

Two Wet Boys

As told to
Angela Bauer

IT WAS THE BEST OF TIMES. IT WAS THE WORST OF TIMES.

For me these were the years from September 1946, when I started third grade, until late August 1950, following my graduation from sixth grade. Let me explain:

My name is Joel Lowell Woodward. Honestly, until I was almost 12, I cannot remember a time when I had a dry night. Despite her best efforts Mommy was not able to toilet train me for bed. Because I also still wet often during the day I attended a special school in Boston wearing pinned Curity gauze diapers and Playtex stretchy molded latex baby pants inside my shorts. In April 1946, when the weather warmed toward the end of second grade, I was able to control my day wetting for an hour at a time.

I was still seven when we moved to Greenwich Village in Manhattan, New York, just in time for me to start third grade at an exclusive private school. This was possible because my birthday is in early December. Mommy promised me this progressive school was willing to handle any of my wetting accidents.

My mother, Virginia Holloway Woodward (Mommy) had often told me about her years at Vassar College, especially her friendship with Katharine Walker Hughes, who was the class ahead of Mommy and had lived across the hall in their dorm.

Mommy selected this particular private school because Katharine's son, William Charles Hughes III (Willy, who was to be in my class) had attended it since kindergarten. I had never met them before.

We moved from Boston because Mommy and my Daddy (Roger Emerson Lowell Woodward) had just separated. Mommy got a great job in advertising on Madison Avenue and bought the lower three floors of a brownstone town house at 38 Grove Street. Our home was conveniently close to school. It was less than a block east of Hudson Street, half way to Bedford Street.

Willy, born in mid June, was already eight. He was larger than me and far more athletic. Willy also was very popular. Mommy told me Katharine Hughes published medical textbooks. Willy's father (William Charles Hughes II, MD, FACS) was a professor of chest surgery at Columbia Medical School and a leading amateur polo player. Dr. Hughes was significantly older than Katharine and both of my parents. Willy had two much younger sisters: Mary was two; Lynn was five months old.

Back in Boston Mommy would send a large diaper bag with me to school so a teaching assistant could change my diaper as needed. As soon as I got home my nanny, Clarisa Fairchild, would give me a quick bath before changing me into a fresh dry gauze diaper. Those were provided by the Dydee Diaper Service. Twice a week the driver on our route would empty the diaper pails and leave bundles of sterilized clean Curity gauze diapers wrapped in blue paper. The Playtex pants were set aside to be washed by

Clarissa or a maid. While I played Clarisa always re-stocked the diaper bag so it would be ready for an outing or the next day at school.

All this was a generation before modern disposable diapers and pull-ups. Back then I wore 21"x40" Curity gauze flat diapers fastened with pins. Those diapers and Playtex pants were bulky but I was used to that.

For this new school Mommy bought me very thick knit cotton briefs. Mommy called those "undies" but other people called them "trainers." I had been put into the trainers as soon as summer vacation started as a reward for being day dry. When I did not make it to the toilet in time and soaked through the trainers staining my shorts, Mommy told Clarisa to cover my trainers with Playtex pants. I was still using the Playtex pants when I started the new school. At least I could pull down my trainers and Playtex pants by myself if I felt I needed a toilet. If I was slow, I just wet the trainers.

A couple of days after school started Willy noticed my Playtex pants. He did not tease me. Actually he admitted he sometimes wet his bed. Since his baby sister arrived he was wetting nearly every night. Their nanny Miss Abigail Lee diapered Willy for bed like she did both of his sisters.

As far as we knew we were the only two boys in our class who wet, which drew us close to one another. Willy often came over to our house to play. Mommy encouraged this and Clarisa did not mind. The first month I even was allowed to take off my Playtex pants once home, since Willy wore conventional cotton undies.

When it started to get cold in the late afternoons, I reverted to wetting more than the trainers could absorb, even with the Playtex pants. On the Monday morning before Halloween Mommy told me I was going to be returned to gauze diapers after school until I regained bladder control. I cried in protest. Mommy could be relaxed about some behavior, but did not tolerate whining. Mommy only gave a command once. Right then Mommy lowered my Playtex pants and trainers so she could put me over her lap for a hard spanking. I was still sniffing when she walked me to school.

Sure enough, that afternoon Clarisa was waiting for me when school let out. She was carrying the large diaper bag. She must have known twice that day the teaching assistant needed to change me into dry trainers. My teacher gave Clarisa the wet trainers and let her change me in the pre-school restroom which had a sturdy over-size changing table, similar to the one in my bedroom.

