

# Miss Annabel and Julia

## Chapter 15

### “A Down Payment On A Honeymoon”

Fiction by Angela Bauer

*By the time Samuel Schwartz reached the Philadelphia train station of his solo return trip to Manhattan, the drizzle had stopped completely in the city. It had been clear on The Main Line at the Rogers' Mansion even before the Barclay entourage arrived there for brunch. Sam thought the clear weather there proved that that was one of the benefits of living in a very rich neighborhood.*

In Annabel's suite, seconds after Julia Barclay told Hannah she was taking over the care of her daughter, Hannah walked into her bedroom. She undressed, took a quick warm shower and put herself to bed. The warm water helped ease the throbbing in Hannah's delicate derriere created by the heavy strap of Mother Superior Mary Caroline shortly after early Mass that morning.

In the suite's other bedroom, Julia felt confident as she undressed Annabel without waking the girl. Her diaper inside her PlayTex panties was dry enough for a nap. So all Julia needed to do was pull the same long sleep shirt her daughter had worn for a nap on The Main Line over Annabel's head.

*'She did not need a pill, or a spanking, to settle down'* Julia thought as she watched Annabel sleeping in her hotel bed as peacefully as a baby.

That thought did make logical sense. Annabel's bed was made up with a rubber sheet to protect the mattress, and the nine-year-old was

diapered as if she was a toddler because she often had no bladder control when sleeping.

Julia reasoned that usually Annabel slept alone in her room, since her Nanny Hannah Randall was in the suite. So, Julia took advantage of the opportunity to walk down the hall to her own suite. There she asked her lady's maid Edna Lyall to remove her day makeup and replace it with just her rose bedroom lipstick. Then Julia took a short warm bubble bath.

Once dry, Edna dressed her in the most alluring and revealing baby doll nightie. After Edna left to change for her own early dinner, Julia glided through the living room of her suite to the bedroom of her loving husband, Richard Barclay.

It was slightly awkward because Richard's valet Arthur Swift answered the knock. Hearing his Master's new bride's soft voice, he summoned Richard to actually open his own door, while Arthur discreetly hid in the bathroom.

Richard was only partially undressed. He opened the door, kissed Julia passionately and promised her he would finish changing for bed. In a few minutes he would join her in her bedroom.

The second Richard saw, through the peep hole, that Julia had shut her door, he signaled Arthur to sneak out of the suite. That was a scene from a Screwball Comedy. Then Richard finished dressing himself so he could properly have an unexpected 'quickie' with his bride.

Richard and Julia were still young enough to have the energy to be passionate. Some of their sexual activities were gentle, yet there was just enough leather 'Ladies' Spanker' action on Julia's beautiful derriere to satisfy her needs. By this time Richard was feeling confident that he was not abusing Julia. Those smacks with the leather implement were her turn-on, so they became his turn-on.

Suddenly Julia realized that she had not instructed Hannah to resume the care of Annabel. Her clock showed the time to be 5:15 P.M.

"Darling, I was irresponsible. I will remind you to properly punish me for that later," Julia cooed to Richard.

She got up, barely dressed, to use the phone in her suite's living room. "Hannah, I am sorry to disturb you. I forgot to tell you when I left Annabel alone napping. You need to check her diaper now. My husband and I are indisposed, so we will be dining alone in our suite."

That was a dose of reality for Hannah. Being a nanny is an around the clock job. Nannies may only sleep when the children in their care are safely sleeping. Diapers need to be checked every couple of hours during the day.

Hannah put on one of her 'Nanny Dresses' so she would be ready to change or bathe Annabel. When she was beside the bed, the girl was

sleeping cuddling her 'Gwendolyn Rabbit' plush toy. Without waking her, Hannah could feel the diaper inside the PlayTex rubber panties was wet enough to justify changing it, but that could wait a few more minutes.

So, using the living room phone, Hannah called the Assistant Managers' desk. David Ramsey was not on duty, but it was Willard Harris who was on duty and answered the phone. "No, Miss Randall, the practice room is not being used or reserved the rest of the evening."

"Then Mr. Harris, would you reserve the hour starting at 6:15 P.M. for Annabel Barclay? Next, will you make a reservation for her, me and possibly a guest in the main restaurant at 7:15 P.M. I'll phone the maitre d' there if we will not have a guest.

