

TRANSVESTIA TV FICTION

MARTIN TO MARION



Part one of the story

of Martin's experimentation in
learning the role of "Marion".

Volume 8A

SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS
P.O. BOX 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA



MAGAZINE

Volume 8

PART ONE

MARTIN TO MARION
PART ONE OF TWO

Published by

SANDY THOMAS ADV.

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,
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CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

MARTIN TO MARION

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Editor:

SANDY THOMAS

RENEE'

Martin to Marion

Martin Discovers Marion

Part I

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I can remember that first day just as though it were yesterday. My mother came into my room and woke me about 8:30.

"Come on, lazybones! Even though it's raining and you can't play football today, you can't lie around in bed all day either. Get dressed, and I'll go down and get our breakfast ready."

I remembered it was Saturday, and was disappointed at the rain. Usually on these Fall Saturdays, I played touch football with some other fellows my own age - fifteen. I was much too small for high school football - being only 5'6" and 115 pounds - but I could run fast and dodge well. So I held my own at "touch."

A few minutes later, mother and I were sitting at the dinette table in the kitchen, having breakfast and chattering.

"What are you going to do today, dear, now that you can't do anything outside?" she said.

"Oh, I dunno," I replied. "Maybe I'll try to get some of my homework done, so I'll be free the rest of the weekend."

"That's a good idea, Martin. I'm going to sew my own clothes for a change. All my skirts are too long for this Fall's styles, so I'm going to devote the weekend to raising hems." mother said.

My mother was an excellent seamstress, and supplemented our meager income by dressmaking and alterations. My father had been killed about ten years earlier in an automobile accident on the way home from a fishing trip.

After cleaning up the kitchen, we both went upstairs. I helped mother with the beds, and then started to settle down at my desk with my books, but mother called from her room.

“Why, don’t you come in here and keep me company, dear?” So I went into her bedroom where she had an array of dresses spread out on her bed.

“Oh, dear,” she said. “I just remembered I loaned my dummy to Mrs. Black, and I’m certainly not going to have either one of us traipsing after it in this downpour. Martin, you’re about my size now. Do you mind terribly slipping this dress on so I can pin up the hem?”

“Oh, I guess not, mother,” I said, a little reluctantly, but unable to think of any good reason for saying no.

“Well, then, just slip off your shirt and pants, that’s a good boy.”

In a minute, I was standing awkwardly in a blue dress, feeling kind of foolish and self-conscious, and mother was surveying me with some dismay.

“Well, you’re alright for height and weight, but it certainly isn’t distributed the same,” she said with a grin. “If I mark this skirt the way it hangs now, it will never be straight when the dress flows over my curves. And your waist is too wide to zip this up, even. If you’re going to be any help to me, Martin, we’re going to have to pull you in and pad you out a bit in the proper places. Are you game?”

“I guess so, mother, but promise you won’t tell a soul.” I begged.

“Of course not, but don’t be a silly goose about it. It won’t hurt you, and it will make you appreciate what we girls do to make ourselves attractive for you men. Now let’s get this off again,” she said, pulling the dress up over my head. “And now strip off everything else.”

While I was complying, she went over to her bureau and pulled out a full length foundation. In a moment she was helping me into it. I had to pull my tummy in for her to zip it up. She tried my waist with a tape measure, and said, “26 inches. That’s almost a two inch improvement, and is just about the same as mine. Now let’s fill up the bosom and fill out those hips, and we’ll be OKAY. Is it too uncomfortable?”

“Well, it’s pretty snug around the stomach, but I’ll be OKAY.” I replied. I found that I didn’t mind the snug feeling, although I continued to feel pretty foolish.

Mother then began stuffing rolled up stockings in the cups over my chest until they were filled up and stood out. Then she took a couple of towels and worked them in over my hips and buttocks, until they too swelled out from my waist. Standing back and surveying me, she said, “Oh, that’s much better, Martin. Now there’s just one more thing. All these things I’m going to fix, I usually wear with high heels. If I adjust the skirt when you are

standing flat on the floor, it will pull up in the back when I wear it with heels. So let's see if you can squeeze into a pair of my shoes, OKAY.?"

"Heck, mother, I think that's asking me too much." I protested.

"Oh, please, dear," she pleaded. "It will be a big help to me, and it certainly isn't going to kill you."

"Well, alright." I said. "I suppose I may as well go all the way."

With that she pulled a pair of high heeled pumps out of her closet, and tried to slip them on my bare feet. They just wouldn't go on. I was in hopes for a moment that this would end it, but she said, "I know. Let's try pulling on a pair of my stockings. Feet always slip into shoes more easily with nylons on, and they will keep your girdle from riding up, too."

This experiment, to my regret, proved very successful. The shoes went on easily over the nylons. And I admitted to myself that running my hands up the smoothness of the nylons on my legs was a nice kind of feeling.

I did so, tottering a bit, while she slide the blue dress over my head and down my body again. "Well, that certainly is better, dear. You have a real tasteful and attractive figure now. If it wasn't for that boyish crop of hair, you'd make a pretty good looking girl. Now hold onto the bedpost, while I pin this up." she ordered.

When she had finished, she stood back and asked me to turn around. She adjusted a couple of the pins and then said, "Heavens, I wonder if I've gotten it too short? It's certainly not too short for someone with pretty legs like yours, though!"

"Oh, mother," I said, "lay off or I'm out of here." But somehow I didn't object entirely to the teasing. I wasn't bored.

"I wonder if I've made it too short for my slips," she mused. "Let's take it off, and we'll try it on again over a slip."

She was now taking my cooperation for granted, and I was getting into the spirit of it myself. So I didn't give it too much thought when she pulled a lacy slip over my head then the dress again.

"Good, that's the longest slip I have, and it doesn't quite show," mother said. She had me pivot before her and I found I was getting more familiar with the heels, and didn't need the support of the bedpost anymore.

This dress being finished, she took it off and said, "You might as well leave the slip on, Martin. We can use it to check my other dresses and skirts, too. But you better not sit around in only that while I stitch this dress up." She went over to the closet, took out

a garment and handed it to me. "You can wear this robe of mine until I'm ready for you again." So I donned a sheer nylon negligee, tied it around my waist and sat down in a chair opposite her while she started to sew.

I tried to concentrate on my English book before me, but I was so conscious of my clothing, my nylon encased legs, the high heeled pumps, the pull of the garters and constriction of the foundation, and the unfamiliar bumps, that seemed to right below my eyes, that I didn't make much progress. Mother was chatting about this and that, too, while her needle flew. Every so often, I would have to remove the negligee and try on the dress she had finished or the one she was about to start on. Pretty soon, I was pulling on and off, and smoothing them over my body without assistance except when they were full of pins or needed to be zippered up the back.

I could hardly believe it when mother remarked, as I pivoted before her in a green and black long sleeved wool dress, "Well, it's 12:30, let's knock off and wrestle up some lunch. That dress is fine now. Why don't you just leave it on and come down to the kitchen with me that way. You know my rule against wearing robes downstairs, and I don't suppose you want to go to all the trouble of changing back into your own clothes just for lunch. That's if you're willing to keep on helping me this afternoon. Are you?"

"I might as well" I replied, "it's still pouring outside, so there isn't much else to do. But do you really think I ought to go downstairs like this? What if someone came in?"

"Don't worry, dear," she laughed. "I'll protect your reputation, and not let anyone see you."

So off we went. I found that negotiating the stairs with the high heels was a little tricky, and I was almost of a mind to change to flat heels, but was too lazy to go back. Also I felt a little challenged - if girls could walk in those things why couldn't I. I clung to the banister, and went down carefully and successfully.

After lunch, and another careful conquest of the stairs, we resumed our routine. I had given up studying now, so mother drafted my assistance in taking out pins, hanging the completed garments back in the closet, etc. She had an extensive wardrobe, since she made most of her own things herself. She even gave me an ironing lesson so I could press out the completed hems.

About 4:30, mother said it was time to quit. "My hands and fingers have had about all they can take. You've been just wonderful, dear, and I do appreciate it. You have been so helpful, I'm tempted to teach you to sew. One more day like this and I could pretty nearly finish up. It goes much quicker with you than

when I have to use the dummy. I can't take dresses on and off like you do, and it's just no good at all at taking out pins."

I must have had over a dozen dresses on and off, each several times during the day. "Marsha is coming over to have dinner with us, and then she and I are going to the movies over in Hillsboro. Why don't you leave that print on that we just finished, and come down and help me get dinner started. Then we both can come up, bathe and change our clothes. I imagine you'll be glad to get out of those things."

"You bet I will," I said vehemently, although I didn't really mean it that strongly. Actually, I had half-forgotten what I was wearing until mother mentioned it. I looked down over my bulging breasts to the flowered print and pleaded skirt. I had rather enjoyed pivoting for mother in the pleated skirt and seeing it spin out from my legs.

I navigated the stairs again, and began setting the dining room table while mother started cooking in the kitchen. "Is Jean coming too?" I called.

"No," replied mother, "I think she has a date with Jim as usual."

My Aunt Marsha, I should explain, was mother's closet friend, and Jean was her only daughter. She wasn't really an aunt to me nor was my mother to Jean, but we called Aunt as a term of endearment. Marsha's husband had been killed in the same accident as my father. They had been off on their annual fishing trip together, and each had left a widow with a young child.

Marsha had started a dress shop to earn a living, and it had prospered and broadened its line until it was now the nicest shop in town. It carried all types of girl's and women's clothing and accessories. Marsha had helped mother get started by giving her all the alteration work for the dress shop's customers. This was still a good bread and butter business for mother, although making dresses completely paid better, and she did as much of that as she could.

Jean was over a year older than I, and a senior in high school, whereas I was only a junior. She was a beautiful and one of the most popular girls in school. She had never taken much interest in me. I was both younger and smaller but I had always admired her. She was everything in a girl that I would have like to be in a boy - outstanding in appearance, well-liked, and popular with everybody. With my short stature - a couple of inches shorter than Jean - lack of athletic attainment in high school, and lack of confidence, I rarely dated. Jean had been going steady with Jim, the president of the senior class and captain of the football team, - for several years.

