to Annabel. That was on the other side of the main stairs. Out of curiosity she surreptitiously skulked into Annabel’s room.

There was just enough light that Julia could vaguely see the bulge of an effective diaper encased in rubber panties covered by Annabel’s thin nightie. Julia thought to herself that the shipment from the store had been received, and the diapers pinned onto the girl. When Julia had the chance she would have a chat with Clara Parsons about the diaper situation.

On a whim, as Julia passed the vanity on her way to the door, she picked up Annabel’s hairbrush. That she hid in a pocket of her robe.

Only then did Julia walk the other way, past her bedroom, beyond Richard’s room to their bathroom. Her shower was barely warm and she did not want to wait until the water got hot. She carefully avoided getting her hair wet. Her interest was in being sure other parts of her body were very clean.

Julia was back in her room, all clean and dry, in less than ten minutes. She put the hairbrush on her bedside table before slipping into her most flattering and revealing night dress.

Richard knocked discreetly and entered upon Julia’s invitation. They embraced as he removed his pajama trousers and started to unfasten the front of her night dress. They continued kissing as they collapsed upon her bed. Both found true pleasure as they made passionate love.

Following a brief rest, Julia sat up, removed her night dress and picked up the hairbrush. Never having seen Julia completely nude before this, Richard was mesmerized. Moving toward her, he wound up sitting on the edge of the bed.

When Julia saw that, she sprang up, clutching the hairbrush. She slid across his lap, bare derriere up.

Handing him the hairbrush she begged, “I’ve been a really naughty girl, Daddy. You know what I need. It’s only fair you deal with me as I spanked Annabel.”

“Julia? On our wedding night?” Richard asked in bewilderment.

Julia pleaded, “Darling, please don’t make me beg. Just give me a darn hard spanking like you really mean it. I will not break or run away, I

promise you. I was so wicked I stole this brush from Annabel's room before I took my shower."

"Young Lady, you are very naughty. Nice people do not steal" Richard pretended to scold.

His first few spanks were only firm pats. In frustration Julia admitted, "I spanked Annabel much harder than that. I need an equally hard spanking. Please give it to me!"

Richard's idea of spanking was gentler than some she received from her mother during birthday parties. Still, he was making an effort which he clearly did not enjoy. Under her she could feel that spanking her was not arousing Richard.

Once he put the hairbrush down, Julia deeply kissed Richard while pleasuring his flaccid penis. That did put him back in a romantic mood.

When they finally were satisfied, Richard slumped into her bed. "Get some rest, Darling" Julia cooed. "I'll be right back as soon as I return Annabel's hairbrush. I promise first thing I will buy one like it for our room."

Julia managed to make another clandestine entry into Annabel's room. The hairbrush was returned to its normal place. Julia got away without detection.

She crawled into her bed and cuddled quietly with Richard until it was time for her to get dressed for another day. Only after she was wearing a new smart stylish summer frock, stockings, heels and makeup did Julia wake up Richard.

"Hey, Sleepyhead! You instructed Edwards to pick you up at 8:30 A.M. What you need is a bath and a shave. Time and bankers making you a large loan wait for no man," Julia said with a smile, giving his rump a mild smack through his pajama trousers.

Richard suddenly remembered the hairbrush action, or at least that was Julia's assumption.

While Richard was getting ready, Julia went down the service stairs to the kitchen. She was pleased to meet Anna Bates, the new parlor maid and Elsie Watson, the new upstairs maid. Most of the service staff was gathered in the servants' hall.

"Thank you all for accepting positions in this home. My husband and I sincerely hope all of you will consider this your home, even if you choose to sleep in your own homes.

"I am not a bumpkin fresh off a truck or boat. I was born in Manhattan at St. Vincent's Hospital. I grew up in Greenwich Village west of Seventh Avenue and a block east of Hudson Street. My parents were successful and I inherited the apartment they bought before I was born. I

have worked hard and graduated from Barnard before starting to work for Barclay's of Fifth Avenue as the assistant secretary to my husband's late father.

