

Wet Summer

Summer of 1949

Fiction by Angela Bauer

As told to her

My Mommy, Virginia Lee, met her best friend her first day at Vassar College. She was assigned a dorm room across the hall from Kathryn Hughes, who was starting her sophomore year although they were the same age.

Both Mommy and “Aunty Kathryn” kept their personal horses at Vassar. Mommy was from Richmond, Virginia. Aunty Kathryn was from Americus, Georgia. In the late 1920s it was rare for Southern women to attend Vassar, so they bonded with similar accents.

According to Mommy, from the time she was nine she wanted to become a business woman. That was also true of Aunty Kathryn. Neither was in a rush to marry and have children. Upon graduation, Mommy bought a partnership in a Boston advertising agency. Aunty Kathryn started a publishing company on Madison Avenue in New York City.

Mommy married my Dad, who was older and English. Several years later I was born in November of 1940. Aunty Kathryn only married her husband after she was pregnant with their son Chuck, who was born in June of 1940.

By the time I was born Dad had returned to England to serve as an RAF Spitfire pilot. Dad was not able to return to the USA until the summer of 1946. Mommy told me Dad had changed a lot as a result of his war service.

All I remember is that they argued a lot. Mommy and Dad separated about the time school ended in 1947. Their divorce was final before school ended in 1948. That was when Mommy and I moved to Greenwich Village in New York City. She bought a townhouse at 36 Grove Street east of Hudson Street and just west of Bedford Street.

As it happened, Aunty Kathryn lived just south of us, on Commerce Street, with her much older husband Charles C Anderson, MD, FACS, and Chuck.

In late September 1948 I enrolled for third grade in a private school just across Hudson Street where Grove Street dead ended. Chuck had been attending the same school since Kindergarten.

I had never before attended an ordinary school. Today the popular term for my situation is “Delayed Toilet Learning”. I probably had never remained dry all through the night. During the day I often did not realize I needed to pee until it was too late to use a toilet.

Several times Mommy had tried to toilet train me. She would put me in thick cotton training pants during the summers until my continued wetting frustrated her. Then I would be returned to regular Curity gauze diapers; most of the time it was my Nanny Clarita who took care of me and changed my diapers.

In Boston the only schools willing to deal with my wetting primarily were glorified day care for children with learning as well as physical problems.

To keep me learning at a normal rate I would be brought home before lunch where I had tutors.

A few days after I met Chuck Anderson, Mommy explained to me that he had two younger sisters, one born in July of 1944 and the younger one in June of 1946. He started to wet his bed occasionally shortly after his first sister was born. Then when his second sister came home from the hospital Chuck reverted to wetting from late afternoon until the following morning.

Aunt Kathryn had a nanny for the first sister who would change her and remake Chuck's bed when he wet it. That sister was nearly toilet trained when the second was born.

Because Chuck was then wetting so much, the nanny returned him to Curity diapers. Mommy said those gauze diapers were supplied by DyDee Service. Probably it was the same DyDee truck that furnished my diapers.

Mommy, Clarita and I were still unpacking at our townhouse when I met Chuck. We were going to visit the Anderson home. To be honest I did not want to be introduced to a boy my age while I was wearing diapers. I threw a tantrum.

That was a major "No, No!" with Mommy. She had not directly punished me for wetting, but when I pitched tantrums or failed to cooperate, I would get spanked with a hairbrush.

So when I did meet Chuck my bottom was freshly spanked and marked, I was wearing a diaper and PlayTex baby pants and Mommy was carrying an embarrassingly obvious diaper bag with a hairbrush sticking out of what would normally be a pocket for a baby bottle.

The consolation was that over my diaper and baby pants I was wearing shorts and a shirt. Chuck's diaper and PlayTex panties were not hidden. His sisters shared a room. The door to that was open so I could see a changing table, a crib and a youth bed, with stacks of diapers.

When Chuck took me to his room to play, there was another changing table, more diapers and a diaper bag only slightly less embarrassing than mine.

The Anderson home was a loft taking up the whole top floor of the building. Most of the loft was a huge multi-purpose room. It would have been a super place to play, except for the noise from the baby sisters!

