

# Miss Annabel and Julia

## Chapter 20

### “A Highchair, A Bib and A Baby Bottle”

Fiction by Angela Bauer

*Friday, 30 June 1933 was another of those summer days as pleasant in Manhattan as in Philadelphia. The Head of Security for Barclay's of Fifth Avenue had taken the Pullman to Philadelphia after closing on Thursday evening. Samuel Schwartz of the Retail Photo Department had taken the Wednesday evening Pullman. Agnes Mayo, Executive Secretary for both Richard and Julia Scott Barclay felt she needed to stay for Saturday store opening, but she would arrive in Philadelphia in time to relax and change for the big party.*

It had been decided that the Rolls Royce in which Richard Barclay normally was driven would remain in the mansion's garage, as would the shooting brake. Richard's chauffeur, Buddy Edwards, would be attending the party as a guest, so he would be sharing a Pullman stateroom with several others from the mansion staff, who also would be party guests. The newest Barclay chauffeur, Joel Woodhouse was needed at the mansion. He had just moved to Manhattan from Philadelphia and was not all that eager to return just to attend a party.

The Butler, Raymond Franklyn and his wife Rose (the Housekeeper) would be making the trip. So would Rose's sister Jane Wilson, the Chef. Her Sous Chef, Daisy Robinson, would be with her. Robert Clarke (the First Footman), Anna Bates (the First Downstairs Maid) and Elsie Watson (the First Upstairs Maid) completed the Mansion Delegation taking the Friday Morning Pullman. Two adjacent Pullman Staterooms were reserved so there would be space.

Progress had been made toward the move to the Dyckman Mansion. Space there had been found to store all of the Dyckman furniture which temporarily would be replaced by Barclay furniture.

The temporary Barclay master bedroom suite had been selected. Also, two bedrooms had been selected for Annabel, as well as a bedroom for Hannah Randall.

After more than a month of being excluded from Julia and Richard's dining room table, his younger spinster sister Gertrude had finally accepted the reality she needed to move to her own apartment. Actually, she found she enjoyed eating in different restaurants depending on her mood.

At 1 P.M. on Friday, 30 June, Gertrude had a meeting scheduled with the Co-op Board of The Dakota. She had decided on a specific apartment. Richard's attorneys had agreed he would pay half of the apartment's price. Soon she would be away from Julia Scott Barclay.

South of Manhattan, at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia, Annabel Barclay and her Nanny Hannah Randall woke up in their separate bedrooms of a shared suite at 6:15 A.M.

For a couple of weeks, nine-year-old Annabel had been rehearsing for her piano performance during an important party hosted by her parents to honor the Barclay acquisition of the Rogers' of Philadelphia Department Store. Although never before had Annabel played piano in public, the day before her debut she felt she had rehearsed enough.

In her bed she could feel that her diaper was only damp with sweat. So, Annabel simply turned over onto her back and tried to fall back to sleep. As she concentrated on getting to sleep, she relaxed her bladder and wet her diaper. No worries because it was covered by PlayTex rubber panties.

Hannah had been given Thursday off. Since recently Annabel had knocked on her door when she was ready to have her night diaper removed, Hannah delayed getting up. There was no reason to rush.

In her bed seventeen-year-old Hannah had been dreaming of her attraction to Samuel Schwartz. They had managed to spend some time together on Thursday and he had taken her to a decent restaurant for dinner as if she were an adult. Sam had not ordered any alcohol during their date, for himself or for her.

Hannah did not think of that as an insult. Earlier in the trip Hannah did accept several Champaign cocktails which rendered her intoxicated. She had been physically punished for drinking. She had vowed to not drink again until she was older. What Hannah was trying to figure out was if Sam knew she was not legally an adult. Except for not asking if she wanted a drink, he had spoken to her and treated her as an adult.

She found Sam very attractive. He had the vigor of youth and also a very mature quality. On Thursday Sam was invited to lunch with the Barclays in the Store's restaurant. She was hoping he would attend Annabel's piano practice that morning and therefore breakfast with the Barclays.

The next thing Hannah knew it was 6:50 A.M. with Annabel still in bed, probably in a wet diaper. The piano practice room as reserved starting at 7:15 A.M. Hannah leapt out of bed, put on her nicest 'nanny dress' and rushed through the suite's living room to get Annabel dressed and ready.