I was sorry Jean wasn't coming, because I loved just to look at her. When she was at our house and our table, she had to pay *some* attention to me. I was thinking of her as I put the silverware on the table.

Just then I heard our back door - from the driveway into the kitchen, open and slam shut, and Jean's cheery voice in the kitchen, saying, "Hi, Aunt Helen, I hear mother's having dinner with you. Can I join you? Jim and I just broke up."

"Why certainly, dear, but tell me all about it."

I was in a panic! The last thing I wanted was to have Jean, who had little enough use for me, see me like this. I started for the door from the dining room into the front hall, so I could rush upstairs. But just as I reached the hall, slowed a bit by my high heels, Jean came bouncing through the front door from the kitchen, calling back at mother, "Wait 'till I call mother and I'll tell you the whole story. I'm through with men!"

Jean turned and there I was! "Well, for Pete's sake, what's going on here, Martin? I don't know what the big idea is, but zowie! What a figure, and what legs! Are you going out for cheerleader or something?"

I turned red and before mother arrived to my defense, she added, "Say, you look pretty cute except for that haircut."

By this time, mother had come in.

"Oh, dear, Jean, don't make fun of him, please. I made him put those things on so he could act as my dressmaker's dummy, and he's been a wonderful sport about it. Now you must promise me not to tease him, and not to tell a soul."

"Oh, I won't tease him, I promise," she said. "Anyway, I think he think he makes a better looking girl than a boy, and besides, I'm through with boys. But you've got to let mother see you, Martin. Oh wait. . .or is it Marion? She'll get a big kick out of it, and you know how fond she is of you, she would never make fun of you or embarrass you for the world."

This was true, but I still wished I could just crawl up to my room and die. So I started to plead and protest, but Jean put her arm around me, led me into the living room, and changed her whole tone from one of surprised and amusement to understanding and almost affection. "I'm sorry, Martin, come on in and let me take a good look at you. You know you really do look very nice. Please stay as you are until mother gets here."

This was more than I could refuse. In fact, it was more tenderness than I could ever remember her showing me. I was putty in her hands, thrilled at hearing her show this interest and to the touch of her arm around me. "OKAY." I said, "I'll stay."

"Good. You're a real peach." she responded.

She walked away from me in the living room and looked me up and down. "You know, we can fix you up to be a real knockout. Come over here on the couch and sit down with me, and let me doll you up before mother comes." Now I meekly obeyed, while she slid out of her coat, took a scarf off her head, and delved into her bag. Mother, meanwhile, headed back for the kitchen, saying, "You children do as you like. I'm going to finish up in the kitchen, and then go upstairs to freshen up." She seemed obviously relieved that I was not annoyed at her for letting Jean see me in the dress and high heels.

Jean pulled out a lipstick and said, "Push out your lips, now, Marion, that's a girl." I didn't like the Marion bit, but was so enchanted with her attention to me that I let it pass and obeyed her request. Next she powdered my nose and rouged my cheeks lightly, and transferred a simple pearl necklace from her neck to mine. Finally, she went out into the hall and returned with her scarf, which she cast over my head and tied under my chin.

"Why, you look just lovely. I'll bet mother doesn't even recognize you. Now go in and show your mother, and then finish setting the table while I call mother and tell her I'm here."

Sheepishly, I pushed open the kitchen door. Mother was at the stove, her back turned. "How do I look now, mother," I said in an embarrassed squeak.

She turned and gasped. "Why Martin, I would hardly know my own son. You're a very pretty girl! Did Jean do that to you? I'm sorry. I never would have asked you this morning if I'd known I was getting you into this. Can you forgive me?"

"Oh, sure, mom. I've gotten used to the feeling of the clothes, if it's entertaining to Jean, it's fine with me." Mother knew, I was sure, how much I admired Jean and how I had wished for just a touch of recognition in return. I think perhaps she sensed my reasons for going along in the complete conversion.

"Well, set a place for Jean at the table, and I'll be down and join you two in a few minutes." Mother said as she started up the stairs.

Jean was in the living room when I returned, after doing mother's bidding. Her eyes were sparkling with delight. "Gee, you really are a knockout! And please don't mind if I call you Marion while you're dressed like that. It would be ridiculous to call you Martin, and besides, I don't like to be reminded of the fact that you're a boy. That dirty Jim has been two times me for about a month, I just found out, and I've broken off with him for good. Mother will be here in a few minutes." she continued. "You will certainly be a surprise to her, and I think she may have a surprise for you." Her eyes sparkled again. "You certainly

handle those high heels well, Marion. Don't you find them troublesome?"

I told her that I had at first, but after being in them and on them all day, except for kicking them off a few times to rest my feet, I had become pretty used to them. Upon her inquiring as to the realistic figure, I also explained the padding. We continued to chat until we heard Aunt Marsha bursting in the front door, calling, "Hi, everyone! Jean, what in the world did you want this for?"

Jean told me to stay where I was and then went out to greet her mother. I heard her say, "Never mind, you'll see, just give it to me. I'm so glad you brought it. Now come in, I want you to meet a new girlfriend of mine." By this time they were at the doorway, and I got to my feet, smoothing out my skirts. "Mother, this is Marion."

Aunt Marsha started toward me, saying, "Why how do you do, Marion, so nice to meet you - say, isn't that Helen's dress? Oh — Oh, no, it couldn't be - are you, are you really Martin? You are! Well, if you aren't the cutest? Where did you get that stunning figure, - and those legs!!" I could feel myself blushing, half from embarrassment and half from the flattery. "Is this your doing, Jean? You mustn't be mean to Martin, you know." Then she hugged and kissed me affectionately, and said, "You really are a good sport, Martin - or shall I call you Marion. Now I see why you wanted this, Jean," and she held out a hatbox to Jean. "Now tell me all about it dear," she went on turning to me.

We sat down on the couch, and while I explained I could hear Jean undoing the parcel behind me. Then, from in back of me, she said, "Now, hold still, Marion, while I take off this scarf and try something more appropriate for indoors." She untied and removed the scarf and, then I felt something being fitted down onto my head and brushing my cheeks. Turning my head, I could see blonde curls cascading over my shoulders.

"My that does make a difference, Jean. Now you're a real girl, Marion, an attractive one and a very nice one, I'm sure."

Before I could say a word - and I couldn't think of anything to say anyway, mother came into the room. "Well, I declare, Martin you would fool your best friends. Where on earth did you get the wig?"

Jean, who had been surveying her handiwork with pleasure, popped up then, "I asked mother to bring the best one she had on the mannequins in the shop when I phoned her. She was mystified, but I'm glad she did as I asked. Come on, Marion, and take a look at yourself." she continued, taking me by the hand and leading me to the mirror in the hall.

I gazed at the head and shoulders in the mirror in amazement and wonderment. I saw a pretty face with ruby lips, framed in soft blonde curls falling down the cheeks to a page-boy bob over the shoulders. This was the kind of girl I loved to look at and admire, would have loved to know, to talk with - yet it was me! I was stunned, confused, but thrilled. All I could do was mumble, "Well, I'll be darned," and muster a forced and sheepish grin. I wanted to look and admire longer, but didn't want to give any indication of my approval.

As I wandered half-dazed back to the living room, mother, who had gone past me in the hall, called from the kitchen, "Dinners ready. Let's eat it while it's hot. Martin, you'll have to change after dinner now."

As we sat at the dinner table Jean asked what movie they were going to see in Hillsboro (a neighboring town a few miles away). Commenting that she hadn't seen it, she said, "Why don't we all go, Marion too?" She had been addressing me and referring to me as Marion throughout the meal and Aunt Marsha, and even finally mother, had followed suit, saying that it was pretty hard to think of me as Martin.

Mother replied, "Oh, I don't think that would be right." and I had said, "Supposing I see someone I know." All three had replied to that, saying they just didn't see how anyone would recognize me. Jean said that she and I would sit together, so that if anyone from our town was there, they wouldn't tie me to mother. She went on to point out that it would be dark anyway. Finally, she said that if I changed my clothes, she wouldn't go. She was through with boys, and besides, wouldn't go on a date with a boy younger and shorter than she.

By this time the meal was over and we were clearing the table. Mother said, "Well, you can do as you please, Marion. If you are going to change, you better hurry. But in any even please go upstairs and bring down my bag from my bureau." Jean added "And one for yourself." and even I laughed at her persistence.

I went upstairs and switched on the light in mother's room, still not sure what my decision would be. As I walked across to the bureau, I passed in front of the large, full length mirror with hinged wings, which mother had for her clients (and herself) to look at the dresses she made. I stopped and stared at the pretty girl I saw there. Looking to the side, I could see the lovely blonde locks falling smoothing into the page-boy on my shoulders. I turned to see different glimpses of my profile, my skirt falling smoothly over my hips and buttocks, my legs tapering gracefully down into my high-heeled pumps.

I was enchanted! Now I had the girl I had wanted! Rummaging in mother's bureau, my hands found another beg that went

with my shoes, stuffed a lipstick, compact, hanky, and comb into it, grabbed mother's bag too and started for the door. I took another long look at the mirror, and then on a sudden inspiration went back to the bureau and pulled out a scarf which I tied with trembling fingers around my head as Jean had done only an hour or so before. Then I walked quickly out, snapping off the light, and descending the stairs (a little more expertly than my morning attempt).

I bounced into the living room with "my" bag over my arm, and a cheery, "OKAY., I'm ready, let's go."

Jean rushed over and embraced me, saying, "Marion, you're just a doll." Aunt Marsha beamed with pleasure and excitement, and said, "Yes, come on, everyone. What fun! I was hoping you would decide this way so we could all be together." Mother said nothing, but looked surprised and I thought a little mystified, as she took her bag from me.

