

Miss Annabel and Julia

Chapter 06

“Educating Annabel”

Fiction by Angela Bauer

During Julia’s two plus weeks re-organizing Barclay’s newly purchased subsidiary, Rogers of Philadelphia, beginning on Monday, 12 June 1933, she lived in a two bedroom suite in the Bellevue-Stratford. Annabel, her Temporary Nanny Miss Hannah Randall and Julia’s Lady’s Maid Mrs. Edna Lyall had the adjacent two bedroom suite. Edna and Hannah shared a bedroom.

On the other side of Julia’s suite, her private secretary, Trudy Josse, had a one bedroom suite, the living room furnished as an office, complete with: two typewriters on stands; desks with swivel chairs; side chairs; a filing cabinet with a high security lock; a second hotel phone; two outside phone lines not connected to the hotel switchboard.

In advance of the trip, when the Head of Barclay’s Security Department, Special Agent Ronald Butterfield (who had served in the US Secret Service Anti Counterfeiting Section), felt there could be hostility and ill will from Rogers Store employees. Therefore he strongly recommended that armed plain clothes Pinkerton operatives be assigned around the clock to guard the files within the Bellevue-Stratford secret office. The on-duty operative would move his chair into the hall during confidential meetings.

With the office in the hotel, Julia could start work early or work late with Trudy. Julia could also conduct discreet meetings which needed to be confidential from personnel at the Rogers store. Only a few times did Trudy accompany Julia to the offices of the Rogers store.

Although Trudy had been introduced by name, her actual function was kept confidential. Therefore, Trudy would be accompanied by

Annabel and Hannah. If the staff at Rogers store assumed Trudy was another nanny, so much the better.

Other days Annabel and Hannah would arrive at the Rogers store, seemingly unexpectedly, which gave Julia an excuse to leave meetings so she could take her daughter to lunch or dinner.

Yes, during the Philadelphia trip, Julia always introduced Annabel as her 'daughter' and not 'step-daughter'.

It had been Annabel who told both her father Richard, and Julia, during one of their last meals at the Barclay Mansion that she wanted Julia to always be there. The girl said she had read about a divorced man with a daughter who remarried. The second wife formally adopted her step-daughter. Annabel asked if Julia could adopt her.

Richard promised that he would have attorneys look into the situation. Privately, Richard was worried that his first wife, Annabel's mother Jessica, would make expensive trouble about the adoption.

When Julia was alone with Richard she told him that William R. Barclay had been sure, when making the divorce settlement on Jessica, that she renounced any parental rights. Julia had typed most of those instructions to the Barclay's divorce attorneys. Also copies of all the signed court documents were in the files of the divorce attorneys.

Julia did not think Jessica would be a major problem. Julia's worry was the reaction from Richard's unbalanced and nasty younger sister Gertrude. That woman was vindictive enough to try to turn an adoption into high drama.

Once it was agreed that Nanny Clara Parsons would not stay with Annabel during the Philadelphia trip, although she would visit as a brief vacation, she promised to devote her spare time in New York City researching private schools for Annabel. Clara would start by phoning her former employers and the now grown children she helped raise. Also, Clara had many friends working as nannies. They would have opinions about the various private schools.

Things had been so hectic on the day Richard and Julia had been driven to Greenwich, Connecticut to be married by the marvelous judge, that she had to ask Janet Shaw, another trusted secretary in the Executive Offices of Barclay's of Fifth Avenue, who a couple of days later was serving as Julia's private secretary in her mansion office, to go to her Greenwich Village apartment and pack her enough clothing and undies to get her started as Richard's second wife.

Subsequently Julia best friend and matron of honor, Martha Pryor, had virtually cleared out all of Julia's remaining clothing and personal belongings. Martha left only the furniture and the kinds of things expected in a rental furnish apartment.

In the whirlwind of closing the deal for Rogers of Philadelphia, Julia had not given serious consideration about the future of her lovely and spacious three-bedroom Greenwich Village apartment which she inherited from her late parents. Since her only expense holding on to her apartment was a modest building association monthly maintenance fee, Julia could well afford to back-burner the decision.

