

Barbara Blake's Story

Part 1: The 'Wedding' Spanking

By Barbara Blake Painter as told to:

Angela Bauer

My name is Barbara. My parents were Lisa and James "Jim" Blake. I was born in Manhattan, New York in April 1915. I like to think I remember the American doughboys returning from the Great War. My memories of Prohibition, the Roaring Twenties and the Great Depression are much more vivid. Now that I am in the "twilight of my life" honestly in many ways I remember certain events from 1923 better than the conversation at lunch yesterday.

Both of my parents had inherited significant wealth. While I was an infant we moved to affluent Greenwich, Connecticut not far from a country club. Weekdays Daddy took the train to his office in Manhattan. Mommy spent most of her days either resting or with friends. Nights my folks often went dancing. The constant in my life was my nanny, Etta McDaniel.

Our next door neighbors, Sally and Dan Painter, had a son. Ted was a bit over two years older. His mother was very wealthy and played both golf and tennis. Ted's dad also took the train to his brokerage firm on Wall Street. Although the Painters had a huge house and several servants, Ted did not have a nanny. His mother personally took care of him, which fascinated me.

What embarrassed Mommy a lot was that I continued to wet my bed as a child. During the day I still sometimes had accidents, so instead of starting school except during the summers I had a succession of governesses. When I wet while playing or studying I would be scolded. Then Nanny Etta would put me back into diapers for the rest of the day. Of course I always wore diapers to bed.

Ted was an interesting boy in strange ways. He was tall for his age and athletic, yet he was reluctant to take physical risks. When he did play Ted was always such a good sport many of us teased him. I felt sure Ted could always beat the other kids, yet he would often stop trying.

He did not mind when other kids teased him, but would react to my teasing. So I did my best to provoke Ted until he would threaten to punch me in the nose.

That was so funny because the first time his mom heard Ted threaten me, she put him over her lap and spanked him hard enough that he cried. Probably all of us got spanked, although discipline was generally lax in our family. Certainly Ted was the first person I saw getting spanked. The first time I saw it Ted's mom did not undress him and only used her hand.

After my evening bath I asked Nanny Etta about spanking. She reminded me that she believed spanking needed to be on the bare bottom. I knew that she was authorized to spank me, as were the governesses. To be sure all of them told me I was a spoiled brat, yet if I got spanked more than once every couple of months that was rare.

Over the years I grew older and slightly taller, but I resisted maturing. For me being an irresponsible child was delightful. When I turned eight on 21 April 1923, I had a large party. Ted attended, accompanied not only by his mother, but also by his father. A lot of the kids from our community

were there, but without their parents. Besides our usual staff of servants extra nannies were hired. Strangely enough Mommy and Dan Painter spent most of my birthday party drinking by themselves. At least that day I was the center of my Daddy's attention.

Apparently in some way Ted misbehaved. I could hear his mother scolding him that he had been a bad sport. She led him by the hand away from the party as if he were a toddler and not a tall ten-year-old boy. As discreetly as possible I skulked behind them. My Daddy was talking with Dan Painter so neither noticed.

Once inside our house, Sally Painter marched Ted to a chair in the den. The windows were open. I could see and hear everything. Ted was nearly weeping just from the scolding. He did not protest as his shorts were lowered by his mommy. She put him over her lap as she sat on a chair and really spanked his bottom through his underpants. Ted burst into sobs.

Ted was still sniffing as he was marched back to the party. He was required to apologize for not being a better sport. From a distance I was giggling in delight.

That was one of those times I did get punished. Nanny Etta had seen me chortling about Ted's embarrassment. She told me I was in disgrace and that as soon as possible I would be spanked.

Before the last guests had left Nanny Etta dragged me to my room. Roughly she bathed me and then spanked my still damp bottom before diapering me for an early bedtime. Much later Daddy came to wish me a good night. Mommy just ignored me.

Resting on my tummy I got to thinking about sportsmanship. One of the few things Mommy and I had in common was a disdain for playing fair. To me always following the rules seemed silly. Occasionally I had heard Dan Painter telling Daddy about bending the rules when he was a football star at Yale. Daddy remarked that he thought Sally was doing an excellent job teaching Ted to always play by the rules.

On the other hand I felt jealous that Sally Painter was so active in Ted's life. Nanny Etta always said she loved me while spanking me. I firmly believed that Sally Painter loved her son more than Mommy loved me. The proof was that when Ted needed spanking, even for things I felt silly it was his loving mother who did the spanking.

Mommy was not interested in me enough to bother personally scolding me, never mind spanking me! While drifting off to sleep following my party I started to form a cunning plan to prod Mommy into spanking me.

The next morning I was listening when Mommy told her ladies maid that a new dress was being made. Mommy planned to wear it for the country club Fourth of July ball. My guess was that Mommy would be very territorial about that dress, which I learned was made of white silk.

By happy coincidence at our cotillion class all of us noticed that Ted Painter was wearing a tail coat and custom top hat. All of those boys owned dinner jackets, but only Ted had a tailcoat and a top hat. Who knows what his mom was thinking?

Seeing Ted dressed in his top hat reminded me of a groom at a wedding. My mind raced. One of the boys was talking about holding kid weddings in his back yard. I was sure Ted would look elegant as the groom. All I needed to do was find some lace to serve as a bridal veil.

The other kids helped by convincing Ted to not only play my groom, but to also give me the ring he treasured. That had been made from a horseshoe nail. Sure, as a ring it was hideous, but because Ted loved it I coveted it!

It is possible the other kids implied that after the pretend wedding I would return that ring. Of course that part was never in my cunning plan!

