

Beverly Carlson: The Summer of 1952

Fiction by Angela Bauer
As told to her

Mornings during the summer of 1952 were simply wonderful in Pasadena, California. It was mid-June. School was out for vacation. The 'May Gloom' overcast was gone. When people woke up it was just warm enough they felt ready for adventure.

Well, almost everyone wanted adventure upon waking up.

Unfortunately some people woke feeling the dread of knowing they would be punished in a childish way just because they had wet while sleeping. They had been told repeatedly they wet because they had an immature need for attention and were too lazy to get out of bed before wetting.

Beverly Carlson had turned twelve on Memorial Day. She was almost painfully slender, with the figure of a slender boy. Occasionally she did wake up dry in time to dash to the family bathroom far down the hall. Even then she usually could not hold back wetting until she was seated on the toilet.

Most days she had already wet, soaking her panties and tee-shirt. At least her mattress and bedding were dry because she slept on a rubber sheet.

Then she would start to weep as her eyes focused. Next to her bed was a small table. On the top of that table, at her eye level, was a heavy oval wooden hairbrush.

A family rule was that when Beverly woke up wet she was required to remain in bed wearing her soaked panties until her strict mother Karen came to inspect the bed.

“You lazy, naughty girl! Save those tears until you have earned them,” Karen would say, picking up the hairbrush. She always arrived carrying a smaller rubber sheet she used to protect her lap.

An armless chair would be moved close to the bed. Karen would sit before protecting her lap using the small rubber sheet. Without being told to do so Beverly would get out of bed and assume the position across the waiting lap wet bottom upward.

“The doctor told you all you need to do is pay attention. Get out of bed before you pee like a darn baby!” Karen would scold as she spanked the wet panties very hard with the hairbrush. With the windows open neighbors could hear Beverly wail and yelp as she suffered.

As Karen sensed the panties were drying under the spanking she would roll them down to spank Beverly’s really bare bright-red derrière. Only when the girl stopped wailing and went limp did the spanking stop. At last poor Beverly was allowed to get up.

She would be led to the bathroom to clean up. Eventually she would put on a pair of thick cotton panties and dress for the day. After breakfast and doing her morning chores, including loading and starting the washing machine, Beverly could go play in the yard until it was time to move the wash into the dryer.

Once a week, Beverly would see a distinctive pink delivery truck stop two houses down the block of North Catalina Avenue where a new family had been living for the past two months. Painted on the sides of the truck was “DyDee Diaper Service” and paintings of a stork carrying a baby by the back of a stretched-out cloth diaper.

Vaguely Beverly remembered long ago when she wore diapers to bed. She would wet those but they soaked up most of that. Now it was worse because her night panties soaked up hardly anything, so she would wake up in a puddle of her own pee.

That morning as her eyes dried post spanking Beverly had seen a woman she did not know slowly pushing an old-fashioned four-wheel baby carriage down the sidewalk.

Beverly even had the impression when she first saw the baby carriage it was stopped and only resumed moving as she was getting back on her feet. It was as if the woman had deliberately stopped pushing the baby carriage to better hear the spanking; possibly she could even see the hairbrush in action.

To satisfy her curiosity Beverly walked through the front yard to the sidewalk north of their property. She walked south until she found a place where she could see into her room. She was barely 5’ tall. She tried jumping while looking and at the top of a jump she could see where the spanking chair was placed, so that her derrière faced the window.

Suddenly Beverly remembered the washing machine.

She ran into the house and reached the washer just as it stopped spinning. Immediately she loaded the dryer and started it on medium heat. Then she returned to the sidewalk.

It still being such a fine warm clear morning Beverly decided to take a leisurely stroll south under the shade of sycamore and live oak trees planted between the curb and the sidewalk.

When she came to the house with the new neighbors where the DyDee truck stopped, an attractive young adult woman was seated on a blanket on the lawn playing with a small child. An old-fashioned baby carriage was between the woman and the house. The child was crawling on the blanket and appeared to only be wearing a sagging cloth diaper.

As Beverly watched the child stood up facing the attractive woman who also began to stand up. She proved to be tallish, slender but with shapely curves and a friendly smile. Without help the child Beverly had presumed to be a baby because of the diaper proved to walk like a kid more mature than a toddler.

That was by far the largest child Beverly had ever seen wearing a wet diaper. She could not help watching since she was frozen in her tracks.

The child distinctly said, "Mommy, I'm wet," then walked to the stroller. From a bag in a wire basket at the rear of the carriage that child removed a clean white cloth diaper and a wash rag.

Turning toward the woman the child said, “Mommy, will you change my diaper, please?” as she walked steadily carrying the diaper and the rag.

In reply the woman said in a lovely sweet voice, “Willow, it will be my pleasure to make you comfortable. We have a guest. Why don’t you introduce yourself to her and invite her to join us?” So saying the woman smiled broadly at Beverly.