Julia did not have confidence in her ability to safely or effectively cane Annabel. She gave doing so a fair college try in New York. Then she asked Clara and Hannah to administer canings when appropriate. Julia fully intended to find the time to practice, and even be coached by Hannah, using the cane, but that would be in the future.

During the trip, Julia would spank Annabel before she was diapered for bed on those evenings when she was in the hotel at the correct time. Once she planned to use the hairbrush, but that time Annabel already had one obvious cane welt or technically a 'wheal'.

Therefore, Julia asked Annabel if she would be satisfied with just a hand 'paddy-whacking'. Annabel accepted this compromise with good spirits, largely because Hannah would gladly supplement those hand spankings with a few judicious strokes of a cane.

As mentioned previously, during the trip Annabel only wet her night diapers a couple of nights each week. Those wettings were really annoying dribbling and not serious enuresis flooding. However, Annabel was comforted by being diapered for bed. Hannah had no problem with accommodating Annabel's desire.

In fact, a few occasions when Julia had spare time, once she had spanked Annabel, she practiced diapering her. Hannah was right there as coach. By the end of the first week of the trip Hannah told Julia she was experienced enough she should try diapering Annabel solo. That was a very special daughter/mother occasion.

The drive down from New York was long enough that instead of trying to find a public toilet along the road, Annabel had wet her diaper. Hannah simply changed that at the next scheduled stop.

Otherwise Annabel had good daytime bowel and bladder control. Still being diapered comforted Annabel. Each morning, she would discuss the day's planned activities. If they could find even a silly excuse about no toilets being available, Annabel would be diapered. Hannah always carried the new diaper bag, so if nothing more she would diaper Annabel for the drive back to the Bellevue-Stratford.

Richard had promised to travel to Philadelphia every weekend Julia and Annabel were there. That was why Julia had a two-bedroom suite! That was why she put all four of her new hairbrushes in her jewelry case which she packed personally. Edna Lyall had packed all the other

suitcases and trunks at the mansion and unpacked them at the Bellevue-Stratford.

Arthur Swift, Richard's new valet, had packed a trunk with a couple of suits and black-tie dinner clothes so Richard could travel with a single-suitcase as luggage. That had been shipped the Tuesday of the First Week, and was already in what would be Richard's hotel bedroom. That was the first time Mr. Swift had traveled with Richard. They were fated to travel hundreds of thousands of miles together until his retirement in 1956.

Nanny Clara Parson was also invited to travel with Richard and Arthur. This was a vacation for her, because her assistant Hannah Randall was looking after Annabel.

In Clara's research into a suitable private grade school for Annabel, Clara had been talking to former employers, some of the now grown children she helped raise and many of her nanny pals. The consensus was that Annabel, who had never attended a school, could not deal with a co-educational school, at least at first.

Therefore the best all girls grade school in their Upper East Side neighborhood was the Grace-Westrige School on the bank of the East River at East Seventieth Street.

On the First Wednesday of the trip, Nanny Parsons dialed the number of that school. Over the phone when Clara introduced herself as the nanny for Annabel, daughter of Richard and Julia Barclay, the school receptionist seemed to be virtually bowing and scraping.

Within seconds Head Mistress Helen Abbott was on the line. She assured Clara that a place in fourth grade would be found for Annabel. She never asked why it was the nanny and not the mother making the call. Clara never explained.

Helen did say, "Normally we like for the parents, the girl and us to meet before the formal enrollment; perhaps shortly after the Fourth of July? When girls of nine have been educated by governesses and nannies, often they are advanced for their age in some subjects and not quite up to conventional grade expectations in other subjects. Usually a girl of nine would enter fourth grade. Rarely might she be more comfortable in third grade or even fifth grade. Please communicate my desire to help educate Annabel in the very best ways possible."