“Growing up we paid good people to take care of us. My parents never permitted anyone to call anyone else a ‘servant.’ The only time I did that my mother walloped the living daylight out of my rear end with a hairbrush.

“Therefore, I am open to suggestions for re-naming this room. Calling it the ‘Servants’ Hall’ highly offends me.

“My desire is that to the extent possible this home be a partnership in which we treat one another with respect. If any of you have something to say, please say it as discreetly as practical.

“My sister-in-law has different opinions. I believe those were behind the times in the middle of the last century. Remember, Miss Gertrude Barclay is just a guest when she enters areas of this building outside her apartment. Treat her with respect, as you want to be treated. If she objects because you do not follow her orders, ask her to see me.

“I also consider some ‘rules of mansion etiquette’ to make no sense. For example, I see no reason why only men serve at table.

“Today I would like Mr. Franklyn to introduce Miss Anna Bates to the household as they come to the dining room for breakfast. Then tomorrow I would like to see Miss Elsie Watson serving breakfast without help from Mr. Franklyn, if practical. Of course if any of you want some discreet instruction, please take care of that as you see fit.

“My goal is to make his house more comfortable and also much more fun. I do not care if rugs fade, largely because our store sells a selection of such rugs. They can be replaced, but souls crushed by gloom cannot be easily mended. Use your own judgment when it is more depressing in gloomy weather to open the drapes. If anyone complains, please inform me.

“Also, I would prefer that in public we use the title as well as the last name. In private you may call one another what you like.

“An exception is my step-daughter who is only nine. Until she is older I prefer that she be addressed by just her first name. To avoid confusion with my sister-in-law I prefer that Annabel not be referred to as ‘Miss Barclay’.

“As another aspect of my ‘New Deal’ in this home, I will direct that those eating breakfast in the dining room present their menu requests the previous morning. Or they will eat, without complaint, the food prepared in our kitchen.

“I apologize for talking so long. Mrs. Franklyn and Miss Robinson, after you have finished preparing breakfast, will you meet with me.

Having seen this museum of a kitchen, I will appreciate your thoughts about improvements.

“I enjoy omelets and crapes, yet when I explored this kitchen I found no appropriate pans. Please make a want list. The same goes for everyone else. Bring me your ideas for improvement.

“Mrs. Franklyn, please inspect all food supplies in storage here. The same is true of all deliveries. If you have trusted relationships with other vendors, discuss that with me. I am open to buying the best available, and then adjusting the budget to cover the expense. And, it would upset me if your own meals were not as good as the food served upstairs.

“Have a wonderful day.”

Julia left her service staff speechless. She gladly took the service stairs up to the first floor, where she headed to the study. There she called Agnes at the store’s office to check messages and answer her questions patiently.

Passing the dining room Julia was thrilled that with the drapes open the room was so much cheerier. Richard was seated at the head of the table. Mr. Franklyn was introducing Miss Bates. Richard agreed with Julia’s new directives.

From her seat in the study, reading business correspondence, she could hear the commotion when Gertrude came down for breakfast. Without a word, Julia could hear the drapes being closed.

Mr. Franklyn tried to explain that Mrs. Barclay had instructed that all the drapes be open.

“That is outrageous, Franklyn. Not only has my brother’s guttersnipe of a child bride set out to destroy the rugs, I am shocked that a servant spoke to me before I granted permission...” which was as far as Gertrude got with her tirade.

Julia stormed into the room: “Miss Barclay, please remember you are a guest outside your apartment. You do not have permission to be rude to the talented people who graciously serve us. You will not countermand or alter my directives, although you are welcome to privately share your opinions with me.

“Now, you have the choice of either instantly apologizing to Mr. Franklyn and to Miss Bates, or you may immediately withdraw to your own apartment. There is no compromise.