The next day Willy was spending the afternoon with me. I had told him during lunch that Clarisa was going to diaper me. Willy said that was okay with him.

It was sort of strange, with Willy in the room while Clarisa removed my school clothing, including damp trainers. She cleaned me up and then put me on the changing table which already had a gauze diaper in position. Once the diaper was snug and pinned, Clarisa lifted my legs and pulled on a dry pair of Playtex pants. Willy remarked she did that even more effectively than Abigail changed him.

What surprised me was Clarisa asking Willy if he wanted a diaper. More surprisingly, Willy said maybe a diaper would be fun. At least it would show I had his sympathy. Because Willy was larger than me, it did take Clarisa a couple of tries before she was satisfied with the fit of his diaper. From a new Playtex tube Clarisa extracted a pair of baby pants. She explained those were a larger size to fit Willy. Only much later did I ask myself: How did Clarisa know to have bigger Playtex pants for Willy?

The rest of that afternoon Willy and I played before doing some homework. At one point Clarisa checked our diapers. I had wet without knowing. She told Willy it was just as well he was diapered because he also was wet. That second time she changed Willy as if she had done so all his life. Seeing this took me back to that Boston school where I had seen many young boys being changed.

Willy was still wearing a diaper when his mom Katharine came to walk him home. Clarisa asked if she should change him back to undies. Katharine said it would be better for Willy to remain diapered for the walk home.

The next day Willy and I did not mention the diapering. After school Clarisa was waiting for me with the diaper bag. She told Willy he would be spending the night with us. Then she asked if we needed to be diapered before we walked home. In unison we assured her we could make it that far.

That proved to be a mistake. While crossing Hudson Street a gust of cold wind caught us. Instantly I felt a

flood in my trainers. Only my Playtex pants saved my trousers from being stained. Willy was hanging his head. The stain on his school trousers was obvious. Clarisa called us foolish little boys.

At home immediately we were taken to my bedroom. I was surprised to see it now had a second bed for Willy. Like mine Willy's bed was made up for a bedwetter. I could see the draw sheet like mine so I assumed there was a rubber sheet protecting the mattress. There was a suitcase on Willy's bed. On what had been the empty lowest shelf below the changing table, there now were supplies for Willy: a big stack of larger white gauze diapers; some loose Playtex pants; twelve unopened distinctive Playtex tubes containing the larger latex baby pants.

Clarisa removed all our clothing and then put us in the bathtub together. She made sure we were washed clean before she dried us. She asked Willy to stand on a diaper while she changed me.

Once I was diapered and wearing a shirt with snap-crotch shorts, Clarisa took diapers from the lower shelf. I could see those were wider than mine. Clarisa said they were bigger to better fit Willy. Quickly Willy was also snugly diapered.

We were expected to do our homework after just a short time for play. The rule was we needed to be quiet when doing homework. I still wanted to talk. Clarisa warned me just once. The second time I talked she put me in the corner with a hard spank below my diaper. I was told Mommy would be informed. Sulking in the corner, I wet as much as

possible. I remember thinking if she was making me wear a diaper then it was my duty to ensure it was really wet before the next change. By the time Mommy finally got home Clarisa had changed our diapers and given us dinner. I had forgotten all about being noisy.

My heart sank when I heard Clarisa talking to Mommy. I got that stern maternal ray-like stare. Mommy asked Clarisa to take us to my room and undress us for bed. There was no mention of diapers, so I realized it was going to be a bare-bottom spanking for me. I had not talked to Willy about my home discipline.

Once we were naked in my room, Clarisa called Mommy, and then left us alone. Mommy walked in and took some diapers from my stack. As she sat on the edge of my bed Mommy spread the diapers to protect her lap. Then she ordered me to come to her to be placed in position.

Nothing is less dignified than being naked across a lap, resting on a stack of diapers and waiting for the first hard spank to land. Mommy scolded me while spanking me for what seemed forever. Like always I was not shy about yelping and breaking down in genuine sobs long before Mommy stopped spanking me.

With my bottom stinging Mommy stood me up, led me to the changing table and double diapered me for bed. I was sniffing all the while. A couple of times I glanced at Willy, who did not look too scared. Mommy firmly put me into the only empty corner with orders to not let my nose out and to not even try looking back.