When Willow began to walk toward Beverly it was clear she was a girl too old to be a toddler. Stopping close to Beverly the girl said, “I’m almost five and my name is Willow Lathrop.” Pointing toward the woman, “That’s my mother Grace. Will you please join us on the lawn?” as she reached for Beverly’s hand. To do so Willow effortlessly transferred the washrag to her left hand.

Beverly accepted the proffered hand and was led toward Grace who towered over her: “Hello, Mrs. Lathrop. Welcome to the neighborhood. My name is Beverly Carlson. I’m twelve; we live just up the street. Your daughter is adorable and precocious. You must be very proud of her. Do you like Pasadena? I was born here just before the big war.”

Grace smiled, “Do you mind if I change Willow before we get to know each other?”

As they got closer to the blanket Beverly noticed that the half of it away from the street was covered with clear plastic so it functioned as a changing mat. Willow put the dry diaper down on the uncovered part of the blanket and the washrag next to it on the covered part. She walked beyond the wet rag and reclined onto the plastic.

As if doing so in the open air was the most natural thing in the world Grace knelt on the blanket. The washrag was to her left, in line with Willow's waist above the top of the diaper.

With practiced ease Grace reached over Willow to remove the left-side plastic-headed diaper pin. That she stuck into the front of her summer dress between her breasts. Soon the right-side pin joined its mate. Willow lifted her derrière enough that Grace could slide the wet diaper out of the way.

That she moved to the edge of the plastic near Willow's right foot. Grace used the washrag to clean her daughter's pubic region.

Without prompting, Willow turned over onto her tummy so that Grace could wipe off her backside. Then she used the clean diaper to dry Willow.

Grace looked up at Beverly and asked, "Could you be a darling and bring me the baby powder from the diaper bag? I don't always use it, but it is going to get hot. We don't want any prickly-heat, do we?"

The diaper bag was efficiently organized. The container of Johnson & Johnson baby powder was in an outside pocket. Up close Beverly could find it easily. She proudly carried the powder back to the changing pad/blanket.

Grace applied a little baby powder to the derrière. Willow rolled to her side. Grace folded the diaper into a kite shape and spread it on the plastic. Willow positioned herself over the diaper as if she had done so a million times.

Grace applied a sprinkling of powder to Willow's now dry pubic region before pulling the diaper snug between her thighs. Next Grace fastened the left-side pin easily. Finally she snugged the right side of the diaper and pinned it.

Willow totally cooperated. The entire diaper change including the cleaning took hardly longer than Beverly bringing the baby powder.

In her fresh diaper Willow walked toward the house following a butterfly.

Grace beamed at Beverly: "Sweetie, you make a really great 'Mommy's Helper' bringing me the baby powder."

"Helping you is my pleasure, Mrs. Lathrop."

Grace arose from her knees and carried the wet diaper, the washrag and the baby powder back to the stroller with the diaper bag in the wire basket. In it there was a rubber-coated laundry bag for the used diapers and a smaller rubber bag for the washrag. Grace used water from a baby bottle without a nipple to wet the rag. She wrung that out onto the lawn before storing the damp rag. Finally she replaced the baby powder into its pocket.

Gently taking Beverly by the hand she pushed the stroller toward the house with her other hand: "Beverly, would you like to have something to drink while we talk?"

"Sure Mrs. Lathrop; I put a load in the dryer before I walked down here, but that will be okay if the dryer stops. My mother will not worry about me or get angry," Beverly said with optimism.

From the street Beverly had not seen a ramp from a walkway to the driveway leading up to a deep porch. On that there was a swing, several chairs and a couple of low tables.

Grace called out, "Willow, I am going into the house. Could you keep our new friend Beverly company on the porch? We don't want her to be lonely or feel neglected."

In a mature voice Willow replied, "Mommy I don't want Beverly to be all alone." She scampered onto the porch, leading Beverly to the swinging bench. Beverly lifted her up, noticing the diaper was still dry. Before sitting she reached under her skirt behind her to make sure her own panties were dry.

They all lived on a block on the west side of North Catalina Avenue between Claremont Street to the south and the major east/west East Washington Boulevard. On that corner there was a service station at the south west corner. Directly across from it is a comfortable and large Catalina Branch library Beverly considered her afternoon sanctuary. Across Catalina running east to North Wilson Avenue is Longfellow Elementary School which Beverly had attended from Pre-School until she graduated from Sixth Grade in June of 1951.

Making conversation Beverly asked Willow who are her favorite teachers at Longfellow.

"I don't go there. Before I was born Mommy was a teacher. She gave that up after she married Daddy when she was pregnant with me. So Mommy teaches me at home. We walk to the library many mornings so I can read a lot of books," Willow answered.

Frankly Beverly was shocked that little Willow so correctly and casually used the word 'pregnant'. "I usually go to the library when it gets hot in the afternoon to soak up the air conditioning. That must be why we have not met before now."

Silently they continued to swing. "Beverly, earlier I noticed you reaching under your skirt before we sat down. Do you wear diapers like me? Don't worry if you're not wearing PlayTex panties over your diaper, Daddy bought this swing because the fabric is treated to withstand rain or me wetting."