However, she pulled a short coat of hers out of the hall closet, and said, "Here, Marion, you'll need this. It looks young enough to be suitable for you."

We parked the car a few blocks from the theater and Jean and I, arms interlocked, walked along with our skirts swinging and our heels clicking, on the sidewalk, following our mothers. I was tingling with the excitement and happiness of being so close to Jean and of remembering the girl in the mirror. I was pretty nervous as we came under the bright lights of the marque, and clung to Jean with my head sort of down. But she whispered, "Just look up, and be natural, Marion. No one here is paying the slightest attention to you." As I let myself look around a little more, I could see that this was true, except for an occasional glance of someone else coming up to the ticket window. Our mothers had the tickets now and we followed them into the theater. I was glad to see that the show had just started, and we could find our way to our seats in the semi-darkness. As we had discussed, Jean and I went on a few rows beyond our parents. We settled into our seats, and, aping Jean, I untied my scarf and made some self-conscious gestures towards patting and smoothing my hair, which still felt odd against my cheeks. Then we just relaxed and enjoyed the picture.

I found myself looking at the girls and woman in the picture with a little more interest. I was enjoying my escapade and Jean's attention so much that I already knew I was going to want to do it again. So I thought I better learn some of the feminine gestures and mannerisms. I secretly practiced them in my mind, as I spotted them on the screen - the patting of the hair, smoothing of the skirt before seating, and the use of the hands. Their clothes I found myself looking at too, wondering which would look well

on me. I'm afraid I didn't pay too much attention to the story of the picture.

Soon the last picture was over and the lights went on in a dazzling blaze. Again watching Jean, I took my lipstick out of my bag and did an undoubtedly clumsy touch up job. I even tried powdering my nose, before I tied my scarf over my head. I could see Jean beaming with approval. As we rose to our feet and turned toward the aisle, my heart fell as it had when Jean burst into the kitchen.

Coming up the aisle were two boys from high school whom we both knew. I could see them giving me the once over, and then turning to exchange some words. As they went by, my heart was pounding, but they greeted Jean, gave me another glance, approvingly, I thought, but gave no sign of recognition. We let them get well ahead of us before we started up the aisle, with Jean whispering to me, "See, what did I tell you, Marion, they didn't suspect a thing. But they certainly gave you a wolfish look, so we better be sure to duck them when we come out. They may be waiting to pick us up."

I was still scared as we left the theater, but I caught a glimpse of them on the other side of the entrance, as we scurried off to the car.

Our mothers were already there, and in answer to their query, Jean said that everything went smoothly and told how the boys didn't know me.

The evening ended much too quickly for me, as Aunt Marsha and Jean dropped us off, laughing over what fun it had been, and what a success I was as a girl. I was bursting with pride now myself, all my sheepishness having vanished. But when Jean said, "Goodnight, Marion, I hope to see you again real soon.", I just said, "Oh, Jean."

As mother and I went upstairs, she said, "Well, this has been quite a day, hasn't it dear? Do you want me to help you get out of all those things?" I replied, "No, I'll call you or come in if I need help. Goodnight, Mother." And I couldn't help adding, "I must say it's been more fun than I ever would have thought."

I managed to get out of everything myself, mostly because I was determined that I would, although the back zipper on the dress, and the clasp on the pearls were a battle. I also washed off the lipstick as best I could. It looked awfully silly on me as I stood in my pajamas, ready for bed, in the bathroom. For a moment, I had a tinge of disgust with myself, but recollection of that vision in the full length mirror quickly erased it.

* * * * *

Mother woke me up the next morning as usual, and reported that the rain, which had stopped the evening before, was at it again. As casually as I could, but with my heart pounding, I asked her if she was going to shorten skirts again today. She replied, "Why, yes. I guess I will. Why? Don't tell me you want to help again?"

I said I'd be glad to if she wanted me, because it seemed to be so helpful to her, but if I was, I didn't want to get all dressed for breakfast in my regular clothes, and then have to change again right after breakfast. She looked a little surprised, but conceded that it made sense. She looked over the clothes I had taken off the night before and hung carefully over a chair, and said, "I had better bring you in a simple house dress, that print is too good to wear just around the house."

When she came back with a simple brown cotton, she said, "This is called a shirtwaist style. It buttons up the front from the waist, and you can get into and out of it easier yourself. Can you manage now, do you think, while I get breakfast?"

"Sure," I said, "but one more thing, Mother. When I was standing around all day in your clothes, I felt uncomfortable and self-conscious, knowing that I was immediately recognizable as a boy wearing girl's clothes. Last night with the wig on, and finding that I could pass for a girl, I didn't mind it so much. I just didn't feel so absurd, and ashamed of how I looked. Do you mind if I wear the wig today. It just gives me a more comfortable feeling of security, like something to hide behind."

"Why, I never thought of that, dear, but I guess I see what you mean. I don't want to make you do anything that is distasteful or repugnant to you, so if wearing the wig makes you feel more at ease, go ahead. Though why you should ever feel ill at ease with me, I don't quite see."

When she left I leaped out of bed quickly and went into the bathroom to shave and shower and began to get dressed up. I put the wig on first, so that I could recapture that feeling of being accepted as one, instead of just a boy in girl's clothes. Then I struggled into the girdle, and padded it, but not as smoothly over the hips as mother had done. Next I lovingly drew on the nylons and slipped into my pumps. After the slip fell into place, I went into mother's room, pirouetted in front of the mirror as long as I dared, and then sat down at her dressing table. I had resolved to go all the way, with lipstick and jewelry, even though I expected it would raise mother's eyebrows.

I put on the lipstick as carefully as I could, but even so it took several wipings and attempts before I was satisfied. I brushed the wig before the long mirror, and tried some pats to see how I looked doing it. Then tearing myself away from the mirror, I went

back to my room, stepped into the dress, buttoned it up, and was just putting on the necklace when mother called to see how I was doing.

"I'm coming now, mom." I said as I took a quick detour for another delicious look in the mirror before going downstairs.

She looked me over with a piercing glance, and I could see the eyebrows go up as she saw the lipstick and necklace. First disapproval registered, and I was afraid of what was coming, but suddenly her look softened, and she smiled warmly and said, "Why Marion, you've done beautifully by yourself. You know I always hoped your father and I could have a daughter after you. So it really is kind of fun to have one if only for a couple of days. My your hair is beautiful. That must be a very expensive wig. Now sit down and let's have breakfast."

While we ate, I told her that one nice thing about playing at being a girl had been Jean's interest in me. She agreed, but said she was afraid it was a momentary whimsey, and wouldn't carry over from Marion to Martin, and perhaps not even to Marion another time. In my heart I knew the former was true, although I doubted the latter, but it gave me an opening, so I said, "I'll bet it would carry over to Marion again." Mother just said, "Well, you may be right. Perhaps some time we'll try it again and see." This was a little indefinite, but was as good a reply as I would have hoped for, so I let it ride.

We went back to work again after breakfast, continuing the routine of the day before. Mother had finished the Fall and Winter dresses, and was working on her skirts. When I had the first one on, I was delighted when she went to her closet and pulled a blouse off a hanger, saying, "You better slip this on while we do the skirts, Marion. Then you won't look so undressed with just that slip on top."

At lunch time, she gave me the jacket to the skirt I was wearing, to put on over the blouse. All morning, I had been going by the mirror whenever I could find a chance without being too obvious. Apparently mother hadn't noticed, because when I had the jacket on, she said, "Go on over to the mirror, Marion, and see how nice you look in this suit and blouse." Needless to say, I did, and was terribly pleased with what I saw.

I had also casually and tentatively tried out some of the gestures I had seen in the movies the day before, such as spreading my skirt under me as I sat down, or patting my hair occasionally. If she noticed these, she made no mention of it. When I started to touch up my lipstick as I surveyed myself in the suit in the mirror before lunch, she said, "I declare, Marion, you are beginning to think and act like a girl. I agree, though, your lips needed touching up. And if you're going to wear lipstick, it should be neat."

After lunch we did a couple of very full, circular skirts. They took longer, of course. As I turned for mother to look at the hand of the second one, I couldn't refrain from a quick pirouette, sending the skirt whirling out from me. "That is kind of fun for girls, Marion. But of course you would never wear that blouse or slip with a full black dirndl skirt like that. Let's try you in something more appropriate, OKAY.?"

I said sure, and mother went to her closet and pulled out a very bouffant crinoline petticoat, with three tiers of ruffles. She told me to pull it on up under my skirt, and take off the simple white shirtwaist I was wearing. While I complied, she emerged from the closet again with a very sheer flowery blouse. Before she slipped it over my head, she helped me pull the shoulder straps of my foundation off, so that in effect, I had a strapless bra. When the blouse was on, I put my hands back under my hair, and pulled it out from under the blouse so it would fall down my shoulders again. I had already come to cherish this feminine gesture.

Finally, she pulled a broad black patent leather belt out of a bureau drawer and gave it to me. I buckled it around my waist, pulling it good and snug. Then I switched to some real spike-heeled black leather pumps which she produced, that matched the belt.

The blouse was low cut in back as well as with a scoop neck in front. The sleeves were short, and elasticized. Mother showed me how they could be pulled down from my shoulders to make a straight line across my upper arms and breast. I walked around the room to get the delicious feel of the petticoat. "Try turning quickly in that dear," said mother, "and sitting down, too."

I replied, "It certainly feels different, there's so much of it. It takes a little handling on sitting down, too, doesn't it," I continued, as I eased into a chair amid the mass of frothy ruffles.

"Yes, it does, but that outfit is very becoming to you. It's much more appropriate to your age than most of my things. Oh, Marion" she sighed, "I don't know what I'm doing to you, but I can't resist dressing you up a little as I always wanted to with a daughter. I hope you'll forgive me."

I assured her there was nothing to forgive, it was all in fun.

She went on, "Why don't we stop here and take a little break. You stay there, and I'll go down and get us a couple of cokes."