I could hear Mommy explaining to Willy that discipline was strict in her home. She said his mother Katharine had specifically told her to spank Willy when and how Mommy felt necessary. I could hear the diaper pail open and close. I knew I had wet some while being spanked. Mommy must have wanted a dry stack of diapers to protect her lap from Willy.

Mommy instructed Willy how she would position him over her lap. I could hear the hand spans on his bare bottom. That was the first time I had ever heard Mommy spank someone else. Willy started out taking his scolding and spanking bravely. Still, I could hear his sobs before Mommy finished with him.

I sneaked a glimpse of Willy's red bottom while Mommy fumbled looking for his diapers. She finally called Clarisa to diaper Willy, while Mommy watched so she could do it in the future.

In the morning I was soaked enough I had leaked. Since Willy had not been sent to the toilet before bed his diaper also was obviously really wet. Clarisa got us out of bed. She removed our diapers and Playtex pants. She finished undressing us and bathed us together. From his suitcase Clarisa brought out a trainer for Willy. She covered that with a pair of his size Playtex pants then finished dressing him. I knew better than to protest when it was my turn to be put into my first trainer of the day, also covered with my Playtex pants. Mommy walked us to school, carrying a new diaper bag. Mommy handed that to a teacher's assistant.

From then on Tuesday through Friday night Willy was at our house. He was taken home early on Saturday mornings. That was usually when his folks went to their weekend place in South Hampton, way out on Long Island.

Saturday was my time with my Daddy. He would take a very early train down from Boston. He would stay in a suite at The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Clarisa would bring me there, with my suitcases. Since Daddy knew nothing about diapers he hired a nanny from the hotel. My diapers, Playtex pants and even a new smaller diaper bag had been packed by Clarisa along with my outer clothing. The nanny went with us everywhere, even accompanying me home Sunday after lunch. Much later I realized with this schedule Mommy and Daddy avoided seeing one another.

For our second Saturday visit, Daddy had permanently selected the very attractive Nanny Joan Perry, highly recommended by the manager of The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

Discipline was only slightly less strict when I was with Daddy. I do not remember Daddy ever personally punishing me. Daddy told Nanny Perry, while I was in the room, that if I misbehaved she was expected to spank my bare bottom soundly, using a hairbrush if she felt the need. Sure enough, conveniently in my suitcase there was one of the hairbrushes Mommy used at home. Hardly ever did I get through a weekend without at least one bare-bottom hand spanking. A few times Daddy specifically instructed Nanny Perry to spank me with the hairbrush. Sometimes she would spank me in the ladies room of a restaurant or theatre.

At The Waldorf-Astoria my bed was made up for a wetter, with a rubber sheet over the mattress and a draw sheet. There was no changing table so Nanny Perry put a rubber changing mat on the bed. For our next visit there was a diaper pail in my hotel room. Daddy did not always have the same suite, but one Waldorf-Astoria suite looks like the others. Housekeeping stored the diaper pail visit-to-visit.

On those weekends when Daddy could not travel to see me I was invited to the Hughes' home in South Hampton. Since Abigail was his family's only nanny for both baby girls as well as Willy, when I went there Clarisa came along. She would take care of Willy and me. On my second weekend visit with Willy a changing table similar to mine plus a second diaper pail was added to his room.

Discipline at the Hughes home was not quite as strict as in my home. Clarisa showed me she did have a hairbrush, just in case, and she hand spanked us a couple of times. Katharine spanked us several times, twice with a darn hairbrush. Willy's grandmother (Valiera Cameron Walker) also spanked us, exceptionally hard and with a hairbrush. All the while Granny Walker was telling us that was how she was punished as a girl, and how she punished Katharine and her siblings.

At the Hughes' weekend house Willy and I did not usually wear diapers during the day. I did wear trainers but without the Playtex pants. Slowly my day bladder control improved, at least temporarily.

For the Summer of 1947, between third and fourth grade, Mommy leased a home just off The Shore Road, beside the waters of Long Island Sound, on the sandy beach of Glen Island, New York. Willy would spend several weeks with us. All the furniture and toys from my Manhattan bedroom were taken to the Glen Island house by a moving van. While that was happening I stayed at the Hughes' Greenwich Village loft at 45 Barrow Street.

The first night we all spent in the Glen Island house Willy and I were allowed to stay up until it got dark. Of course in our room the matching beds were made up with rubber sheets and draw sheets, with our separate diaper pails at the foot of each bed. Off to the side was the changing table. Clarisa had double-diapered us before we were groggy, since that was more efficient.