Finally the day of the backyard wedding arrived. It was earlier the same day as the country club ball, which would distract Mommy long enough I could borrow her new white silk dress.

Ted Painter was not a very good sport about “marrying” me that day. Fortunately his mother was miles away playing golf, or Ted would have gotten a spanking for being a bad sport.

The “wedding” was so much fun! Ted put his ring on my finger. I shocked him by kissing him firmly on his mouth, as I had seen his mother kiss him. He pulled away from me. The kids all laughed. As usual Ted threatened to punch me in my nose. He got more upset than ever when I refused to return his beloved ring. I think he was even sniffing as he ran home.

As the kids were tiring of the “wedding” and leaving, Nanny Etta found me. It seemed Mommy had discovered that her dress was missing from her closet. Since I was not at home suspicion focused on me. Therefore Nanny Etta was dispatched to find me and bring me home. In that backyard, when Nanny Etta firmly took my hand, she warned that “Miss Lisa” (Mommy) was going to “whack the daylight” out of me.

Honestly I was delighted Mommy was paying so much attention. It was my plan to provoke Mommy by wearing her dress so soon before the

ball that it could not be repaired or cleaned. Having to wear a dress her friends had previously seen would embarrass Mommy so much she would take action!

As Nanny Etta dragged me along the sidewalk to our home, we passed the Painter family mansion. Ted was still wearing his top hat and tailcoat as he fumed while swinging on his front porch.

Mommy was waiting in her morning room. See was watching from an open window and encouraged Nanny Etta to drag me even faster. Truth be told, Etta McDaniel was an especially plump black woman who never moved rapidly. When we heard Mommy saying to move faster I am sure Nanny Etta deliberately slowed down. Ted did not stop swinging, as if doing his best to ignore me.

When I was in the room with Mommy I saw she held an ebony hairbrush. She took a seat on an armless chair. Mommy could see that her beautiful dress was stained with mud where it touched the ground.

Oh, My! Mommy was as upset as I ever saw her. She really yelled at me. Just as I was being taken over Mommy's lap I glimpsed Ted looking up at the open window. Because Mommy's morning room was on the second floor there was no way from his porch Ted could actually see my bottom over Mommy's lap.

The spansks with that darn hairbrush were much louder than when Nanny Etta or a governess spanked me with a hand. Frankly I had not anticipated that Mommy would go so far as to spank me with a hairbrush. I was determined to show good grace. I never begged for mercy, but I did cry softly. I did not see any point in being defiant.

Part of my goal was to ensure future spankings from Mommy personally, so the last thing I wanted was to upset her more than necessary. To me it was fair Mommy was angry about her ruined dress.

It would be ideal if she felt good about personally spanking me. While I was over her lap I knew I had Mommy's full attention and because she was spanking me she did actually love me!

After Mommy finished spanking me she did give me a hug and wiped away some of my tears.

Affectionately smoothing my damp hair, Mommy ordered Nanny Etta to give me a cold bath. Then I was to be diapered for bed. I was confined to my bed until Mommy and Daddy returned from the ball.

Every couple of hours Nanny Etta would change me. Each time she complained that it was not natural a girl of eight still wet her diapers, or needed diapers in bed.

Part 2: Boarding at Miss Porter's School

Once my Mommy spanked me for getting her new dress dirty, instead of ignoring me, Mommy found reasons to spank me most days for the next couple of weeks. Certainly her ebony hairbrush hurt, but since I was now sure of Mommy's love, I could deal with the sting.

Remember I had noticed during my birthday party how much time Mommy was spending with the father of Ted Painter, the boy next door. Early in July my folks threw a "bathtub" party for their country club friends, including Dan and Sally Painter.

Based on my sincere promise to behave well, Mommy allowed me to stay up just late enough I could see the guests arrive. At age eight I had no firm and fixed ideas about marital fidelity.

Say what people would about my mother, she did her best to have a marvelous time, even if others were hurt. Once Mom was paying attention to me, what she did the rest of the time did not bother me. In the past I had felt Mom was cheating on Daddy.

My only concern about Daddy was that he seldom became assertive. Because Ted's mother Sally Painter spanked him for being assertive, I concluded she must agree with Daddy. He always showed he loved me, so I could stand him being namby-pamby, while finding that trait annoying in Sally.

The adult I saw the most who agreed with Mommy about being assertive was Dan Painter. Therefore I was so happy to see Dan devoting so much attention to Mommy.

Long after 1923 I developed a theory why Mom did so little to toilet train me. Once I was diapered for bed, I would wet a little. I only had one or two rubber panties. Those were not common then. So once I wet my diapers, not only were they bulky, they did not smell nice. Adults attending parties given by my folks almost always were themselves parents. They would know I was diapered if I left my room. I have no doubt Mommy did not want me mingling with her guests once serious drinking started.

A reason for this party was that Daddy had a fancy new radio with a speaker. He had invested in RCA and was rewarded with that radio. Probably Daddy wanted to sell stock in the radio company to his friends.

Later Mommy admitted she asked Dan Painter to help her turn a can of generic alcohol into “bathtub gin”. For that reason such Prohibition era parties were called “bathtub parties”. She told me she was starting to chip some ice to mix with the drinks when she started kissing Dan. Unfortunately neither of them saw that Sally Painter and their friend Nan Bowleigh had walked into the kitchen. Today we would call Nan a “frienamy” to both Sally Painter and Mommy. Mom called her the “Gossip Witch of the Greenwich Country Club”.

The consequences were drastic. Our Greenwich house had belonged to Daddy’s family for generations. Dan Painter handled the investments for most of the wealthy in Greenwich. Sally Painter had inherited their house.