Grace must have over-heard Willow asking about diapers since she appeared carrying a tray with three glasses (one made of plastic) and a pitcher of lemonade. "Now Willow, you must not be rude to our new friend Beverly. Only very lucky and special people get to wear diapers. Daddy and I keep telling you that. We never assume anyone else is wearing a diaper.

"You would be surprised that many people consider it rude to be asked if they wear diapers. What happens to children who ask rude questions?"

"Mommy, I cannot say about other children. When I am rude you spank me after you remove my diaper and scold me for being rude," Willow answered without embarrassment.

The swing was in deep shadow from a huge California Live Oak tree and Willow was not looking directly at Beverly as she asked her about diapers.

The light was brighter on Beverly's face from Grace's viewpoint. She clearly saw the flustered blush sweep Beverly's pretty face and the involuntary instinctive hand movement checking panties for wetness.

"On second thought, all of us will not enjoy lemonade on the porch," Grace said calmly, but with authority. "Young Lady, march to your room this instant. You know what will teach you a good lesson!"

"Will it be a walloping or just a paddy whacking, Mommy?" Willow asked without pleading, as if getting spanked was a routine occurrence.

"Young Lady; that will depend on your attitude and behavior over the next few minutes!" Grace answered casually. Turning to a perplexed Beverly she said, "Please excuse Willow. She does not always think before talking." The child scampered off the porch and through the front door, putatively headed to her room.

Grace continued: "I truly want to serve you lemonade and I am sure we need to talk. Would you mind staying for a few minutes?"

"Mrs. Lathrop, I don't wish to intrude. Of course I would love to talk to both of you. Besides it would be rude and naughty of me to refuse your lemonade. And we both know what happens to even older children who are rude. My Mommy says 'Naughty children need sore bottoms!'

"My *derrière* is still throbbing from earlier," Beverly admitted without additional blushing.

"Sweetie, I would not think of you as naughty or rude, so you are safe with me," Grace cooed with a smile. "I am so happy you will stay. Beside this will give us a chance to show you Willow's nursery. Sorry I should remember to call it her 'bedroom'."

Beverly followed Grace into the house and to the kitchen where the pitcher of lemonade was temporarily stored in a large refrigerator.

Perhaps Beverly did not know other prosperous people; because that was the first refrigerator she had ever seen with a built-in ice maker and dispenser. She thought that feature must be very handy during Pasadena summers and falls.

She followed Grace to Willow's 'bedroom'. The mother was correct; it appeared far more like a nursery. On one side of the room there was a sturdy and larger than average changing table. In a corner there was a plastic highchair mat upon which Willow was standing. Next to the hall door there was an upholstered nursing rocker.

Willow didn't even have a youth bed; instead she had a crib which seemed longer than normal. Never had Beverly made a study of cribs or changing tables. Her guess was that it was rare for girls almost five who walked and talked as well as Willow to sleep in cribs.

In addition to the nursing rocker there was a straight-back armless wooden chair with a cushioned seat. Grace said, "Young Lady, keep standing in your corner until I am ready. Because you were so rude to our new friend, she will stay here while I spank you, which is only fair."

Grace moved the cushioned chair until its back was almost touching the foot of the crib. She walked behind Willow to pick up a hairbrush from a table close to the changing table side of the crib. Beverly thought to herself that apparently all mothers had attended the same school openly keeping hairbrushes ready on tables in daughter's bedrooms.

Passing the changing table Grace bent slightly to take two diapers from a stack. She continued past the waiting chair to hand the hairbrush

and diapers to Beverly. “Would you continue being Mommy’s Helper? I’ll tell you when I’m ready for the diapers and the hairbrush, okay?”

As she started to scold about being rude Grace led Willow from the corner to the changing table. The girl used a tuffet to climb to the changing surface. Grace removed both diaper pins, closed them and placed them in a container in a drawer under the changing surface. The diaper she put into a DyDee diaper pail.

Willow climbed down on her own and waited beside the chair as Grace took her seat. She protected her lap with the diapers, not a small rubber sheet as Beverly’s mother Karen had done. Willow was able to assume the position without help.

There was more scolding. Then Grace administered a few moderate spanks with her hand. That was outside Beverly’s experience because no teacher, babysitter or her mother had ever given her warm-ups; they always started with hard hairbrush spanks.

Grace paused: “Now the question is should this Naughty Young Lady be punished with a real wallop or will she learn her lesson with just a paddy whacking? Beverly, you decide, please.”

“Mrs. Lathrop, what is the difference?”

“Beverly, a ‘walloping’ is a serious spanking. A ‘paddy whacking’ uses fewer spanks,” Grace explained.

“I hope a paddy whacking will be enough.”

“Thank you for trying to be kind to Willow. That was a trick question because she is going to get a good wallop, like another child

received simply for wetting her bed, which has never happened to Willow,” Grace stated.