"Thank you for everything, Mr. Harris," Hannah said with genuine feeling.

Returning to Annabel, Hannah gently shook her until she was awake. "Lambie Pie, we need to hurry. You have a piano practice session scheduled at 6:15. There is not enough time for you to have a bath.

"Please get up so I can at least change your diaper before dressing you to rehearse and then have dinner."

"Nanny, I forgot about more practice. I had a good rehearsal at the new house this afternoon. How about I take a very quick bath, with your help, and then if I am a little late for rehearsal, then I will just miss a few minutes?"

"Lambie Pie, I am sure that will be just fine. I'll start your bath running and then undress you."

Thus it happened. Annabel stepped into her tub and obediently remained still as she was bathed. Then she was dried, double-diapered and had her hair styled for early evening. She was not wearing her best dress, but it fit her well and disguised her diaper bulge. With white knee socks and black flat Mary Janes, Annabel looked like a polite young lady.

Hannah quickly changed from her utilitarian nanny dress to a more stylish frock. She applied just a touch of her own lipstick and also used a hint of Annabel's pink lipstick on her. Finally she hoisted the diaper bag. Hand-in-hand with Annabel, they waited for the elevator down to the practice room.

It was only 6:20 P.M. when Annabel sat on the piano bench and began to run some scales. She had just finished rehearsing one of Maestro Leopold Stokowski's shorter unpublished piano pieces when it was time to go to dinner.

During the rehearsal, Hannah had phoned Nanny Parsons in her guest room. It turned out Clara Parsons had met a widow about her age (53) that afternoon. They had their own dinner plans at a restaurant highly

recommended across the street from the Bellevue-Stratford. In fact that was where Edna had her date on Friday evening.

Being responsible, Hannah then called the maitre d' to say Annabel would not have a guest for dinner. She also said that Annabel was running about ten minutes late. "Will this be a problem?"

"Of course not, Miss Randall; you and Annabel are our honored guests. Your table will be waiting when you arrive" promised the maitre d' politely.

"Lambie Pie, would you be more comfortable in a fresh diaper before dinner? Nanny Parsons says to wish you a very good night. She will be eating with a friend elsewhere. So it will only be the two of us together for dinner this evening."

In the ladies' room Hannah changed Annabel into a dry single diaper, with fresh PlayTex panties. After washing her hands, she applied more than a hint of Annabel's pink lipstick. She also re-applied her own lipstick so she hardly looked like a seventeen-year-old nanny-in-training. Perhaps strangers would think of her as Annabel's older sister.

The meal was outstanding, as was the service. Annabel only had a single Shirley Temple non-alcoholic cocktail. Hannah had learned her lesson. She drank a 'Blonde Shirley Temple' which is a fancy name for plain ginger ale in a stemmed Champaign cocktail glass.

Just at an exciting point in their mad monkey love-making, Julia was interrupted by an emergency call from her personal secretary, Trudy Josse. "I am so sorry to intrude on your honeymoon, Mrs. Barclay. A situation has developed.

"A woman unfamiliar to me is on the other phone. She introduced herself as Ruth Madison Hoffstadt. She wants to arrange for Annabel to play with her daughter tomorrow.

"Should I pass her off to Hannah?"

"No, Miss Josse, you did the right thing reaching me. That is our new neighbor on The Main Line. Please ask her to wait another minute. Then have the hotel operator patch her to my living room phone. I need a second to figure out how to handle her," Julia said, switching from honeymoon to business mode instantly. She also left Richard with a deep kiss, found her own steno pad and waited in the living room for the call to be transferred.

"Ruth, I agree, our daughters had a wonderful time at brunch today. Unfortunately I am not as informed as I should be about Annabel's Monday schedule. May I take down your phone number? Then my I ask her Nanny Randall, yes the tall one, to return your call? I am sure the girls will have fun together, and our homes are lovely, as is your Nanny Violet.

Probably Nanny Randall is having dinner in a restaurant with Annabel right now.”