Dan bought a swank duplex co-op apartment on Beekman Place in Manhattan. Sally and Ted took a train to Reno where she could get a divorce.

Mommy took me with her to a meeting with a judge and some lawyers. To the surprise of everyone Mommy said she intended to travel as soon as she was divorced, so she agreed to turn my custody over to Daddy. That afternoon she packed for an airplane trip to Mexico, so she could get a “quickie” divorce of her own. Shortly before our chauffer drove Mommy to the airfield she handed me her heavy ebony hairbrush.

“Barbara, I am sure someone will need to use this on you before you are grown!”

Once I was alone with Daddy I tried to give that hairbrush to him, but he told me he could never use it on me.

Daddy decided to send me to Miss Porter’s, an all-girls boarding school in Farmington, Connecticut. Katharine McLain, PhD, the Vice Principal from there traveled to meet me and talk to my Nanny Etta McDaniel. She stayed for dinner with Daddy and me.

Dr. McLain knew about my bedwetting and need for diapers. Nanny Etta showed her the rubber sheet on my bed. Based on that information I was assigned a private room. I would share a maid with some of the other girls, but my diapers, supplied by DyDee Service, would be a secret.

Although Daddy was reluctant, Dr. McLain told both of us that at Miss Porter’s School naughty girls got sore bottoms and hands. If we misbehaved in the classroom or on the playground all the teachers were authorized to apply a strap to our hands. For more serious misbehavior we would be spanked by the Vice Principal or our Housemother.

I could see Daddy blush when I assured Dr. McLain I was no stranger to being spanked, because that proved my Mommy loved me. I even

brought her my ebony hairbrush. I was told that would not be needed at her school.

A few days after Mommy's divorce was granted, the loving woman, Mrs. Nora Ragsdale, arrived in a chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce. She was to be my Housemother during my ten years at Miss Porter's.

My diaper was wet when I was first introduced to Mrs. Ragsdale. She told me to go to my changing table. There she undressed me while Nanny watched. Once I was bare-bottom, Mrs. Ragsdale put me over her lap and spanked the stuffing out of me with a hairbrush she carried in her purse.

That spanking left me sobbing like a naughty baby. While I was still blubbering she pinned me into a dry diaper and covered that with a pair of my rubber panties. Nanny had packed a bunch of my diapers, panties and supplies, into my diaper bag.

During the over one-hour drive to the school I did wet at least once. Maids from the school carried my diaper bag and luggage to my room. My trunks had already arrived.

My room had a desk, a bed (with a rubber sheet installed) and a padded bench. That would serve as my changing table.

Miss Gwen Harding was assigned as my primary maid. An hour after I arrived at Miss Porter's Gwen decided my diaper needed changing. After doing so very well, she dressed me for bed although it was still light outside. I did not argue.

Hardly any other students were living at school the first week I was there. Gwen and Mrs. Ragsdale concentrating on getting me ready to wear thick cotton training pants instead of a diaper during the day under my

uniform. I had regained enough bladder control that I could manage without embarrassment by the time the rest of the students returned.

By the end of that school year I had gained bedtime bladder control. Never the less, when Daddy arrived to bring me home for Summer Vacation, my diaper bag was sent with me. For the drive I wore rubber pants over my trainers. I did not wet during the trip to Daddy's new home in Manhattan, but I did need to request a rest stop so that I could use a toilet.

Fortunately Daddy's maid put one of my rubber sheets on my new bed. The first morning in Manhattan I woke up wet. At Miss Porter's I often would ask for a bedtime diaper. Although I seldom wet, being diapered in bed made me feel more confident.

At breakfast, after I had been changed into a dry diaper, I boldly told Daddy we needed DyDee Service in Manhattan. From then on I had an endless supply of DyDee diapers both in Manhattan and at Miss Porter's School.

I turned twelve in April of 1927. A few days after Summer Vacation started I reached puberty. After that I lost all of my nighttime bladder control. By then rubber panties were far more popular. I started to always use those to cover my diapers.

Mrs. Painter's Reno divorce took longer than had Mommy's in Mexico, so I did not have a chance to say goodbye to Ted Painter. With Daddy living in Manhattan, we had no reason to visit Greenwich so I lost touch with Ted for many years.

As a result of countless strapping of my hands and bare-bottom spankings at Miss Porter's School I seemed to be a well-behaved young

lady. However, I never became an outstanding student. Daddy at least agreed that I did not have to go to college. In September 1933 I enrolled in a Manhattan finishing school as a day student while living with Daddy.

In May of 1934, shortly after I turned nineteen, I met the charming and handsome Pete Martin at a party. Pete was the starting halfback for the Yale football team.

During that summer Pete and I fell deeply in love. Pete's father owned a manufacturing business which was successful despite the Great Depression. Pete would be an executive in that business as soon as he graduated.

Over the Thanksgiving break Pete proposed and I accepted. Our parents asked us to have our wedding after Pete graduated in 1936. That made sense to me because I could still live in absolute luxury with my Daddy, and not be stuck in a New Haven apartment while Pete was still in school.

To celebrate my twenty-first birthday Pete invited me to a dance at Yale on the first Saturday of May 1936. That Friday Yale was playing Harvard for the Ivy League Tennis Championship. Daddy was wild about university tennis. He drove us from Manhattan to New Haven where we stayed in a nice hotel suite.

Honestly my interest in tennis as a spectator is limited. I paid no attention to the names of the various contestants.

It was the announcement of the players in the concluding singles match that caught my attention. Representing Yale was their star, Ted Painter. Suddenly old memories flashed back.

Pete Martin was seated to my right with Daddy to my left. I asked Pete if he knew Ted. He replied that he did.