In the morning both our diapers were soaked, but we were not changed before breakfast. However Clarisa did remove our pajama bottoms, exposing our Playtex pants containing our soaked gauze double diapers.

Glen Island neighbors Dana Glenn and Jessica Pollard were hired to help Clarisa as our nannies. They were mature at fourteen. Slowly we learned how they were selected. It seemed that Dana's seven year-old brother, Stevie, still wet day and night. Around town Stevie was considered strange, but he provided those girls lots of experience diapering squirming, wriggling growing boys.

We were at the breakfast table when Dana and Jessica first arrived. Mommy introduced them to: Clarisa; to the

housekeeper/cook Beulah Gorth; to Mommy's ladies maid Bonny Downey; and finally to us.

Dana and Jessica first saw Willy and me in our soggy diapers. What a marvelous impression we must have made! There was no doubt we were two very wet boys. Probably I should have been embarrassed. By then I was well past being embarrassed about my diapers and wetting. Willy did blush some.

Willy and I thought our summer nannies were absolutely beautiful. Jessica was really friendly and always less forceful with us. Dana clearly was going to be the boss of all of us, including her blonde friend Jessica!

Mommy told them the plan she had worked out with Katharine for toilet training me and re-training Willy. Each day we would be left in our night diapers until we finished breakfast.

The start of the nannies' work day was undressing us. They were to bathe us and then dress us in trainers with Playtex pants, beach shorts and shirts. During the day Willy and I were expected to tell them when we needed to be taken to a toilet. We were allowed to lower the trainers by ourselves. After we finished on the toilet the girls would inspect us to be sure we had cleaned ourselves correctly.

Honestly neither Willy nor I were very careful about wiping ourselves. Almost always Jessica needed to re-wipe Willy while Dana cleaned me. If we did not stop for a toilet in time, the girls would diaper us for the rest of the day. For sure we wore diapers during lunch. Later we

were freshly diapered for our one-hour nap. Only if we had been good and responsible in the morning were we allowed trainers after our nap.

After two weeks in the tender care of Dana and Jessica, I admit Willy and I were wetting more, certainly not less. Eventually Dana told Mommy about that, saying she felt we were deliberately wetting instead of using toilets. Mommy sent us to our room. We were told to stand at the side of our beds and wait to be spanked.

It was shocking that Mommy escorted Dana and Jessica to our room. As Mommy started to scold us, we could see both Dana and Jessica were holding hairbrushes. Both of them appeared very pleased with the situation.

Mommy asked the nannies to get a few diapers and then to sit on the side of each bed. Dana removed my diaper and Playtex pants. Jessica did the same for Willy. Each helped us into position. They had selected the outside of each bed, so Willy and I were as far apart as possible. Once over those slender young laps I could not see Willy. Mommy instructed the girls to be firm with the hairbrushes, being sure to spank the place where each side of the buttocks meets the individual upper thigh.

Dana laughed and replied that was how she always spanked her kid brother. I am sure Dana spanked me far harder than anyone else ever had. I never even tried to be brave. Willy did yelp a bit and was sobbing when Jessica let him up. Each of us had wet the lap diapers.

Dana remarked about that, saying her own mother had bought special waterproof underpads. Mommy thought that was a marvelous idea. She said she would phone Dana's mother to find out where to buy such underpads.

Willy and I were still sniffing when we were put into our trainers and Playtex pants. That day Dana suggested since we were still wetting, we should not wear shorts to hide our Playtex pants. Mommy agreed.

The rest of the summer on Glen Island the girls would change us after breakfast. Even if we used the toilet during the later morning, they would diaper us for lunch. Often as a result of eating lunch I would mess that diaper. Dana would carefully clean me, then give me a spanking before diapering me for my nap. Willy was careful to use the toilet before and after lunch. I do not remember Willy ever soiling or messing trainers or diapers. We could be active before we got diapered for our nap.

The girls would check us an hour after our nap. Even if we were dry they would diaper us. Then they would diaper us once more before our early dinner. Finally they would double diaper us for bed while it was still daylight. Once we were down in bed the girls could go off to do what teenage girls did in the evening.

A few times Mommy and Clarisa would take us out before bed. Of course we were in night diapers and pajamas. I remember twice seeing Dana and Jessica all dressed up, even wearing dark lipstick and face makeup.

