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Sally, Part 2

Summer At The Beach – 1959, Start

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Mommy was determined that all of us would spend most of the summer of 1959 at her parents' beach house at Cape May, New Jersey. Because Bobby was only one he needed a lot of care. Carla had her own family and could not go to Cape May with us. While driving down there Mommy told me it was arranged for her old Nanny Violet to take care of all the kids, which included my two cousins, Rich and Eve. Rich was six, over a year older than me. Eve was four, a year younger than me.

Those were the children of Mommy's brother Uncle William and his wife Judy. Although I had not seen them recently, I remember Mommy telling Francine that, "William's kids are such naughty brats he has to spank them." Since Francine knew how often Mommy spanked me, I felt sure Francine at least smiled knowingly.

As we got closer to the beach Mommy warned me that it had been decided all the adults, herself, Grandpa, Granny, Uncle William, Aunt Judy and Nanny Violet would closely supervise all of us. Any kid who was naughty would be punished by the nearest adult. Punishment would include spanking.

Daddy did not drive down with us, but he did take the train down late the following Friday. To make room each of the adult couples had separate bedrooms. All us kids, including Bobby in a crib, slept on the screened porch. That was the first

time I had slept so close to a boy, or two boys if we include Baby Bobby.

Granny had insisted that all of us kids have rubber sheets on our beds. That hardly bothered me, I was used to that, but it caused Rich to throw a tantrum which should have embarrassed a two year-old toddler. In a split second Rich was over Uncle William's lap. Rich blubbered like a baby as his bare bottom got bright red.

Eve and I saw the spanking. We were sternly warned not to tease Rich. During the late afternoon Nanny Violet took me aside. She said she had talked by phone with Carla. Mommy had agreed I could continue to wear my thick cotton trainers instead of a diaper so long as I was responsible about using the toilet. At first I would be wearing plastic panties over my trainers. To reduce my embarrassment Nanny Violet would dress me for bed in the bathroom. I would wear a long night dress.

Going to bed that first night went well. Bobby was put down in his crib first. Then Eve was dressed for bed and tucked in. I was next. Nothing was said about my trainers and plastic panties. Finally Rich was led to bed.

In the morning I knew my trainers were dry because I had awakened when I needed to use the toilet. If either Rich or Eve woke up, they were very quiet, since I had not noticed. I got up first and did as I was told. I asked Nanny Violet to please help me dress for the day.

She complimented me because my trainers were dry, just slightly sweaty. For the day I was dressed in ordinary girl's panties, a white blouse and pink sundress, with a straw hat, white socks and sneakers.

So I was downstairs having some breakfast when I could hear raised voices coming from the sleeping porch.

Despite the tantrum about not wanting a rubber sheet, Cousin Rich had soaked his bed. Cousin Eve also wet her bed, just not as much. With the doors and windows open I could not avoid hearing Rich and Eve being spanked. Eventually Aunt Judy appeared leading her kids, one in each hand. His summer shorts bulged, as did her dress. Nanny Violet followed carrying Baby Bobby who was wearing a Onesies and blue shorts. He was placed in a highchair and given a bottle.

Grandpa chuckled and told all of us that was the same highchair Mommy and Uncle William had used when they were infants and toddlers. In fact the crib had also been used by Mommy and Uncle William.

When Nanny Violet took all of us for a walk along the beach, she put Baby Bobby in an old-fashioned baby buggy with huge wheels. On the wire shelf under Bobby there were two diaper bags. I recognized the new one Mommy had bought while pregnant, which I assumed was for Bobby. The older and larger diaper bag was a mystery.

It was fun taking the walk with Nanny Violet. Obviously she had seniority in the community and the respect of all who greeted us. She knew all the most interesting things to see and do. Because the path was not paved and somewhat sandy, those huge wheels made sense. The stroller Mommy and Carla used for Bobby in Larchmont, which has paved sidewalks, would have been stuck in the sand.

Every 15 minutes or so, Nanny Violet checked the state of Bobby's diaper. As we approached a lovely home after nearly 45 minutes of walking, Nanny Violet asked if any of us needed to use a toilet. Immediately I asked to do so.

We used the front walk. A lady in a maid's uniform opened the front door before we could knock. She greeted Nanny Violet with a warm embrace. Then she showed me to a small lav. I really needed to pee, but I had managed to keep my panties dry!

When I was finished with the toilet and had washed my hands, it was the uniformed maid who was waiting for me. She led me to a sunny room with a view of the ocean. A glass of milk and a sandwich was waiting for me. Bobby was in the shade away from the window, sound asleep in the buggy. As I looked for the others the maid told me that Nanny Violet was changing two wet kids in the play room.

Nanny Violet led Rich and Eve into the sunny room. She held Rich's left hand in her right hand. The larger diaper bag was in her left hand. Eve was actually holding onto the diaper bag. Her eyes were downcast. When Nanny Violet put the large diaper bag back on the wire shelf, I concluded it was for Rich and Eve. I pretended to not notice. Behind my cousins Nanny Violet gave me a warm wink.