We had only been visiting for less than a half hour when Mommy asked the Anderson nanny to check my diaper. Sure enough I was wet. Without asking Mommy that woman undressed me, put me on Chuck's changing table and changed me using some of his diapers. She did use a pair of my own PlayTex baby pants. She said nothing about my obviously recently-spanked bottom and Chuck was not in a position to see that.

Fair was fair, because as soon as I was in a dry diaper, that nanny changed Chuck's diaper, which was as wet as mine had been. Over his gauze diaper the nanny pulled on a fresh pair of PlayTex Baby Pants which had been stored in a drawer under the changing surface.

The rest of that summer I would sometimes be left at the Anderson loft when Mommy needed me away from our townhouse. Once she felt our home was ready for visitors, Mommy held an open-house. The entire Anderson family attended, including Chuck's Granny. After that, Chuck spent a lot of time at our home.

Apparently all that had been planned in advance because before the open house a truck delivered a second bed which was set up in my room. That bed was identical to mine. Also like mine it was made up for a wetter, with a full-size rubber sheet protecting the mattress and a draw sheet on top of the bottom sheet in the area most likely to get wet if the PlayTex Baby Pants were to leak.

Chuck had his own supply of PlayTex pants brand-new in their tubes which were stored in his own drawer. We both were changed into Curity gauze diapers from DyDee which were kept in a single stack.

Once school started, the routine would be for Mommy to walk me to school Monday mornings. There we would meet Chuck being walked to school by his mother or Alexis Hogan, the oldest daughter of their downstairs neighbor who attended the public high school across Hudson Street.

After school Monday through Friday Clarita would be waiting for us. She would walk us to our home on Grove Street. The second we were inside we would be taken up to my room.

There Clarita would undress us completely and give us a shared bath. When we were dry she would diaper us for the rest of the day, changing us when we were wet enough our diapers sagged. Over our diapers we wore old shirts and shorts.

In our diapers we were expected to do our homework quietly. Clarita would help us if needed. Only after our homework was completed were we allowed to play until we were called to supper.

After supper Clarita would remove our diapers so we could take turns using the toilet to poop. When she had checked to make sure we had

carefully use toilet paper, she would pin us into fresh diapers. Before bed we were changed again, this time into a thicker gauze diaper set.

When Mommy finally got home she would come to my room to give each of us a goodnight kiss on our foreheads.

During the summer sometimes Mommy would get home while we were eating, but still it would be Clarita bathing and changing us.

The second time Chuck was to sleep-over, I talked back to Clarita trying to show off. Both of us were immediately sent to our beds. When Mommy arrived she waited until she changed into a sleeveless house dress to come to my room.

There Mommy scolded both of us while Clarita watched. Both of us were ordered to stand up. Clarita removed our shoes, shorts and diapers.

Mommy sat on the special “spanking chair” which had a straight back and a padded seat. I was told to come to her, as had happened hundreds of times before. I was pulled over her lap which she protected with a pile of diapers.

That time she only spanked me with her hand, but she did so very hard. I could not help crying while Chuck watched. When Mommy finished my spanking I was put in a corner so I did not get to see her spank Chuck.

He also cried. After Clarita diapered us and dressed us for supper. We were changed again for bed.

In the morning Clarita got us up, led us to breakfast and only then removed our night diapers. Chuck was put into cotton training pants, but I was diapered.

When school started I was put into training pants after breakfast. On Monday mornings Chuck would arrive at school wearing training pants inside his shorts. I could see those when we used the boys room.

The rest of the week Clarita would put both of us into the trainers while dressing us for school. As the weather got windier and colder, sometimes a gust would seem to go through my clothing. About half the time that sudden cold would cause me to wet my trainers.

I would rush to the nurse. She would change my trainers and cover those with a pair of PlayTex baby pants before re-dressing me. My memory is that Chuck only needed to have his trainers changed by the nurse once while we were in third grade.

The nurse would phone Clarita to let her know I had wet at school. On those days Clarita would be waiting outside the third grade classroom when the dismissal bell rang. She would be carrying my diaper bag.

