

# Aunt Betsy

By Angela Bauer

When I was growing up our entire extended family was diaper friendly, because Granny Vi, my Mom Alice and my favorite Aunt Betsy all were challenged by urinary incontinence. This was back in the 1960's before Pampers were practical. Mom followed Granny's belief that the only effective diaper was made by Curity out of select cotton with a gauze weave, fastened with plastic headed pins and covered with separate Gerber vinyl panties. Personally I never minded the bulk of those gauze diapers because Mom was against disposables and also spanking. I was not curious about Pampers, then, and nothing I knew about getting spanked as punishment seemed to be anything I wanted to experience. I knew gals my age in our community who still wore diapers as older kids, but I did not know anyone who admitted to being spanked.

Aunt Betsy is Mom's youngest sister by ten years, so Betsy was 17 when I was born. She lived with us and served as our babysitter/nanny in the afternoons while she was going to secretarial school. Aunt Betsy moved next door to live with Granny and Grandpa Bremer when my younger sister Ruth was born. Until Aunt Betsy married Willard and they moved away late in 1969, I spent time with her every day. Never did I hear Betsy scold any of us, even when she should have done so.

During those first few years of her marriage to Uncle Willard, Aunt Betsy gave birth to my girl cousin Carole in February 1971 and boy cousin Matthew in April 1972. Over the years they would come back to the old community for visits. During

those trips I did not notice any change in Aunt Betsy's attitudes about discipline.

My father was selected for management training by his company in 1976. That was a big year for us because Betsy and Willard bought the house across the street. While they were moving in Dad told us we would be moving to Iowa as soon as school ended in June because that was where he would be getting trained. What I had learned in school was that it gets a lot colder in Iowa than it does in Southern California and that in Iowa parents and teachers tended to be strict.

Sure enough, the Iowa middle school I attended frequently paddled students. The first week my new best friend Lori was kept after school so the Principal could paddle her. The next day Lori showed me as we were changing for gym that her father had also spanked her with a strap because she was paddled at school. I felt sorry for Lori but I was not worried for my own backside. Mom would never let the school paddle me!

Still, when I started reading romance novels I was fascinated by the frequent scenes in which the hero found reasons to spank the heroine. To me that seemed more about romance than punishment and it thrilled me. That school year in Iowa I learned to skim novels just to find the spanking scenes, none of which involved a mother or babysitter spanking an older gal. It was during that year I reached puberty and reverted to bedwetting. Perhaps obsessing about romantic spanking was my way of coping?

When my family moved back to our own home in Southern California in late May of 1977, Aunt Betsy had her baby son Nathan. What sort of shocked me was that Nathan only wore Pampers. Aunt Betsy no longer kept any baby gauze diapers although she still wore those herself. Matthew was 5 and still diapered for bed, in the largest available Pampers.

A few days after we were unpacked and settled into our home I was over talking to Aunt Betsy when Cousin Carole did something silly, not really naughty. All my sisters had done worse when Aunt Betsy was in charge of us with no consequences. This was a different Betsy. She did not even warn Carole. Instead Betsy pulled her six year-old daughter to a convenient straight-backed armless wooden chair, took a seat while pulling down Carole's jeans and then placed the girl over her lap. The spanking was intense on the bare bottom. Carole did not struggle but she did break down in sobs with genuine tears. I was shocked and also curious.

Less than a week later I was there when Carole became frustrated enough with Matthew she slapped him. He cried out. Aunt Betsy demanded to know what had happened. Matt did not rat-out his sister. I had not actually seen the slap. Carole looked so guilty Aunt Betsy concluded the girl was guilty of something serious. She comforted Matt briefly, and then asked me to follow as she led a terrified Carole up the stairs to her bedroom. There Betsy ordered the girl to bring her the hairbrush. I had never seen a wooden hairbrush, yet it was in plain sight on Carole's bedside table.

This time Betsy sat on the side of the bed, after Carole reluctantly handed over the hairbrush. Aunt Betsy made Carole lift each foot in turn so her shoes could be removed. Then her jeans were removed and her little girl panties were lowered. Once Carole was taken across the lap there was no delay. Betsy started spanking hard with that hairbrush. Carole yelped and sobbed with every spank. Probably it only lasted less than a minute, but by then Carole was limp and totally contrite. When Betsy stood her up, she needed to support Carole for a few seconds. Betsy reached into Carole's bureau until she found a pair of super-thick panties, like over-sized toddler trainers. Once those were substituted for Carole's panties, and she was wearing a childish

nightie, the girl was tucked into bed in the middle of the afternoon.

Well, with my spanking obsession already fully formed, that incident caused me to toss and turn all night the next couple of days. Finally I was bursting. I did not have the nerve to talk to my older sister Penny, who had just graduated from high school and started summer secretarial school while also sometimes working as Betsy's baby sitter. No way, no days was I going to discuss spanking with my Mom. Somehow I did feel safe talking to Granny, who I really missed while living in Iowa.

Granny has always been a practical and wise woman. She still is totally sharp at 93. Granny also surprised me when she told me, "Frankly Angela, there have been many times I felt you should have been spanked. I did not spank you only because Alice has this irrational belief children should not be spanked. Honestly she always behaved better after I spanked her and I did so only rarely." My mouth must have opened, as did my eyes.

"Angela, I think it is high time you and Betsy had a very private chat up in her bedroom, or perhaps better yet in my bedroom. Don't move while I phone Betsy." I was frozen in place. Granny walked into the next room. I could not hear any of the short conversation.