The moment she was out of the room, I made a bee line for the mirror. I loved the feel of the full skirt and the petticoat underneath. I whirled in front of the mirror, enchanted at the view of the frills under the skirt. I turned around and leaned over, peeking past my curls which tumbled down beside my face, to see my legs from the back, rising up into the mass of pretty froth. Then I lavished my gaze on my bare shoulders and chest. I even

tried some glamour poses, facing sideways to the mirror and pushing the sleeve off my shoulder in what I tried to make an alluring pose. I loved my snug, trim waist, but couldn't resist tightening the belt another notch even though it was already uncomfortably tight. It was so exciting and exhilarating, but I had to call a halt as I heard mother's steps on the stairs.

As we were sipping our cokes, we both heard a door open and shut downstairs. I started to make a dash for my room, when Jean's voice came up, "Anybody home?"

"We're up here," mother replied, "come on up." She turned to me, as I returned and sat down again, crossing my legs and dangling my foot. "Perhaps we can see sooner than we thought how you look to Jean on the second day."

Just then Jean came in a tight sweater and slacks and said, "Well, if it isn't Marion! Gee, I'm glad to see you, and you look more girlish than ever. You're real dreamy in that outfit although you need more makeup. I was afraid I might find that pip-squeak 'brother' of yours. Stand up, and let me see how you look in it."

I rose to my feet, and tried a little imitation of a fashion show, such as I had seen at Aunt Marsha's shop. One hand on my hip, I walked with a stately gait across the room, pausing to turn a couple of times, and then pivoting to a halt. As I faced the two of them, I dropped one foot behind the other, with both toes pointed out, as I had noticed the models doing in the dress ads which I had scanned intently in the magazine section of the Sunday paper that very morning. As Jean cried, "Bravo! That's terrific."

I walked back and tried the alluring look, turning my head and pushing the sleeve further off the shoulder. Jean teased, "Would the boys ever go for you."

I blushed as she went on about how 'popular' I would be as a girl. She added, "That reminds me of one reason I came over. I have the most wonderful idea, Marion. I was planning to go to the Halloween dance at school a week from Saturday with Jim. He was going to be the prince and I was to be the princess - from the Sleeping Beauty, you know. Now that's off, so why don't I go as the prince, and you go with me. You can go as the princess. Were you going to go, Marion?"

"No," I said, "but I'm not going out in front of all those kids I know, and have to unmask as a princess. I'd never hear the end of it." I spoke quickly, feeling that I should show opposition, and wondering if I dared, but hoping I hadn't been too final, because the idea itself was exciting, even if I didn't have the courage.

"Yes, Jean," chimed in mother, "I think that is asking a little too much."

“Oh, Aunt Helen, everyone knows Martin is a real boy. It’s Halloween, he won’t lose any status. Lots of boys dress as girls on Halloween. In fact, there were a couple at the dance last year, but they couldn’t hold a candle to Marion here on looks. As a matter of face, if you want my honest if immodest opinion, it will raise his status to be my date.”

As I thought about it further, I began to think Jean might be right. She and mother kept on arguing, and I could see that mother was seeing some reason in Jean’s points, too. Finally she said, “Well, it’s really up to Martin. (It was practically the first time she had referred to me that way since she woke me up.) I know he’s fond of you, Jean, and he’s the one who’ll have to take any teasing that may result.”

They both looked at me, and I said, “I’ll think it over. Maybe you’re right Jean.”

“Atta girl,” she provoked, “I know you’ll agree. And you can make him a darling princess costume, can’t you Aunt Helen?”

“If he wants me to, I’ll be glad to do my best. But you better decide pretty soon, dear, because we haven’t too much time.”

“Well, I’ll work on him the rest of the afternoon,” said Jean, “and that brings me to my second reason for coming over. Mother and I want you two to come over to our house for supper and some bridge this evening. Can you?”

Mother replied, “If Martin has finished his lessons, we’d love to.” As I had, Jean blurted out, “Oh, I didn’t mean Martin, I mean Marion.”

I said, “I guess that’s alright with me. It’s not like the dance. And it is a lot of trouble to change anyway.”

“Are you sure your mother wants us, dear?” said mother.

“Oh, yes, although to be perfectly honest I asked if you could come providing it was Marion and not Martin, and she said anything was fine with her. What do you say we go over to my house now, Marion, that is if your mother can spare you. We can play some records, talk or something until supper time.”

Mother suggested that Jean take our coke glasses and tray down to the kitchen while I got out of the peasant outfit and back into my slip. Then she could pin up a few hems to work on. This wouldn’t take long, then we could go along, and she would join us later. Jean was agreeable provided I got back into the same “adorable” things.

By the time Jean came upstairs from her trip to the kitchen, I was standing in a slip and another skirt and mother was on the floor pinning. In about half an hour, she had a good pile of work ahead of her. I grabbed the petticoat, black dirndl, belt and blouse from the bed and slipped into my room to change.

I felt a little self-conscious standing around in my slip with Jean in the room, it just didn't seem right to strip down to my girdle in front of her. Jean saw my embarrassment and said, "You are one of us girl's now—there's nothing to be ashamed of."

I went to my room anyway. When I returned, mother handed me a bag to match my belt and shoes, and said, "Alright, girls now run along, and I'll be over about 6:00."

As we emerged from the house onto our driveway, after being sure there were no neighbors visible, I looked around and said, "Where's your car?" (Jean was old enough to have a license, but I was not.)

"Oh, I didn't drive. Mother was using it, we'll walk over." It was only a few blocks, but I said, "someone may recognize me, Jean, isn't it pretty risky?"

"Nonsense, Marion, come along," she replied, grabbing my arm and starting us off down the street.

I was pretty apprehensive, but enjoyed the swing of my skirt and its ruffles. In my high heels, I was having a little trouble keeping up with Jean, who was striding out in her flats and slacks.

When we turned a corner, I saw an older couple approaching us on the sidewalk, and tried to steer Jean across the street, but she wouldn't budge, and they got closer and closer. I saw that it was a couple who lived a few doors from us, but whom we barely knew. My heart pounded again, but they went on by with only a brief glance at us when we passed. Jean said, "See I told you. You just don't realize what a darling girl you make."

Aunt Marsha's car was in the drive as we turned up their walk. Jean said, "let's sneak up the back stairs to my room. I have an idea before we see mother." I was delighted she had, because when we got to the upstairs hall, I could hear Aunt Marsha conversing with someone else in the living room. Jean called down, "Marion and I are up here mother."

"Oh, fine dear," came Aunt Marsha's voice from below. "Mrs. Brown just stopped in for a few minutes." I was relieved she didn't urge us both to come down, but I knew she wouldn't embarrass me.

We went to Jean's room, and she sat me down at her dressing table and, pulling up a chair, said, "Now we're going to doll you up like you should be in that outfit. You need to sparkle in it, Marion. You look too blah now." She then took off my necklace, and put a towel around my shoulders. I didn't protest, because I was curious and because I loved this attention from her. She had me close my eyes, and I could feel her lining my lids with a pencil and putting other things on them. Then she got to work on my

eyebrows. She said, "You have such nice, large girlish lashes, we won't have to touch them."

Next she rouged my cheeks, and powered my neck and shoulders. Finally, she applied a bright red lipstick. Still not satisfied, she told me to put my hands on the table and before I knew it, she was painting my nails a bright red. She was oozing with excitement, saying what a shame it was my beauty would only be seen by our mothers.

She pulled open a drawer, and began pulling out jewelry. A big sparkling red ring went on my finger first. Then half a dozen jangling bracelets on my wrist. Two or three strands of bright colored beads around my neck were followed by long, dangling earrings, my first!

At last Jean said, "Wow! You really are something! And I thought I was a good looking girl. Turn around now, and look." I did and gasped. I had been pretty before, but now I was stunning! I looked older, too. I swayed my head to and from, to hear, feel the earrings dangle. I must have shown my admiration, for Jean said, "How do you like it?"

I couldn't conceal my excitement, and burst out "Oh, Jean, I love it! I do look dreamy, don't I?" I was, almost but not quite unconsciously, lapsing into a girlish lingo and even raising my voice a pitch or two.

Jean picked this as the perfect moment to say "You will go to the Halloween dance with me, won't you, Marion? Say 'Yes, I promise'."

"Yes, I promise," I said quietly, knowing that I could no longer keep from Jean my pleasure in playing a girl's role. She hugged me, and kissed me, and said, "That's wonderful. I'll make you real pretty—We'll have a good time together, too."

I said, "Be careful you'll spoil my make up." And she laughed.

"Well," she carried on, "Now that you are going to be a princess, you'll have to learn to dance like one. Let's go down to the rec room in the basement and I'll start your lessons."

I had been to dancing school two or three years earlier, and hadn't done too badly, but of course I had never followed! I had a pretty good sense of rhythm though, and was fairly well coordinated. Jean started me with a fox trot, and we progressed from the elementary box step to a few more complex. She said, I was doing fine, and I loved having her hold me. Then she said, "Let's try a jitterbug. It's not much of a dance for a princess, but it's fun and you're bound to be asked."

Actually this was the first time it occurred to me that I would be dancing with anyone but Jean, least of all with other boys. "Dance? with others? Boys?" I gasp.

"It won't kill you," she announced. "If you don't dance it'll give you away for sure. You are going to be so breathtaking that I'm sure a few boys will ask you."

I didn't relish the idea at all, but I had given my word, and knew there was no way out now.

Jean showed me the heel toe, heel toe of the jitterbug, and we tried it side by side for a couple of records. Then she took me in her arms, and began to teach me some routines. Pretty soon we were going at quite a clip, and my curls and skirts and petticoat were flying as she threw me out, and twirled me, and pulled me back. I was laughing and loving it when the music stopped and I saw Aunt Marsha standing in the doorway. Her face was one complete look of astonishment. "Hi, Aunt Marsha," I said, walking over to her with my breasts heaving as I regained my wind.