Without being told I would take her hand to be led to the nurse's office. Chuck would follow us. In the office Clarita would use the exam table to change me into a gauze diaper. Then she would diaper Chuck. At least we no longer needed to worry about staining our clothing.

During the Christmas vacation it was cold and windy, so Mommy told Clarita to dress me in diapers and PlayTex pants all the time. Chuck did not sleep in my room every night then, but when his babysitter Alexis would walk him to our home, I noticed that he was already diapered.

After we returned to school, our trainers started out inside PlayTex baby pants. At least when I wet I did not need to immediately go to the nurse.

One day in February 1949 when there was no snow on the ground and it was fairly warm, an interesting event happened before school started seconds after Chuck and I arrived escorted by Clarita.

Between the historic chapel building and the oldest classroom building facing Hudson Street there is an open area with paved pathways, plus some lawn and flowers when the weather stays warm. Not very far inside the main entry gate on Hudson Street there is a beautiful wooden bench donated circa 1870 according to the plaque.

That morning the mother of a second grade student named Peter Paul Allen was seated. She was in the process of lowering his trousers and undies. Once she did so she pulled him over her lap and spanked the daylights out of him with a hairbrush. He cried like a baby. His bottom was very red. While he continued to cry his mother put him back on his feet, restored his clothing and sent him off to his classroom.

Something had always surprised me about that school. Both the pre-school and grade school I had attended in Boston specialized in dealing with children needing such care as diaper changes. In those schools when children misbehaved they were spanked by teachers or the administrators. I was spanked in that grade school a couple of times and I admit I deserved it.

Mommy never told me the Greenwich Village school did not punish with spankings. Chuck told me that before school had started in the fall, but I was not positive he was telling the truth. Several other boys and girls in our class said the school staff would not spank us.

Every child I had met at that school admitted they got spanked at home when they were naughty. I had avoided talking to Peter Paul Allen because his reputation was that he was a nasty, mean kid. Apparently

shortly before the Thanksgiving break the first and second grade classes were on a field trip to The Metropolitan Museum of Art on Fifth Avenue in Central Park. A mother serving as a chaperone had to restrain Peter because he was running toward a famous painting with a pencil in his hand. The result was that the school was no longer welcome there on field trips.

So, Chuck and I were glad to see Peter being spanked, but from then on I worried that Mommy might do the same to me. I still do not understand why the school would not spank when all the students were routinely spanked at home? Did they even ask the parents about that?

When spring arrived Chuck and I were still sent to school with our trainers covered. During Spring Break I only wore diapers, not trainers.

Mommy, Clarita and I took the train out to the Southampton home of the Andersons for a weekend on the last Friday of the break. I was somewhat surprised to see both Chuck's Granny Vi and his babysitter Alexis Hogan.

Alexis was an especially attractive, tallish, blondish gal who was about to finish high school. Of course both of Chuck's baby sisters and their nanny were there as well, but we had virtually no contact with any of them; the house was that large.

That estate was impressive. It was not very far from the water. Actually there was a cooperative pier where several neighbors kept their boats. There was a float at the end of the pier for swimming although then it was far too cold. Their house had a lot of bedrooms, one of which had twin beds made up for wetters. Behind the main house there was a stable filled with hunter-jumpers and polo ponies.

That Friday afternoon Chuck and I were under the care of Alexis. Since I had known Chuck when I was spending time at his place discipline was “progressive” to say the least. His Granny might scold a little, but that was it. When I would see Alexis walking Chuck somewhere she seemed more like a taller pal than a nanny.

Before we went out to see the horses, Alexis changed both of our diapers. In the stables I disobeyed and got close enough to a horse that the groom had to pull me away. Instantly Alexis took each of us by the hand. She dragged us back to the house.

Without consulting Mommy or another adult, Alexis took off our shorts and diapers. Then she started with me and ended with Chuck, spanking us with a hairbrush fully as hard as Mommy or Clarita ever spanked. She then re-diapered us and put us down for a nap.