"Young Lady, you are to wait on the porch for your Aunt Betsy. Meanwhile I will walk across the street to babysit her children." I wriggled as I sat on Granny's porch swing.

Just a few minutes later Aunt Betsy pulled her car out of her driveway and stopped in front of Granny's house. Betsy called out for me to get in her car. She told me we were going to drive to a Sav-On (now CVS) drug store. In the store Aunt Betsy led me by the hand to a hair care products display, from which she selected a mid-size

wooden oval hairbrush. "This style works so well on Carole! It should help change your attitude, Young Lady!" When paying Aunt Betsy told the lady cashier that the brush was for use spanking me. I wanted to melt into the floor, because Mom also shopped at that store and I recognized the cashier.

Aunt Betsy parked in front of Granny's house again. Leaving me and the new hairbrush in her car, Betsy walked up to my house. Penny greeted her. I could not hear the conversation. A couple of minutes later Aunt Betsy was carrying a shopping bag as she came back to her car to retrieve me. I was told to carry the hairbrush.

Up in Granny's bedroom, Aunt Betsy ordered me to sit on a chair while she removed my shoes and socks. Then Betsy undressed me until I was only wearing my peach camisole. Once I was bare bottom, Aunt Betsy sat down in the middle of the side near me with the foot of the bed to her right side. I was told to stand on her right side so my head would be toward her left side. That was just the same way Carole had been positioned when I saw her spankings. Aunt Betsy placed the new hairbrush conveniently near her right hand on the bed. I was pulled across and positioned with no effort. All of Mom's sisters are taller than average. Betsy was then 5'11" and athletic, while I was still under 5'2" and 95 pounds.

Golly did that hairbrush sting and smart as it landed so hard and often I did not try to count. Aunt Betsy was scolding me, but I could not understand the words. I must have yelped and I know I was sobbing long before that spanking ended.

Aunt Betsy let me cry it out over her lap once she put the hairbrush down. She became gentle, soothing my sore bottom. Spanks had been concentrated where my lower buttocks meet my upper thighs. Those spots continued to throb until late the next day.

When I could finally stand up, although I was still sniffing, Aunt Betsy emptied the contents of the shopping bag. There was a set of Curity gauze diapers that I routinely wore to bed, as well as a set of my diaper pins and a pair of my own Gerber vinyl panties. "Young Lady, you know how to diaper yourself for bed. Do so immediately!"

After I did as I was told, Aunt Betsy removed my camisole and dressed me in my shortest and most child-like nightie. Instead of my shoes I was put into an old pair of my bedroom slippers. Aunt Betsy put all my own clothing back in the shopping bag, along with the new hairbrush. Then she covered me with my bathrobe.

Lucky for me there is a gate connecting Granny's back yard to our back yard, so no neighbors saw me being led back to my house. Apparently while I was getting spanked Penny had taken all my siblings over to stay with Granny at Betsy's house. Anyway, only Penny was home to greet me. Aunt Betsy handed me over to Penny, along with the shopping bag. "Yes, Penny, little Angela is all dressed and ready for an early bedtime. I don't think she will need any more dinner tonight. I trust you to tuck her in and to see she stays in bed. Maybe later someone should check her diaper, just in case. I am sure in the morning you will find a nicer Angela."

Another lucky break for me was that since we returned home, I shared a bedroom with our youngest sister Missy and not with that raging brat Ruth. I had fallen asleep before the kids came back from across the street. Later Mom gave me a kiss. She felt my diaper and told me to get up and change myself. Mom did not see my red bottom. I was not sure if Mom even knew about my spanking. I was able to keep my backside turned away from Missy, so there was nothing for her to see as I changed myself.

So I was a couple of weeks past 13 when Aunt Betsy spanked me for the first time in my life. From then on I must have been spanked by Aunt Betsy every month or six weeks until I graduated from high school at 16. Most often I would discreetly phone Betsy to admit I had been naughty and ask for penitence. Sometimes Granny would tell me to meet Betsy either at her home or in my own bedroom. Twice I was visiting Aunt Betsy when she decided on her own to spank me. A few times Penny knew about my spankings.

Please do not think I was being singled out. Aunt Betsy also often spanked Ruth and Missy. In fact Missy has subsequently told me Aunt Betsy was still spanking her at 19 less than a month before Missy married John. Just like me, Ruth and Missy had their own wooden hairbrushes similar to mine, which they had been taken to buy at that same Sav-On store.

I never saw Aunt Betsy spank either Matthew or Nathan. What was interesting is that soon after my first spanking I noticed a new wooden paddle and a leather strap hanging on Betsy's kitchen wall.

Less than a month before I left home for my pre-law university dorm in Upstate New York, Penny was away on vacation. Aunt Betsy begged me to babysit all her kids that Friday evening. At age 10 Carole was not considered old enough to stay by herself. Matthew was 9 and still needed diapers for bed, as did Nathan at almost 5. Matthew did not want any of the other, younger, neighborhood gals pinning him into a diaper. He was willing to accept me because we were as close as our age difference would allow. Before Uncle Willard and Aunt Betsy left for a night-out she told me in front of her kids that she expected me to spank any of them who dared to misbehave or fail to cooperate at bedtime.

That night remains the only time I have diapered boys.

Only many years later did Mom tell me she always knew about Betsy spanking us. It seems she always believed we should be spanked, but it was our father who was anti-spanking. Clearly Willard did not have such anti-spanking beliefs. Neither did John when Missy married him. It is hardly a secret that when I first fell in love with Don he spanked me for punishment often. Over the years Don has only spanked me for romantic reasons. Lately when I need discipline spanking someone else administers those.