"Lambie Pie! Get up this minute!"

"Oh, Nanny, I don't need to practice this morning."

"Young Lady! Did you cancel your practice room reservation for this morning? Did you tell your parents and me about your change of plans?" Hannah asked with actual anger in her voice.

"No, Nanny Randall; I decided to not practice when I woke up," Annabel answered defensively.

"You should be ashamed of yourself, Young Lady! Other people use the practice room. Your parents expect to have breakfast with you there while you rehearse before they go to work.

"Your conduct is not acceptable. You are sliding back to your old ways of being inconsiderate, rude and irresponsible. You have been given so many advantages and special privileges.

"There is nothing to do except punish you severely, so you will remember to be considerate next time.

"Right now you need to get out of your sagging diaper and into a quick bath! Once you are clean I will diaper you and dress you so you will be waiting for the practice room to be opened at 7:15 A.M. Do I make myself clear, Young Lady?"

"Yes, Nanny Randall, I understand I was naughty. When will you punish me? Am I still going to play with Betty and Susan?"

"They were not naughty, so they should not suffer just because you were rude, Young Lady! You will be punished when there is enough time."

Before removing Annabel's soggy diaper, Hannah started her bath, without any bubbles. The second she was out of the tub, Hannah helped her dry enough she could be diapered for practice and breakfast.

Without styling her hair, Annabel was dressed good enough for early morning. Led by her hand by Hannah, Annabel was waiting outside the practice room when it opened.

She dilly-dallied taking her seat at the piano. Hannah walked over to Annabel, leaned over her and commanded, “Young Lady, if you do not start seriously practicing your scales and exercises in three seconds, you will need to stand the rest of the morning!”

Hannah smiled as she turned from Annabel, who was seriously playing the piano. Julia and Richard had come downstairs for breakfast earlier than usual. While he made himself comfortable, Hannah beckoned Julia into the hallway.

“Mrs. Barclay, Annabel is reverting to her old inconsiderate misbehavior. I have a plan that I think will effectively punish her, but I think we need to talk about it.”

“What did my naughty daughter do now, Miss Randall?”

“When she finally woke up, she announced she did not care to rehearse today. I reminded her she has reserved the room.

“You and I agreed that for Annabel perhaps the most severe punishment would be to refuse to spank her. What I did was say she would have to wait for her punishment until after her practice.

“Now what I suggest is that I do not give her a real wallop until we are in Betty Hoffstadt’s nursery, with Susan also watching.

“Should I ask permission from Ruth Hoffstadt first?”

“Nanny, I agree that could be the best punishment. I am afraid Annabel will have these moments of returning to her bad behavior.

“I really hardly know Ruth Hoffstadt and I only know Leticia Manchester slightly better. You have my permission to call them for me, saying I want Annabel spanked in front of her friends this morning. I doubt they will say ‘No’ but if either does, then make sure that child is not in the room. Just be sure you give Annabel a real wallop, at least one hundred smacks of a hairbrush, nearly all very hard. She will not respect any spanking less severe.

“Now I will sit with my husband watching Annabel while you phone Leticia and Ruth,” Julia said with a smile.

When Hannah returned to the practice room, she stopped at the Barclay table to whisper to Julia, “Everything is set; neither objected!”

Annabel stopped rehearsing once the food was wheeled into the room. She had a healthy appetite, as did Hannah. Richard and Julia laughed to themselves about the amount Annabel wanted to eat that morning in contrast to the morning after their wedding when the child staged a ‘hunger strike’ which lasted less than three hours.

After Richard and Julia left for their offices, Annabel was allowed to stop practicing at 8:45 A.M. Hannah escorted Annabel to her bedroom, undressed her, re-diapered her and put her to bed wearing a sleep shirt.

At the last possible moment, Hannah got Annabel out of bed again, re-diapered her and dressed her nicely for visiting Betty and Ruth Hoffstadt. John Merriman drove them to the Manchester home, where Susan and Leticia were waiting.

Much to their surprise, Ruth was supervising Betty when they walked onto the front veranda to greet their guests. Ruth explained, “Nanny Violet needs to be close to William this morning because he is not feeling so well.”

Annabel and Susan were lugging their respective large diaper bags as they trudged from the Rolls Royce.