Clara said that she would communicate with Julia Barclay that day. She would also ask Mr. Richard Barclay to communicate about the financial issues, so a check could be sent by messenger that day.

Clara had been invited to lunch with Miss Allison Smith, a younger nanny she did not know well, but who was the daughter of an old friend. Just because the school for Annabel crises was under control, did not seem a reason to cancel that lunch.

That smaller Warbucks' mansion was only two blocks north on Park Avenue at East Seventy-Fifth Street. The day was clear and pleasingly warm, so Clara decided walk to that home and perhaps take a taxi home.

The lunch was in the servant's hall. However, the Mistress of that home agreed with Julia that those serving should be treated with respect, so the sign on the door was 'Staff Dining Hall'. The food was as good as that being prepared by Chef Jane Wilson.

After lunch, during which Clara admitted it appeared Annabel would attend Grace-Westrige, her young friend invited her to see her own bedroom, the older girl's room and the nursery, all on the second floor. Everything was posh, but hardly out of the ordinary. The baby boy was only one year-old, and no problem. The middle daughter was three and a half. "Nanny Parson, can you believe that silly girl, Annie, still wets her bed every night. I have told her nobody ever started First Grade in a diaper, although days at home I do not actually diaper the girl."

Clara replied, "Annie does seem to not be interested in toilet training. To tell you the truth, my only child, Annabel, turned nine in early April; her father just re-married. She regressed to wetting not just at night but also during the day frequently enough I need to diaper her.

"I never expected that with a girl so old. But at least my Mistress uses that DyDee diaper delivery service. They also bought those new-fangled rubber pants made by PlayTex.

"Her parents own the Barclay store on Fifth Avenue. I am sure they would be very happy to give you a sample of those PlayTex rubber pants. I'll phone there right away. I'd give you some of my girl's, but they would be too big."

"That is very generous of you. I have just read about those pants. You say they work well, Nanny Parson?" Allison asked eagerly.

"I had expected some terrible diaper rash because my Annabel had not worn a diaper since she was four, and then without rubber pants. She has not had a rash with these new rubber pants. My Mistress, who is also an executive at the store, says those PlayTex pants are selling very well," Clara explained.

"But, Nanny Parson, Annie with all her wetting is not the worst problem. That would be her older sister Lavinia who is six. I dislike the word 'brat' but nothing else describes Lavinia. She throws tantrums as if she was two and she lies like a trooper," Allison blushed in embarrassment.

"My Mistress cannot deal with Lavinia, so she pays me well. I started out spanking the girl on her bare bottom with my hand, and I can smack exceptionally hard. That did not impress Lavinia. Her mother allowed me to spank her with a hairbrush, something I had never seen done on a girl that young.

“When I spanked her hard enough with the hairbrush, she bruised badly. That is the problem with red hair! I admit I was at my wits end with worry.

“Then I talked to an older nanny who has a similar problem with an eight year-old girl. They live down The Avenue at East Sixty-Eighth Street. That girl is also a redhead with delicate skin to go with a lying mouth. Somehow that nanny found a store dealing in uniforms and punishment supplies.”

“Nanny Smith, if you mean the store on West Thirty-Ninth Street, I know the place, Upper Manhattan Uniforms. We just bought some slender English rattan canes there” Clara said.

“Yes, Nanny Parson; that is the store! The owner, Brendan Ryan, agreed that Lavinia is too small for even the most delicate cane. Instead he showed me something else. It is a leather paddle with holes in the business end.

“Walk with me to Lavinia’s room and I will show you. They have a somewhat larger and heavier version, for girls past puberty. It has more and larger holes, which are intended to increase the sting without causing more bruises.”

In Lavinia’s room, which seemed to be decorated as if the child was sixteen and not six, Allison handed Clara that magic paddle.

Burned into the leather on the stiffer side was ‘Victorian Girls’ Spanker’. It was smooth polished high-quality saddle leather with the smooth side out. The rough side was covered in light gray horse hide polished so it was similar to patent leather.