As Annabel and Hannah waited for dessert, Hannah received a call from Julia. “Nanny, my husband and I will be out very late” Julia lied. “Please make my apologies to my daughter. Just put her to bed as both of you see fit when you consider the time to be appropriate. I will join her for breakfast in the practice room about 7:30 A.M. Monday morning. Both of you have a very good night.

“Now, Ruth Hoffstadt just called to arrange for Annabel to play with Betty tomorrow at the Main Line home. Doesn’t Annabel already have an adventure scheduled with Susan Manchester? Would it be polite to re-arrange that adventure so that Annabel could show Susan the new home and at the same time the two of them could play with Betty?

“I have faith that you can negotiate all that with Leticia Manchester and Ruth Hoffstadt. Frankly, I am beginning to see why Leonard Rogers’ was so willing to make us a sweetheart deal on his property. Had I known before, what I now know about Ruth Hoffstadt, I might have asked that we keep on looking at other mansions!”

Acting as a well-brought-up and polite young lady, Annabel never asked why Hannah received that phone call.

“Lambie Pie, it is still well before your bedtime. Would you like to do anything else until then?”

Hannah had spotted a well-dressed large gentleman seated by himself with his back to a wall who never lost track of Annabel. She assumed he was one of John Merriman’s ‘associates’ probably an armed Pinkerton bodyguard. She knew if she did take Annabel for a walk they would be protected.

“Nanny, I notice people arriving are wearing dry thin coats, so the weather must be nice. Could we go for a walk outside?

“But first, is it early enough I could talk to Susan and her mother about plans for our Monday adventure?”

“Annabel Darling that would be considerate and polite. While you were taking your nap” Hannah lied, “your mother asked if the adventure could include a tour of the new house and also some time both of you could play with Betty?”

“Of course, Nanny, that would be fun. My only concern is that Susan’s family does not live in such a grand house. I do not want to show-off to Susan. What if I talk to Susan on one phone while you make arrangements with Betty’s mother or Nanny Jackson?”

Hannah asked the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel’s operator to connect her with Ruth Hoffstadt. “Good evening Mrs. Hoffstadt. I am Hannah Randall, Annabel’s nanny. Mrs. Barclay asked me to make arrangements with you

so our girls can play together on Monday. Annabel enjoys Betty and wants to spend some more time with her before we all return to Manhattan.

“Annabel has promised another girl to have an adventure together on Monday. She already wants to show her friend the former Rogers’ Mansion. Annabel thinks, and I agree, that the other girl, Susan Manchester, will like Betty and that Betty probably will like Susan.

“Our proposal is that we drive Susan and her mother Leticia out to the Main Line by, say, 10 A.M. on Monday. It is our turn to take the Manchesters to lunch. Mrs. Barclay told me to make it clear you, Betty and Nanny Violet are most welcome as our guest.

“The practical difficulty is that the Barclay automobile only seats three adults and two children on the jump seats. Would it be possible your chauffeur could drive some of us to a restaurant? The Barclays do not yet have a staff at their new home.”

“Nanny Randall, this is most unexpected and generous on the part of Mrs. Barclay. The thing is I do not drive and we do not have a chauffeur. My husband drives himself to and from his business. We have an older auto as a spare in our garage, but I don’t know if it works.

“I do, however, have an excellent cook. Would you and Annabel’s guests care to be my guest for lunch at our home tomorrow? We all will still eat and there will be no transportation problems” Ruth offered, just as Julia had predicted to herself.

“Mrs. Hoffstadt, on behalf of Mrs. Barclay and Annabel, I accept your invitation with honor and gratitude” Hannah honestly said. “We normally pick-up Susan and Leticia Manchester, at their home, at 10 A.M. for these adventures. Annabel is talking to Susan now. I will ask her to advance the pick-up to 9:40 A.M. so we should be parked in the Barclay driveway by 10:00 A.M.”

Ruth answered, “Nanny, we all look forward to joining in this ‘adventure’ with you.

“I never had the chance to discuss our children with Julia Barclay during brunch. It is possible that things happen differently here in Philadelphia. Yesterday was the first time Violet was invited to sit and eat in my presence. Neither of us felt uncomfortable later. However, in my home, Violet will eat with the other servants in their own dining hall.

“Since you are not only the nanny, but also the surrogate for Annabel’s parents, you are most welcome to eat at my table. Had we eaten at a restaurant, Violet would have been required to use the servant’s entrance and eat with other hired help. I doubt she would be comfortable otherwise.”