Daddy added that it had been Ted's father Dan who broke up his marriage to my mother Lisa: "Barbara, I thank Dan Painter for setting me free from Lisa! Then in the end Dan Painter and Lisa never got married."

A few minutes later Ted walked onto the tennis court. He was movie star handsome and even taller than Pete. He had grown so much I was not absolutely sure this was the same Ted Painter from that backyard wedding when I was such a child.

The Ivy League Championship was on the line; it came down to this match. On the first match point Ted's opponent returned a ball which landed close to the back line.

The Yale fans cheered as the line judge ruled the ball was out. However, Ted said he was sure the ball was inside the line. Since it had been Ted's serve, it was decided to play that point over.

When Ted deliberately served the ball into the stands, losing the match and championship, I knew that not only was my old flame, but that he still had an odd sense of fair play. Suddenly all I wanted was to renew my relationship with Ted.

I dragged Pete toward the tennis court. On the way we nearly collided with Ted's mother Sally, who had never liked me or any girl attracted to Ted.

Of course Sally gushed to Ted that he was a wonderful sport.

Ted apparently did not recognize me: “Say, aren’t you the Ted Painter I used to know when we were kids in Greenwich? I’m Barbara Blake. You’ve certainly grown up very well.”

A wave of recognition crossed Ted’s handsome face: “Sure. There can’t be two noses like yours. How’ve been?”

Before I could respond Sally interjected: “Barbara, you are still as pushy as ever!”

Ignoring the chilly reception from Sally, I focused on looking up at Ted: “Life is good. I live in Manhattan with my father.”

Then I told Ted that from my seat I was sure the ball was outside the line.

Ted’s answer was that it was close, but actually inside.

I said loudly, “Well, when the call is close, call it for you and not the other guy!”

While Ted and his mother were speechless, I asked if Ted was going to the dance the next evening: “I’ll be there. I really want to catch up on old times!”

Sally did not want Ted to go, certainly because she did not want him to be attracted to me. Yet Ted did man-up and promised to dance with me.

Pete was so sure that I loved him he did not sulk about me inviting Ted to the dance.

Part 3: Dancing at Yale

As Daddy drove us back to our hotel, I told him about meeting Sally and Ted: “Say, Daddy, what do you know about Sally Painter?”

He answered: “Sweetie, as little as possible. About a year after she divorced Dan Painter she married Mac MacConaghey. Remember he was the widowed physician who used to live near us in Greenwich. He is still a professor of medicine at Yale.”

Back at our hotel suite I dug through my jewelry box until I found that horseshoe nail ring I did not return to Ted following our backyard wedding ceremony. Of course it was too small to fit my ring finger.

No worries, because the hotel concierge gave me the address of a reliable jeweler only a block away. He phoned them to say I was coming. Before I left the hotel I removed the diamond engagement ring Pete had given me, which I slipped into my purse.

To put it mildly the jeweler was astonished that I wanted the horseshoe ring re-sized. I explained it had much sentimental value to me and that the following evening I would be attending the Yale dance with the fellow who had given me that ring when we were children: “It was a beautiful backyard wedding.”

The jeweler measured my finger. A few minutes later he returned having re-sized Ted’s old ring. I gave that jeweler a warm kiss on his cheek; he refused payment for the re-sizing.

That night Daddy took Pete and me to a really good restaurant. Of course for that occasion I was wearing Pete’s diamond ring proudly. I made a show of providing Pete with all the affection he could handle.

After dinner Daddy went back to the hotel. Pete drove me to the Glen Island Casino in New Rochelle, New York where we danced to the music of the Ozzie Nelson Orchestra. Harriet Hilliard was the vocalist. At the time she was not married to Ozzie. The dancing was divine!

The drive back to New Haven took an hour, during which I “pitched the woo” with Pete so he was a happy guy.

Before I went to bed I did pin on a diaper. Although at that time PlayTex latex stretchy panties were no yet sold everywhere, my favorite Manhattan department store stocked them.

Waiting for the dance to start seemed endless. I killed part of that Saturday afternoon having my hair done. Pete took me for a quick dinner before the dance started.

We were among the first to arrive. Because I never wore a diaper when around Pete, I immediately went to the ladies’ room. When I emerged I could see that Ted was not there yet, so I began dancing with Pete.

The moment I saw Ted arrive, I excused myself from Pete, saying I needed to use the ladies’ room again. He offered to get us drinks.

While Pete was away the first thing I did was to slip off his engagement ring and replace it with Ted’s horseshoe ring. Then I headed directly to Ted. As soon as he took me in his powerful arms, I looked up at him and purred: “Ted, you were so late I wasn’t sure your mommy would let you come.”

He looked down at me and responded: “Half-pint, some things never change. Your personality is still just as vicious as ever!”

I managed to tilt Ted's head toward me as I stood on tip-toes to kiss his lips: "And, you still are your Mommy's boy, Funny Face!"

As our lips parted we simultaneously said, "This is the start of a beautiful friendship!"

We continued to dance for another couple of minutes until across the now crowded dance floor I spotted Pete, holding a drink in each hand and frantically looking for me: "Funny Face, how about we go sit outside so we can fight this out?"

I gave Ted another kiss and led him in the opposite direction from Pete to a secluded bench.

After we were seated close to each other, Ted offered me a cigarette. I politely declined; he lit one for himself.

"Funny Face, yesterday your mother didn't like me very much. That's okay because I like you a lot."

"Half-pint, wait until Mother gets to know you," Ted replied.

"Funny Face, it would make everything more convenient if Sally didn't hate me because of the old problems between our families."

"Half-pint, all that's ancient history."