“Mrs. Hoffstadt,” Hannah began the moment the front door closed. Pointing to Annabel, Hannah continued, “This young lady was already very rude and inconsiderate today. With your permission I need to march her to a place where I can thoroughly spank her naughty bare derrière.”

“Nanny Randall, you are very welcome to use Betty’s nursery. William will not be disturbed.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Hoffstadt. All of you are welcome to watch this spanking, to add some punishment value,” Hannah said with a warm smile turned away from Annabel.

Leticia answered, “Thank you, Nanny. This could save Susan from another spanking.”

Reaching to tightly hold Betty’s left hand, Ruth ordered, “Young Lady, if you know what is good for you, you will come with me and watch quietly. I am still disappointed by your misbehavior this morning just because Nanny Violet is busy with your baby brother!”

Annabel and Susan continued to lug their diaper bags up the stairs. In Betty’s nursery, the door was shut. Annabel’s dress, diaper, socks and shoes were removed, leaving her wearing only a short camisole which did not reach her waist.

Without being ordered to do so, Annabel brought the hairbrush from its pocket in her diaper bag and handed it to Hannah. She was then pulled across the waiting lap into the Position of Shame.

Hannah began to scold especially strictly before lifting the hairbrush. Clearly Annabel understood this was going to be real punishment, similar to the first time she was spanked by Julia. Annabel started to softly cry just from the scolding.

There was no warm-up. The first flurry of spanks was nearly full force, causing Annabel to start sobbing. She did not shriek or plead and her squirming was minimal. Even while receiving that first flurry, Annabel’s delicate derrière began to turn deep pink.

Although the spanks were spread, the really hard ones were aimed where Annabel's lower buttocks met her upper thighs. Silently Hannah was counting as she watched the effect of the spanks.

She expected that Annabel would be marked and bruised, but Hannah did not want to cause any bleeding. The pace of the spanks was reduced, but not their intensity. It took just over two painful minutes until Annabel received all of the one hundred spanks constituting a 'First-Class Walloping' promised to the sobbing little girl.

By the time the final spank was administered, Annabel was limp and sobbing as if her heart was broken. Without having time to 'cry-it-out' over Hannah's lap, the girl was lifted onto the changing table, sore bottom down.

To slide a double-diaper into place, Annabel's legs were lifted by Hannah's left hand. When the legs were allowed to drop into position, Annabel sobbed louder. Once the diaper was pinned snugly, her legs were lifted one by one so a pair of PlayTex rubber panties could be pulled up into ideal position over the diaper. Hannah carefully checked that none of the diaper had escaped the rubber panties.

Annabel was lifted off of the changing table. Her dress was put back on her, as were her socks and shoes. Then Annabel was told to stand in the corner until granted position to leave.

Ruth Hoffstadt took the same seat as Hannah had used. Several times during Annabel's walloping, Ruth had needed to shush Betty's nervous giggles. "Elisabeth Madison Hoffstadt, you not only should be ashamed of yourself, I am going to spank you very hard.

"Miss Randall, will you be so kind as to loan me your hairbrush and undress my naughty daughter? She does not own a camisole, so she will be exposed. That is just too bad.

"Up to now I have asked Nanny Violet to punish Betty. Now I must assume responsibility."

It only took Hannah a few seconds to remove Betty's dress, shoes and socks. Then she removed the diaper and PlayTex panties. She led the reluctant and squirming girl to the Position of Shame and pulled Betty into position.

Obviously Ruth well remembered how she had been spanked growing up, because she was not reluctant to spank Betty hard, she effectively landed those spanks where they caused the most pain and sting.

Betty not only yelped and shrieked loudly, she struggled shamefully. When it appeared that Ruth might lose control, Hannah took hold of both of Betty's arms. That limited the girl's motion.

Probably Betty did not receive one hundred spanks, but that was more than a paddy-whacking. "Miss Randall, would you mind diapering and

dressing baby Betty? Otherwise she is likely to make a puddle on the carpet!”

Once diapered and dressed, Betty was led by Ruth to another corner far from Annabel. Since her daughter was still sobbing, Ruth rummaged in a drawer of the changing table until she found a pacifier. That was placed in Betty’s mouth.

Without asking, Leticia Manchester sat in the disciplinarian’s seat. “Susan Manchester, bring me your hairbrush this instant! You just had to giggle while Annabel and Betty were punished.