“Thank you for your candor and information. I will do my best to communicate all that to Mr. and Mrs. Barclay. I feel they will want to

discuss those topics with you privately. Again, we look forward to seeing you nice people tomorrow at 10 A.M.," Hannah managed to say politely.

In her mind the closest she could be too polite characterizing Ruth was 'That stupid, raciest bitch!' To Hannah, white trash did not have to be poor. Ruth clearly had slept through her classes in cotillion and decent manners. Probably Ruth and Gertrude would be as peas in a pod.

Annabel reported that Susan and her mother were enthusiastic about the drive to the Main Line and meeting Betty. They would have Susan's diaper bag re-stocked and with a nap-time sleep shirt be ready to leave by 9:40 A.M. on Monday.

While Annabel and Hannah walked around a couple of blocks on the beautiful Sunday evening. Hannah did need to bring up the topic of 'rain checks'.

"Lambie Pie, Nanny Parsons told me that after you woke up, she gave you a decent walloping. You were as good as gold during brunch. You played nicely with little Betty. You were a delight at dinner. I don't think you deserve a bedtime spanking. It is up to you if you want another rain check. If I were you, I would not count on your Mommy helping you fall to sleep tonight."

"I understand, Nanny. Unless my rump is still marked, could you give me more than a paddy-whacking with my hairbrush before you diaper me for bed?" Annabel asked maturely, as if requesting to be spanked was ordinary conversation.

"Lambie Pie, since it is your request, I will do my duty and spank you firmly when the time comes."

A half hour later, Annabel was nude in her bedroom. She proffered her hairbrush to Hannah and crawled over the waiting capable lap without instruction. Hannah silently counted until she had applied fifty-five smacks of the hairbrush, only less than half being full-strength. Annabel sobbed and went limp, so possibly that spanking was in her mind a 'paddy-whacking'.

Nanny Parson and her friend had a fine dinner, but neither found enough in common to sustain a long-term friendship. As Clara put herself to bed she speculated if it would have been more fun to have dined with Annabel and Hannah.

Edna, Trudy, Arthur and John all had separate plans. None found Philadelphia on a Sunday evening very exciting.

Probably it was Julia and Richard who had the best evening. Room Service was a meal good enough to satisfy them. They made love in several ways. Julia reminded Richard she had been promised punishment for some misbehavior neither of them could remember.

Richard did spank Julia harder than ever by way of punishing her, but to her that was just acceptable as a spanking. Still, she was grateful for the blessings she received by way of romance from Richard. He could only become a better lover with patience, her love and a lot of practice.

Minutes before settling into her bed for the night, each left notes that they needed to be ready to join Annabel for breakfast at 7:30 A.M. and that room service had already been ordered served in the practice room.

Monday, 26 June 1933 was as comfortable in Manhattan as it was in Philadelphia.

Annabel woke up by herself in a dry but sweaty diaper at 6:20 A.M. She needed to use a toilet immediately. Hannah responded to her knock and led the girl to the toilet without delaying to put on a robe.

Annabel's diaper and PlayTex pants were removed. She did clear her bowels and bladder, while Hannah put on a house dress.

There was no discussion of another 'rain check'. Before she was put in the bath tub, Hannah used the 'Girls' Spanker' to administer a decent paddy-whacking. That was enough to reduce Annabel to genuine sobs for a couple of minutes. Following her bath, she was double-diapered and dressed for her breakfast and piano practice.

Julia and Richard arrived on the dot of 7:30 A.M. followed by two room service waiters. They walked to Annabel for hugs and kisses, which did not stop the rehearsal. Hannah joined them for a cup of strong black coffee.

She did notice that Julia was not smoking. Perhaps Richard had spanked her for that nasty habit Saturday evening, Hannah speculated to herself.

Just before 8:00 A.M. Julia went back to her room. Edna styled her hair and applied her business makeup. Unless instructed otherwise, before lunch Edna would take a taxi to the store, so she could re-apply Julia's makeup prior to her lunch and again after her lunch.

Julia and Richard were driven to the store by John Merriman. They were at their desks in the executive offices by 8:15 A.M.