"Why, Marion, do you ever look adorable! That outfit is just darling on you, and that makeup make you look three years older and a real glamour girl. I'll be that was Jean's idea?"

I nodded.

"You two dance beautifully together. It's a real joy to see you having fun with each other after all of these years, even if we had to make a girl out of you to do it."

"Martin's going to be my Princess at the Halloween dance, mother." beamed Jean. "What will you bet he wins the prize for the prettiest girl?"

"Oh, you're a good sport, Martin. Those judges will certainly have to give you some sort of prize."

"Do the Fashion Show bit for mother," urged Jean. So I paraded and posed again, with a little more grace and confidence, coming to a finish just as I saw mother come into the room and stand beside Aunt Marsha. All three burst into applause when I finished.

Mother said, "Oh, Jean, I can see your fine hand in that glamorous make up job and jewelry. I think you're taking my son away from me. But it's good to see you two getting along so nicely together."

Jean said, "Yes, and you're going to have to make that princess dress for Marion."

"Oh, well, I'm not surprised. I kind of thought you'd talk him into it. Now, I heard you dancing as I came in, how about a number for me." So while they sat down and talked, we did a fox trot and then another jitterbug, as my skirts and locks flew again, and my bracelets and earrings jangles.

When we came to a halt, Aunt Marsha said, "It's time to go out and get the pizza now, Jean. You can go along with her, Martin. You can stay in the car." With that Jean grabbed my hand

and led me off up the stairs. She helped me into my coat as I lifted my hair over the collar, and into the car. I didn't object, as it was getting dark, and I could see no risk of exposure.

I was gaining in confidence at my ability not to be detected, and thrilling at the excitement of passing for a girl in public. Why I should have worried at all after the evening at the movies, I don't know.

However, when Jean came out of the pizza palace, she was carrying one package and the clerk the other. He opened my door, and of course the light went on, but he just looked at me and said, "Here, Miss, hold these so they don't get mussed," then he closed the car door and went back.

Jean giggled at my embarrassment. "I couldn't help it," she said, "I wanted to show off my handy-work."

Back at Aunt Marsha's we sat down to our supper. When we finished, Aunt Marsha said, "I must get some pictures of you, Marion, let me get my Polaroid." She came back and must have taken a dozen or more pictures, as I assumed many coquettish poses at Jean's bidding.

They had me take the model's stance, and a "cheesecake" pose with skirt and petticoat pulled up to show my legs above my garters. They had me sit in a chair with crossed legs, and on the floor, with skirt spread out all around me. Then Aunt Marsha just kept a couple and gave the rest to mom and me. They gave me a funny feeling when I look at them.

We then had a short, but nice evening of bridge. I enjoyed cards, but I think I enjoyed more seeing my be-ringed finger, braceleted wrist, and painted nails.

At home, I undressed in my room, carefully hanging the clothes in my closet, tucking the jewelry and handbag into a drawer, and placing the wig on the stand Aunt Marsha had brought with it. I liked the idea of having my complete pretty outfit right here in my possession.

Mother came in to kiss me goodnight, and sat down on my bed for a few minutes. She said she realized how much I was enjoying Jean's newfound friendship, but that I mustn't overdo catering to her liking me as a girl. This was bound to be a whim with Jean, on the rebound from breaking up with Jim. She warned the effects could be lasting on me. I just laughed and reassured her that I was a boy with a boy's desires, even if I was going along with Jean fancy at the moment.

She said that it had been a good fun couple of days because I had been such a good sport, and she had enjoyed having a daughter.

The next couple of days, although I feasted my eyes on the outfit which mother had left in my closet (she may not have seen it). I returned to my former routine: school, touch football, and studying. I looked at the pictures Aunt Marsha had taken over and over. I had appropriated them that evening, and I think mother had forgotten about them.

As I went to sleep, I recalled visions of myself in the mirror and repeated to myself some of the phrases that had been tossed at me: “glamour girl, adorable, darling, dreamy, beautiful.”

At school Jean and I passed occasionally in the halls, but she treated me just as before, except for perhaps a half-amused smile.

Nevertheless, on Wednesday she came up to me as I was lunching in the cafeteria, and said, “Hi, Martin,” then leaned over and whispered in my ear, “Tell that sister of yours I’m coming over to give her another dancing lesson tonight right after supper, and she better be ready.”

My friends were obviously impressed by her speaking to me.

I came in from football around 5:00, and mother said, “My, you look hot and dirty, Martin, go bathe and get cleaned up for supper.”

“OKAY. mom,” I replied, “do you mind if I get into a skirt, because Jean is coming over right after supper to give me another dancing lesson.”

“I guess not, dear, just so you look nice. You know I don’t tolerate sloppy clothes at the dinner table.”

I rushed through my bath, and donned my blouse and skirt outfit again. It felt wonderful to look down at my breasts, to slip the nylons up my legs, to swirl again in the petticoat, to tighten up the belt. After putting on my wig, and combing and brushing my hair, I put on lipstick and the same jewelry.

When I entered the living room and greeted mother, she said, “Well, you are a surprise. I thought you meant you were just going to put on a skirt instead of pants, but I must say you followed my wishes; you do look nice, and those certainly aren’t sloppy clothes.”

“As I told you mother, I just couldn’t stand around or try to dance to Jean’s leading, half dressed as a girl. I would feel so self-conscious, I’d want to melt into the floor. I know she would have nothing to do with me that way.”

“I expect you’re right, and the dress I’m going to make you for the dance is kind of like that outfit anyway.”

“Oh, tell me about it mother,” I said with what I was afraid was a squeal of girlish delight.

“I picked up a pattern and some material today. It’s of white brocaded satin, and has little short puff sleeves, a low cut bodice,

is fitted snugly over the bosom and waist, and then flares out in a mass of tulle net, over the full white satin underskirt. It's of ballerina length, which won't show as much of your pretty legs except when you jitterbug, but that's a more appropriate length for a 'young princess' ball gown. Then there's a net stole to wear over your shoulders."

"It sounds just yummy, mother. When are you going to start on it?"

"Right away, dear. I hope to have it ready for a fitting on Saturday, and finish it up on Sunday or the first of the week."

"How about shoes, mother?" I asked.

"Oh, my goodness," mother said, "I didn't think of them, and I don't think I have anything suitable. I'll pick you up an inexpensive pair of white satin brocaded pumps to go with the dress."

After we finished supper, Jean came in, again in slacks and flats. I wished she would dress more girlishly around me, because I thought of us as two girls when I was "dressed up". In slacks, it gave me kind of a feeling of being a girl dated by a boy, and I found this thought disquieting, but of course, she was practicing at being the Prince, so I couldn't very well take issue with it.

We had a bang up dancing session in our living room, working on rumbas, sambas, and the cha-cha, as well as perfecting the fox trot and enlarging our jitterbug routine. I was beginning to feel perfectly relaxed, comfortable, and natural in the follower's role. Jean complimented me on my aptness as a pupil. About 10:00, mother came down and watched for a while. She said we had improved a lot, and praised me for my gracefulness.

As I flopped down on the sofa with my lovely mass of petticoat and skirt enveloping me and spreading out beside me, Jean said, "I almost forgot. Do you have a tape measure, Aunt Helen?"

"Certainly, dear, here's one." said mother, going to a nearby table drawer.

Jean then proceeded to stand me up and take measurements of my bosom, waists, and hips. "Wow!" she said, when she checked my tautly belted waist, "24 inches." But she wouldn't say what she wanted the information for.

Soon after she left, and I slowly peeled off my clothes, keeping heels, girdle and wig on as long as possible, and went to bed.

Thursday and Friday passed slowly and without incident. Mother was working on my dress, but she said she didn't want me to see it until it was ready to try on.

Saturday came with the sun beaming in my window when I heard mother call at the door. "Another good football day for you, dear," she said, "or are you going to the high school game?"

I had other hopes, so I fibbed and said, "I hurt my leg a little yesterday, mom, so I don't think I'll go out today. It doesn't amount to anything—just a muscle, but I'd rather play it safe. What are you going to do?"

"Well, I can't do anything more on your dress until we have a fitting, but I still have half a dozen skirts left to shorten. I was going to work on them this morning if you went out."

"Don't you want me to help you?"

"Oh, that won't be necessary, I have my mannequin back now." My heart fell!

"I'd be glad to, mother. I have nothing else to do, and you said it went faster for you. Jean said she was coming by this afternoon so why don't we wait until she gets here to try on my dress."

"If you're sure you don't mind, it's a bit faster that way. You were a help last Sunday, until we got so interested in dressing you up. Now, get dressed and I'll get breakfast."

I didn't even ask if I could get into a dress right away, but went right to her closet as soon as she had left and pulled out the step in shirtwaist I had worn a week earlier. I was trembling with excitement and pleasure as I worked into my ungiving girle again, and slipped into everything else.

I noticed with regret that my nice page boy was beginning to lose some of its curl, and resolved to talk to Jean about it.

When I appeared downstairs, mother said, "I see you're all ready again, dear and you are still following your complete changeover theory. So I better go back to calling you Marion again."

After breakfast, we plunged into our now familiar routine. I whisked dresses on and off over my head like a veteran. I thought it would be funny if the dress's owners knew that a boy did the fittings.

Between time, I lounged around in a diaphanous, pale blue negligee and matching mules. They looked so pretty and alluring in the closet when I first went for a robe, that I just brazenly put them on. Mother gave me a quizzical look, and started to say something, but apparently thought better of it. I relaxed and reveled in the feel of the material.

As lunchtime approached, we had been working on the skirt of a tailored green tweed suit. As before, I had slipped on a blouse; brown silk with a little bow at the throat and ruffles down the front while I had the skirt on and off. When we finished it, mother said she was going to wash up before going down to get lunch, and left the room. I put on the jacket to the suit, and then spied mother's fur and put it on too, then switched from mules to

brown calf sling pumps. Going back to the mirror, I was turning and preening myself, admiring the saucy angle of my hat and the furs in different positions.

