

# Miss Annabel and Julia

## Chapter 17

### “A Compact Bag with Lipstick and Hairbrush”

Fiction by Angela Bauer

*Monday of Julia's last week in Philadelphia was a wonderful day for so many people. Annabel and Susan Manchester made a new friend in Betty Hoffstadt. Leticia made a new friend, of sorts, in Ruth Hoffstadt. Hannah had more time to talk to Nanny Violet Jackson, which convince Hannah she much preferred working in Manhattan for the Barclays than on The Main Line for a racist, out-of-touch snob such as Ruth!*

Hannah also was thrilled to have her hotel room all to herself. Edna Lyall had gladly moved down the hall to live in the second bedroom of a suite shared with Ethel Jones.

Ethel was a very talented and trusted stenographer in the Barclay's of Fifth Avenue executive offices. But she lacked personal ambition. Her parents never had easy lives, so they had impressed on all their children to be grateful for any job providing a pay envelope each week. Her family never traveled.

Not only was Monday night the first time Ethel had a bedroom to herself, it was her first time as a registered guest in a hotel. Well, how better to start enjoying the hotel life than at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel!

For twenty-five years it was considered the finest hotel in America. Only the 1929 opening of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel (managed by the same firm) on Park Avenue in Manhattan gave the Bellevue-Stratford a run for its money as far as luxury went.

Best of all for Ethel, this was her first ride on a railroad train beyond Yonkers or New Rochelle. She had been given a Pullman ticket, which thrilled her. Chances are even had she known some of the other Manhattan staff had ridden in a Pullman stateroom, Ethel still would be happy.

Tuesday, 26 June 1933, was drizzling in Philadelphia when Annabel woke up at 6:15 A.M. She had been so happy to have met the President of the hotel and its chain, who loved her music so much he ordered that she be allowed to practice for free whenever the room was available, and not just an hour at a time.

She was looking forward to her music lessons starting at 10 A.M. She was just young enough, at a sophisticated nine years of age, that she was not nervous about playing an unpublished piano part written by Maestro Leopold Stokowski at the huge Barclay-Rogers' store party, at which the music would be provided by several members of the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by the Maestro's Assistant Conductor Eugene Ormandy.

On the drive back to the hotel after an adventure at the new Barclay South mansion, Hannah had told Annabel they would be eating lunch following her lessons at a restaurant along the route to The Main Line. Nanny Clara Parsons would be riding with them. She would attend the lessons at The Academy of Music, have lunch with them and then visit Nanny Violet Jackson. Violet was Betty's nanny. Violet wanted to get to know Clara and vice versa.

While the senior nannies were talking, Annabel intended to practice on the relatively new Baldwin concert grand piano which was part of the deal for the mansion. She liked playing on both Steinway and Baldwin pianos on the same day, since each had a subtly different touch.

Annabel's diaper was not wet, just sweaty inside her PlayTex rubber panties. She wanted that removed, but the rules were that only her Mommy Julia or a nanny could remove or pin on her diapers. She needed to use the toilet.

So, Annabel got out of bed and walked through the living room of her suite to the other bedroom occupied by Hannah. She gently knocked and told Hannah about wanting to use the toilet.

On previous days Hannah was still sound asleep at 6:15 A.M. but realized Annabel would be awake about then, so Hannah had set her alarm clock for 6:10 A.M. Her robe was hanging from the end of her bed. She had the girl's diaper and rubber panties off in a few seconds, praising Annabel for being dry.

While the girl was using the toilet, Hannah started to draw a bath. Without getting off the toilet, Annabel requested, "Please Nanny, may I have my morning paddy-whacking before my bath? Last night Mommy spanked me with the hairbrush. I did not look to see if I still have marks."

“Lambie Pie, could you turn around in the tub?” Hannah asked sweetly.

Having assessed the state of Annabel’s delicate derrière, Hannah strongly suggested, “If you don’t mind, I think it will be best if I only use your ‘Girls’ Spanker’ and just give you a minimum paddy-whacking. Then if you need more at bedtime I am sure your Mommy will accommodate you!”

“I understand, Nanny. Will you be so kind as to spank me now, before my bath? We should have time for a light breakfast before the practice room is opened.”

After the moderate spanking, followed by her bath, Annabel was pinned into a single diaper which would last long enough. Before they were driven to the music lessons, Annabel would not only have her diaper changed, she would wear a different dress.