Their first long-distance call was on a private line to Agnes Mayo, Richard's Manhattan executive secretary. They needed the most skilled and trusted available secretary put on the next available train with taxi fare from the Philadelphia train station to the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. She would use a spare desk in Trudy Josse's secret office as Richard's secretary.

"Agnes, please check with Ruth MacAleese. Didn't you mention you were very satisfied with Ethel Jones? If you and Ruth can spare her, Richard would be happy to have her down here, and I hardly mind.

“The store secretary will be here until we return, so she should take the time to ride a taxi home, pack a suitcase and get on a train, even if it is not a Pullman. She will have her own room. Another two-bedroom suite became available this morning on our floor. Ethel or whoever will have one of those bedrooms and Edna Lyall will have the other.

“If I do not move Edna, I doubt that she and Hannah would not pull each other’s hair! Expecting them to peacefully share a bedroom was a stupid idea of mine.

“Trudy is having the phone company install another private line in the secret office, just for Richard. As soon as she knows the number and the line is functioning, Trudy will phone and give that to you.”

Having gotten a significant down payment on his honeymoon that weekend, Richard focused fully on business the rest of the day on Monday. Julia managed to resist loitering in his office and did a lot of work.

Annabel felt she had made progress during her rehearsal. She asked Hannah to release any reservations for the room for the rest of Monday.

Up in her room, Annabel asked if there was time for her to have an unscheduled nap. Hannah saw no reason preventing a nap of an hour. The double-diaper had capacity left, but DyDee was paid the same per week even if no diapers were used. Hannah put Annabel in just a single diaper, since she would need a change before the drive. They needed to drop off some film from Sunday and pick-up any prints or enlargements ready that early. A message was left for John Merriman with the chauffeur concierge that Annabel would be ready for her drive at 9:15 A.M.

At the photo store, the clerks were still thrilled that they had the chance to meet Samuel Schwartz. It turned out that besides being the late Peter Dyckman’s photo assistant, Sam was a much respected author of photo articles in magazines mostly for amateur photographers and camera store clerks. While in their store on Friday afternoon, Sam autographed some of his articles for the clerks.

None of the film from Saturday, the 35mm or Annabel’s larger roll film, had dried after developing enough any could be printed. The favorite clerk was so proud that he had shown Sam their brand-new Leitz enlarger with an expensive high resolution Elmar lens. Sam had taken the time to show them how he used such an enlarger, actually making a print from one of a clerk’s negative.

Annabel was not expecting to take many pictures on Monday, so she believed she had enough film.

The clerks promised to have their delivery messenger bring all of the prints yet to be made to the hotel concierge as soon as possible.

“My Daddy is spending this week with us, so he will be anxious to see the photos this afternoon” Annabel said by way of leaving the store.

Sure enough Susan and Leticia Manchester, along with the diaper bag, were ready as John Merriman stopped the Rolls Royce. He stowed the bag next to Annabel’s in the trunk. Significantly before 10:00 A.M. they all were safely parked in the driveway of ‘Barclay Mansion South’ as Richard named it.

Betty must have been watching from the Hoffstadt mansion. She scampered across her lawn in greeting, with Nanny Violet Jackson in slow pursuit. For Betty the consequence was a few stinging smacks on the backs of her upper thighs below her diaper. Her dress was shorter than the one she wore on Sunday, so even when Betty was standing still, the bottom of her diaper was obvious.

Hannah had keys to the former Rogers’ Family Mansion. She invited everyone inside as she unlocked the front door.

She already knew that the chauffeur Joel Woodhouse was meeting with the Pinkerton office to do the paperwork for his CCW in Pennsylvania and New York and sign him on as a Special Operative. Once that paperwork was filed, Richard’s plan was for Joel to drive the shooting brake up to Manhattan before nightfall. He had his suitcases in the shooting brake. He would see Richard at his office in the Rogers’ store and be given expense money.

Nancy and Robert Ellet, the couple who had been a maid and gardener for Lenny Rogers arrived at 10:15 A.M. since their bus was delayed and they needed to walk a couple of blocks. They only had a single small suitcase apiece. Hannah was horrified and sympathetic about their transportation problems.