While continuing to scold, Grace applied over twenty-five hard spansks spread over all of Willow’s tender lower buttocks. The little girl accepted her walloping more quietly than had Beverly. She was sure Grace knew.

Willow was given time to cry it all out over the lap. The diapers were damp. As Willow climbed back onto the changing table, Grace deposited those diapers into the pail. From the drawer where the pins were stored Grace took a wash rag to clean Willow’s entire diaper area. She used a diaper to dry the area. That was kite-folded and spread on the changing surface.

Instead of using baby powder Grace gently rubbed some baby lotion into the pubic region and then over the sore derrière. After pinning the diaper snugly, this time Grace covered it with a pair of PlayTex stretchy latex baby pants stored in another drawer.

Willow climbed down and walked to her crib. The side near the changing table was already lowered. She used another tuffet to climb into her crib. Grace raised the side which latched in place. She bent over, kissed Willow’s forehead and said, “Young Lady; think about behaving better. I’ll get you up for lunch.”

Grace held out her hand and led Beverly from the nursery.

“Sweetie, I’m so sorry you had to see Willow being punished. I’m sure that will be a valuable lesson to her. Many other people have seen me spank her, but I try to be discreet.

“Now, my Good Mommy’s Helper, how about that glass of lemonade I offered you?” Beverly asked nicely.

“Actually, Mrs. Lathrop, maybe I don’t deserve any lemonade. I have never seen anyone get spanked. Teachers always spank naughty kids out in the hall. The thing is I wet myself. I did not drip onto the floor because my panties are thick enough to absorb some wetting. But what if I wet more?” Beverly asked.

“I can see the problem, Sweetie. You probably guessed we were passing your house early this morning just as your mother started to spank you,” Grace confessed. “I’m ashamed to say I waited on the sidewalk until everything was quiet. Willow was mostly sleeping and did not stir in her carriage. She might not have heard anything. What should we do about your panties?”

“After Mom let me up I thought I saw a woman pushing an old-fashioned baby carriage. I had not seen you before but I have seen the DyDee truck. People said a nice couple with a baby had bought the ‘Clyde Sodaburg’ house. He had been in a nursing home before he died a year ago.

“So, acting like Nancy Drew I thought it a good idea to stroll down the hill. I am so glad I did, but I’m sorry to have gotten Willow into trouble.

“About my panties, I should phone home. If Mom has gone out, as often happens before lunch, I can take off my panties, walk home and put on a clean pair. If Mom answers could I introduce you so you can tell her I’m invited to stay for lunch? Well, lemonade is sort of like lunch,” Beverly said shyly. “If you agree and Mom does not mind, then I can wash

and dry my panties during lunch. I could go without my panties that long. Or, just in case I wet more, you could pin me into a diaper.”

“Certainly I cannot make you wait without any panties. That would be cruel. Besides since you wet your bed you must be used to wearing diapers,” Grace speculated.

“That’s the thing, Mrs. Lathrop. Mom took me out of diapers when she thought I was toilet trained, before I remember. When I kept wetting the doctor said I just was a lazy brat seeking attention. Mom has not diapered me. She put a rubber sheet on top of my bed and she spansks me every time I wet,” Beverly admitted, her eyes on the floor.

“Of course you are most welcome to stay for lunch. Go ahead and call your home. If your mother is home I’ll talk to her. If she does not answer I’ll diaper you. All of us will walk to your house in case she comes home. You’ll leave her a note with my phone number. Maybe soon I will meet your mother so the two of us can have a nice chat,” Beverly promised.

Karen did not answer the Carlson’s phone.

Beverly removed her wet thick cotton panties. She also removed her summer dress. Fortunately Willow had fallen asleep in her crib. Very quietly Beverly used the tuffet to climb onto the changing table.

Grace took two Curity-style DyDee 21” x 40” flat 4-ply gauze diapers from the stack. She turned them sideways so she could form a larger kite fold to fit Beverly. Because her derrière was bruised from the spanking Grace soothed it with an application of baby lotion. Soon the soft diaper was pinned in place.

The first time Grace dug into the PlayTex drawer she brought out the size Willow wears. Of course it was too small for Beverly.

Then Grace opened an even lower drawer containing many tubes of new PlayTex panties. A few of the tubes were held together with a wide rubber band.

“Sweetie, just after we moved here my husband Tom did not look at the tubes when he was sent to buy more rubber panties. He bought ‘Junior XL’ instead of ‘Toddler XL’. Probably those will stretch enough to fit over your diaper. It’s worth a try.”

Those larger PlayTex panties did fit Beverly with some room to spare, yet they were snug enough around her legs and above her hips. When Beverly regained her feet she impulsively hugged Grace who reciprocated with a kiss on Beverly’s forehead.

Willow was dressed in a nightgown and was carried while asleep to her carriage.

Two houses up the hill Grace and Willow casually waited on the sidewalk. Beverly slipped into the house. She left the pre-written note in the kitchen and exchanged her wet panties for a dry pair she would need when she returned home after lunch.