"Seriously, Ted, I hope you are right. From where I sit things worked out very well.

"Sally is happily married to Mac Something or other. Your Dad has a swell business; Daddy only has to worry about me. My Mommy, the Countess Lisa, is flitting around with her new love.

“They don’t need to worry about me; I’m married!”

I loved the way Ted’s face fell. I was sure he really loved me: “Half-pint, does anyone know?”

“Evidentially not, Funny Face, if the groom has forgotten our wedding,” I boldly said as I gave him a lingering kiss and then waved my left hand in his face.

“That’s my old ring!” Ted exclaimed.

“You haven’t married anyone else? I’ll prosecute!”

“Now I remember. To me the best part of that day was hearing the sound of your mother’s hairbrush whacking the stuffing out of you for ruining her dress. What delicious sounds!” Ted told me with his eyes sparkling.

Had he asked me right then I’d have followed him anywhere to go beyond pitching the woo to full-scale lovemaking.

Verbally all I did was giggle when Ted mentioned Mommy spanking me. He must have seen me rubbing my derrière. Of course what Ted did not know was that for years I had longed for a spanking from Lisa. Seeing his excitement assured me that when the time came Ted could effectively spank me.

Before we had a chance to kiss again I spotted Pete working his way through the crowd towards us: “Funny Face, if the offer still stands now I would love a cigarette.”

By the time Pete reached us Ted and I were chastely seated at opposite ends of the bench smoking our cigarettes.

Pete was hacked that he had to search for me. While he was confused I substituted his diamond engagement ring for Ted's horseshoe wedding ring.

To me Pete's discomfort was meaningless, because during the brief discussion of my spanking I had decided to marry Ted Painter as soon as possible.

Ultimately Pete did drive me back to the hotel.

Once in our suite I awoke Daddy. He was shocked that I wanted to marry Ted and not Pete.

"Sweetie, am I hearing you correctly? You want to throw over a fine gentleman like Pete Martin to marry Sally Painter's son? What you need is a man willing to pin your ears back. Frankly your ears need a lot of pinning," Daddy opined.

"Trust me Daddy, I am confident that whenever Ted believes I need an ear pinning he is far more capable of doing so than Pete Martin!"

I gave Daddy a kiss, leaving him confused.

Toddling off to my bedroom I turned on the radio as I began to undress. Surprisingly a station in New Haven was playing an instrumental recording of *Bei Mir Bistu Shein*. That was before The Andrew Sister made a hit of the song.

After I undressed I took a quick bath, still humming the catchy tune. Once I dried off I knew that was a night I would need a diaper.

Still nude I walked to the dresser on top of which I had placed my traveling photo of Pete. I turned it face down before bringing out from a drawer my changing pad, pins, gauze diaper and PlayTex panties.

Before trying to get to sleep I looked up Sally's New Haven phone number. In a fit of insanity Ted had admitted he was living with his mother and Dr. MacConaghey.

Ted answered the phone. I made it clear I wanted to see a whole lot more of him. By the time I began giving Ted the address in Manhattan where I lived with Daddy I could hear Sally in the background whining because I dared to phone her son.

After we reluctantly hung up, it took me forever to get to sleep. It was just as well I had pinned on a diaper because that was soaked in the morning.

Part 4: I Do, I Do

During the endless Sunday drive from New Haven to our home on Beekman Place I lived on the memories of kissing Ted. Over the phone before Sally interrupted us I had invited Ted to a party at our Manhattan home the next Saturday evening. He had correctly repeated the address before hanging up.

Virtually all of my friends knew about my engagement to Pete. Obviously I did not want Ted meeting any of them until I had broken up with Pete. The people I did invite to the party had never heard of Pete Martin. It was to be a small party.

That Friday afternoon I sent Ted a telegram reminding him about the party and our address.

Mid-morning that Saturday I received a curt telegram from Sally claiming Ted was out of town. My attempts to contact Ted by phone were frustrated.

Over Sunday brunch I casually asked Daddy how to reach Dan Painter. Naturally Daddy knew the address and phone number off the top of his head.

Instead of phoning I dressed as much like a prosperous conservative young matron as possible and took a taxi to the Wall Street offices of Dan Painter and Associates. I presented myself to a frosty receptionist who only reluctantly told Dan's secretary I was waiting in the lobby.

Soon another frosty older woman escorted me to Dan's private office. When that minion left the room I rushed to give Dan's cheek a kiss.

“First of all Dan, let me say how lucky you were to escape Lisa’s clutches. Second, I have fallen hopelessly in love with Ted.

“Sure I remember when we were kids Ted’s primary ambition was to give my nose a good sock. Then we met at a dance where I was delighted to learn Ted’s ambitions have changed. I am sure Ted responds to my affectionate feelings.”

Dan thought for only a few seconds: “Barbara, all your years living with your father have given you common sense. What can I do?”

“Dan, man-to-man, Sally hates my guts. Frankly I return those feelings, but I know I can turn Ted’s idiotic delusion of fair play around. All I need is a chance to get Ted’s attention for an afternoon away from Sally.

“I also need the loan of your car and for you to send this telegram.”

Dan beamed: “You know your own mind. I’ll wait until the last moment to send the telegram. I’ll also leave a note at my garage giving you permission to use my car as long as necessary.”

By way of a reply I kissed Dan deeply on his mouth. Our lips had just parted when his secretary entered without knocking. Dan deliberately held me in an intimate embrace long enough that secretary got a good look, although she could not have seen the actual kiss.

At 10:45 A.M. on Saturday I took a cab to the multi-story garage where Dan kept his car. The attendant who brought it assured me the gas tank was full because the standing instruction was to wash the car and fill the tank every time the car was parked.