“You will be polite in the home I am making for my husband and for my step-daughter. I have not heard your apologies, so you are excused from this area of the building.”

Seconds after Gertrude left the dining room steaming with fury, Julia returned to the study after giving Richard a big kiss.

Out of the corner of her eye, Julia saw Anna place a tray of breakfast at Annabel's place, while Mr. Franklyn stood by. Richard asked why food was waiting for Annabel. Julia had seen the girl creeping into the room out of her father's sight, and gesturing for Mr. Franklin to not answer. That was a no go:

"Mr. Barclay, your daughter requested all this food so that she could ignore all of it. I understand she is staging a hunger strike. She also told me she will not talk until her demands are met."

"Mr. Franklyn, if Annabel will not talk to us, how will we know her demands?" Richard reasonably asked.

"Mr. Barclay, I have no idea. All she told me was she would not talk, after she asked Mrs. Franklyn to fix her this tray," the butler answered.

Annabel slid into her seat around the corner of the table on his right hand. Without talking she pointed to a half grapefruit on ice in a fruit serving cup. Then she pointed to her closed and pursed lips. Apparently that was her idea of signaling she would not eat or talk.

Richard blurted out, "Annabel, what utter nonsense! Why did you request good food you do not intend to eat?"

While Annabel pondered her answer to a reasonable and polite question, Julia took her seat across from Annabel, to Richard's left hand. Raymond Franklyn held Julia's chair.

Richard glanced over his newspaper at Julia and remarked, "Darling that is a beautiful dress. It is stunning and fits you very well. Is it new?"

"I bought it in the spring when the summer collection arrived and the senior staff received an extra discount. I have worn it those few times I could relax out of the store on Sundays.

"I am so glad you like it. They are selling well, but some of the elderly staff resisted when I authorized adding this brand and line. I am sure this fall other dresses from that firm will also sell well," Julia responded nicely.

"But, Precious, do you have time to change into a business outfit for the office. I need to leave soon," Richard asked quietly, while Annabel, all ears, soaked in this mild domestic drama.

"Silly Sweetie, remember last night I told you I will not be going to the office for a couple of more days because I am still needed here," Julia spoke as if to a child. "Agnes has everything under control. The staff here can find me if Agnes has questions. Just trust me, it is for the best. Once our home is running smoothly, both of us will be several times more effective in the office.

"Now turn that grumpy frown upside down, Young Man!"

Focusing again on Annabel, Julia glared at the girl and asked authoritatively:

“Young Lady, what is the meaning of these shenanigans? Answer your father’s question immediately! Yes, there will be consequences, which become a lot less fun for you the longer you are sullen.”

Annabel finally spoke up using her most shrill annoying voice: “All right, I guess I must talk to say I will not eat or talk as long as Julia is living in this house. I hate her and so does my Aunt Gertrude!”

Calmly Julia responded, “Young Lady, you just broke your silent treatment. Honestly it will be so much more pleasant without you whining constantly. I could care less if you eat. My duty is to offer you food.

“But if you do not eat what is provided to you today, I am only obligated to provide you a cup of water and a crust of bread tomorrow.

“Say, Young Lady, did you read about that little girl in Philadelphia who refused to talk for a week? When she then tried to talk her mouth had grown closed. But at least during that week her family enjoyed the quiet.”

“Oh, I hate you and your stupid stories. Somebody made up the story to scare silly children,” Annabel ranted as a smaller and younger version of Gertrude.

“I am only talking to explain why I will not talk until you leave us alone. Aunt Gertrude says you tricked my Daddy into marrying you for all his money. I hate you so much!”

Richard demanded, “Annabel, you will apologize to my wife, who is your loving step-mother, this instant. You will also apologize to Miss Bates and to Mr. Franklyn!”

Annabel retorted, “No! Never, Never, Never! You can’t make me!”

Richard tried to grab his daughter, but she eluded him, dashing for the door.