After our milk and sandwiches, all of us, including Nanny Violet, took naps. I did need to make another toilet trip in the middle of my nap. I saw the maid changing Bobby's diaper.

Although we retraced the same route going back to the beach house, Nanny Violet found other interesting things for us to see and do. I must say neither Rich nor Eve seemed distressed about being diapered. My impression was that this was a fairly common occurrence for them. From the way they talked with Nanny Violet I assumed she had taken care of them frequently. That made sense because our grandparent's primary home was on the Main Line of Philadelphia, less than an hour to the west. Mommy had said that Nanny Violet worked full-time for my grandparents. Mommy also said that Uncle William and Aunt Judy lived a few minutes from my grandparents. Perhaps Nanny Violet sometimes was the babysitter for Rich and Eve.

Back at the house it was Mommy who helped me take a bath and dress for dinner. She said absolutely nothing about my dry trainers or panties. Mommy hardly ever praised me, but I took the fact she was not angry as a blessing.

For supper the adults were served at the main dining table. Nanny Violet supervised Rich, Eve and me at a smaller table, with Bobby in the highchair. He was being fed baby food and his bottle was held for him when he suckled it. The rest of us said hardly anything while we ate.

It was still bright outside when Nanny Violet started getting us ready for bed. She left us in the care of the housemaid while she gave Bobby a bath and changed him for bed.

What surprised and delighted me was I was left with the maid while Nanny Violet led both Rich and Eve up the stairs. I am not sure if they were given a bath at the same time or not. Later, when I was led to the bathroom, I could see Rich and Eve were in their beds.

Nanny Violet let me use the toilet by myself. At home I had been doing so for a long time. When it was time for my bath, Nanny Violet sat on a chair, like a lifeguard, while I washed myself. I even got out of the tub on my own and dried myself. While I was drying, Nanny Violet laid out my night clothes. There was a different pair of cotton trainers, as thick as always. There was a clean pair of plastic panties. Nanny Violet did not say anything as I put them on without help. I even put

on my nightgown by myself. Having done that Nanny Violet brushed my hair, very much as Carla did at home. She was not doing so as harshly as Mommy would have brushed my hair.

Eve, Rich and Bobby all seemed to be asleep when I was tucked into my bed. Eventually our parents came up to kiss us good night. I did hear Aunt Judy asking Nanny Violet if both her kids were wearing night diapers. There was just enough light from the screens I could see an extra stack of gauze diapers under the changing table. Come to think about it, that changing table was a lot larger than the one at home. I drifted off to sleep speculating how long Mommy had been changed on that same table. Maybe even Uncle William wet his bed as an older kid.

Again I woke up to use the toilet without disturbing anyone else. The sleeping porch was at the other side of the house from the adult bedrooms. We had our own bathroom, which was so nice.

When I walked back to bed I saw Aunt Judy checking her kids. As I was snuggling into my bed, Aunt Judy helped Eve sit up. She was taken over to the changing table and lifted onto the top. Eve obediently reclined so her diaper could be removed. She was lifted down and helped to the toilet. When Eve came back she was lifted onto the table. Aunt Judy was as experienced as Carla, diapering Eve more efficiently than Mommy diapered Bobby. Actually Aunt Judy was very loving with Eve. I noticed she did use the same plastic panties, so maybe the diaper was not all that wet.

Pretending to be asleep, I then saw Aunt Judy check Rich. She made a sound, like "Ugh" She was surprisingly strong, because she easily lifted a sleeping Rich and carried him to the changing table.

Aunt Judy must have concluded his diaper was wet enough it made no sense to wake him to take him to the toilet. She worked his plastic panties down and off, putting them in the diaper pail. Then she unpinning his diaper. As she slid it off I could see it was nearly soaked. She used a rag to clean him and dried him with a diaper.

Apparently Rich was still asleep, because Aunt Judy had to lift his legs to slide the dry diaper under him. Quickly she finished diapering him as easily as she had diapered Eve. From a shallow drawer I had not noticed under the changing

surface, she removed a pair of plastic panties bigger than mine. She pulled those onto Rich, made sure the diaper was inside completely, and then carried him back to bed. As far as I could tell Rich never woke up. For sure Rich was a long-term bedwetter. His mother would not be that experienced diapering him without waking him if he usually slept in his undies.

Our daily routine was similar to our first full day at the beach house for most of the summer. I was always the first to wake up and use the toilet on my own. My trainers were never actually wet, but with the heat and humidity, my plastic panties and trainers did get sweaty.

After a couple of days Mommy said Nanny Violet could let me dress myself unless I asked for help. Thus I would be downstairs eating my breakfast before Rich and Eve woke up.

Most mornings there was drama about wet diapers. Every morning when their diapers were wet, Rich and Eve were spanked. It sounded like Nanny Violet spanked one of them while Aunt Judy spanked the other. Both cousins were sullen. Their eyes were red when they were brought down to eat. Their day outfits always bulged with obvious diapers.

Starting on the second day those outfits were more childish: Rich was actually wearing a white Onesies, with snap-crotch shorts, white socks, sneakers and a cap; Eve also was wearing a Onesies with a pinafore or sun dress, white socks, sneakers and a sun hat.