The telegram virtually demanded Ted to meet Dan at Grand Central train station at noon.

I drove up there and left the car in the care of a parking valet. Then I walked inside the station to wait for all the trains arriving from New Haven. To calm my nerves I lit a cigarette.

Ted was not on the first few trains. Just before 12:15 P.M. the loudspeaker announced, “Train from Boston, New Haven and Greenwich now arriving on Track Number Nine.”

I put out the cigarette I was smoking and took a position where I could observe the arrivals without being seen. My intention was for Ted to be confused when he did not see his father immediately. Then I would casually bump into Ted as if by accident.

My plan worked better than I dared hope.

“Hi there, Funny Face! What brings you to The Big Bad Apple? Did your Mommy let you out to play?”

“Half-pint, your tongue is as evil as ever! I’m looking for my Dad; he sent for me. Why are you here?” Ted asked, clearly bewildered.

I slipped an arm into his, pulled him into an embrace and kissed him so deeply Ted nearly lost his balance: “The truth is that ever since you started ignoring me I have often come to Grand Central hoping to meet a handsome stranger.

“Funny Face, today you’ll have to do. Say, I’ve got a car outside. Can I give you a lift?”

Outside Dan Painter's car was still at the curb. As soon as he saw me the valet jumped out of the car and opened the front passenger door. I handed the valet a generous tip.

"That my Dad's car! Half-pint, what the heck is going on?" Ted sounded very confused.

I craned my neck, stood on tip-toes and kissed him again: "It's quite simple, Funny Face. You have been kidnapped. Your best choice is to come along willingly; otherwise I will use force. What's it going to be?"

"You win, Half-pint, I'll go quietly."

"That's the right attitude, Funny Face. Now the question is: does your Mommy allow you to drive?"

"Of course I can drive, Half-pint."

"Then get your backside into the driver's seat. Let's get this chariot out of here. Your father told me to make sure you have a good time. So whatever you want, Funny Face."

Ted managed to slide across the bench front seat until he was behind the steering wheel of Dan's Cadillac convertible. I closely followed Ted and managed to kiss him again before he started the engine.

We snuggled as Ted aimlessly drove north on Park Avenue. Somehow we were on the highway headed to Connecticut. Just across the state line we stopped for a delightful late lunch in Cos Cob.

After lunch Ted turned inland. As we approached Farmington I told Ted we were close to Miss Porter's School. When he asked I admitted

having lived there for ten years: “Funny Face, those women were far into discipline. I can still feel the sting in my derrière.

“But now we have an emergency. Please find me a toilet as soon as possible!”

Look, I could only keep my diapers a secret so long. Not being sure how the day would go I was wearing a diaper and PlayTex panties. While waiting at Grand Central I had released one pin so I could pee into a toilet twice. But since leading Ted astray I had wet my diaper more than once. Now I needed a dry diaper.

Ted found a restaurant where he parked. I retrieved the small suitcase which often served as my discreet traveling diaper bag. I ran to the ladies’ room.

I used a stall. I pulled down the latex panties and removed the diaper pins. I emptied my bladder into the toilet. I managed to clean up using paper towels. Then I pinned on a dry diaper. I pulled the same pair of PlayTex panties into place.

The only choice I had was to abandon the wet Curity diaper. Maybe that was the first disposable?

After washing my hands and refreshing my lipstick I rejoined Ted: “Thank you, Funny Face, we got here just in time.”

Ted never asked about the suitcase which I stowed in the car before we continued driving.

As it got dark we pulled off the road and parked in a secluded place. After a couple of kisses, innocently I asked: “You’re good at this, Funny Face. Have you pitched the woo with many other gals?”

“Huh? What do you mean?”

“They used to call it ‘sparking’, ‘smooching’ or ‘canoodling’. These days we say ‘pitching the woo’.”

“Half-pint, that would be telling. There was one stunner, with soft green eyes and an adorable mole. Of course I love you much more.”

Our woo pitching continued at a torrid pace, until the music on the car radio ended and an announcer stated the time as midnight and that they were signing-off the air until 6:00 A.M.

“Funny Face, where are we?”

“It feels like Connecticut,” Ted answered.

“Marvelous, Darling, we don’t have to wait! Let’s get going,” I urged.

Sometime later we realized we had stopped across the street from a justice of the peace in Danbury, Connecticut. What a happy coincidence!

Connecticut does not have a waiting period and justices of the peace issue marriage licenses. I had a copy of my birth certificate proving that I was 21 years old. I also had the famous horseshoe ring in my purse.

In what seemed the blink of an eye, I had promised to love, honor and obey. We were now Mr. and Mrs. Ted Painter!

Less than a block from the justice of the peace there was a clean motel owned by his brother-in-law. That was quite a night!

Part 5: Married Life

Saturday morning I had carefully packed a minimalist trousseau in one suitcase and my diaper supplies in the small one. The telegram had asked Ted to bring enough clothing to spend the night.

Caught up in the romance of the day I doubt Ted suspected I hatched a plan. Perhaps it would have been more ethical of me to inform him about my bladder problems in advance.

What I said before starting to undress was that I still retained traits from childhood. Given the teasing I had taken from many children then, but never from Ted, I assumed everyone knew I never had stopped wetting the bed until after I moved to Miss Porter's School.

Actually the morning of the backyard wedding Nanny Etta had diapered me because the previous afternoon I had a wetting accident, which was the rule. Mommy had spanked me with her hairbrush over the silk dress I ruined. So Mommy was spanking me through my diaper which blunted much of the pain.