There was still no sign of Karen as the gang walked back to the Lathrop house.

Willow woke up for lunch. Grace charbroiled hamburgers. Each girl had a bib and was served milk in baby bottles. Willow obviously often had baby bottles. Beverly saw a bottle and nipple drying rack on a kitchen counter as well as a bottle sterilizer.

Beverly had no memory of suckling a baby bottle. Willow eagerly showed her how to suckle while Grace held the bottle for the older girl who looked adorable wearing her childish pink terry cloth cobbler bib.

After Willow finished lunch she needed her diaper changed. Beverly observed and was asked to feel how snug the diaper should be before being pinned.

The family room had a very large play pen. Her diaper covered with PlayTex panties, Willow was left to amuse herself there.

Beverly had wet, but also needed to move her bowels. Grace showed her how to release a diaper pin so the diaper could slide down. After wiping herself clean with toilet paper, Beverly was able to re-pin her diaper. Grace was so proud, rewarding her with another forehead kiss.

They talked about the rest of the summer. Grace offered to pay Beverly to be a real Mommy's Helper. In the afternoon she could take Willow to the library, either on foot or pushing the baby carriage. Either way there would be a diaper bag.

Grace was sure with a little more coaching and practice Beverly would be confident diapering herself without help. Grace wanted to be the coach.

While Beverly did practice pinning her diapers solo, Grace phoned DyDee Service. Sure enough they had many sizes of diapers for larger children all the way to obese adults.

Beverly explained about folding two baby diapers together. Alexis Imbree, the customer service manager at DyDee knew a better size of gauze diaper. She promised she would put a bundle of those in her car and

deliver them very soon. They would experiment until they found the best fold of the larger gauze diapers to fit Beverly.

Alexis proved to be a genuine expert with cotton diapers, a pioneer ‘Diaper Whisperer’ so to speak. In no time she showed Grace and Beverly the efficient way to fold the larger diaper so in the right places there would be extra absorption. She asked no questions about the older girl being diapered and no details were revealed.

After Alexis left Grace took a long look at the clean cotton panties Beverly brought from her room: “Sweetie, those are the largest pair of training panties I have ever seen! Where do you get them?”

“I don’t know, Mrs. Lathrop. Mommy was told about them by the nurse at my mean doctor’s office. They come in the mail.”

Grace thought about those training panties for another minute. Then she went to the nursery, returning with a baby diaper: “What if you folded that so it will fit inside the training pants. Then cover those with PlayTex pants and you would have a diaper you could slide down to sit on a toilet.”

Shortly after that Karen Carlson called the Lathrop home. She thanked Grace for feeding Beverly: “I hope my daughter was not a nuisance. If she ever causes trouble do me a huge favor and give her a very hard spanking with a hairbrush. That always squares Beverly away!”

In reply Grace asked if it would be convenient to walk back with Beverly to get acquainted. Karen did not have a problem with the visit.

Grace got along very well with Karen: “We are two sensible mothers who realize the benefit of the hairbrush as a bun warmer!” Grace said.

So well did the mothers get along that it was agreed as soon as Beverly finished her morning chores she would walk down the hill to help Grace, who would provide lunch. Beverly already had permission to cross East Washington Boulevard at Catalina Avenue because her best friend Sharon Nichol lived a few houses north of the library, which Beverly visited most days. During her years at Longfellow there was a crossing guard on school days. Grace had permission to drive Beverly anywhere at any time.

The next morning Grace drove Beverly and Willow to a Woolworth 'five & dime' store on the west side of North Lake Avenue between Claremont Street and East Washington Boulevard, across from the neighborhood Market Basket supermarket.

Before that short car ride, Willow watched in fascination as Beverly pinned on one of the larger diapers and covered those with PlayTex panties.

Grace explained: "Because Beverly also wets we know she will be a good companion for you. She will diaper you when you need a change. She will take you to the library. She is already a good friend of our favorite librarian Mrs. Marion Perry. Be a good girl for Beverly because like all your sitters she has the authority to spank you when you are rude or misbehave!"

That Woolworth sold PlayTex panties, including the ones Mr. Tom Lathrop bought by mistake. Grace bought another dozen of those so that Beverly would not run out. At the same time she bought several more pacifiers and the largest available cobbler bibs.

While Grace, Willow and Beverly were shopping at Woolworth, the Lathrop Family cleaning woman Ruby Jackson re-made a bed in the guest

room next to Willow's nursery with a rubber sheet to protect the mattress. This would be a quiet place where Beverly could relax or nap while helping take care of Willow. That room had a 13" TV set; it was only Black & White because the technical standards for Color TV were still being debated.

When the shoppers returned home following a Market Basket detour for more food, Grace showed Beverly how to wash and then sterilize pacifiers, including the new ones, baby bottles and nipples. Considering Willow was almost five, that home had a massive quantity of baby bottles and many styles of nipples. Perhaps the Lathrops were EvenFlo stock holders?