“Mrs. Hoffstadt and Miss Randall, would you ladies mind if the other naughty girls turned around in their corners so they may watch Susan learn her lesson?”

Such permission was granted. When Susan was being held, Leticia stood up to undress the child. Lucky for Susan she was wearing a short camisole.

Without her shoes, socks, diaper, Playtex rubber panties and dress, Susan assumed the Position of Shame over Leticia’s lap. The first sixteen smacks of the hairbrush were not full-force, to serve as a warm-up.

Susan did not try to be stoic or brave. She started to cry when she was scolded while being undressed. The warm-up hairbrush smacks caused yelps and kicking.

Once Leticia started using hard and full-force spanks, Susan dissolved into sobs. She struggled, but Leticia simply held her tighter around her waist. Every incident of struggling was punished with a hard spank to the back of each upper thigh, which always caused Susan to shriek in anguish.

It seemed to Hannah that Leticia gave Susan a true ‘First-Class Walloping’. After her walloping Susan was diapered and dressed.

Then the three naughty girls were encouraged to embrace. They were told they were no longer in disgrace and were allowed to play in the backyard until lunch.

Just through double French doors on a terrace outside the dining room, a table was set. While the girls were playing, an ordinary chair to the right of Ruth’s place at the end was replaced by a highchair slightly wider than average.

Ruth, Leticia and Hannah supervised the girls playing from deck chairs on a lower terrace, covered by an awning. Ruth’s First Maid Jessica Barham served Leticia and Ruth glasses of Tom Collins, but only iced tea to Hannah (per the request of Julia Barclay).

When Ruth’s Cook, Elinor Glyn, announced “Luncheon Is Served” the girls were summoned from their play.

Leticia and Hannah at first assumed the highchair was for Baby William. When Betty obediently walked to the highchair, they exchanged surprised looks. Jessica helped Betty into the highchair and locked the tray in place.

Helping serve the luncheon were sixteen-year-old twins Didi and Celia Davies, Ruth's new assistant maids.

Annabel and Susan had to sit carefully on their sore derrières, but at least their chairs had cushions. Betty wriggled as much as her locked tray permitted because the seat of her highchair was hard wood.

Ruth and Leticia were served chilled white wine with lunch. Hannah, Annabel and Susan were served glasses of iced tea. A terrycloth cobbler's bib was tied around Betty's neck by Celia. Betty was handed a baby bottle of milk, which she was helped to hold by Didi.

Betty's food had been chopped into tiny pieces before it reached her highchair. All the other meals were served in the conventional way.

There was no hint of protest about being infantilized from Betty, who did not even look the slightest bit embarrassed.

During the luncheon nothing was said about Betty's situation. Annabel and Susan instinctively knew that they would get another walloping if they teased Betty in any way.

After the luncheon ended, Celia untied Betty's bib. Jessica unlocked and removed the highchair's tray before helping Betty climb down.

The girls were led by their hands upstairs to Betty's nursery. Ruth closely watched as Hannah undressed and re-diapered Annabel for her nap. Ruth watched even more closely as Leticia did the same for Susan.

With encouragement from Hannah and Leticia, Ruth undressed Betty and removed her PlayTex panties and wet diaper. Ruth slightly hesitated before cleaning Betty's diaper region before drying it with a clean diaper and sprinkling it with some baby powder. She had seen Hannah and Leticia do that.

Ruth was clearly nervous as she pulled Betty's double-diaper snug, but she did not prick her daughter with a diaper pin as she fastened the diaper. Hannah and Leticia beamed encouragement.

However, they frowned slightly when Ruth failed to double check all of Betty's diaper was tucked inside her rubber panties. Seeing the frowns, Ruth eventually did tuck-in the diaper.

All of the girls were put into sleep shirts. Of course Betty was placed in her crib for her nap and was given a pacifier by Ruth. Annabel and Susan were led to the next bedroom and tucked in together on Betty's 'pretend' big girl bed.

While the girls napped, watched by Didi, downstairs Hannah and Leticia praised how well Ruth had done caring for her daughter. Ruth relaxed. She offered Leticia a cigarette and took one for herself. Then she sipped another Tom Collins.

“Ladies, I have decided to bring Betty to the party tomorrow after all. I am sure now that she knows I will personally spank her, Betty will behave. Her party dress is simply adorable.”