Clara smacked the softer gray side against her left palm. “Oh, My Gracious! Nanny Smith, that stings more than I expected. And you say they also sell a larger one for older girls?”

“Indeed, yes, Nanny Parson. It is called ‘Victorian Ladies’ Spanker’ which feels more like a thud and a sting. Of course all I know is from trying it on my hand once at the store. They cost more than a hairbrush, \$4.00 for the bigger one and \$3.00 for the one I bought for use on Lavinia. It seems to be working, because today is the fourth in a row when I have not needed to spank Lavinia. That has not happened during the two years I have worked here as the Nanny. Lavinia was difficult when they hired me.”

“Nanny Smith, that paddle is so ingenious. Who thinks up such things? I gather Lavinia is away, and the younger ones will be up from their nap soon, I am sure. You and your Housekeeper have been so kind to me today.

“I walked here today for the exercise. Would it be possible for your Housekeeper or Butler to find me a taxi?” Clara said with emotion.

The result was the family chauffeur was told to drive Clara where she needed to go. Of course the first stop was at Upper Manhattan Uniforms. From there Clara was driven to the Barclay store on Park Avenue. She profusely thanked the chauffeur.

“Nanny Parson, did you just hire a mate of mine, John Merriman? I served with him during the war. He’s a marvelous bloke; a true hero and modest. A wonderful driver,” the man said.

“I’ve only known Mr. Merriman a few days, but he is a fine gentleman. He drives Mrs. Julia Barclay. You might also know Buddy Edwards who drives Mr. Richard Barclay. Mr. Edwards has been with us a couple of days longer. I have just barely met him, because I am busy with my little girl in the morning. He has driven the Master to his office before I can get down for a bite. It is a hard life being a chauffeur!” Clara said.

“Nanny, we all have a hard life and most people cannot do the jobs we do. But truth be told, we have the best jobs in the world!” the man said.

“That is the truth!” Clara agreed.

He drove off. Clara rode the elevator up to the Executive Offices. She was shown to the desk of Agnes Mayo.

“Nanny Parson, in the flesh and looking like a model!” Agnes exaggerated. “What a pleasant surprise. How may I help you?”

“Miss Mayo, this afternoon I had lunch with a young nanny working for the Warbucks Family. She cares for Annie, a girl of three and a half who needs a diaper much of the time. I told her about the PlayTex pants. But the ones we have for Annabel would be too large for the younger girl.

“Could you ask someone to pick out the correct size and send them to the Warbucks Mansion? The nanny is young, and very nice. Her name is Allison Smith. I have my own money to pay for the rubber pants and delivery. I would never use the petty cash the family gives me for such a gift,” Clara offered with dignity.

“No thank you, Nanny Parsons. Here at this store we value the chance to impress a customer new to us. Nothing sells those PlayTex pants as effectively as having nannies, and even mothers, try them on their own little ones.

“We should be paying you a sales commission. Could you wait here for just a few minutes while I make the arrangements?”

“Miss Jones, will you offer Nanny Parsons some refreshments and be sure she is comfortable?” Agnes instructed.

Seconds later Agnes spoke to a sales associate in the infant department.

“Nanny Parsons, a dozen of the correct sizes of PlayTex pants are being brought up here now. They will be wrapped as a gift, with the store logo showing.

“Now, when they get here, how about I have one of our courtesy drivers take you to the Warbucks Mansion and then back to the Barclay Mansion? Believe me, it is the least we can do.”

Once Clara returned to the Barclay mansion, she asked Janet Shaw to leave a message for Julia in Philadelphia. “Please tell Mrs. Barclay that Annabel has been accepted by the Grace-Westrige School for Girls. That was the most recommended such school.

“Also, I am bringing with me a surprise to help both Annabel and Mrs. Barclay. If she needs more information before I see her, I will either be in my room or in the staff dining room.”