During the day the girls only wore some suntan oil. Sometimes when taking us to the beach the girls would meet older guys. Often those guys would tease us. Dana enjoyed that, but Jessica would always defend us. At least once a week we would play with Dana's little brother Stevie. Those days all of us boys were diapered. The nannies did not even pack any trainers in our diaper bags. Willy and I were expected to actually carry those diaper bags. In those days nobody disguised diaper bags. During the summer ours said DIAPER BAG. Each had our name on the side.

On our last evening on Glen Island, Willy and I were already in bed when Mommy discovered Dana Glenn had forgotten the envelope with her final week's pay. So Mommy got us up for the drive to the Glen family home. This was down a wide driveway somewhat below the street. There was a picture window with the drapes open and lights on inside the house. What we all saw through the window was surprising and also satisfying.

Dana's mother was seated on a chair. Dana was across that lap, with her bare bottom toward the window and her head nearly touching the floor on the far side. Because other windows were open, we could clearly hear Dana's mother scolding her about forgetting to bring home her pay.

While scolding, her angry mother was spanking Dana with an even larger wooden hairbrush than was used on us. Dana was no braver than me. She was yelling, wriggling and sobbing like a baby.

What justice, because often Dana would scold me about squirming while she was spanking me! I must say seeing Dana

getting spanked was the best part of our Glen Island vacation! Mommy hardly rushed to present the pay envelope, so we got to see Dana being helped up and led to a corner away from the window. Only then did we see little Stevie Glenn off to the side watching Dana's punishment in total bliss.

Eventually Mommy did walk to the front door holding the envelope. I could hear Dana's mom thanking Mommy for making a special trip to bring the money. Mommy remarked that now she knew where Dana learned so much about spanking.

Oh how I would have loved to see Dana's tears and woeful expression when she recognized Mommy's voice. Of course I was glad Dana did not see Willy and me, on the off-chance Dana would be my nanny the next summer. That was not to be, so this was the last time I ever saw Dana Glenn.

For the month of August Willy and I were taken to his family's place in South Hampton. Previously Katharine had spent a couple of nights with us on Glen Island. She had a long private talk with Dana and Jessica Pollard.

Apparently it was not possible for Dana or Jessica to travel to South Hampton. I felt glad to be away from Dana but Willy really wanted Jessica to stay with him.

Katharine hired two eighteen year-old women to be our nannies at her home. Debra took care of me. Alexis took care of Willy. In South Hampton everything was more relaxed. Instead of getting a spanking nearly daily on Glen Island, Debra never spanked me. Oh I knew she had the

authority to do so, but she would find ways to distract me, sweet-talking me into better behavior. Alexis was even better at handling Willy, who wanted only to please her.

In South Hampton both of us wet a lot less. During the days we hardly ever were diapered. Often our trainers were not covered with Playtex pants, which was a whole lot more comfortable outside in the August heat. Since we were having good luck with the toilet, we only would change trainers when they got sweaty.

Those weeks in South Hampton flew by. Daddy came to spend a Saturday with me just once that August, taking Debra with us to lunch and dinner.

Finally late in September our fourth grade started. Willy and I really adored our teacher, new to the school. She had a daughter there in first grade. Willy and I learned so much that year.

Between returning to Greenwich Village and the start of school, Mommy and Katharine had some long talks. It was decided that even if Willy had an occasional wetting accident at school he would wear normal boy's undies. I would still wear trainers but without Playtex pants.

After school was over we were encouraged to use the toilet before Clarisa walked us home. Once home we were helped to cover our trainers with Playtex pants. However, we were always diapered for bed, after using the toilet.

Every night I would wet my diaper. Increasingly often Willy would still be dry when he woke up. He was not praised and I was not scolded.

Mommy still insisted on strict discipline in our home. We were even told that Katharine and Mommy had asked our teacher to phone them if we ever misbehaved at school. Although in those days it was legal and common for schools to use corporal punishment, as far as I know our school did not do that.

Therefore it was a remarkable event one fine morning before school when Mrs. Allen (the mother of Peter Paul Allen, a bratty third-grader) soundly spanked him. She seated herself comfortably on the school bench nearest the street. Slowly she took down Peter Paul's shorts and undies and spanked him with a heavy plastic hairbrush until he was yelling his head off, sobbing promises to behave. All the kids felt the brat got what he deserved. I know I certainly did not want Mommy to spank me that way.