After lunch served outside on the lanai, Beverly gave Willow a bath and then diapered her under the supervision of Grace. Then Beverly took a quick shower.

She dried herself, but was double-diapered for a nap by Grace, while Willow in her crib was a delighted spectator.

The following week at the library Willow argued with a girl named Jane. The Librarian Mrs. Perry quieted Willow and led her to where Beverly was reading: "I am sorry to say that unless you punish this naughty young lady immediately she will be banned from the library for a week. The mother of Jane has been notified. That naughty girl is waiting by herself in an empty office.

"Willow is very familiar with my office which is where Mrs. Lathrop usually administers the spankings. I have a hairbrush you are welcome to use."

“Thank you, Mrs. Perry. Mrs. Lathrop includes a hairbrush in Willow’s diaper bag,” Beverly bravely answered because of course she had never before spanked anyone. Her experience was from the other end, over a lap.

There was an armless side chair in the office. Beverly used two of her own diapers to protect her lap. She removed Willow’s diaper and PlayTex panties. To increase the sting she moistened the naughty derrière with the wash rag.

That spanking was not very long; she only smacked Willow twenty times with the hairbrush. Those were all stinging spansks, causing Willow to squirm and sob her eyes out.

Marion Perry had been standing outside her office during the spanking. When the wails and sobs ended she stuck her head in the room: “Beverly, you administer a sound, effective spanking. You should teach the less responsible mothers!”

Willow had wet during the spanking. She needed a dry diaper anyway. So did Beverly. Willow liked seeing Beverly pinning on a diaper.

The second she had the chance Marion phoned Grace to compliment the way Beverly took care of business.

Of course when Willow burst through the front door she blurted out about being spanked by Beverly: “Yes, Mommy, I deserved it. I argued too loudly with that horrible Jane. She got spanked by her mother, but not as hard as Beverly spanked me!”

To re-enforce the punishment, Grace put Willow to bed without supper.

Beverly quietly admitted to Grace that she should have supervised Willow more closely. The reply was: “Nonsense! We need to let her make mistakes. She cannot be supervised every second. You did very well and impressed Marion Perry. I’m so proud of you.”

Shyly Beverly lowered her head and barely whispered: “Mrs. Lathrop, I feel so guilty about not stopping Willow and Jane from arguing. What I deserve is my own spanking! Will you spank my naughty bare backside very hard with a hairbrush until I cry and have marks?”

“Yes, Sweetie, since you asked so nicely I will spank you, but I really avoid leaving marks. I am confident I can bring you to tears without bruising you,” Grace promised.

“Should I bring the diaper bag with its hairbrush to my room?”

“Sweetie, that will not be necessary,” Grace said with a smile as she cuddled Beverly affectionately.

In her room there was no hairbrush visible. When taking her nap Beverly did not explore her room. In the drawer of her bedside table there was a hairbrush which Karen said was identical to the one she uses on Beverly.

The middle drawer of Beverly’s bureau held many of her diapers, along with washed and dried PlayTex panties. The top drawer held wash rags, diaper pins, baby powder and lotion. The bottom drawer contained an adult-size padded and quilted vinyl changing pad. The DyDee pail was already in the closet.

The changing pad was spread on the bed, where Grace undressed Beverly down to her socks and training bra. Next her diaper was removed.

Grace sat on the side of the bed so that when Beverly's head was to the left it was near the head of the bed and the girl's legs were supported. The changing pad also served to protect Grace's lap.

When Beverly had assumed the position Grace dampened the bottom. She used hand spansks as warmers. When Beverly reacted with quiet tears, Grace cut loose with the hairbrush. Once she paused to re-apply the wet wash rag. The ensuing spansks were aimed where Beverly would feel them the most, at the *Gluteo-Femoral Folds* where the lower buttocks meet the upper thighs in crevices.

Beverly was cuddled and kisses tenderly on her forehead until she calmed down. Then she was gently diapered until it was time for her to walk home to dinner. During that walk Grace phoned Karen to explain why Beverly had asked to be spanked.

After working as a Mommy's Helper for two weeks, Beverly, Grace and Willow all had worked out routines which made life disciplined fun.

On Independence Day Tom and Grace Lathrop took the entire Carlson family to the circus and Fireworks Extravaganza at the Rose Bowl sponsored by the Pasadena Fire Department Band Association.

The shared diaper bag also attended the Extravaganza and actually had a swell time. Beverly rode in the Lathrop car beside Willow. Earlier she changed from training pants to a pinned diaper for the event.

Grace had attended many Rose Bowl events so she knew to best ladies' rooms in which to diaper Willow. Tom had selected seats convenient to the best diaper changing station. Karen was not suspicious, since she assumed ladies' room trips were only to diaper Willow. The girls

changed diapers often enough they stayed comfortable. By then Willow actually preferred being diapered by Beverly.

During the Extravaganza, Tom Lathrop and Steve Carlson had time to become friends.