Later that day Alexis brought us to Kathryn Anderson’s morning room. Chuck and I were only wearing our soggy naptime diapers and PlayTex baby pants with unbuttoned shirts.

Mommy and Kathryn laid down the law to us. Bottom line was that they were fed up with our misbehavior and also our lack of bladder control.

“Before you two start fourth grade not only will you behave like proper young gentlemen, you will no longer wet during the day or in bed!”

Mommy explained while Kathryn nodded severely.

Kathryn added, “Miss Hogan has just completed a course in child management and discipline. You both experienced one of her spankings.

“When we return to our Greenwich Village homes, Alexis will be working with Clarita on a strict toilet training program for both of you. Besides

supervising your conduct, you will take responsibility for staying dry between use of the toilet!”

It turned out that Mommy had leased a home near the shore of Glen Island at New Rochelle just outside New York City in Westchester County. Mommy had already hired two young women living in Glen Island, Joyce Landis and Mavis Perry, as assistant nannies for the summer. They would be in addition to Clarita and Alexis who would be living in the summer house with us.

Mommy concluded by making it clear that all four of the nannies were authorized to administer punishment as they felt appropriate. Besides spanking, from now on when we were rude or swore (which we both did a lot!) we would have our mouths washed out with soap in addition to being spanked.

On the Wednesday morning after school resumed Chuck and I were dressed for school and finishing our breakfast when Mommy told us we both had appointments with the pediatrician that afternoon. We would be picked up at school more than an hour before the usual dismissal time.

Before school had started Mommy and Clarita had taken me to my then new New York pediatrician. He had been recommended by Chuck’s mother Kathryn. That medical office was impressive, on Park Avenue at East 73rd Street. Like Chuck’s father, he was a dean at the Columbia University School of Medicine. Years later I read that he had taught Dr. Ben Spock pediatrics and then hired him to teach at Columbia.

In 1948 I had never heard of Dr. Spock. It was later that people started telling me about progressive parenting. That was not the style of my new pediatrician. For example, on the right front corner of his desk, where Mommy always was seated, my doctor kept a heavy wooden hairbrush.

During my first exam by him he came right out and told Mommy that he encouraged parents to spank naughty children very hard.

Back in Boston we had a car, which my Dad drove. Mommy explained she did not buy a car when we moved to Manhattan because there would be no place to park it.

Chuck's family did own a 1941 Chrysler Royal sedan with running boards. His father sometimes drove us places on weekends, but had a chauffeur during the week. Their car was kept in a garage at Seventh Avenue and Morton Street.

Granny Vi had a butler who doubled as her chauffeur. Her classic 1923 Rolls Royce was kept in the same auto garage.

When time came for us to leave school for the pediatrician, it was the Rolls that picked us up, with Mommy, Kathryn and Clarita on the back seat. That was great because Chuck and I got to ride in the jump seats.

Most of that exam was about our bladder control. The doctor told our mothers that he could find no medical reason why we were still wetting: "Obviously the boys are just lazy and possibly looking for attention. I am sure in the case of Chuck it also involves envy of his little sisters. Before they were born he wet less than average.

"I agree; the best thing is to repeat toilet training, just stricter this time!"

Before we left the pediatrician's office Clarita diapered both of us, reusing the same PlayTex baby pants we had been wearing all day. Neither of us was given credit that our training pants were free of pee because we had used the toilet while at school.

The following afternoon we were left in our trainers and PlayTex pants for the walk home from school. Instead of being immediately diapered for the rest of the afternoon, Clarita told us to go to our room and change into fresh trainers and PlayTex pants. We wore just those and shirts. We were expected to use the toilet on our own as needed.

For bed instead of being pinned into diapers before bed, Clarita folded two of the Curity gauze DyDee diapers into a rectangular soaker. That she placed inside a pair of trainers. The idea was we could slide the trainers and PlayTex pants down, like we did during the day, even with the soaker. If we did not wake up in time, the soaker would deal with the wetting.

The combination of soaker and trainer was not the least comfortable. It was different than wearing a conventional diaper. I was so used to the diaper and it comforted me.