Friday afternoon, Clara included two each of the Ladies’ and Girls’ ‘Spankers’ in her suitcase. Hannah had not blabbed, and might not even have guessed Julia had purchased a selection of hairbrushes. Nanny Parson figured that out because detecting deceit is her life’s work. Personally she could care less that Julia owned some new hairbrushes. The bedroom antics of the filthy rich were not Clara’s concern.

The train trip was ever so much fun for Clara. Buddy Edwards drove them to Pennsylvania Station in the polished Rolls Royce. Red caps took charge of the luggage. In the past few times Clara had gone on a vacation by train it was in a crowded car on hard seats. This trip was in a large Pullman stateroom, with lovely upholstered seats.

Best of all, Clara Parsons would have a guest room all to herself. That was a true luxury. She had never traveled with Annabel. Before Clara started working for the Barclays, when she traveled as a nanny she either slept in the same room as the children or was relegated to the sparse rooms hotels normally assign to servants.

John Merriman was waiting at the Philadelphia train station in the other Rolls Royce. “Mr. Barclay, your wife is in an important meeting, but you must know that. Annabel wanted to wait here for you, but there was not enough room. She asked me to tell you and Nanny Parsons she has missed you. Mr. Swift, I presume to speak for young Annabel in saying she did not mean to slight you. She could well not know you are traveling with her father.”

Arthur Swift graciously replied, “Mr. Merriman, I never would think a girl as charming as Annabel would slight me. In good time we will be introduced. I am sure we will become good friends.”

Probably that was not a sentiment any father of a precocious nine year-old girl wanted to hear. Richard did not seem to have paid any attention.

At the Bellevue-Stratford there were many hugs and kisses of delight. Julia was overjoyed about Grace-Westrige as the school for Annabel. She praised Clara for all her hard work.

When Annabel was alone with just Clara and Hannah Randall in her room, she had a million questions about that exclusive private school.

“Lambie Pie,” Clara began, “That sweet Head Mistress, Helen Abbott, knew you would have questions, so she asked me to give you these pamphlets and photos. Once you return home, you will be given a personal tour of the school. I took a taxi there to see for myself. It is just beautiful, with a view of The East River and the shore beyond.”

Once Julia had come to the room to escort Annabel to a dinner with just the two of them, plus Richard, Clara took the opportunity to show Hannah both of the leather spankers:

“Hannah, between that Nanny Allison Smith and Brendan Ryan, the owner of the ‘cane’ store, I gather that in the late 1890s ‘private’ day and boarding schools for the daughters of elite families were just getting started. You know in England they call schools where the parents pay ‘Public Schools’ and what we think of as a public school they call a ‘State School’. Sounds very confusing to me.

“About that time all the schools for boys were transitioning from beating them with bundles of nasty tree branches they call ‘Birching’ to using smoother rattan rods they call ‘Canes’. Which leave long marks called ‘wheels’. For less serious misbehavior boys are caned upon their outstretched palms.

“Two or three of those newly formed elite schools for girls did not want to leave cane marks. They also did not want to use more flexible leather belts, like the ‘tawse’ from Scotland or the stiffer and shorter strap used in Catholic school on the hands of naughty boys and girls. These new schools worried that strapping hands could cause long-term serious injury.

“Back then the American-style wooden school paddle was not in use in England. The advantage of the American paddle is no clothing needs to be removed. But those schools only have girls as students and no men on the faculty or staff. Their thinking was why not spank bare derrières? Those holes allow the ‘Spanker’ to move faster through the air, so the sting is greater. The beauty part is the sensation is unpleasant with virtually no bruising.

“I know they say use the smaller ‘Spanker’ on little girls. I bought the larger ‘Ladies’ Spanker’ because Annabel might respect the thud as much as the sting.”

“Nanny Parsons,” Hannah began, “I still am not always sure what Annabel is thinking. She is so emotional when I diaper her for bed after Julia has given her only a moderate hand spanking or a few soft smacks with her hairbrush.