Steve had grown up with friends and relatives in the movie business. He went to law school at Harvard and specialized in entertainment law. In 1952 he was a senior partner of a major law firm serving the entertainment industry.

Tom grew up in the wealthy small city of San Marion, adjoining Pasadena on the south east. His father owned several truck and auto dealerships in Los Angeles County and was the Tournament of Roses permanent chairman of the Rose Bowl Committee. Tom became a USMC flight instructor right out of university in 1938. He was due to leave the USMC in February of 1942. Well, that hardly worked out! During three assignments in the Pacific he became a multiple ace, was awarded a lot of medals and finally resigned for medical reasons in 1949 as a Lt. Col.

After his military career he made a major fortune in the aerospace/defense industry. The firm he founded owned a large Pasadena office building. They moved to Catalina Avenue because neither Grace nor Tom liked the San Marino lifestyle.

Because Beverly wore diapers during the day, she was less tense in bed. About half the time she woke up feeling the need to pee. Thus she only was spanked three or four times a week.

Once Grace thought Karen trusted her enough, she discreetly broached the subject of Beverly's bedwetting: "Yes, the other day I suggested Beverly take a nap in the spare bedroom. She would not do so

until she covered the bed with a spare rubber sheet. When she wet I did like you told me and spanked her with the hairbrush. She took her spanking in the right spirit.

“But that got me thinking: What if the doctor is wrong about Beverly being lazy and seeking attention by wetting? I do not find her lazy; far to the contrary. I really doubt she would seek my attention by wetting. Could it be she has a similar urinary problem as does Willow? Several doctors tell us the odds are slim Willow will ever have reliable bladder control.”

“Grace, you might be right. We’ll pay for a second opinion, even a third, with doctors you trust. Beverly is far more reliable since she has known you,” Karen agreed.

Both of the other doctors agreed that Beverly had *Idiopathic Primary Nocturnal Enuresis* and *Idiopathic Secondary Sporadic Diurnal Urinary Incontinence*. All those big words held Karen’s attention. They were real opinions shared by many physicians prior to advances in urology in the mid 1990s. These days we think such opinion to be naïve, because ‘*Idiopathic*’ really means the doctor cannot figure out the cause of a problem.

Once Karen read the reports she listened to reason and ordered DyDee Service from Alexis Imbree. Beverly’s rubber sheet was moved under the bottom cotton sheet. The combination of the correct size gauze diaper and PlayTex pants kept the bed dry even when she wet just before waking up. Or, when she woke up and wet her diapers to justify wearing diapers to bed.

To be fair, Beverly had to pay for the DyDee Service and the PlayTex pants from the money Grace Lathrop paid her. Of course Grace increased Beverly's salary to cover the cost of diapers and PlayTex pants.

The summer flew by. The Lathrops paid Beverly to go with them on a two week summer trip to Yosemite National Park in the Central California Mountains. They took DyDee diapers of both sizes and Beverly's training pants; all of which they washed and dried as needed in Laundromat self-serve coin laundries, which existed even convenient to cabins in Yosemite Valley.

For the duration of the trip Willow and Beverly were treated as sisters. Grace had previously bought them coordinated outfits intended to make both girls appear younger. The theory was that strangers would pay less attention to Willow if they assumed she was a tall three year-old and not a diapered gal who had turned five on 20 July.

In rompers and sunnysuits to facilitate diaper changes Beverly could have been only seven or eight. When there was privacy, Beverly did almost all of Willow's changes, then she would change herself. However, when in restaurant ladies' rooms Grace changed both girls' diapers.

In Yosemite Valley, the girls had one bedroom while Grace and Tom had the other one. Their cabin had a single bathroom, but it did have a kitchenette with a full-size refrigerator. Keeping full bottles of milk cold was no more of a problem than warming baby bottles in a pan on the stove.

Several times during the trip Grace decided both girls deserved spankings. For those Beverly received no special consideration. Willow being younger was spanked first. Then she would sneak peeks when it was Beverly's turn over Grace's lap for the hairbrush. The cabin windows

were open so many people knew about the spankings and diapers. None of that embarrassed either Willow or Beverly. Grace was considered a role model by other mothers in the cabins.

Just after Labor Day Beverly had to return to Marshall Junior High School on Allan Avenue more than three miles east of her home for Eighth Grade. Just as for Seventh Grade. A Pasadena Schools bus stopped at the corner on Washington Boulevard. The second it dropped Beverly off after school she would rush home to change her training pants for a pinned diaper and PlayTex pants. Then she would jog down the hill to escort Willow and the baby carriage to the library.

A crossing guard was on duty until 5 P.M. because so many children studied at the library. By then Willow wanted to walk, but they used the carriage to carry the diaper bag they shared as well as Beverly's many school books. She would do her homework while Willow read or listened to Mrs. Perry telling stories.

When it was time for dinner, Beverly would escort Willow home, dropping off the school books along the way. After dinner Beverly would type her writing assignments she had drafted at the library.