An hour later, Betty was still fast asleep when Annabel and Susan had their nap diapers changed and were re-dressed for the drive home. They quietly kissed Betty in her crib by way of saying good-bye.

In the Rolls Royce, Annabel and Susan were having a marvelous time. Neither resented being spanked. They also were discreet enough to not mention Betty being infantilized. However, in the future both girls would act-out the lunch using dolls playing the role of Betty.

Sitting on the backseat, Hannah and Leticia were very pleased that Ruth had finally taken a ‘hands-on’ approach to raising Betty.

At the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, under the stern stare of Hannah, Annabel reserved practice time from 4:15 to 5:15 P.M. She did not believe she needed more rehearsal, but she also did not want another scolding.

To fritter away the time before practice, Annabel made herself comfortable in the living room of her suite and read.

Annabel spent the day on Friday in denial that her parents needed to attend a banquet meeting of the Greater Philadelphia Merchants Association. She had come to cherish meals with just Richard and Julia. The less mature part of Annabel tried to hold out hope that by some magic the banquet would be canceled. That did not happen.

At least Annabel could look forward to having dinner with Sam Schwartz who would thrill her with talk about photography. Nanny Hannah Randall would be with them. The restaurant where they had reservations had been recommended by Leticia. Thinking positively, it could be that Mr. and Mrs. Manchester would be bringing Susan to the same restaurant.

Julia and Richard did not need to leave for the banquet until 7:45 P.M. That gave them over an hour for high-quality ‘honeymoon-time’ in their suite before it was time to be dressed for the banquet. By the time they were dressed for the evening, Annabel had already been taken to her dinner.

Sure enough, the Manchesters had dinner reservations at the same time as did Annabel, Sam and Hannah. Strangely enough, the Maitre D’ admitted to a reservation mistake.

The Manchesters had a table for four, but Sam Schwartz only had a table for two in a different room of the restaurant. To make the best of the

situation, Annabel asked if she could eat with Susan at the Manchesters table. What a shame Sam and Hannah would have to eat by themselves.

This was the first time Annabel had spent time with Mr. Steven Manchester. He proved to be fascinating. He was just back from a business trip, so Leticia was focused on her handsome husband and not paying attention to the conversation between Susan and Annabel.

Those girls seized the opportunity to talk about the babyish way Ruth had treated Betty. The way Annabel had it figured, this was her last chance for some private conversation with Susan, but in Manhattan she could talk about photography with Sam when she wanted.

She also happened to be facing in such a way that she could see Hannah reach for Sam's hand as they walked to their remote table. Annabel was still decidedly naïve about romance, but she guessed that Hannah and Sam were more than just casual acquaintances.

As dessert was being ordered by the Manchester party, the Maitre D' had their waiter discreetly inform Hannah and Sam.

Annabel had been changed into a dry double-diaper shortly before she left the hotel, so she had not needed a change during dinner; neither had Susan. While Steven was paying for dinner, Leticia took both girls, and their diaper bags, to the ladies' room. Annabel had brought the smaller bag.

Leticia changed her first, using baby powder from Susan's bag. Then she changed Susan. Annabel was very impressed with Leticia's skills as a nanny. She was far more experienced pinning a diaper snug than was Julia or even Hannah.

Both Annabel and Susan preferred riding on the jump seats in the Rolls Royce. The plan was that they would ride with Hannah and Sam. The Manchesters had arrived at the restaurant in a taxi.

Obviously Steven and Leticia welcomed the chance for a few minutes in the back seat of a taxi at night without Susan. Discreetly John Merriman took a leisurely 'scenic' route from the restaurant to the Manchester home. As planned, they were waiting to let Susan inside.

Finally back at the Bellevue-Stratford, Annabel, Hannah and Sam thanked John Merriman and bid him good night. Sam was staying on a lower floor, so he got off the elevator first. Hannah left Annabel wearing the diaper pinned on her by Leticia, but otherwise changed her for bed without a bath.

By then it was a ritual that Julia would give Annabel a bath at the last minute, even when it was necessary to awaken Annabel so Julia could prepare her for bed. That night Annabel had a lot to say to her Mommy.