She phoned Julia at her store office. Julia authorized calling a towne car so the Ellets could return to their home to clear out everything they would need to resume living in the best staff rooms in the mansion. But in the meantime they would stay to make everyone welcome and provide a conducted tour.

Sometime just before the arrival of the Ellets, Ruth Hoffstadt walked over to the house and through the open front door. Clearly she had only seen the public rooms and never basement, second and third floors. She was curious, especially about the changing table and the rest of the nursery. She also asked Violet Jackson to return to their home and wheel baby William over to the Barclay Mansion, until lunch time. Her cook, Elinor Glyn, was preparing lunch and had been looking after William while Betty and Violet had started the visit.

That was where Mrs. Nancy Ellet started the tour. Her husband Robert went to the driveway to carry in the two diaper bags, while inviting John Merriman to rest in the house where he could still see the Rolls

Royce. “Thank you, Mr. Ellet, but I am used to waiting near the car. When I need a drink of water I will gladly take you up on your offer.”

Leticia and Susan immediately recognized the changing table because they had bought theirs from Rogers’ of Philadelphia several years ago. Leticia speculated that Lenny had spent far less, since at the time he owned the store.

Perhaps it was a coincidence that as soon as Susan and Annabel saw the changing table, and Robert carried their respective diaper bags up the stairs, they both asked to have their diapers changed. Hannah was quick to do that, as soon as Robert Ellet left the room.

As she unpacked Annabel’s diaper bag, she found a package Julia had sent to the hotel from the store minutes before they left. In the package was two dozen pair of Toddler Large PlayTex rubber panties. Julia and Hannah reasoned because Betty was plump, she would wear the same size PlayTex as did Annabel.

“Mrs. Hoffstadt, Mr. and Mrs. Barclay wanted you to have these as a sample from the Rogers’ store. Annabel and Susan have found them very comfortable and they do prevent leaks and soak-through. Neither of the girls have suffered diaper rash.”

“Miss Randall, that is so considerate. I thank you and Mrs. Barclay very much. Would you be so kind as to put a pair of those rubber pants on Betty now? It would be so rude if she left a stain on any furniture here” Ruth said kindly.

Based on the comment from Nanny Jackson that ‘around here mothers have the nannies or governesses do the spanking’ Hannah assumed the consequence for staining furniture would be a hard spanking from Violet for little Betty.

Betty enjoyed being under Hannah’s care, if only to have her rubber panties pulled up her legs and over her diaper.

After the girls had seen the nursery, they lost interest in the rest of the house. Even Annabel was more interested in playing with Betty and Susan than practicing her piano. The girls all wanted to play on the grass of the backyard.

“If you ladies will excuse me, my duty is to be Annabel’s nanny. Until there is a high fence around the swimming pool, I must keep close to those rambunctious children,” Hannah said.

“Don’t worry, Miss Randall. Violet will let you know when lunch is served. Have fun with the girls,” Ruth said in a needlessly sarcastic way.

Hannah agreed with Julia that getting away from Ruth would motivate Lenny to sell his family home.

As the morning wore on the heat caused the girls to think of fun things to do inside. Simultaneously they shouted, 'Let's play house!'

The advantage of Hannah's long legs was that she used less energy than Violet following children. If the girls wanted to play house, what was the harm? They all were wearing diapers and rubber pants. As Hannah saw it, they all should play the baby!

While the girls were still only talking about who would play which roles in their game of house, Mrs. Ellet announced that Mrs. Glyn had phoned to say 'luncheon would be ready in ten minutes' at the Hoffstadt Mansion. Hannah did a diaper check of each girl. All the diapers would last until after lunch.

There was no question; Mrs. Elinor Glyn was a very good cook. The only strange thing was that Violet did not eat with Betty, although Hannah was welcome at the dining table next to Annabel. Then Hannah remembered that in Manhattan, she had rarely been invited to sit with the family during a meal. Nanny Parson had explained that was the tradition, servants did not sit or eat in the presence of the family.

Based upon the percentage of meals during the Philadelphia trip Hannah and Clara Parsons had eaten with Annabel, Julia and even Richard Barclay, it seemed that Julia was instituting her own 'New Deal'. Hannah thought this was progress. Some 'traditions' had to give way once they were obsolete.