Richard and Julia Barclay, as had become routine, came down to the practice room at 7:30 A.M. Room service set up enough food for them, Hannah, Annabel, Clara Parsons and probably ten other people had they stopped by.

The practice, drive to the Academy of Music, the lessons, the restaurant lunch and ride to the new mansion all were routine.

After Julia and Richard kissed Annabel good bye and Julia hugged Hannah and Clara, they went back upstairs. Richard’s valet Arthur Swift gave his suit another brushing. In her bedroom Julia’s lady’s maid Edna Lyall, styled her hair and changed her makeup to full ‘Serious Business Executive’ with Technicolor Noir Red lipstick (preferred by Carole Lombard and Joan Crawford, even in black and white!). That choice was deliberate by Julia, who wanted to appear older, with additional gravitas when negotiating the merger of the two stores’ management styles.

They stopped for a few seconds in the ‘secret and secure’ temporary office next to Julia’s suite. Richard’s new private line was installed and on the desk of Ethel. Trudy Josse, Julia’s secretary had two private lines, as well as extensions to the hotel phones in Julia and Annabel’s suites. Along the wall of the office, an armed plain clothes Pinkerton operative was guarding the confidential material in the security filing cabinets and safe. Such Pinkertons were there around the clock, in shifts.

Other armed plain clothes Pinkerton agents aided Julia’s chauffeur John Merriman as bodyguard for Julia and Annabel. Since Richard’s chauffeur/bodyguard Buddy Edwards was in Manhattan transporting members of the Park Avenue mansion’s staff back and forth to the leased Dyckman mansion, a few additional Pinkerton agents were assigned to protect Richard when he was not close to Julia.

The fact of the bodyguards was intended by Richard to be a secret from Julia and Annabel. As the daughter of an NYPD sergeant, Hannah

had spotted the back-up bodyguard the first day John Merriman started carrying a Colt .45 ACP pistol in a shoulder holster.

She let John know she had figured out the situation, but would not blab to Julia. The next day Julia said to Hannah that she had figured out she was being protected.

Hannah passed along that information to John, who in turn told his contacts with Pinkerton and head of security for Barclay, former Secret Service Special Agent-in-Charge Ronald Butterfield. They decided to not inform Richard that Julia knew she was being protected.

By 8:45 A.M. Julia and Richard were at the executive offices of Rogers' of Philadelphia DeLuxe Department Store. He had a full schedule with executives and managers of departments over which Richard had special expertise. Julia by then had met with all departments more than once, and was concentrating on long-term strategic planning, marketing, advertising and publicity.

For example, the party on Saturday for key Rogers' store executives, managers and employees also included civic and cultural leaders. Maestro Stokowski was an example, but so was the President of the Music Academy, the Philadelphia Zoo Association and many other movers and shakers. There were only three and a half days left. Julia had a staff of five experienced event planners and coordinators ensuring no detail slipped through a crack.

George C. Boldt, Jr. the President of all the Boldt managed hotels, including the Bellevue-Stratford, had added his local staff of event planners to supplement Julia's own staff.

Not to be overlooked, Leonard Rogers' and his current flame, Martha Pryor (Julia's long time gal pal) had accepted an invitation. They would be staying at his former mansion, the one he sold to Richard and Julia.

The Barclays new neighbors, Ruth Madison Hoffstadt and her husband Eugene Hoffstadt had accepted. So had Annabel and Julia's new local friends Leticia and Steven Manchester. She was a professor at Bryn Mawr College. The Chancellor of Bryn Mawr and a friend of hers had accepted.

Somehow in all that activity, Julia and Richard managed to take time for a 'nooner' in their suite at the hotel. Afterwards, Arthur and Edna managed to restore their clothing and her makeup to the pre-nooner standards.

Because Richard felt the larger danger in Philadelphia was Annabel being kidnapped, John Merriman was driving her, plus Hannah and Clara that day. The temporary chauffeur for Richard and Julia was a Pinkerton agent, with more in a trailing car, all well-armed and proven excellent marksmen.

Back ensconced in their store offices, Julia and Richard accomplished a great deal Tuesday afternoon. Mutually they thought spontaneous ‘nooners’ were the secret of their success!

Annabel so enjoyed having her diaper changed on the nursery table at their new mansion, she begged to keep her damp diaper in place for the drive to The Main Line.