Julia considered it merciful that the Merchants' banquet did not last forever. Typically such events feature food kept overly-long in warming

cabinets and endless boring speeches. While Richard and Julia were fascinated by business, they were far less interested in details of individual Philadelphia merchants.

Knowing that Lloyd Carpentier, Helen Wood and several other executives of Rogers' of Philadelphia were attending the banquet, Richard did not pay as much attention to the speeches as he did to Julia. Below the table top, hidden by the table cloth, she was playing 'patty-fingers' with Richard.

Edna Lyall and Arthur Swift were standing-by in the Barclay's suite to undress Julia and Richard, respectively. Julia was then helped into one of her many 'Mommy' dresses. Wearing that Julia walked briskly the few steps to Annabel's suite.

Her daughter was sitting in an upholstered chair reading. Annabel leapt up to hug and kiss Julia as if they had been apart for years. "Oh, Mommy, I missed you! Would you mind if I asked for a rain-check tonight? I think I have been good after Nanny Randall walloped me; certainly I tried to be a good girl.

"Could I have a bath and then a dry diaper? I really need to talk to you before I go to sleep."

Annabel followed Julia to the bathroom so she could be heard as her bath was started. Walking back to the bedroom, Julia started:

"Lambie Pie, this morning Nanny Randall told me that you did not want to rehearse. Frankly both of us agree that is always your decision. Singing, playing the piano, performing, all those things must be fun for you, not forced upon you.

"However, you had reserved the practice room. There would have been absolutely no problem had you told an assistant manager Thursday afternoon you would not be practicing Friday morning. That way someone else could have reserved the room. Your failure to cancel your reservation in a timely manner was rude and inconsiderate.

"That was one of your worst misbehaviors when we first met. For that reason I fully agree with Nanny that you needed to learn a lesson. My own suspicion is that, like Wednesday, you wanted Susan and maybe Betty to see you had been spanked.

"Frankly I would much prefer that you simply ask to be spanked instead of deliberately misbehaving so the spanking is forced on you. But I respect that you seem to seek out spankings. I do not understand, because as a child I did everything I could to avoid being punished.

"Of course I never lived with a maiden aunt who could order a nanny to never spank me. I did not have such an aunt or a nanny. My parents only punished me when I knew I deserved it. I admit I did get away with some shenanigans, so I deserved a few more spankings than I received.

“Now your bath is ready. Please bathe and dry yourself. We can then talk later as long as you like. Perhaps when you are dressed for bed I should ask your Daddy to kiss you good night, since he has a big day on Saturday.”

Annabel did not linger in her bubble bath. She appeared dry when she came back to her bedroom wrapped in a towel. Julia snugged her double night diaper well enough and made sure all of that was inside the PlayTex rubber panties. Then she pulled over Annabel’s head the same sleep shirt she had worn earlier.

Julia used the house phone to ask Richard to give their daughter a kiss good night. They waited sitting in adjacent upholstered chairs in the living room until Richard arrived. Annabel rushed to him to be picked up and twirled around as if she was a toddler. Her Daddy kissed her forehead and walked her back to her chair, saying “Good Night; Sweet Dreams.”

Once her Daddy had left the room and closed the door, Annabel pulled her chair even closer to Julia: “Mommy, the whole playtime and luncheon with Betty and Mrs. Hoffstadt was beyond weird.

“First we were told the baby brother was sick, so Nanny Jackson would stay in his nursery with him. But then Betty’s mother tried to act like an inexperienced nanny-in-training.

“After I was spanked very hard by Nanny Randall, which I totally deserved, Betty’s mother decided to personally spank her with the hairbrush borrowed from Nanny Randall. I had been diapered before that and put in a corner. But I could see Mrs. Hoffstadt had not spanked anyone before then.

“She had to ask Nanny Randall to diaper Betty.

“Then Mrs. Manchester walloped Susan with their hairbrush. Betty and I were ordered to watch. I must say Susan’s mother spansks very hard. Maybe if you and Nanny spanked me that way I would not ever want to be spanked again.”

“Well, Lambie Pie, how would you like it if I could persuade Mrs. Manchester to wallop you on Sunday morning just before we drive back to Manhattan? Would you like to ride on the jump seat in a thick diaper after a first-class walloping like that?

“Of course if you do want to be walloped by Mrs. Manchester, Nanny Randall could well consider that an insult, which she would remember every time she needs to spank you in the future. Think about that while you make up your mind!”