I admit I also missed the whole process of being changed by Clarita or Mommy. I was told it was important that I be responsible for using the toilet without help, that I was no longer a baby even when I wet like a baby!

Since Mommy had only leased the house in Glen Island for the summer, but with an option to buy it, she decided to have the changing table and beds from my Grove Street room moved to Glen Island. So the last couple of days before we left for the summer I slept at the Anderson's loft.

For the taxi and train trip, Alexis diapered Chuck and me. She carried the large diaper bag. Clarita had taken the train the day before to be there ahead of the moving van to ensure everything was set up correctly and that DyDee Service had delivered a supply of clean diapers.

In New Rochelle a taxi took all three of us to the summer house. Clarita, Joyce and Mavis were waiting for us. We were undressed upon arrival and bathed together like we were still infants.

Joyce and Mavis were wearing pale blue nanny uniforms. Clarita and Alexis wore more traditional black nanny uniforms. It was the new nannies who bathed us.

One of us was accused of being naughty. Clearly we would be spanked anyway. Joyce spanked me while Mavis spanked Chuck. Then they helped us put on the combination of trainers and soakers for dinner and the same combination for bed. At that point they went home, leaving us in the care of Clarita and Alexis for the night.

The beach on the north shore of Long Island Sound was 3 long blocks away. Joyce and Mavis bragged that they were qualified lifeguards. During the spring Alexis had taken us to the New York City indoor pool near our neighborhood. She swam well, but the pool had professional lifeguards.

At Glen Island when the beach was our daily activity, either Joyce or Mavis would go with us, with either Clarita (who did not swim) or Alexis. Both Chuck and I swam well above average for our age and neither of us needed a rescue.

With four spanking-authorize nannies and only two naughty and wetting boys to supervise, we got away with absolutely nothing. There was a bed-check before 7 A.M. During the night we were supposed to wake up in time to use the potty chair in our room or better yet, the bathroom toilet. If

we did not make it to the potty in time, we should have changed our trainers and folded diaper.

What the bed-check was expected to show was a dry trainer set. If one of us was wearing a damp set, both of us got a hairbrush spanking. If either of us complained or talked back, we also both got a mouth filled with soap.

While we were still sniffing and gagging our nannies made sure we put on dry trainer sets correctly, inside a fresh pair of PlayTex baby pants.

Next we were led to the kitchen counter for breakfast, which tasted horrible when there was soap in our mouths.

In 1949 there still was the belief that after eating it was necessary to wait an hour before swimming. To avoid wasting that time, Chuck and I were required to use washboards and bars of brown soap to wash our trainers and sheets. Fortunately DyDee Service washed and dried the actual diapers. Then we had to hang the washed sheets and training pants on the extensive clothes line.

All during the day and night, as soon as we replaced a damp pair of PlayTex baby pants, we were expected to gently hand wash them. Those were patted dry with diapers, which were then put back on the stack in the hope they would have dried spontaneously before being worn. After the patting, we hung the PlayTex pants from the wooden arms of a folding rack which had been sold by the Greenwich Village infant/baby store for that purpose.

At last when our chores were done to the satisfaction of our nannies, we could carry our diaper bags containing towels and swim suits down to the beach. Joyce or Mavis, whichever was the lifeguard at the moment, wore

her one-piece swimsuit covered by a wrap. Alexis usually also wore a form-fitting one-piece to best show off her figure. Clarita was well beyond lusting for guys, so she always wore a black nanny uniform.

At the beach we would change from our trainer sets to our swim suits without any privacy. There actually were two enclosed changing booths nearby, but we were never allowed to use those.

Being in the water was the best thing. If we peed, nobody cared since we were in the water. We had to be very careful getting out of the water.

Our nannies could tell when we were wetting in our swimming trunks while standing on the beach. Of course for doing that we would be spanked right there with a hairbrush on our bare wet bottoms. Chuck and I became experts at completely emptying our bladders while still in the water.

Out of the water we would rush to put on our dry trainer set. When we were wearing a trainer set we could ask to be taken to a potty. Once we asked we would not be punished if we wet while headed to a potty.