It was Annabel who lugged the big diaper bag up to the nursery. It was Nanny Parsons who actually changed her. Then the girl was allowed to go downstairs and start her piano practicing by herself.

Hannah knew that John Merriman would not let any stranger near the mansion, so she walked with Clara over to the Hoffstadt mansion. There Hannah introduced Clara to Violet. While Violet and Clara talked and watched baby William, Hannah escorted Betty to the Barclay mansion.

For nearly an hour Betty was entertained watching Annabel play the piano. Having heard that same piece played many times, Hannah was less entertained. Bravely she sat in a comfortable chair where she could watch both Betty and Annabel.

The second she noticed Betty squirming, Hannah gently took her hand and led her upstairs to the nursery. That morning, DyDee Service had delivered a generous supply of clean diapers, which the New Philadelphia Housekeeper Mrs. Nancy Ellet put away on shelves under the changing table.

Using two of the DyDee diapers, Hannah changed Betty and pulled a pair of Annabel’s PlayTex rubber panties over those diapers.

Not long after Betty resumed listening to the music, Clara returned to the mansion. While she watched both girls Hannah went upstairs to bundle Betty’s wet diapers and rubber panties into a laundry bag. When she escorted Betty home, she turned over the wet diapers to Nanny Violet Jackson. “Betty is wearing DyDee diapers, so she might as well keep them,” Hannah said.

Violet thanked Hannah for giving her the chance for a protracted and candid conversation with Clara. “Listen to her, Nanny Randall! And you will be such an outstanding nanny as to make your mother very proud!”

“Oh, Nanny Jackson, I always listen to her every word. Tomorrow Annabel and Susan Manchester will be going to The Zoo. They both had so much fun playing with Betty yesterday. Mrs. Manchester will be with us. All of us would love to include Betty. Do you think Mrs. Hoffstadt would approve?”

“Nanny Randall, I wish I still had the energy to take Betty on those kinds of outings. But since William was born, without a nursery maid, I just am not up to that. Mrs. Hoffstadt is home now. Why not ask her directly? Or, perhaps Mrs. Barclay could ask her by phone?”

Hannah thought about those suggestions, “I am not sure I could even get a message through to Mrs. Barclay right now. Things are that busy for her. I know Mrs. Manchester is taking Susan shopping this afternoon. Would it upset Mrs. Hoffstadt if I spoke to her?”

Violet just rolled her eyes, “It *should* not upset her. But ‘Miss Ruth’ is no longer the sweet child I raised. I have given up predicting how she will react. Worst of all, since she got married, I have not been allowed to spank ‘Miss Ruth’ when she is inconsiderate!

“Mrs. Hoffstadt is downstairs in her morning room. Just go and talk to her. She might resent that it is not Mrs. Barclay, but then she probably wants Betty out of the house tomorrow.”

Hannah did talk to Ruth, who agreed that Betty could go to the Zoo. Hannah and Annabel would pick Betty (and her diaper bag) up at 9:45 A.M. on Wednesday. Before that they would pick up Susan and Leticia.

Walking back to ‘Barclay Mansion South’ Hannah considered herself so blessed to work for Julia Scott Barclay. She also wondered what it must be like for Violet to be taking orders from a boss she not only helped raise but whom she had frequently been ordered to spank? Hannah vowed to find another way to make a living instead of working for Annabel in any capacity!

While Hannah was next door talking to Ruth, Richard had phoned Annabel, who was overjoyed. The evening plan was that her parents would be taking her to dinner outside the hotel at 7:00 P.M. but without a nanny. He did suggest that on the way home they stop at the store. Annabel said, “We can buy a smaller diaper bag! That will be so convenient for such a short trip like having dinner.”

“That is as may be, Lambie Pie. Just remember, a hairbrush will still be packed along with fresh diapers and rubber panties. I am confident even you do not want to interrupt a dinner with your Daddy while your Mommy spanks you in a ladies’ room,” Hannah commented.

“You are right, Nanny. Mommy will be spanking me before she gives me my bedtime bath anyway,” Annabel tried to say with a straight face, but giggled the last few words.

“Mrs. Hoffstadt gave permission for Betty to go to the Zoo tomorrow. We will pick her up last. So we will need to get an early start. We also need to get back to the city. Let me change you here and now,” Hannah said.