Julia remained calm. “Please leave her tray for the moment. I will deal with Annabel later.

“Richard, Dearest, you requested that Mr. Edwards bring your car around at 8:30 A.M. It is precisely 8:29 by the wall clock now. You must not be late for your meeting with Henry Gaston and his banking colleagues.

“Go get them, Tiger. I will walk you to the door. Please don’t worry about Annabel’s rude behavior. My ‘New Deal’ has started this morning and she will really feel the benefits of my program.”

At the waiting car, Julia gave Richard such a deep kiss he needed to wipe her lipstick off his mouth and face as the car pulled from the curb.

When the Rolls was out of sight, Julia's sunny smile faded. She called out, "Can anyone see Annabel?"

Anna Bates answered, "Mrs. Barclay, Ma'am, she is right in front of me, behind her chair."

"Thank you so much, Miss Bates. Please stand-by for additional instructions," Julia responded as she meandered toward the dining room.

Temporarily, Annabel froze in the doorway. Julia had both of her arms outstretched precluding the girl wriggling past. While she stared down at the child, Julia politely requested, "Miss Bates, please put that tray on a table in Annabel's room. Please ask everyone to leave that tray on that table until it is consumed."

While Julia was distracted and let her right arm droop, Annabel seized the opportunity to dash into the library. The library only had one door, which Julia closed and locked. Her step-daughter was trapped like a rat.

Using her calm mellow voice, Julia informed Annabel, "Like our beloved President Franklin D. Roosevelt recently announced, my own 'New Deal' started at dawn today. It will affect your bare derriere shortly after we reach the privacy of your room. Your disobedience and rude misbehavior this morning simply is not acceptable."

Despite being in massive trouble, Annabel could not resist blurting out, "'That Man in the White House' is not 'Our Beloved' anything, so there!" She actually stuck out her tongue. "Aunt Gertrude says that she and Daddy voted for the 'Real President', Herbert Hoover!"

"Young Lady, or should I say 'Annabel Elizabeth Barclay'" Julia started, "This is hardly the time or place for a political debate. I am impressed you are aware of ex-President Hoover. Had you been a polite well-behaved gal this morning I would be please to help you do some research about both Herbert Hoover and Franklin Roosevelt.

"However, you did behave very badly, so you are in serious trouble" Julia said calmly and reasonably. Then she glared at Annabel and ordered, "Angel, come here this instant!"

Very reluctantly Annabel toed-in to Julia and reached for her right hand. "Now, my Lambie Pie, have you forgotten the spanking I had to give you a few days ago?"

Retaining a secure grip on the girl's left wrist, Julia used her free left hand to unlock the door. Slowly she led Annabel toward the stairs.

"No, Julia, I well remember being spanked that night by you, and the next day by Nanny Parsons" Annabel answered in a shy soft voice.

"Young Lady, since you remember being spanked on two occasions for being rude and naughty, what did you expect the consequences would

be when you were so inconsiderate this morning?" Julia asked as she marched the girl ahead of her.

"I thought I had the right to not eat and to remain silent in protest of you marrying my Daddy without permission from Aunt Gertrude and me," the child explained in her most annoying voice.

Julia chuckled, "Oh, this is just great! When I was enjoying not hearing your whining voice, you resume being so annoying.

"Young Lady, my New Deal has a cure for your misbehavior. Since you say you remember the spanking I gave your bare derrière with your hairbrush, consider that just a friendly mild little paddy-whacking," Julia explained.

"Today, under my New Deal, your punishment will be a super strict old-fashioned walloping. You will remember this first-class walloping a long time. Now, are you ready?"

"Julia, I am scared and I am as ready as I can be," Annabel whispered while a couple of feet outside her door. "My regret is that after Nanny helped me out of bed, she took off my nice diaper. See how much you can wallop me when a diaper protects my bottom!"