Following our swim and getting warm in the sun on the beach, all of us would walk home for lunch. At least while swimming we could surreptitiously rinse the residual soap from our mouths. The salt water of Long Island Sound tasted marvelous compared to the punishment soap!

Having completed eating lunch, we needed to bring in the dry laundry and fold the sheets. We had to re-make our beds. Then we had to take a nap of over an hour.

Thus we were ready to return to the beach for more swimming. The alternative set of nannies would supervise us in the afternoon. It was

Alexis and Joyce who looked so beautiful in their swimsuits. Mavis probably was the best swimmer, but she was not a raving beauty. All the years Clarita was my nanny I never saw her not wearing a dress. Some were uniforms but her other dresses were hardly figure-hugging.

The Shore Road ran parallel to the beach. On the inland side of it there were shops selling all sorts of stuff. Near the corner of the street leading to our house there was an Italian restaurant that also sold gelato and Italian lemon ice. Mommy had an account there.

After lunch the nannies would almost always share a cup of the lemon ice. That was similar to the lemon ice sold in Greenwich Village. If by some miracle neither Chuck nor I had been punished that morning we also were allowed to share a cup of lemon ice or gelato. That was a treat and proved the nannies were not just looking for a chance to punish us.

A major reason Mommy had the charge account with the Italian restaurant was the outside toilet door. On the side of the building there was a locked door leading to a restroom. Charge account customers were given a key to that door which could be used even before the restaurant was ready to serve food.

Either Clarita or Alexis carried that magic key. Joyce, Mavis and Alexis used the mirror in the restroom to fix their makeup. When Chuck or I asked to pee, we would be escorted there. However, we still had to change from our trainer sets to our swimsuits out in the open, as if we were still babies.

About half the time before our after-lunch swim the nannies would browse through the other beach-front shops. Joyce and Mavis had boyfriends, but they would flirt with any fellow who looked prosperous. Alexis also would flirt with older men.

This browsing was embarrassing to Chuck and me because we had to take turns carrying the large diaper bag with the hairbrush sticking out of a bottle pocket. Adults ignored us, but little kids, some probably wearing trainers and PlayTex pants, would usually point and taunt us. We needed to be very careful.

If we protested or retaliated, we would be spanked on our bare bottoms while the nasty kids watched in glee. The process of baring our bottoms of course revealed our trainer sets and PlayTex baby pants.

When it was time to start home for dinner, if a nanny had not stopped to tell the restaurant we were leaving, a busboy would be sent to find us to say we were needed to go home.

Chuck and I changed into a fresh trainer set and PlayTex pants before leaving the beach. At home those would be inspected by a nanny while the tub was filling for our evening bath. If our trainers were dry those would be re-used after our bath.

However, if either of our trainers smelled of pee, while we were still wet from being bathed both of us would be spanked with the hairbrush simultaneously. Alexis normally spanked Chuck and Clarita usually spanked me.

After that we were taken to our room where the nannies would pin us into diapers for dinner. We would beg to use the toilet before being diapered. Once dinner was over we were allowed to ask to use the toilet. While we were on the toilet those diapers were inspected. If they smelled of pee, we both got another spanking.

On Friday evenings at 9:30 P.M. there was a fireworks show at the Glen Island Casino which was a half mile away just off The Shore Road on the

water side. From the upstairs balcony of Mommy's room we had an excellent view of the fireworks. Before the fireworks we would have our diapers removed so we could put on our bedtime trainer sets.

The rest of the week our bedtime was 8:00 P.M. because we were bedwetters. Sunday night Alexis made sure we were in bed. The other nights it would be Clarita. Joyce and Mavis were not on duty after our evening bath, but if they did not have a date they would eat dinner with us.

During the night we did not need permission to get out of bed to use the potty in our room, or to change our trainer sets.

Yes, thinking back to that summer of 1949, the toilet training seems overly harsh. Even then Dr. Benjamin Spock advocated gentle toilet training. A few other authors agreed with Dr. Spock that when older children wet they were not simply lazy and seeking attention. In 2013 Dr. Spock's views are generally accepted.