Baby Bobby wore a Onesies with snap-crotch shorts and a bonnet.

Our walk did not always go in the same direction, but it did always end at a private home where servants welcomed Nanny Violet. We were provided lunch, a bathroom for me and a place where the other kids could be changed with some privacy. Within a few days Nanny Violet did not care if I watched the diaper changing, so long as I remained quiet and discreet. I am sure Nanny Violet needed the nap more than the rest of us!

Our fourth night at the beach was the Thursday before Daddy was arriving. I was delighted that after I dried myself, none of my plastic panties were laid out. Nanny Violet told me that Mommy had decided I could be trusted in just my trainers, since if I did wet there was my rubber sheet. How

thrilling for me! It would be so nice to wake up without the feel of sweaty trainers and plastic panties.

Anticipating the arrival of Daddy, I was excited all day. I knew the plan was for Daddy to take the train to Philadelphia where Uncle William would meet him in his car.

That Friday evening Mommy, Grandpa, Granny and Aunt Judy had drinks while delaying their own supper until Daddy and Uncle William arrived. Of course to keep to a schedule, "The Children's Table" was served at our usual time. Bobby was already down in his crib and Eve and Rich were being bathed and diapered when Daddy did arrive.

Daddy and Mommy kissed sweetly. Then he gave me a kiss before Daddy greeted the other adults. He followed me upstairs when it was time for my bath, so he could kiss Baby Bobby good-night.

After my bath Nanny Violet did not lay out my plastic panties. I had given it some thought and told her it had been such an exciting day I was afraid I might have an accident. She did not comment as she found me a pair of my plastic panties. I was sleeping when Mommy and Daddy came up to kiss me good-night.

Although I had not actually spoken to Daddy, I was very excited. I tossed and turned instead of falling to sleep. I dreamed I was back home.

Sometime during the night I woke up knowing I needed the toilet. I rush there and pulled down my plastic panties and trainers as I sat down. It turned out I needed to poop as well as pee.

Only as I started to pull my trainers back up did I realize they were fairly wet. I thought somehow I splashed them while I was on the toilet. That had happened to me at home when I was wearing ordinary panties. I cleaned myself carefully and thought about what I should do. I had not seen where my trainers were stored. I need a light to search, which would wake the other kids.

Ultimately I concluded my only choice was to wake up Nanny Violet. My long nightgown covered my bare bottom as I skulked down the stairs to Nanny's room behind the kitchen. She was not angry about getting out of bed. I appreciated her cooperation.

Nanny Violet had a small flashlight. It only took her seconds to find me a pair of dry trainers and a fresh pair of plastic panties. She was even kind enough to give me another set, in case of a second accident. I put on dry trainers and panties, then went back to sleep.

Alas, when I woke up not only were my trainers soaked, the plastic panties had leaked enough by sheets were obviously wet. My heart sank, because if I tried to strip my bed, I was sure to be punished for being a sneak. It was light enough outside I could see well enough inside the porch. I made sure my first wet trainers and panties were in the diaper pail. I changed to my dry set, and put the other wet set in the pail. Then I went back to my bed and returned to sleep.

It was actually Aunt Judy who woke me up, none too gently. Although the trainers I was wearing were not soaked, my wet bed made it obvious I had a night accident. She told me to stay in my bed.

The only lucky thing going for me was that Daddy had left earlier with Grandpa and Uncle Frank to play golf. I knew I was going to be spanked, probably very hard. I accepted that I would be diapered all day.

When Aunt Judy returned, she brought Mommy and Nanny Violet. While I was left to wait, Nanny expertly cleaned Baby Bobby and re-diapered him.

While Mommy started scolding me about embarrassing her, Rich and Eve were awakened. Sure enough both had soaked their diapers. One by one, Eve and I had to get up on the changing table to be stripped of our wet clothing. Then we were marched, with just robes, to the bathtub. Nanny cleaned us completely very rapidly, but did not totally dry us. Mommy and Aunt Judy came to get us, while dragging Rich for his bath.

Soon Nanny Violet led Rich back to the porch. She sat on the side of his bed and pulled him over her lap. Mommy sat on my bed and Aunt Judy on Eve's. Once the three of us were in position, bare bottom, the spankings began.

I tried to be brave, which only seemed to frustrate Mommy even more. She had never spanked me so hard, down below my actual bottom, part way down my thighs. I yelped and blubbered.

Aunt Judy is really strong and she was spanking Eve soundly. Eve never even tried to be brave. Nanny Violet was spanking a wriggling Rich so hard I could not believe it. As always he acted like a baby brat, sobbing and blubbering while kicking his legs. Those were a horrible couple of minutes. Granny even came up. She was watching through the door.

Nanny Violet was not trying to be gentle as she diapered first Rich and then Eve. By the time I was up on the changing table Nanny was gentler with me. Still she pinned me into double diapers. Probably she had done the same with Rich and Eve. At first the plastic panties did not slide over my diapers to Nanny's satisfaction. It turned out in the confusion Aunt Judy had handed her a pair of Eve's smaller panties.

So many plastic panties! So little time!