"Young Lady, there are two ways around a diaper: Number One, a diaper does not cover the backs of your thighs, which sting even more when spanked than the rest of your backside.

"Number Two, I know how to release diaper pins, and so if I need to, I can have your diaper around you feet as easily as I can flip up your skirt and pull down your panties."

By then Julia had opened the door to lead Annabel inside. She locked the door behind her. She picked up the hairbrush while restraining Annabel's left wrist.

This time when Julia sat on the side of Annabel's bed, she noticed the sensation of the rubber sheet. Within seconds the child's skirt was up and her panties were looping her legs below the knees.

As Annabel crawled into the position of shame, bare bottom up, Julia started applying the hairbrush vigorously. She was spanking very slowly and very hard. She aimed more than half the spanks where the lower buttocks meet the upper thighs.

Every spank there caused Annabel to shriek and sob louder. Still, despite Julia trying to cause the maximum of discomfort, Annabel made no attempt to avoid her spanks. She hardly moved. She did not kick or try to reach back.

Only after Annabel could not shed anymore tears and she was completely limp, did Julia put the hairbrush on the bed. She let the spanked girl dry-cry it all out.

Looking at her watch, she noted the time was only 8:38 A.M. When Annabel calmed down, Julia eased her to her feet.

“You are confined to your room for the rest of the day. For the next hour I want you in your bed without doing anything except taking a nap.

“Would you like me to ask Nanny Parsons to change you into a diaper and a nightie?”

“Oh, Mommy, may I have a diaper, please?” Annabel pleaded.

Grinning that Annabel had actually called her “Mommy” for the first time Julia walked down the hall to the next room and knocked on Clara’s door.

“I just gave Annabel a very hard walloping. She is confined to her room the rest of the day. She asked to be diapered, so will you be so kind as to tend to that. You have my permission to escort her to the bathroom, but if Annabel wants to spend her day in diapers, that is fine with me as well.

“Use your own judgment if you want to sit with Annabel in her room while she is confined there. Would that be a normal thing for a nanny to do?

“Are those new-fangled stretchy rubber pants working out? There have not been any complaints from our store’s customers and they are selling far beyond our expectations and most optimistic hopes.

“Who knows? There just could be a future in PlayTex.”

“Julia? May I call you that in private? So far those rubber pants have not caused her a diaper rash. They do keep the diaper from soaking through to the sheet and her clothing. They are well-worth the cost, because those rubber pants will save a lot of laundry.

“I am convinced the diaper service washes those better than we can do here. Of course I clean Annabel’s bottom carefully when I remove her diapers. I will watch her like a hawk for signs of a diaper rash starting.

“As for Annabel being diapered all day, with respect, I do not think that a good idea. She needs her daytime control. After her nap I am going to remove her diaper. She has never soiled a diaper since she was very young and I want her to stay that way. When she asks me I will take her to the toilet.

“I have never sat in the room of a child being punished. I think that would completely defeat the purpose of sending a naughty child to her room. If any nanny I have met did such a thing they would hardly admit it to me.”

“Clara, this news is outstanding about the rubber pants! Richard and I are counting on you to look out for our daughter. Thank you for your

candor about sitting with her, and about Annabel only wetting. That is a big relief for me.

“Please remind me to talk to her at about 9:30 A.M. I told her to stay on her bed napping for an hour, but let her up sooner if you think that best.

“Certainly in private I encourage you to call me ‘Julia’. You are being a wonderful friend to me right now.

“By the way, when will Miss Randall start?”

Clara answered, “She told me she has one last summer final examination this morning. She will come here directly. Hannah really wants to start work with me, and to meet you and Annabel.”

Clara and Julia embraced. Clara gave Julia a kiss on her forehead, as if she was still a child, and Julia did not mind in the least.

A few minutes later, Annabel was sleeping on her tummy in her diapers and rubber panties, wearing a thin nightie because even at 8:45 A.M. this Mid-June day was hot and humid.