“Yet today, Annabel actually did regress to real inconsiderate misbehavior in her room before we were scheduled to meet other people at the zoo. I had not yet diapered her, nor even decided if she should be diapered surrounded by boys and girls of various ages. So she was still wearing her cotton panties under her dress.

“I made her bend over the upholstered chair and hold her skirt out of the way. I gave her six very hard strokes with the thinnest supple kind of cane that I am told hurts the worst.

“Annabel did not move, yell or even shed a tear. I am sure she was smirking at me. You know that expression of hers. So I gave her another six cane strokes. I am not sure how I could have administered those strokes any harder.

“I sure hope one or the other of these ‘Spankers’ will impress Annabel enough she controls her worst instincts.

“Can I safely assume that Grace-Westrige School spans the girls when they are naughty?”

“The Head Mistress hinted they do spank, when she asked me if Annabel is spanked and if that teaches her a lesson. All I replied was that Julia and I spank the girl. I did not add that we all are convinced that Annabel wants to be spanked. Come to think about it, perhaps a majority of the other girls from elite families think like Annabel?”

Clara paused to reflect upon her own remarks, “Hannah, to me those are scary thoughts.

“Now, My Darling, please show me this special service dining room you mentioned in a letter. Am I right, the food is what the guests are eating, but we pay less than a fourth the price?”

“Nanny Parsons, yesterday my dinner was fit for a queen and I only paid 55 cents! Let us walk down to that dining room. I have a special pass. We take the service elevator or stairs. The only catch is we are expected to buss our own table.

“It is so democratic Julia would love it, if there was away to sneak her in there,” Hannah said with a belly laugh.

She led Clara to the service elevator. They loved their meals, which only cost them 55 cents each!

As they were leaving the Staff Dining Room, they nearly collided with Julia’s lady’s maid, Edna Lyall. Clara told her she had a wrapped present for Julia. She wanted that put somewhere in Julia’s room where she could find it and if Richard was in there he would not notice the package. Edna promised that could be done, to just give her forty-five minutes to eat.

Once they were in the privacy of Annabel's room inside the suite she shared with Hannah and Edna, Clara told all about discovering the 'Spankers'. "What you might not know is that the mystery package you picked up from Julia contained four different wooden hairbrushes. It seems she had 'borrowed' Annabel's. Julia confessed to me that she wanted Richard to show her what Annabel had experienced. Apparently Richard had not given Julia a good enough spanking.

"When I saw the two sizes of 'Spankers' I hoped those would get some romance started with Julia and Richard. Still, we all know it is Gertrude who needs a spanking or caning badly!"

The restaurant dinner of Annabel with Richard and Julia was much fun for all. While in New York, Julia and Annabel had never gone to a restaurant together. It had been over a year since Annabel was in a restaurant with her father.

Richard was happy Annabel was so relaxed, clearing loving Julia. Still, back at the Bellevue-Stratford, Julia excused herself from Richard so she could walk with Annabel to her room. The girl had begged for a spanking from Julia that night to help her sleep.

Based on the marks already on Annabel's derrière, the best Julia dared was to administer less than a 'friendly paddy-whacking' with her hand. Unfortunately Julia did not notice the brand-new 'Girls' Spanker' beside the hairbrush on the bedside table. After the spanking Julia and Annabel exchanged kisses, before Hannah was asked to diaper the girl for bed.

A few minutes later, once Annabel was tucked into bed with sheets and blankets covering her diaper, Julia and Richard came in to give her goodnight kisses.

Back in Julia's suite, while Richard was in his bedroom changing for bed, Edna undressed Julia and helped her into an especially sexy short nightie, similar to a modern 'baby-doll'. While doing so Edna handed Julia the present from Clara.

Only after Edna left the suite for her own bedroom did Julia open the package; the "Victorian Ladies' Spanker' really intrigued her. She also made a mental note to present the 'Victorian Girls' Spanker' to Annabel as an alternative to using her hand or the hairbrush. Julia at the time did not know Annabel already had a 'Girls' Spanker' in her room.