When mother returned, I was fearful of her criticism, but she just commented, "My, you do look cute in that outfit, Marion. That skirt fits over your hips beautifully, I couldn't have done better if I made it for you instead of myself. I just can't get over how naturally you seem to enjoy the same things about girl's clothes that a girl does. I see lots of women, and you're one of the rare ones that women's clothes fit perfectly. You do something for them, and they certainly do a lot for you. It almost seems a shame you can't wear them, because you haven't yet grown into a rugged, masculine appearing man." Then she added, apparently realizing the incongruity of the last comment, "up to now, anyway." And a little frown appeared. Then, it vanished, and she said gayly, "Take off the furs, and let's go down and have lunch, you fashion plate."

After lunch, we finished the last two skirts, and mother was exclaiming how glad she was to have that done when Jean arrived. I still had on the brown blouse and a pleated brown flannel skirt, the last item we had just finished. She gave me an affectionate 'girl' hug and said, "Hello, beautiful," and then greeted mother.

From behind her back, Jean pulled out a packaged which I could recognize came from her mother's store. She handed it to me with a smile, and said, "Here's something for you that mother sent over for Marion."

I opened it with trembling hands, knowing it was my very first feminine present. It was a girdle, a girdle with hips and buttocks swelling out with built in pads, with a strongly reinforced waist-cincher waist, with built in pads in the bra cups and strapless! I was thrilled. No more fussing with padding. I would have the right curves, and they would feel much more a part of me.

"Thanks, oh, thanks," I chortled, "wherever did she get it? So that's what you were up to with the tape measure!"

A girdle and corset salesman was in to sell her on Tuesday, and she spotted this item in his catalog. I guess they carry it for other misfortune girls like you whose figures need a little help. So she thought of you right away and ordered it immediately after I gave her the measurements."

"That's awfully sweet of her," I replied, "isn't it, mother?"

"Yes, Marion, she is very thoughtful and generous. Now why don't you go into your room and put it on. Then we can try on your Princess dress and get it to fit your new figure."

I picked up the negligee and mules, and went into my room. I was glad to get rid of mother's girdle, and pull on the new one. The waist was pretty tight, and I remembered that the 24 inches

was when I had pulled my black patent leather belt in as much as I could get it. I finally got the hooks closed. I ran my hands lovingly over the protruding breasts, down my waist and out over my hips. Then I slipped into the negligee and mules and returned.

Mother had my dress out and it looked just dreamy. She must have had it tucked away in the guest room closet. Forgetting all modesty, I slipped off the negligee.

Mother and Jean slid the dress over my head and smoothed it into place.

I felt like a princess, and turned to the mirror to see one looking out at me. Both mother and Jean were tossing adjectives and compliments at me, "gorgeous, darling, stunning, so becoming." I said, "Mother, you've done a wonderful job, I don't know how to thank you."

She said not to worry about that, and began to work, marking minor adjustments to be made, although to Jean and me it looked perfect. Then she said I should try the shoes and the stole. They showed me how to handle the stole, how it could rest around my neck or lower down, sort of across my back and over my forearms. I soon picked up the knack of handling it in a feminine manner, and evoked their comments on my aptness as a pupil.

Mother said, "You know, Jean, he really should have a tiara for his hair." Jean agreed and said she thought she might be able to get one from the costume closet of the drama club at school, where she was getting her prince costume. I kept standing so I could keep an eye on myself in the mirror, and file away the luscious picture I saw there for future loving memory.

All too soon, mother said, "Let's get you out of it now. I'll get back to work on it, and you two have some fun."

They lifted the dress carefully off me, and then I realized I was standing before Jean clad only in my new girdle.

She giggled, and said, "Why, Marion, you could model lingerie and corsets as well as dresses. I'm going to suggest that mother use you at the shop. Why don't you put on your black dirndl outfit, and we'll have another dance lesson."

I had snatched up the negligee by this time, and clasping it to me; I slunk off to my room blushing and embarrassed.

In a few minutes I returned in what I now thought of as my dance outfit. My self-confidence and poise returned as I felt the now familiar swish of the petticoat and sway of the earrings.

Jean said, "Say, you really have appropriated my jewelry haven't you, you little minx, but you are welcome to keep it." We went downstairs and had a wonderful hour in each others arms. I had gotten good enough so that I could really enjoy just moving gracefully to the rhythm, my body against Jean's or my back

arched back, looking up at her with a flirtatious smile. Mother watched us for a few minutes as she went down to the basement with some laundry.

Finally, it was time for Jean to go, and for me to get ready for supper. I was not happy at the prospect, because I could see nothing to use as a reason mother would accept for my staying as Marion. But Jean, holding my hand at the doorway, said, "What do you say we go to Hillsboro to the movies again, Marion? Just you and I."

"Of course."

"It's awfully risky."

"Nonsense, you're twice as much a girl this week as you were last and you were a darn good one then, good enough to fool everyone who didn't know you and *two* who did."

"Well, wait and I'll ask mother."

I went to the cellar stairs and called down, "Mom, Jean wants me to go to the movies in Hillsboro, tonight. May I?"

"Why of course, Martin."

I caught the Martin, which led me to believe she was giving him permission to go, but not Marion. She was putting my school clothes in the washer and had probably forgotten how I was dressed.

"Can I wear anything I want?"

"Certainly, just so you are nicely dressed for dinner. You know my rules."

The rule for me was coat and tie for dinner. I still doubted that she got the purport of my questioning, but I shrugged my shoulders at Jean, and she laughed, and said, "I guess that takes care of that. If you have any argument, I'll be your witness." And with a sweet kiss on my lips, she left.

I went upstairs and bathed. I also shaved again to get off the light fuzz of the last couple of days, and also ran the razor across my chest, where a few wispy hairs had recently appeared. Looking down the bodice of my princess dress, I had just caught sight of them.

I had decided to wear the green tweed suit, blouse, furs, and saucy hat, so got them quickly from mother's room. I also picked up the brown calf sling pumps, a bag and took out earrings, a little necklace and bracelet of matching costume jewelry.

"Wear anything you want, just so you look nice." I reminded myself. Going back to my room, I completed dressing, hair arranging, and lipstick. I had chosen the suit because I wanted to go back to a fitted skirt, that clung snugly to my girdled hips. I ran my hands over them delightedly. Mother was not in her room, so I went in and feasted my eyes on the mirror.

Going downstairs, I left the furs, hat, bag and gloves on the hall table and went into the kitchen. Mother looked up and said, "I thought you were going to change and go to the movies. You better hurry. You haven't much time. Supper is almost ready."

"Oh, but I'm going like this mom. You said I could go and wear anything I wanted, as long as I obeyed your rules and looked nice. So aren't I wearing a jacket and tie," I went on, fingering the bow at my throat, "and I do look nice, don't I?"

"Of course, you look lovely. But I certainly didn't mean girl's clothes, even though you are technically right in my rule. I don't think it's right for you to go around that way, dear. It was different the one time when Marsha and I were with you."

"But mother, I asked you and you said I could go with Jean, and you know she won't go with me unless I go as a girl. She's counting on it and the first thing you know, she'll have nothing to do with me again. So what's the danger? You said yourself I wear girl's clothes very well - and last week I wasn't even recognized by two boys who know me."

"Well, alright, I love you too much to deny you Jean's company—I guess that'll teach me to misunderstand you so. I might have known what you two would have in mind. And you seem to me to be even less likely to be mistaken for anything but a girl this week than last, so I guess you're safe."

"You're a peach, mother." I said, and threw my arms around her and kissed her.

"Don't you get your lipstick all over me, you hussy." She laughed, now in good humor again. And what do you mean by taking my good costume jewelry. Sometimes I wish your taste in feminine things wasn't so good."

We chatted through supper, and then I donned my pillbox, setting it at a saucy angle and pinning it to my hair with the two little combs inside it, with mother's help and instruction. I had just put on the furs and was admiring them in the mirror when Jean arrived. I was glad to see she was back in a dress herself.

I picked up my bag and gloves, and did a pirouette in front of her. "Well, that's a chic outfit," she commented, "You're just a knockout in anything. You really look smart in that, and I can see the new girdle really gives you a trim figure. Let's go, you heart-breaker! It's a warm evening, you won't need a coat with those furs."

I gave mother another affectionate embrace and we left with her smiling at us from the doorway. "Take care of my furs, Marion." she called.

We were early for the show, so we wandered slowly down the main street. I found that the tight skirt made me take tiny steps, and I was swinging my hips more. There was something pleasurable about the constriction of my legs. Many of the stores were open for Saturday night, and the windows were gaily lit. We paused at the women's dress shops and looked curiously at the pretty dresses, blouses, skirts, and undies.

Jean suggested we go into the dime store and look around. I was a little fearful of the bright lights inside, but nevertheless was full of confidence. As we went by the makeup counter, I told Jean, "I'm going to pick up a few things for myself here. I shouldn't always be poaching on you and mother."

I began to select two or three shades of lipstick when a saleslady came up and asked, "Can I help you Miss?" I smiled, "Yes," and she chatted about what would be most becoming to my complexion and "lovely blonde hair."

With Jean's help too, we selected three lipsticks, eyebrow pencil, mascara, rouge, and eye shadow. We then stopped at a jewelry counter and Jean said, "A tiara won't be enough for you to wear. Let me give you a present, darling." Thereupon, she picked out a little set of necklace, earrings, bracelet and a pin which looked like diamonds set in silver, but weren't, since they only cost a few dollars. I was delighted to have some jewelry as well as make up that I could really call my own.

Then we went into the movie, again in a blaze of lights by the entrance. Inside, I settled into my seat, carefully removed my hat and furs, and patted my hair into place. We held hands during the show, and again I tried to memorized the feminine mannerisms of the actresses, for later practice and use.

When it was over, we again saw the same two boys ahead of us, walking up the aisle. I whispered to Jean that we should dodge them when we came out. But, horrors, they turned around in the lobby and waited for us. They both said, "Hi, Jean," and one continued, "How about you and your friend joining us for a coke across the street?" I was petrified!