“Nanny, do you think I could have one of the large changing tables in my room when we get moved into the Dyckman Mansion?” Annabel shyly asked as they walked up the stairs.

“Lambie Pie, please think about that carefully. Once you start school, do you really want any of those friends knowing about your bedwetting

and nighttime diapers? Or, are you expecting to have a second ‘pretend’ bedroom like Betty?”

“Well, Nanny, Daddy told me there are a lot of vacant rooms on the Dyckman family floor. So it would be possible for me to have a second bedroom. Who knows, I might be able to sleep without diapers during the night back in Manhattan by the time school starts!”

It was interesting that when Clara, Hannah and Annabel together walked into the Baby Department of the Rogers’ of Philadelphia DeLuxe Department Store, the floor supervisor was expecting them, “Mr. Barclay told me you were driving here, and to have you put this inside your new diaper bag,” she said politely, while handing Annabel a heavy inter-department store envelope.

Annabel and her nannies selected a conservative bag that could hold as many as four gauze diapers and two rubber panties as well as two wet diaper sets. That left enough room for additional supplies. Probably the bag designer intended that space for a baby bottle.

The supervisor, the nannies, a couple of sales clerks and even Annabel were amused when she finally opened the heavy envelope and brought out its contents, a serious oval wooden hairbrush.

Without a hint of a blush, Annabel showed her beatific smile and remarked, “Daddy and Mommy know what I need. I don’t remember using a baby bottle!”

Then she placed the new hairbrush inside the diaper bag. She signed the inter-department envelope and handed it to the supervisor.

“Oh, yes, could you add a dozen Toddler Large PlayTex baby panties to my bill? I mean, what good are diapers without rubber pants?”

Back in the Rolls Royce, Clara, Hannah and Annabel were giggling like children about the perplexed look on that supervisor’s face when she saw the hairbrush and a clerk brought her all those PlayTex panties.

There was so much time before she needed to dress for dinner that Annabel asked to be dressed for a nap. Hannah felt the diapers she wore for the drive and shopping still had enough capacity, so those were not changed.

Later, after a quick bath, a diaper change and being dressed for dinner, Annabel sat down as Hannah brought out the tube of her pink lipstick. She was surprised when she was handed the tube.

“Your Mommy asked me to teach you to put on your own lipstick tonight. So you need to stand in front of the lighted mirror in your bathroom. I am sorry it will be too high for you to use while seated,” Hannah said lovingly.

It took Annabel several attempts before she neatly applied her own lipstick, with Hannah carefully wiping off the earlier unsatisfactory attempts. Finally that tube of lipstick was added to the new diaper bag in a pocket near the hairbrush.

Richard was wearing a white dinner jacket, evening trousers and a bright red cummerbund, because it was officially summertime. Julia wore a new semi-formal ankle-length evening gown, white kid elbow-length gloves and fashionable high-heel pumps. Edna had styled her hair in a modern up-swept hairdo and applied her evening makeup. Since Julia wanted to look her own age, that evening her lipstick was not intense dark red. Rather it was reddish coral, a new shade from Max Factor not yet on sale to the public.

To better show off, instead of waiting at the chauffeur entrance, John Merriman brought the Rolls to the main entrance where a crowd saw Annabel, Richard and Julia be helped into the car.

The restaurant was only a few blocks away and popular enough many parties were outside waiting to be seated. They parted when the Rolls stopped, so The Barclay Family could enter. Those waiting did not appear to resent that The Barclays were immediately escorted to the best table by the restaurant's owner.

Everything about the evening was marvelous. Although Annabel did not need a diaper change, between the entrée and dessert, Julia led her to a ladies' room. Annabel carried the smaller diaper bag.

"Mommy, was I naughty? The hairbrush is in my bag."

"Absolutely not, Lambie Pie; you are as polite, or more so, than the adults. I did not want to compliment the mature way you applied your lipstick, where your father was listening. Of course most has worn off, so now would be a good time to re-apply. I will only help if you want me to do so."

Oh Mommy," Annabel responded, hugging Julia. "I can always practice at the hotel. Would you do me?"

As Annabel relaxed her lips, Julia lovingly did just that. Then she refreshed her own coral lipstick.

They were back at the table with Richard well before their baked Alaska was served.

Back at the hotel, they all headed to Julia's suite. While Richard turned to his bedroom to be dressed by Arthur Swift, Julia led Annabel to her bedroom across the living room.