Our fourth grade teacher was kind and interesting. Still more than a few times she must have phoned home. Those days Clarisa would diaper us immediately upon the conclusion of our bath. She would separate us until we had finished our homework. Clarisa would check it, give us a small dinner and put us to bed until Mommy came home. Those "school complaint" hairbrush spankings always got our full attention.

It is very hard to learn to control your bladder when you must ask someone to remove your diaper. The trainers were better, but often I wet enough they leaked. Willy was really getting good at controlling his bladder, but never showed any resentment about his bedtime double diapers.

During fourth grade Daddy only came to Manhattan once a month to spend Saturday with me at The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Although Nanny Joan Perry seemed surprised I still needed diapers, she diapered me as efficiently as ever. Since Daddy always took us out to nice restaurants and theaters, Miss Perry dressed up better than any nanny I had ever seen. She no longer wore the uniform as she had done the first time I met her. I must say she was a stunning woman. Daddy treated her more like his date than my nanny.

Frequently during the school term I would be invited to spend the weekend with Willy out in South Hampton. Katherine would hire Debra and Alexis for those weekends. I would ride the train out there with the Hughes family.

The weekend fourth grade ended I went out to South Hampton with Willy's family so the movers could bring my bedroom furnishings to the house Mommy leased that Summer of 1948. It was a block inland from the beach in Westport, Connecticut. To me the advantage was Dana could hardly commute so far from Glen Island. I was not sorry to see the last of her, but Willy pined for Jessica Pollard.

That summer Mommy hired fifteen year-old young ladies named Dorothy and Ruth as our nannies. They were more relaxed than Dana, although neither was as beautiful as Jessica. Few people are that attractive. Clearly they were experienced babysitters. During the summers my trainers did not help me very much. After a few frustrating days Mommy and Dorothy decided to simply pin me into diapers except when I was wading under close supervision. Willy was wearing normal boy's knit briefs, so Ruth had a very easy

time. They were expected to not only manage our behavior, most afternoons they tutored us individually.

Mommy made it clear they had her full authority to spank us on the bare bottom with the hairbrush without a need to wait to inform her. Summer days Mommy worked when home. Mommy also commuted to her Madison Avenue office a couple of days a week. It took a little effort to make Dorothy or Ruth angry with us. I am convinced Willy got a kick out of being over Ruth's soft lap. My impression is she did not spank Willy severely. Sure, she used a hairbrush, but the spanks were gentle. Even Dorothy, who was sterner, never spanked me very hard.

Sometimes Mommy had to spend the night in Manhattan at our Grove Street home. Our head housekeeper, Mrs. Emily Croft, always was there on Grove Street. She never travelled with us. Beulah was the assistant housekeeper and the cook at home. She did travel to the summer houses, as did Mommy's long-time ladies maid, Bonny.

Usually Ruth would stay in the guest room to help Clarisa. Just before the end of July Mommy purchased the Westport house. She planned to use it on weekends. Dorothy and Ruth were still living with their families while in high school. It was expected they would be our nannies on weekends and the summer of 1949.

Mommy decided to leave my old beds and changing table in Westport. Consequently on the way to South Hampton we shopped at a swank Manhattan Fifth Avenue store for nicer beds and changing table to furnish my bedroom on Grove Street. That was a lot of fun. We all dressed nicely.

Nobody at the store teased us about the changing table or the side rails on the youth beds.

Back in South Hampton, Debra and Alexis seemed glad to see us again. They had matured into confident beautiful women. Some nights Willy wore trainers inside Playtex pants to bed. More often he successfully wore cotton undies, which thrilled Alexis and pleased Katharine.

Debra gave trainers on me for bed a decent try. I still did not wake up to use a toilet. I wet far beyond the capacity of my trainers, so Playtex pants did not stop the resulting leaks. Debra had no choice except returning me to double-diapers for bed. She also found it better to diaper me for my nap.

Sometimes I would ask Debra to diaper me during the day just because I liked that. Less often Willy would beg Alexis for a day diaper. I am convinced that was more because Willy enjoyed it when she changed him. I notice he would deliberately wet his diaper a little. That seemed to please Alexis, so long as the wetting was not accidental.

Our fifth grade teacher was a man. Neither Willy nor I had previous been taught by a man. This distinguished gentleman was finishing his PhD dissertation at Columbia University in Uptown Manhattan. During the summers he taught acting at a theater workshop in Western Massachusetts. He was really good at teaching us and not the least shy about phoning Mommy when Willy or I misbehaved. In fact he told us he regretted this school did not let him spank or cane us himself. Because Mommy and Katherine felt fifth-grade students should be more

responsible our spankings at home became even more frequent and significantly harder.