Jean spoke right back, "Hello, Hugh and ken. Thanks a lot, but I don't have much use for boys since the treatment I got from Jim. So we're going to go alone. Thanks just the same." And tossing them a smile, she pulled by the hand along past them and we walked rapidly back to our car.

My pulse was still racing, and I said, "Gosh, that was close, I was scared to death."

"Don't be an old silly. We probably should have said 'yes'. They were certainly giving you a wolfish look. But they wouldn't recognize you in a hundred years."

"Just the same, Jean, I not like to take the chance."

"Well, supposing they did recognize you. I'd just say I bet I could doll you up so you couldn't be recognized, and you'd taken me up."

Somehow, this didn't satisfy me, but I said, "Well, let's use that if I'm ever caught. At least until we think of something better."

Back at home, kissed me goodnight. Later I sat down on mother's bed to chat.

"How did it go, any problems?"

"No," I replied. I showed her the jewelry and then explained about the boys.

"Well, I don't wonder they suspected nothing. When I see you dolled up so attractively, I just don't see Martin at all. Go along to bed now, dear."

And so I went to my room, and transferred my make up package from my bag to my bureau. I hadn't quite dared to tell mother about that purchase. Prolonging undressing as I reveled in each stage of the process, I finally tumbled into bed with happy, happy recollections of another thrilling day.

Next day, Sunday, I awoke to see girdle, slip, suit and the rest on my chair across the room. I couldn't think of any excuse to don them, so put on shirt and trousers, and, after fondling the lingerie, restored them to mother's closet. All except the girdle, of course, which was all mine!

I went out to look up some friends, and gave some lame excuse as to where I had been the day before. If they had known the truth! I shuttered at the thought. In mid-afternoon, I wandered home, and called mother down, "Is that you Martin, dear? Come on up, I'm ready to have you try on your dress again."

I leaped up the stairs and burst into the room. "Slow down, dear," she laughed. "Now get into your girdle, and we'll see if it isn't all set now. I've sewn a nice net petticoat under the skirt, so it will stand out more and have a pretty flaring line."

I dashed into my room, stripped down, and was soon into girdle and nylons. I put on my wig and lipstick and went back to mother.

"Heavens, can't you even slip on a dress without primping up. My but you're a vain princess." she teased.

I stepped into my shoes, and mother slipped the dress carefully over my head. She stood back and looked at me. "Vain but beautiful, thanks to the talented needle of your mother."

I was looking at myself from all angles in the mirror. "You're right mom, it's just lovely. You are a wonderful sport to do it,

especially considering that originally you weren't too enthusiastic about the whole idea."

"Well, it does worry me, but I'm just a silly worry wart. I must say you seem to be an active boy or a pretty feminine girl at will, and neither role seems to show through in the other."

I began to see how important it was for me to remain boyish when in boy's clothes if I was to be allowed to don dresses.

Looking at my lovely image, I remembered the lovely jewelry that Jean had given me, and went to my room for it. Coming back, I was putting it on in front of the mirror when the phone rang. Mother answered.

"Hello, Marsha...Oh, nothing in particular...we were just giving Martin a final fitting in his princess dress...you would...fine, come on over, he looks beautiful in it, if I do say so myself. Bye."

Turning to me she said, I guess you'll have to keep it on for a few minutes more, Marsha is coming over to see you."

"That's nice. How do you like the jewelry, mother?"

"Why, I think it goes very nicely. I'm not sure about the pin, though. It may be just a shade too much."

I continued to study myself from all angles, and to walk around and turn, to get use to the feel of all the petticoat and the longer skirt. Then I remembered, "Where's the stole, mother, I must show that to Aunt Marsha too."

"Oh, I'll get it dear." She was back in a moment. As I practiced manipulating the stole, we heard the downstairs door open, and Aunt Marsha came up the stairs.

"Marion! Aren't you just a dream! Helen, that's a heavenly gown, My, you are clever. Turn around, Marion dear. and let me see you from all angles." I complied, holding the stole in a fetching pose. "Helen, now aren't you glad you agreed to let him go. You certainly couldn't have deprived Martin of such a wonderful chance to show off his beauty without suspicion of his motives."

Mother didn't answer but just said, "I think you better slip if off now dear, We don't want it mused for Saturday."

In a moment, I reluctantly obeyed, and then stood before Aunt Marsha in my girdle, hose, and heels. "I just love the girdle, Aunt Marsha, it's so much simpler and more comfortable than stuffing one of mother's. Thank you so much."

"Oh think nothing of it, dear. You should have a complete wardrobe of your own, but at least we have started from the bottom! And it surely gives you a cute figure, Talk about curves!"

Mother said, "Yes, you were generous, Marsha. Run along and get back into your own clothes now, dear."

“Oh must she?” Aunt Marsha came to my rescue, bless her. “All she needs to do is slip on a dress to look nice. Can’t Marion stay with us for a while, Helen?”

Well, I guess a few minutes with us won’t matter.” replied mother. “Go ahead, you little hussy, and pick something out of my closet again.”

I went over, slid a slip over me, and then studied the hangers and shelves. I just couldn’t decide, but finally thought I’d try something sporty instead of frilly. I pulled on a nice peach pullover sweater and plaid woolen skirt with a little kick pleat in the front. I stepped out of my own white pumps which mother had bought me to go with my princess dress, and slid my feet into a pair of brown ones with a little bow at the toe. The sweater was a treat, as it made me very conscious of my firm, well-outlined bustline. The little necklace rested nicely on it, just below my throat.

“Now what’s the matter with that, Helen?” said Aunt Marsha. Marion is comfortable, I’m sure, looks just darling, and we three girls can have a nice chat. And you can have a charming daughter the rest of the day and a boyish son tomorrow. You don’t realize how lucky you are.”

“I know you must be right, Marsha. You have always had more sense than I. I do enjoy a daughter. I just wish I could take it as casually as the rest of you.”

“Well, as long as Martin takes it casually, you can.”

We chatted for a while. Then Jean’s cherry voice called up, “Hi, everyone, I saw our car out front as I was going by. May I come up?”

In a moment, she walked in, clad in her usual afternoon slacks and sweater, “Well, if it isn’t my best girl friend, looking as pretty as ever.” she greeted me. “How’s your dress coming along?”

Aunt Marsha burst in with, “It’s all finished, and it’s just beautiful. There’s no doubt as to who will be the belle of the ball. You just missed the final fitting.”

Jean urged me to put it on again for her, but mother put her foot down, saying it mustn’t get mussed. Besides, it was almost time for supper.

Jean then said that we two girls would go down to the kitchen and make up some sandwiches for all of us, and then we could resume our bridge game.

All agreed, and I was soon tying a little embroidered apron around my waist on the kitchen. I hugged Jean and said, “You’re a doll. If you hadn’t come along I think mother would have made me change back after your mother left.”

And so we finished up what had started so unpromisingly but turned out to be another wonderful, always-to-be-cherished day.

Monday and Tuesday passed uneventfully. Realizing the risks I was running with mother, I cast off all girlishness when in my boy's clothes. This wasn't difficult, because effeminacy in a boy was distasteful to me, and I felt like a boy when I was in trousers. Nevertheless, I had a warm rush of inward excitement thinking of the coming Saturday night.

Jean had said we would need another dancing practice, and that she would be over again on Wednesday. I stayed in that afternoon to do my studies, saying casually, in answer to mother's query, "Oh, Jean is coming over for another dance session. She says I still need more practice in the waltz."

After I bathed before dinner, I went back to my room and got into the petticoat, skirt and peasant blouse - "my dance outfit" - which was still in my closet. I then tried out my own new make up, experimenting with eyebrow pencil and just a trace of eye shadow, as well as the brightest of the lipsticks.

Finally satisfied with the result, and with Jean's jewelry that I had never returned, I tripped down the stairs. In these spikiest of the heels I had worn, I sauntered as casually as I could into the kitchen.

"Martin, you didn't tell me you were getting into a skirt and your wig before dinner. In fact, you didn't say anything about it at all. Now just because you look so gorgeous as a girl, you mustn't surprise me like this. I think I ought to send you right up to change and tell Jean not to come over."

I threw my arms around her and gave her a big hug and kiss, and said, "I thought it would be a nice surprise for you to have your pretty daughter drop in. I could have gotten back into my dull boy's clothes again, but thought a little variety would be fun for both of us. Now tell me, do I look nice or don't I."

"Of course you look nice; you look just divine. It would be so much easier for me to be strict about this if you didn't look and act just like the daughter I would want to have. As a girl, you not only look darling, but you have a sweet, affectionate disposition. I don't know how long it's been since Martin threw his arms around me and kissed me."

"Well I can stay like this, then can't I mother? Jean and I need the practice, besides, and there's no sense my practicing in boy's shoes."

"Alright, dear, you win again. No stop flouncing around like a chorus girl, put on an apron and help me with dinner."

Soon she was her usual good natured affectionate self, and we had a lively meal together. I had my apron back on and was

cleaning off the table when Jean came in. Mother released me then, so I untied and hung the apron, and Jean and I went out to the living room for our dance session.

I had come to adore dancing in my ever swirling frou-frou, and Jean constantly helped me, not only in following her steps, but in working in little feminine mannerisms, such as kicking back a heel or tossing my head and curls at the right moment in the rhythm. In fact, these gestures were becoming almost automatic.

In one of our breaks, I called Jean's attention to my hair, which was beginning to lose its curl. She agreed we must set it before she left. So we knocked off about nine and went upstairs. Jean told mother our problem and borrowed some curlers. Then she came back into my room and said we could do it better with the wig on its block, and besides she could show me how, so I could do it myself next time. (I wasn't sure there would be a next time, although I was determined that this all wouldn't end with the ball.)