Ted had no way of knowing I had not been spanked bare bottom. For Mommy it was a darn fortunate circumstance because I wet my diaper while she was spanking me.

It all worked out because Ted hardly fainted dead away as my diaper and PlayTex panties were revealed when I removed my dress. I had as usual worn a garter belt to hold up my stockings.

Immediately I assured Ted that when I was awake I had more than enough bladder control to remain dry while making love. By then it was pointless to pretend I was a dewy-eyed virgin. That ship had sailed when I was not yet sixteen.

With Pete I had always managed days when I intended to make love with him by using toilets frequently and not wearing a diaper until after he had brought me home.

Ted was so intent on making love he seemed oblivious to my diapers. Our wedding night continued until nearly check-out time Sunday morning.

In Danbury we were closer to Sally and Dr. Mac's home in New Haven than to Manhattan. Before leaving the motel Ted phoned Sally to say he was well and on his way home. Sally knew that Ted was expecting to stay over Saturday night.

I phoned Daddy collect asking him to drive Dan Painter up to New Haven. That way Dan could pick up his car. All I told Daddy was that I had a surprise announcement. Then I phoned Mommy Lisa and her husband "Count Humbert" at The Plaza Hotel asking them to meet all of us in New Haven.

The drive from Danbury to New Haven in those days was not very long, but I wanted the safety of a diaper. The dress I wore had a full skirt to hide my diaper.

Sally and Dr. Mac were in the living room when we arrived. She did not appear delighted to see me walking in arm-in-arm with Ted. She nearly fainted when Ted told her we had been married for more than twelve hours.

Dr. Mac revived Sally. Lunch was nearly pleasant. We were finished by the time Daddy and Dan arrived. "Countess Lisa" and her phony "Count Humbert" had taken the train and then a taxi so we needed to repeat the announcement of our marriage a second time.

Sally was furious. Her plan was for Ted to finish medical school followed by an internship and a residency before he married anyone.

Daddy could hardly claim I was too young to marry: Lisa was only eighteen when she married Daddy; until I broke it off I had been planning to marry Pete Martin in a month. At least Daddy had not yet paid deposits for my wedding.

Lisa mostly was concerned that I bought enough fancy lingerie for my honeymoon.

What we explained to the many parents was that Ted had majored in civil and architectural structural engineering, not pre-med. He had already passed the professional engineering (PE) license exams in Connecticut and New York.

Even before he graduated from Yale Ted had been hired by a firm which constructed subways and sewer systems. That was not glamorous work but it paid well.

Daddy, Dan and even Sally agreed to pitch in to buy us a modest home in New Rochelle, NY. That was only 45 minutes from the Manhattan headquarters of his employers. He was provided a company auto since Ted would mostly be supervising on various construction sites.

The reality of Ted being away at least a couple of nights each week was far worse than I expected. Although at Miss Porter's School I had learned to type quite well, I had not expected to have a career. I still loved to dance, drink, smoke and stay up late.

Ted was a realist. We talked. Fortunately I had been honest with Pete Martin, returning his ring and gently explaining that I had crushed on Ted when we were kids. Then when I saw Ted playing tennis I realized I could not marry Pete.

Pete had not even started looking for another gal. Since he was "working" for his family he could stay up late.

Ted asked Pete to take me out. The Glen Island Casino was only 20 minutes from our home. In addition there were many parties.

Costume parties for adults became all the rage during the Roaring Twenties and remained popular until the start of WWII. I loved wearing costumes. Because of my bladder problems for me dressing as a baby or child eliminated the need for me to hide my diapers. They simply made my costume more authentic.

While still a teenager at Miss Porter's School I bought my first ruffled childish dress, hemmed short enough even on my 5'2" body the crotch of my diaper showed. Besides several similar dresses as soon as I enrolled in finishing school I bought a few uniform skirts so I could play naughty school girl, complete with diaper and ruler.

One of the first things I did as a married lady was purchase the most outlandish huge diaper bag I could find. I would pack it with my real diapers and PlayTex panties. I stuck a couple of empty baby bottles in

pockets as well as Lisa's old ebony hairbrush. At parties people adored seeing me in a frilly dress carrying my diaper bag.

About six months after our wedding Ted and I received an invitation to a charity fundraiser event called The New Rochelle Kid's Party. I spent several days making Ted an adorable sailor suit.

Unfortunately a few days before the Kid's Party there was a crisis on one of Ted's subway projects. He knew he would have to miss the party so he asked Pete Martin to take me there.

Pete showed up wearing a marvelous Buster Brown romper outfit complete with a hat. I wore my sexiest short ruffled dress. Besides carrying my diaper bag I decided to smoke even more than usual, adding a naughty girl aspect to the evening.

As we entered the party we were sold balloons. Mine was filled with helium so it floated. Pete's balloon was filled with air and tied to a stick. The advantage to my floating balloon was that it was tied to my right wrist, leaving my hands free to hold both a cigarette and my diaper bag.

Pete and I both drank more than we should have done; it was for charity. A few times Pete held my hand tighter than necessary. He also kissed my cheeks and I did not object because we were in public where others thought that was childishly flirtatious behavior.

When Pete finally drove me home he was having trouble walking. As we entered the house my cigarette popped Pete's balloon. Immediately I dropped both my cigarette and my diaper bag.

Pete appeared startled by the popping balloon. He reached to hug me. He also leaned down to kiss me. Pete missed my cheek and actually kissed me deeply on my lips for the first time since we had broken up.

Instinctive I returned Pete's kiss with gusto.

Bad luck that what neither of us could see was Ted walking through the front door!