That school year Willy only wore a diaper to bed about once a week. Mommy and Clarisa knew Willy only wore the diaper so I would not feel bad. That year I learned to spell "enuresis" and "urinary incontinence."

Daddy would only come to see me every six weeks. He still stayed at The Waldorf-Astoria and Nanny Perry still took great care of me. That winter she looked even more elegant than before. She was sympathetic about my continuing bedwetting. Once Miss Perry even told me she wished she was my full-time nanny. Of course Daddy always took her with us to restaurants and stage plays. That was the year "Kiss Me, Kate" and "South Pacific" opened on Broadway. Daddy took us to Saturday matinees. I especially loved it in "Kiss Me, Kate" when the handsome hero really spanks the shrewish heroine on stage right in front of us. I winked at Nanny Perry while dreaming about seeing Dana getting spanked.

Every other week Mommy and I, along with Beulah and Bonny, took the train to the Westport house until it just became too cold in February. Since Dorothy was still available to look after me in Westport, Clarisa was able to stay in Manhattan.

There were branches of the Dydee Diaper Service that Mommy trusted in Boston, Manhattan, Glen Island and Westport. My bedroom there was stocked with trainers and Playtex pants, reducing our luggage.

About once a month I spent a weekend at Willy's family South Hampton home. Although by then Mary Hughes was fully toilet trained and out of diapers, I know they continued using Dydee in South Hampton and Greenwich Village for Lynn (and occasionally for Willy) because I recognized the distinctive blue paper wrapping the fresh dry gauze diapers. Miss Abigail Lee was still the nanny for Mary and Lynn, traveling with the Hughes family back and forth from Manhattan to South Hampton.

Alexis continued as our usual South Hampton nanny, since she took care of Willy most weekends. With him nearly out of diapers it was no big problem for her to also deal with me. I did noticed Katherine insisted Alexis be strict with us. Alexis did not seem to enjoy spanking us, but never hesitated doing so. With Willy she could be affectionate. Sometimes she would baby-talk with him. She would chuck him under his chin during the day. Right after that she would diaper him although Willy was dry. Clearly they enjoyed this activity. Alexis was not as affectionate with me.

In 1949, once fifth grade was over, Mommy immediately took Willy and me to the Westport house. This time Mommy was very concerned about my continued bedwetting. The entire summer was to be devoted to my toilet training. Dorothy was told to be as firm as necessary to ensure that I would be out of diapers when I started sixth grade. Only if I had remained dry for the two weeks at the end of July would I be allowed to spend August in South Hampton.

Mommy encouraged Dorothy to really embarrass me. For meals at home I was given baby bottles of milk and water instead of using glasses. Mommy had hardly ever allowed me any soft drinks. That summer I was not even given iced tea. There were meals (following some wetting) when Dorothy would tie a baby bib around my neck, feed me by spoon and hold my bottle. When I still wet my bed Mommy bought an expensive wooden highchair large enough I easily fit in it.

All that infantilist activity suddenly got to Willy. Alexis traveled to Westport to escort him to South Hampton. By phone Katharine Hughes assured me I was still welcome to spend August with them.

I really tried my best to cooperate with Dorothy's toilet training. The week after Willy left, Mommy was able to stay home every day. Without a word of explanation, Dorothy stopped being my strict nanny. Ruth replaced her, being gentle and kind toward me. The highchair, bibs and baby bottles disappeared. All infantilization stopped. Ruth diapered me in the most dignified ways possible.

Clearly Ruth and Mommy had an agreement. For example even when I did misbehave in ways unrelated to wetting, Ruth would not punish me. Of course Mommy would occasionally spank me. At last I had a nanny I could confide in without worry of consequences. Ruth was not entirely able to stop my wetting as the end of July approached, but I was making progress.

Mommy made a deal so that Ruth could accompany me to South Hampton on the condition that I take more responsibility for using toilets. Willy was happy to know

Ruth would be staying in South Hampton. For him it would be the best of both South Hampton with Alexis and memories of Westport with Ruth.

On the train trip I only wore trainers inside my shorts without Playtex pants. I used the toilet a few times without any problems. Ruth was so proud of me. I never wore a diaper or Playtex pants in South Hampton, although a supply of them was still on a shelf under the changing table. Several times that month Alexis did diaper Willy, but all in fun. She also spanked him but not as real punishment. The week before I was to return to Westport Katherine had the diaper pails and changing table removed from Willy's room. Although the rubber sheets remained, the beds were no longer made up with draw sheets.