Richard was not thrilled when Julia said she needed to be spanked. "Darling, it has been over a week. I must have been naughty and besides, when you spank me it puts me in a romantic mood, which I cannot explain."

She proffered all four of the hairbrushes. All had similar handles. It is common for men to dislike using a female style oval hairbrush as a

spanking implement because the handles are uncomfortably small and slippery in male size hands.

However, Richard felt the leather handle to be most comfortable. He spanked a pillow a few times and was confident. Julia held up the skirt of her nightie as she crawled over his lap, revealing she was not wearing panties.

Richard pretended to scold her about the lack of panties as he gave her a substantial spanking with the leather implement. It took no effort by him to create an effective mixture of sting and thud which satisfied Julia.

“Darling, that new ‘thing’ is something we should keep all the time. Maybe tomorrow you will be a very naughty girl” Richard said as he kissed his wife deeply. Then they made love passionately until both were exhausted.

Saturday morning (17 June 1933) Richard accompanied Julia to the offices of Rogers of Philadelphia. He met those on staff he did not previously know. He was given a tour of the store and warehouses. Richard not having seen those before the take-over noted no problems. Julia did say design and procedure changes would be happening before Richard visited again the following Saturday.

After the tour and a catered lunch with all the executives and department heads, Richard had John Merriman drive him back to the Bellevue-Stratford so he could spend the afternoon having an adventure with Annabel. She decided on her own to not wear a diaper, so that Hannah would not need to accompany them.

John Merriman drove them on a tour of Philadelphia so Annabel could tell her Daddy all the sights she had visited. Her insight about those places was far more mature and sophisticated than Richard expected from a child. He also was pleased to notice that Annabel’s voice was richer, and not an annoying whine as had been the case since she learned to talk.

The evening plan was for Richard to take Julia and Annabel to that tourist place, ‘Bookbinders Restaurant’ which then specialized in great seafood. Because by dinner time Annabel was no longer confident about controlling her bladder, she decided she absolutely needed to be diapered under her dress.

Julia understood and discreetly explained to Richard. Therefore both Hannah and Clara were invited to not only accompany them, they would be sharing the table. A call from the Bellevue-Stratford concierge secured the addition to Richard’s reservation.

Clara was happy about the new confidence and vastly improved deportment of Annabel. Part of the dinner conversation was Annabel expressing her enthusiasm for enrolling at Grace-Westrige.

“Daddy, Nanny Parsons brought me pamphlets and pictures of the school. I am so looking forward to meeting the head Mistress when we get back home.”

Richard mentioned that the deposit check had been sent to the school by store messenger.

Back at the hotel, Richard lingered in the living room of Annabel’s suite with her while in Julia’s bedroom Edna was undressing her and changing her into a more functional house dress.

Re-dressed, Julia slipped the ‘Girls’ Spanker’ into a pocket and walked down the hall to Annabel’s suite. She dismissed Richard with a chaste kiss. Then she led Annabel into her bedroom.

“Well, Lambie Pie, I assume you still expect me to spank you so you will sleep better?”

“Yes, Mommy, that is our agreement,” Annabel answered without hesitation.

“Lambie Pie, I have a special present for you. It will hurt you more than me,” Julia chortled, producing the leather paddle.

Annabel giggled as she held out to Julia her own ‘Girls’ Spanker’ which had been on her table even on Friday night. “Mommy, I love the thought. Great minds do think alike, but I already have one of those. Nanny Parsons gave it to me, but I have not felt it yet!”

Julia personally helped Annabel to undress. She removed the girl’s damp diaper. Then she helped Annabel put on the nightie Hannah had laid out before dinner.

Annabel crawled over Julia’s lap. “Please Mommy, may I have a spanking?”

The sting from the ‘Girls’ Spanker’ satisfied Annabel. It turned out the smaller paddle did not produce much thud, but it was the sting which Annabel found important. Julia did notice six parallel wheals from a cane. After the spanking Julia was confident the ‘Girls’ Spanker had not exacerbated the marks on Annabel’s delicate derriere.