There was no discussion. Ted was taller than Pete. Playing a lot of tennis and building subways kept Ted in excellent physical condition. His

first right jab staggered Pete. Ted easily took hold of Pete's romper and threw him out the door.

I was thrilled to see grown men actually fighting over me. Perhaps I even clapped my hands in glee.

What surprised me was after ejecting Pete, Ted ordered me to sit in a chair. I interpreted that as an order an angry parent would issue to a naughty child. I was just drunk enough that instead of obeying I yelled at Ted for being rude to Pete.

After that things got blurry for me. Somehow Ted managed to lift me off my feet and tuck me under his left arm with me supported by his lifted left thigh.

Then Ted actually started spanking me with his sturdy right palm. I yelped in surprise. It had been over three years since my last spanking at Miss Porter's School. I was eighteen then. Now I was over twenty-one and a married lady.

Who knows how many times Ted spanked me? After the initial surprise I stopped yelping and I never struggled. Truth be told, I was enjoying the spanking. One, I knew I deserved to be punished. Two, my diaper was protecting my derrière.

Apparently Ted suddenly realized what he was doing. He stopped spanking me and he gently eased me back to my feet.

He then became pathetic, profusely apologizing to me instead of giving me the scolding of my life. It was Ted's apology that set me off.

"Ted Painter, what in the name of Hell are you doing? You caught me kissing our friend, my former fiancé, no less. I totally deserved to be punished, including a strict scolding.

"Funny Face, your animal instinct was correct. You just got a few critical details wrong.

"When I told Daddy I was going to either marry you or die trying he said what I needed was a man who would pin back my ears as necessary. I assured Daddy you were just the man to keep me in line. So, hold onto

your angry thoughts. Remember how you always wanted to sock me in the nose?

“Just stay right here while I round up an important teaching aid.”

I went to the closet where I keep our costumes. There I retrieved my old rag doll. She was over 3’ tall.

Back in the living room I brought a dining room chair which I placed in the center of the room. Still holding the doll I retrieved the ebony hairbrush and a couple of diapers from the bag. At last I sat down, placing the diapers to protect my lap.

Then I caused the doll to assume the position on the diapers, over my lap, bottom up.

“Now Ted, when you spank me this is a vital step. Spankings are only effective on the bare bottom!”

So saying, I rucked-up the doll’s dress exposing her diaper and rubber panties. I pulled down the panties and un-pinned the diaper. I used the pins to hold the dress out of the way.

After picking up the hairbrush I started scolding. What I said were the things Ted should have scolded me about. Each time I mentioned the doll kissing Pete Martin, I administered a spank to each lower cheek. I also scolded about being lazy and inconsiderate.

Since the doll could not make sounds I also had to do the yelping, crying and sobbing. Only after I gave the doll twenty-five very hard spanks and I was crying my eyes out did I put the hairbrush down so I could comfort the doll. Eventually I gently carried the doll to the dining room table. There I used one of my diapers on her, pinning it snugly and then restoring the rubber pants. I kissed the doll and told her I expected her to be a good girl in the future.

“Okay Funny Face, do you see how to punish effectively? I don’t demand expert spanking. Don’t worry; I do not expect you to diaper me, until you want to do so.

“Since I wet while being spanked, be sure your lap is protected. Even when spanking with your hand the derrière must be bare so you can see the effect of every spank. It is more effective to sit with me over your lap. Experiment what position is best for you. Some guys prefer to sit on the side of the bed, but I find having my legs and body less supported make the spanking more effective and also more embarrassing.

“Now, unless you have questions it is well past the time to give me a really hard spanking!”

I handed Ted the hairbrush and the dry diapers. Seconds later he was seated on the chair and covering his lap. Without delay I was pulled until I had assumed the position.

Slowly Ted neatly folded back my ruffled dress, under which I was wearing neither stockings nor a slip. He did fumble lowering my PlayTex pants, but I encouraged him. He had no trouble releasing the pins and he did use those to hold the back of my dress in place.

Before Ted started scolding, I dared to speak: “Sir, I forgot to tell you the most sensitive spots on my bottom are the junction of lower buttocks to upper thigh. Spanks there hurt like Hell, but the skin there is robust so there is less chance of injuring me. At least that is what the disciplinarian at Miss Porter’s School always told me. The part about the pain is sure true.”

The second I was quiet Ted began scolding me about kissing Pete. When Ted cut loose with the hairbrush those spanks were very hard and were aimed at the ideal spank spots. Very soon the combination of scolding and spanking reduced me to childish sobs.

By the time Ted put the hairbrush down I was a very sorry young wife. He rubbed my damp hair until I calmed down enough I could be helped to stand on my own. Ted cuddled me and kissed my forehead while encouraging me to behave better in the future.

Sure enough I did wet slightly while being spanked.

I told Ted to never allow a bath or shower following a spanking. When told to do so I pinned on a fresh diaper, dressed and put myself to bed.

For the next three evenings when Ted was home I got equally hard spankings and was put to bed very early.

Soon Ted got the hang of diapering me. Even when I had not earned a spanking often Ted would diaper me for bed.

Less than a year after Ted spanked me for the first time my first pregnancy was confirmed. During that pregnancy I lost the remainder of my bladder control.

We had a total of one son and three daughters. All grew up to be polite and obedient because the family rule was “Naughty Children of All Ages Get Sore Bottoms”.

None of our children had bladder problems, so after the youngest turned three I was the only one in the family still in diapers.

Ted became so respected in the subway and sewer industry he made a lot of money. Before the USA entered WWII Ted had been appointed an advisor on building requirements for war time.

After the war Ted became President of his company and a significant stockholder.

Ted died in 1990 at age seventy-seven, three weeks after he spanked me for the last time.