Still, the harsh method did work for Chuck and me. "Progressive" and "Gentle" toilet training had not worked for me. Those methods did not work for Chuck when he reverted to wetting.

Less than 2 weeks after the Fourth of July Chuck became so responsible asking to use the toilet that he could have worn the same trainer set all day except that it would have been too sweaty. As a reward, Chuck was no longer diapered for dinner.

It took me longer, but the whole first week of August I managed to keep my trainers dry. As a result I also was not diapered for dinner. We were rewarded with gelato for dessert.

Kathryn Anderson took the train to New Rochelle with Mommy that Friday. Our mothers were pleased to receive the report from the nannies that for over a week neither of us had needed a mouth washing-out. We were rewarded by hugs and kisses from both mothers.

Spankings were only given for real misbehavior, not simply for wetting. There were times we would make it through 4 days un-spanked!

During a lunch in August I overheard Joyce and Mavis complaining to Alexis that they were no longer getting paid a bonus for spanking and mouth washing. They had been paid 50 cents per spanking and a dollar per mouth washing-out. No wonder they were so strict. Clearly Alexis also had been receiving the bonus.

The second Friday in August Mommy told us that she had canceled DyDee Service in Greenwich Village, but had paid them for the clean diapers and the pail. She said we would keep those just in case I relapsed back to wetting. For Glen Island, Mommy phoned that DyDee Service branch asking them to pick-up their diaper pail, but she wanted to buy the remaining clean diapers.

That Saturday Mommy and Alexis took Chuck and I to a Woolworth store to buy another twelve pairs of PlayTex baby pants. They said those were just in case. The ones we were wearing were still okay.

The Friday before Labor Day Mommy announced that she had purchased the Glen Island house. She had purchased new furniture, including beds, for my room on Grove Street so there was no need for a moving van.

We would go to Glen Island for weekends when the weather was nice and we had no other engagements in New York City. New Rochelle was still then only 45 minutes from Grand Central Station on the New York, New

Haven and Hartford Railroad. From the New Rochelle station the Glen Island house was about a fifteen minute cab ride.

Mommy said that she was buying a car which would stay in Glen Island since that house had a garage. Clarita, Alexis and Mommy would all be taking driving lessons the rest of the summer.

Our private school did not start classes until the first Monday of October since our class day was so long. Chuck was taken by Alexis to his family's estate in Southampton the week after Labor Day where she would continue her driving lessons.

Several days it rained at Glen Island. To give me something to do inside, Mommy allowed Clarita to diaper me for fun. Because we no longer had DyDee Service I had to hand wash those diapers, then use the line on the back porch to dry them as well as possible in the rain.

I did ask to be diapered for the train and taxi trip back home. Mommy allowed that.

The first day of school, Alexis escorted Chuck to our Grove Street home. They were each carrying a suitcase, which were put in our room. Then Alexis walked both of us to school. We did both wear trainers but not PlayTex pants.

That Thursday afternoon it was raining hard enough Clarita brought each of us an umbrella when she met us at school. We only got a little damp walking the block to our house.

I asked if I could be diapered to play. Chuck also thought that would be fun. Clarita said she needed approval from Kathryn before she could diaper Chuck. That was granted which made him happy. Before we went

to bed we washed those diapers and hung them to dry in the basement since it was still drizzling.

It was the second week of school before Mommy gave us a spanking. We had been kept in during recess along with two of our classmates. Mommy was angry about our misconduct. I do not think Mommy ever spanked me any harder. Chuck and I cried our eyes out.

Chuck spent the summer of 1950 with me in Glen Island. Alexis was then working as a nanny to his baby sisters so she went to Southampton. Taking care of us was Clarita, Joyce and Mavis. All of them had their drivers licenses. One would meet Mommy's train on Friday afternoons and take her to the station early on Mondays.

We had not even worn trainers for the trip to Glen Island. Perhaps we played while diapered a few times on rainy days that summer.

In October 1950 we started fifth grade. That was the first time either of us had a man as a teacher. Even when it rained after school neither of us wanted to play in diapers. All of those were pack in a carton and stored in the attic.