Following the spanking Julia confidently diapered her daughter. Then she tucked the girl into bed. “Lambie Pie, I’ll bring your Daddy in to wish you happy dreams.

Less than two minutes later Julia returned hand-in-hand with Richard. Annabel kissed them separately and together. “Daddy and Mommy, I love you so much. I am so sorry for being horrid about your wedding. I was wrong and selfish about so many things.”

Back in Julia’s bedroom, no spanking was necessary to put her in the mood. Richard was becoming a far more confident lover every time she

had sex with him. She knew it was going to be an excruciating long wait until Richard could return to Philadelphia the next Friday.

“You selfish rat, Richard! You are taking the Pullman with Clara and Arthur back to New York early tomorrow. Here I am stuck in Philadelphia on a Sunday. That is not fair!”

“Darling, don’t blame me for the ‘Blue Laws’ which must make selling Philadelphia as a tourist destination a horrid job. At least none of the other department stores here can open on Sunday. We save on wages,” Richard commented as Julia hit him with a pillow.

“Ready for Round Two, Big Boy?” Julia coyly asked.

It had been a marvelous visit.

“Seriously, Richard, I did not have enough time to talk to Clara Parsons. Would you mind escorting her down here next Friday? Or, how about all of you spend the week here?”

“Darling Julia that I cannot do. I must keep the Fifth Avenue store making a profit while you are solving all the Rogers of Philadelphia problems. But I will gladly bring Clara back here. On the train she was a hoot and a half.”

What Richard did not tell Julia were some of his security concerns:

During the first week Julia, Annabel and entourage were in Philadelphia, Richard had a disturbing meeting with his divorce/family law attorneys about the adoption of Annabel and the status of his former wife Jessica.

The good news was that all the attorneys agreed with Julia that legally a New York Chancery Judge would approve Julia adopting the child, with very little cost. The basis was that Jessica had given her parental claims as part of the divorce.

However, the disturbing news was that Jessica had to be investigated to discover where she was living. As part of that investigation it became clear that recently Jessica’s mental health had deteriorated.

The worst case scenario was that Jessica might have Julia and/or Richard harmed, even killed. She could have Annabel kidnapped or harmed. The attorneys and Ronald Butterfield strongly recommended that Richard, Julia and Annabel all needed armed bodyguards.

Not so much to save money, but to keep Julia from worrying, Ron suggested arming Richard’s chauffeur Buddy Edwards and Julia’s chauffeur John Merriman. Their employment background checks showed both had excellent military records, receiving medals for heroism and marksmanship. Mr. Edwards was a World War I veteran and a Master pistol shooter. Mr. Merriman served in WWI as a sergeant in the US Army M.P. Corp and was considered an excellent shot with pistols.

Mr. Edwards was willing to receive a New York City Sullivan Act concealed weapon permit (CCW). His new uniform was designed so he could draw his weapon from a shoulder holster quickly. He could practice on the security department pistol firing range down deep in a sub-basement of the Barclay's store.

With all the newspaper headiness in 1933, Richard worried about dangers to Annabel in Philadelphia beyond Jessica. Ron agreed to make a day-trip to Philadelphia to discuss all this discreetly and privately with John Merriman. Of course John assured Special Agent Butterfield that he would take a bullet to protect Julia and Annabel.

“But Ron, so far I always was able to kill or disable the enemy. Anyone trying to harm Annabel or Julia is an enemy. I would take them out without hesitation!”

The Pinkerton office in Philadelphia swore in John as one of their Special Operatives, obtained his Pennsylvania CCW and issued him a Colt .45 ACP semi-automatic pistol, with which John was a proven excellent shot. The paperwork was started for John's NYC Sullivan Act CCW, which would be ready by the time he returned to Manhattan. At that time he would be issued a Colt .45 registered to the Barclay Security Department, as had happened with Mr. Edwards.

Only in 1935 did Julia find out the two chauffeurs were armed. She entirely saw the reasons and fully approved.