There Edna Lyall was waiting to change Julia into her 'Mommy' dress and remove the red coral lipstick so she could apply the rose shade Julia preferred for bed.

“Mrs. Lyall, Annabel put on her own lipstick tonight for the very first time. I think she did a good job, but over the next couple of days would you do me a favor and give her some additional lessons, without offending Miss Randall. Now, would you remove Annabel’s lipstick so no traces will appear tomorrow morning?”

Then while Annabel watched in fascination, her Mommy was undressed and changed. Once Julia was wearing her rose lipstick and her ‘Mommy’ dress with ballet flat shoes, she led her daughter down the hall to her own suite and bedroom.

As Annabel was being undressed and her, by then, soggy diaper was removed, she said: “Oh Mommy, before my bath could you give me the same or harder ‘old-fashioned walloping’ I deserved the morning after your wedding? Could you use the new hairbrush, to sort of break it in?”

“But, Lambie Pie, if I spank you that hard, you will still have bruises and marks until mid-afternoon tomorrow. That would be needlessly uncomfortable and also will prevent Nanny giving you a morning spanking,” Julia responded with loving concern.

“But, Mommy! That is just what I want! Susan and Betty know that I get spanked, but they have only seen me get a minor paddy-whacking to help me sleep during a nap. They have both complained they get spanked much harder.

“So, when we all get our diapers changed together at the Zoo, I want them to see my fanny freshly spanked. Could you even tell Nanny to wallop me with the hairbrush in the morning? I promise; I will not break.”

“Angel, I hear your words, but should Mrs. Manchester also see your derrière bruised? Will she think I am a brutal mother, or that Miss Randall is a super mean nanny? You know all of us love you and do not want to leave even the tiniest mark on you during a spanking.”

“Mommy, I doubt that Mrs. Manchester would think that because she spans Susan very hard. But, if you are worried, you could phone her before we pick them up and explain something like I was incorrigible tonight and deserved an exceptionally serious walloping?”

“Young Lady, I am horrified you expect me to lie to a friend to enhance your fantasy! And, just when you were no longer telling outrageous lies!

“Well, when I phone Mrs. Manchester tomorrow, I will not be lying to her. Right now you are acting like an incorrigible lying brat. So you are going to get a first-class walloping on your bare derrière with that brand-spanking new hairbrush!”

Julia could not believe she was able to spank that hard, that fast and long enough Annabel was as limp as a used wash cloth and sobbing her eyes out.

After the crying child was helped to stand nude on a towel in the corner of her bathroom, Julia drew her a soothing warm bath, to which she added some bubble crystals. While she bathed Annabel, Julia hugged and kissed her in forgiveness.

Annabel was triple-diapered snugly. By that time Julia was a confident expert with diaper pins. The PlayTex panties easily stretched to cover the thicker diapers. Wearing a long sleep shirt on the warm night, Annabel fell asleep on her tummy, her contented beatific smile on her beautiful little face.

Julia managed to stifle her own tears of remorse until she reached the privacy of her suite's living room. In soft tears she went to her bedroom, exchanged her 'Mommy' dress for her shortest and sexiest baby-doll nightie. Slipping on floppy bedroom slippers and selecting the heaviest hairbrush in her bedside drawer, Julia coyly walked to Richard's bedroom door.

Knocking softly, Julia lisped, "Daddy, I just did a terribly naughty thing. I am ready to receive my punishment on my bare bottom!"

Richard never even bothered to ask what Julia could have done. He knew she did not need an excuse. Julia wanted to be spanked as foreplay.

He got out of bed, sat on the armless chair and drew her across his lap in the 'classic position of shame'. Richard rucked-up her baby-doll, revealing she was not wearing panties. Without any preliminary scolding, he began spanking his beautiful bride.

Instead of pleas for mercy, Julia kept repeating that she had been a very bad girl. Richard interpreted those words as her way of communicating she expected a very hard spanking. So, he put more force behind the spans, until Julia stopped talking, sobbed harder and started to go limp.

Only then did he put aside the hairbrush, which still was uncomfortable in his hand, to caress her hair. She sobbed for over five minutes without another spank.

When Julia was sniffing, Richard eased her to her feet and kissed her forehead tenderly. She responded with a passionate deep kiss on his mouth. They tumbled into his bed for another of their 'monkey-love' sessions which lasted for hours!