It had been decided that both Chuck and I would start residential prep school in the fall of 1952, since we would graduate from sixth grade that May. Unfortunately we would be attending different prep schools. Chuck was sent to a school in Western Massachusetts while I went to one in Central Connecticut.

In early May of 1952 I was taken in a taxi by Mommy to a uniform store. We wanted to order all the clothing I would need for prep school, although the final fitting would not happen until a week before I moved there.

What surprised me was that once all the clothing was ordered, the salesman took us to another room. There he let Mommy examine a selection of punishment canes. He handed her an instruction sheet provided by my school. Because I was young, Mommy could decide between two kinds of canes.

Since Mommy had never punished with a cane, she asked the salesman to demonstrate. I was told to bend over a counter with my trousers down. He applied each of those canes to my boxer shorts. They both hurt far more than a hairbrush on the bare.

Mommy could not decide based upon my reaction, so she purchased three of each. The helpful salesman recommended a male tutor.

The next evening after Mommy and I had finished dinner, the tutor arrived at our home. He was served coffee and he talked to Mommy while I sat quietly on a chair.

Sooner than I wanted I was ordered to lower my trousers and bend over the back of an upholstered chair. The tutor examined the cane selection and picked one. He applied that with enthusiasm three times, causing me to weep.

Then he handed the cane to Mommy and showed her how to use it. Her first three strokes were not so bad, but with additional coaching each additional stroke stung more than the previous one.

Mommy caned me one more time that week, but only six strokes that time. A week after the tutor had caned me, he returned to our home.

That time he watched as Mommy gave me three strokes from each type of cane. One seemed to hurt more than the other. After those six strokes

Mommy gave me another six of the best with the cane that did not hurt as much as the other.

The tutor kept telling me that I needed to be brave, because if the other boys at prep school saw me crying they would tease me a lot. From then on I concentrated on taking my canings without weeping.

When the tutor returned for the third time he did complement me on being fairly brave for all twelve strokes from Mommy. He said he did not need to return, but that she should cane me at least once a week until I left for prep school so I would be ready.

Chuck had not been staying with us the weeks the tutor was coaching Mommy. He had not been at school so I had not talked to him recently.

When he did come home with me after school, he noticed a cane hanging in plain sight in my room. Chuck asked if a salesman had shown my Mommy canes at a uniform store. It turned out his mother had taken him to the same store and had hired the same tutor who coached Alexis as well as Kathryn.

On those evenings when Mommy caned me she also caned Chuck.

The summer of 1952 after we graduated from sixth grade, I spent the month of June at the Anderson estate in Southampton where I vastly improved my ability to ride. Alexis had become the primary nanny for Chuck's kid sisters.

July brought Chuck to stay with me in Glen Island. Alas neither Joyce nor even Mavis was hired. Clarita was working as our housekeeper so she did not go to the beach with us.

Then on 1 August Alexis arrived at our house in Glen Island to accompany Chuck back to Southampton. Things were so rushed after Labor Day getting ready for prep school that I did not see Chuck. We did not meet again until the Thanksgiving break.

During spring break Mommy told me she had a really exciting job offer with a firm in Boston, so she was selling the Grove Street town house.

Chuck's father retired from teaching surgery in 1954. They sold their Commerce Street loft and the Southampton estate before they moved to California.

That spring break was the last time I saw Chuck for years. He graduated from Harvard, while I graduated from Yale. I joined the US Air Force as a pilot trainee where I served two tours in Vietnam. Chuck went to the US Marine Officer Candidate School in Quantico, Virginia. He served a four year initial tour, half of that on the ground in Vietnam. Then he remained in the US Marine Reserves until 1993.

In 2002 both of us attended a fiftieth reunion at our Greenwich Village private school. We both stayed an extra day so we could visit and have lunch there in the old neighborhood.

Chuck had become a Hollywood movie studio executive following his active USMC tour. I entered Yale Law School after my Air Force tour of duty. In 2003 I was an emeritus partner of a Boston corporate law firm.

Since that reunion Chuck and I have exchanged a few phone calls and many e-mails.