Mommy did not remove the changing table from my room in Westport until after Halloween. She did have the changing table removed from my room in Manhattan, but Clarisa simply stored all my diaper supplies in a closet.

Just a few times during sixth grade did Willy and I wear diapers to play after school. One practical problem was that Willy no longer could fit in the largest available Playtex pants. Eventually I also outgrew those. Mommy bought me a few Gerber vinyl pants which were not as comfy. They simply were no fun. I think the last time Willy and I wore diapers for play was before Spring Break.

After sixth grade Willy and I knew we would be attending separate prep schools. That Summer of 1950 we spent just a week each in Westport and South Hampton,

without a nanny in sight. Clarisa finally decided to retire.

Daddy warned me that discipline at prep school would be very strict. Mommy told me the same thing. She took me shopping for prep school uniforms in late June, so I could get used to taking care of them.

Once we left the school uniform store Mommy took me across the street to a different kind of shop. Inside glass counters were a wide selection of hairbrushes, including the particular style Mommy favored. Obviously Mommy knew Mr. Clinton Sundberg, the manager there, very well. He said how happy he was to finally meet me.

Mommy explained to him that I would be leaving for residential prep school right after Labor Day. She told him my Daddy believed it was time for me to get used to the cane. Mr. Sundberg totally agreed. Walking to a wall display he took down a rattan implement about 24" long and the diameter of a large wood pencil. One end was bent into a crook. He showed Mommy that it made a swishing noise as it moved through the air. Mommy tried it and seemed to like holding the cane. She asked to see some others, including a shorter one with a straight leather-covered handle and one also with a crook but a bit larger diameter. While Mommy paid for the canes a sales assistant put them in a carton. I was expected to carry them all the way home.

I already knew the cane was a horrible punishment implement. A fellow student during sixth grade had spent the previous term at an English boarding school. He told us about being caned on his hands as well as his bare bottom.

Shortly after we got home Daddy rang the doorbell. He had come especially to be sure Mommy learned how to cane me correctly. That was so embarrassing. I had to lean against the back of an upholstered wing chair, gripping the chair arms, with my shirt tails tucked up and my shorts and trainers lowered. Mommy stood to my left side so she could swing the cane parallel to the floor, to hit me with a forehand stroke. Mommy would tap my bare bottom with the cane to pick a line, and then she would swing the cane with some force. It was not all that terrible at first, but the pain would build rapidly. Mommy would wait until I stopped trembling to give me the next stroke, just above or below the last one. The first time, with Daddy supervising, Mommy only gave me six strokes. I tried to be brave, but the pain was too much.

That night I slept bare-bottom on my tummy. A few days later, just before my bedtime, Mommy gave me another "six of the best" canings. Without Daddy watching I was not as stoic. Mommy told me I needed to take my canings with dignity, not like a blubbering baby.

Mommy took me back to see Mr. Sundberg at the discipline implement store. He asked how it had gone with the cane. Mommy told him the marks from the first two canings had not yet faded. He explained that was the benefit of the cane, the weal welts served as a reminder long after a proper caning. Mommy bought two more of the thinner crook handle canes. Mr. Sundberg assured her that was just as well, so she could send one of them with me to

prep school. A couple of days later Mommy used the thinner crook cane on me again.

Daddy and Mommy were right. Each time I was caned it upset me less and I could stand there more quietly. Mommy did use the short thin whippy cane on my hands, which hurt more than the heavier cane on my bottom. What a rotten summer!

Mommy traveled with me to my prep school. We were asked to visit the Head Master, who introduced us to the man who would be my House Master. Mommy asked to which of them she should present my personal cane. My House Master reached for it, assuring Mommy it would only be used if necessary.

The upshot was that during my six years at prep school I was only caned twice: once by my House Master; and once by a classroom teacher. Both canings were on my trousers on my bottom.

Despite the canings, which all the young men received, for me prep school was a very positive experience. Not only did I learn a lot, I made life-long friendships. Another funny thing is that I was the only boy in my first year dorm room that never wet the bed. When I was in sixth grade who would have guessed?

THOSE WERE THE BEST OF TIMES AFTER ALL.

Note from Angela:

There is so much material about additional experiences of Joel and Willy. Look for those stories at Daily Diapers.