Annabel looked bewildered for a moment: “Mommy, forget I even considered being spanked by Mrs. Manchester.

“After our spankings we were all dressed to play in the back yard, where the adults could watch us from chairs on a shaded terrace. I noticed

while we were playing a young maid set up a highchair at the table already set for lunch on the terrace outside the dining room. Of course I assumed that Baby William would be joining us for lunch.

“But No! When we were called to eat, Betty almost ran to the highchair. A maid tied a bib on her and put her in the highchair. Although Susan and I had glasses for our iced tea, Betty was fed milk from a baby bottle held by a maid. Her lunch was cut into tiny pieces in the kitchen. A maid fed Betty most of her lunch.

“Mommy, watching Betty being treated like a baby revolted me. You know I do not want to wet while I sleep. Most nights I am dry when I wake up and sometimes when Nanny comes to remove my diaper.

“Even when you and others considered me a brat you did not think of me as a baby. I’m not sure when Nanny Parsons told you I wet my bed.

“I knew you loved and understood me because you got me diapers and rubber panties. I always felt Auntie was being mean and spiteful because she preferred I soak my bed and would not let Nanny diaper me.

“Still, despite the revulsion, I was curious about Betty’s experience. What is it like to use a pacifier and a baby bottle? I have no curiosity about sleeping in a crib, but I do wonder about eating in a highchair.

“Down in the sub-basement of home in Manhattan there is a very large store room. Probably the highchair I used as a baby is still there. Who knows there could be a highchair stored at the new house, or at the one we will be using in Manhattan. Am I totally weird to be so curious?”

“Lambie Pie, I have no doubt that you are a very weird youngster, but mostly in very good ways. We all are sometimes weird, just differently.

“For example, Nanny Parsons believes you got very depressed when your Aunt ordered that you no longer wear diapers to bed. I am willing to assume someday you will stop wetting when you sleep.

“But even if that is not possible, I am convinced you will learn to deal with the complications of wearing diapers to bed when you are older. Elderly folk (and some women only a few years older than me) need diapers so that proves diapers are not just for babies.

“The fact is someone does need to diaper you for bed. Therefore it makes good sense to buy you a proper changing table, especially since the same kind Susan and William use are sold by our stores. Had I known large enough changing tables were available, one would have been set up in your room in Manhattan, and another in your hotel room here in Philadelphia.

“That will be for the convenience of your Nannies. I don’t mind bending over your bed to change you, but I am a lot shorter than Nanny Randall.

“As for you trying a pacifier and baby bottle, you and Nanny Randall have permission to buy those as soon as some store we do not own opens for business. You might also buy yourself a large enough bib. Just use common sense about where and when you use those things. You are correct that even in your family some will consider a girl of your age using baby things to be weird.

“Let’s hope there is a large enough highchair in storage at the Barclay or Dyckman homes in Manhattan. We will not be going to the new house here the rest of the trip. There would be no discreet way to move it to Manhattan.

“We have loaned that house to Mr. Rogers and Miss Pryor. I am sorry you and Miss Pryor got off on the wrong foot. Please trust me when I say she has been a very loyal friend to me since I was a student at Barnard. In time she will see you as a charmingly weird person. She is also weird in a different way.

“Your Daddy has kissed you. I am going to kiss you and then after I tuck you in, I expect you to stay in bed until morning.

“As of now, the practice room is reserved for you all day. When the professional musicians arrive they will need a place to store their instrument cases and tune, so even if you are not rehearsing there all day, the room is hardly going to waste.

“I have ordered breakfast buffet starting at 7:30 A.M. Your Daddy and I will be there then to eat with you and Nanny Randall.”

“Mommy, I love you so much. I wish we had met when I was younger and that you had married Daddy then!

“Someone told me that the Philadelphia Orchestra is moving over one of their traveling Steinway performance grand pianos. That is always their policy since one of their pianists will be playing. The tuner told me that all of their Steinways are adjusted for the same key touch. It should feel like the pianos I use with Professors Gershwin and Bernstein.

“Mommy, I admit I cannot tell one from the other by sound or feel. They are all tuned the same way.

“I am so excited. I promise to sleep as best I can tonight.”

Annabel was lovingly tucked into her bed and given one last good night kiss from Julia.