Tom Lathrop had always intended to resume flying, just not in airplanes equipped with multiple 50 cal. Machine guns, bomb racks, rockets and Napalm tanks, or a tail-hook for carrier operations.

He took a few refresher classes and received flight instruction. He shared a hanger at the Lockheed Airport in Burbank with a brother and their father. Tom and Grace bought a new Beechcraft 'Y' tail single engine Bonanza. Soon the family, plus Beverly spent weekends flying to interesting places in the Western USA.

During that 1952-3 school year Beverly and Grace taught Willow to touch-type. A couple of years later they taught Willow to take Pitman-Gregg shorthand. It was taking her class notes in shorthand and accurately typing very fast that kept Beverly at the top of her class grade point average.

In those early 1950s days the Pasadena School District administered a lot of corporal punishment. Somehow after an over-the-lap spanking on her panties in Second Grade Beverly was never again paddled at school.

In the late spring of 1953 Steve Carlson began flying with Tom during the week when they could be away from their offices for a couple of hours.

Steve really caught the flying bug. Many weeks he took a one-hour flying lesson five or six times. By late that summer Steve received his private pilot's license. He seriously considered buying a four-place private plane, just not as expensive or fast as a Bonanza. While making up his mind he joined a flying club in which members had shared ownership of planes. He gained experience and perhaps was overly confident.

Many of his movie industry pals owned private planes, several with twin engines, like the ones flown by 'Sky King' and 'Penny' on that TV series produced by close friends. Knowing of Steve's power-base, the manufacturer of the planes featured on 'Sky King' made Steve an offer so generous he could not refuse.

When Karen, who did not like to fly on airlines, found out that Steve was being taught to fly a private twin-engine Cessna, she was furious. She even threatened divorce although she really loved Steve. By way of compromise they bought more life insurance and had their wills modified.

The bottom line was that Karen and Steve asked Grace and Tom to be designated guardians for Beverly should they both die before she turned twenty-one. They assured the Lathrops that Beverly's financial future was secure.

Grace and Tom already thought of Beverly as a second daughter, so they agreed. However, they explained that they had previously designated her younger sister to be Willow's guardian.

Although Steve had relatively little experience as a private pilot and was not instrument-rated, his instructors endorsed his application for a multi-engine rating. His aviation insurance carrier sold him a policy covering a twin-engine plane. He took delivery and rented part of a hanger at the Van Nuys airport.

During all of 1954 Karen would not sit in their plane even when it was on the ground. Meanwhile Grace began taking flying lessons and earned her private pilot's license, but never intended to fly a Bonanza which requires a lot of skill and experience.

Over Memorial Weekend of 1955 the Carlsons threw Beverly a grand fifteenth birthday celebration. Karen had by then actually had sat in the right-hand co-pilot's seat twice when Steve was flying. She appeared calm, probably because of the vodka shots she gulped to get into the mood.

Karen agreed that the weekend after Memorial Day Steve would fly Beverly and her to Rancho Mirage for an over-night stay.

That Wednesday Beverly developed an inner-ear infection so could not get on an airplane. Karen considered canceling the trip. Grace said she would nurse Beverly that weekend.

The weather was grand and the winds light on Saturday when Steve and Karen took off. They phoned Beverly to say even Karen loved the flight.

Sunday the winds came up. Steve talked with air traffic control and the aviation weather service. He had a vital meeting early on Monday morning. With hours of daylight left on Sunday Steve felt sure he could fly westbound over the Banning Pass where mild turbulence was reported below 12,000 feet. His plane could fly as high as 15,000 feet although he had never done so.

Unfortunately the winds and turbulence were too strong. Karen and Steve did not survive the crash into Mount San Gorgonio. They were neither the first or last victim of that pass and mountain.

When Tom realized there was no word why the Carlson's plane was not home, he talked to the FAA. Steve had filed a flight plan for a route over the Banning Pass but had not contacted air traffic control west of the pass. Another call told him a search had been started based upon a report of a plume of smoke on Mount San Gorgonio.

He told the FAA that Beverly Carlson was their weekend guest and that they were her designated guardians.

At ten A.M. that Monday an official from the Los Angeles County Coroner drove to the Lathrop home on behalf of the San Bernardino Coroner Office which had jurisdiction. Medical and dental records would be needed. Minutes later two lawyers representing Steve and Karen arrived to deal with the coroner's investigators and to arrange release of needed records. Grief counselors came to comfort Willow and Beverly.

Somehow Beverly got through the tragic sudden deaths of her parents, largely due to the love from the entire extended Lathrop family.

The Lathrops enlarged their comfortable home so both Willow and Beverly had proper bedrooms. The Carlson's home was sold early in the probate process.

Neither Beverly nor Willow ever gained bladder control. In turn both graduated from very good universities while diapered. They live happy adult lives. Except from bladder issues both enjoy good health in 2015. Beverly will be seventy-five this Memorial Day and has been a widow for ten years. Willow will be sixth-eight in July and still loves her only husband.