When I had the wig off, Jean shrieked and said she just couldn't stand me that way. So I went into mother's room, and asked if I could borrow a scarf to put over my head. She took one look at me and said, "I should say so. You look awful like that. I love you as a boy and I guess, as a girl, too. But not in between."

We finished setting my hair then I saw Jean down to the door for a goodnight kiss. When I went back up, mother called me to come in for a minute. She said, "Marion, I don't mind doing laundry for a boy because it's women's work, but you are an old enough girl to wash out your own things, or I guess I mean my things when you borrow them. Now before you go to bed tonight, I want you to rinse out those nylons you're wearing and that goes for the future if you wear any of my undies. You better wash your girdle before Saturday, too. Now give me a hug and a kiss, but don't smear your make up all over me. And don't think I didn't notice you little girlish experiments too. Now go along to bed. You have been a nice daughter tonight."

Saturday finally came. I played football with the gang, but my interest wasn't in it, and I fumbled twice. As we were breaking up for lunch, one of the fellows said, "Going to the dance tonight, Marty?" I was startled, but finally came out with an attempt at a casual, "Naw."

Back home after lunch, I just couldn't wait for the hours to pass, but decided to get my lessons out of the way. About 4:30 I sauntered into mother's room, where she was sewing as usual, and said, "I think I'll take my bath now and change my clothes. Jean

and Aunt Marsha are coming over about 7:00 or 7:30 to help me dress.”

“Alright, dear. What time is the party?”

“It starts at 9:00. There’s dancing until 11:30, when they have a grand march and judging of the costumes. It winds up about 12:00 or a little after, but Jean says most of the kids then go out to get something to eat.”

In the bathroom I first carefully shaved not only the little fuzz on my face, but the few wisps of hair under my arms, on my chest and my legs. It might not show anyway, but it made me feel smooth and feminine.

After my bath, I powdered myself all over with mother’s bath powder and then pulled on my girdle and the stockings I had washed out on Wednesday. Tying a scarf over my head, and putting on just a touch of lipstick, I went back to mother’s room. I tapped lightly on the door and said, “Your daughter Marion is back, may I come in?”

“Certainly, dear. My, that’s not a very modest or ladylike way to be running around the house. You should have slipped on that blue negligee of mine that you were wearing the other day. I usually use my heavier red velvet this time of the year, so you could use the other one. But you better get into something for supper. Why don’t you just put on your shirt, jacket and trousers over that?”

“Oh, mother, I don’t like any half and half business. Can’t I just borrow a dress?”

“Well, when you come right down to it, neither do I, so help yourself in my closet. Actually, I think I can accept Marion better as a separate person entirely apart from Martin.”

I went to her closet, donned a slip hanging there, and then studied the dresses. I decided on the print with pleated skirt which had started me on my feminine career only two short weeks ago. Then I slid into a pair of pumps, but picked up the negligee and matching mules and took them back to my closet. Then I picked up my nail polish and sat with mother while I did my nails. However, she thought my polish was too bright a red for a Princess so I used a pink shade of hers.

After I had finished and they had dried, I asked mother if I couldn’t help her get supper. I sensed from some of her remarks that if I were ever to have any success in reverting to my Marion role again after tonight, it would help to make Marion a person quite different and separate from Martin.

Then she would not tend to see her son in me when I was wearing dresses. Moreover, if I could make Marion a sweet, thoughtful, intimate and demonstratively affectionate daughter who was a joy for mother to have around, I was less likely to be

forbidden my girl's role. So we went downstairs, where I donned my apron again, and gave her a good hand in preparing our super and cleaning up afterwards.

I was still tingling with excitement, although getting back into dress and heels gave me such satisfaction that I was not as impatient to start getting dressed for the dance as I had been all day. Nevertheless, I was delighted when Jean and Aunt Marsha burst in.

Jean said, "Well, Marion, I'm glad to see that you are that far along." She was carrying some packages which I knew must be her costume. Aunt Marsha had her camera, I noticed happily. I had suggested to Jean that she get her mother to bring it.

When we all went upstairs, Jean said she could take care of herself, and our mothers should help me. So I peeled off my dress and slip, put on my negligee, and turned myself over to them for make up and hair. After removing the curlers from the wig, placing it on my head, and brushing and combing it out, my hair looked just lovely, falling down over my cheeks across my shoulders and back in a beautiful mass of curls and ringlets. Jean and I had decided to change from the page boy style, because she was going to do her hair in that manner as the Prince. Though hers was much shorter than mine, we wanted them to contrast.

Then they made up my face, not heavily, of course, but giving me a radiant, pink cheeked complexion, with darkened narrow eyebrows and just a touch of eye shadow. I slipped on my pumps, and then it was time to don my dress. Both of them lowered this over me very carefully so as not to muss make up or hair, zipped it up, and smoothed and patted it into place.

Finally we did jewelry. They decided that I could wear the sparkling little choker Jean had given me, which had a cute little heart shaped gem hanging from it right at the throat. They also approved the matching bracelet and earrings, but vetoed the pin. In addition, mother loaned me a couple of her rings.

The crowning was the tiara which Jean had borrowed. Aunt Marsha went in and got it from Jean, fastened it securely, but unobtrusively to my hair with bobby pins, and announced that "Prince John" was ready to meet "Princess Marion."

We met in mother's room. Jean looked very manly and handsome. "His" hair was done with bangs in front and a short page boy falling to just below his ears. He had on kind of a doublet or tunic in re velvet with gold brocade, little puffy shorts gathered by elastic halfway down his thigh, long white stockings, and red velvet slippers. He must have bound his breast in tightly, because there was no indication of a feminine bust. And he wore no make up.

I smiled at him, and our mothers bubbled forth with flattering praises, “what a lovely pair—right out of a fairy story—too adorable for words.”

“John” then shyly handed me a packaged saying “Here’s something from my Princess.” I opened it up with excited fingers. It was a beautiful corsage of gardenias. Mother pinned them on my breast, and I drank in their fragrance, and thanked John.

I turned from them to feast on the vision I saw in the mirror. I smiled, and saw a beautiful princess smile back at me. I turned and saw a cascade of white net turn and then turn back. My ankles and feet looked trim and tiny, peering out from under the mass of flaring white skirts. My jewels sparkled as I moved. I was enchanted!

Mother meanwhile was saying, “You can take my best evening bag, Marion, this little white beaded one, but do be careful of it. I have put my nicest evening compact with it too, and the lipstick we used on you. I also put in a pretty, clean hanky for you. It’s time to put on your gloves.”

She brought a pair of white kid gloves out of a drawer, and helped me pull them up my arms to past the elbows.

John then said, “I’ll get your wrap, Sweetheart.” He reappeared in a moment with a black velvet evening wrap with little white bunny collar, that was cute as a bug. For himself he had a dashing gold cape.

Aunt Marsha remarked “Let’s not forget pictures. I have my camera down in the living room.” We went down and took a dozen or more shots of us, separately and together, in our wraps and out. In one, I did a deep curtsey by myself, and then did another while John held my hand and smiled down at me. Aunt Marsha selected a few prints for herself and left the rest on the table for us.

Finally it was time to leave. Aunt Marsha said, “Oh, Helen, doesn’t it just kill you not be allowed to go and watch,” and mother agreed. John now produced our black eye masks, donned them and our wraps then walked out to his car. Mother called after me, “Be a good girl, Marion!”

I was excited and my heart was racing as we entered the gym. For the first time, here I was in a dress among hundreds of friends and acquaintances. My history teacher, taking tickets smiled and said, “I haven’t the faintest notion who you two are, but your costumes are just gorgeous.”

We checked our wraps and moved out onto the dance floor, where the music was already playing. I just melted into “John’s” familiar arms, and we moved gracefully across the floor. We were soon amid a mass of clowns and cowboys, witches and chorus girls,

tramps and raggedy Anns. No one seemed to pay much attention to us, but everyone was smiling and occasionally I heard a "Hi'a Princess!". Somehow I didn't mind the fact that I was dancing with a "man." I had come to feel so feminine in my hair and skirts that it seemed natural. I began to think that in creating the illusion for mother that Marion was a different person than Martin, I was creating it for myself too.

After two or three dances, the band played a fast number, and some couples began to jitterbug. John said, "Are you game?" And I whispered, "Of course, darling." So we swung into our routine with enthusiasm and gusto. We were so good that soon some of the other couples stopped dancing to watch us, and we had a circle around us. "Look at the Princess go."

"What a doll!" And a feminine voice "Oh, is that so, well then, I'll take the Prince."

When the music stopped, they gave us a little round of applause. Only a moment after it started up again, I heard a masculine voice say, "May I cut in," and I was whisked away in the arms of a confederate soldier! This was the first time I had followed anyone but Jean, so I was concentrating so on dancing that I didn't have time to reflect on that fact that I was in the arms of a real boy. I soon found I could follow him easily, just as he looked down and said, "I'll tell you who I am if you'll tell me."

"Oh, no, sir," I replied, cocking my head on one side and smiling up at him coyly. "That's against the rules."

"Do you go to this school?"

"Yes, I do."

"What class?"

"Why, I'm a junior, general."

"No, you can't be, because I am too. I know all the pretty girls in our class and none of them are you." He went on prying and I went on smiling and parrying his thrusts, until I saw John coming over and cutting back. "You little flirt," he said, smiling affectionately. "I was watching you. No late dates tonight, mind you. Princesses need their sleep."

"Yes, my Prince and master." I replied, and snuggled my cheek against his.

I was enjoying the dancing so, with my skirts whirling and knowing that my movements were graceful and girlish, I just wished it could last forever. As time sped by, more boys cut in, and I began to be able to tell the good dancers from the bad, and accommodate to them all. It hardly seemed possible that it was 11:30 when the music stopped and the principal said, "Everyone line up for the grand march."

The long line of couples formed starting at the steps on one side of the stage and extending around the hall. Then our principal, the announcer, asked the first couple whom they were portraying, when they reached him at the top of the steps. He repeated their roles to the crowd as they walked to the center of the stage. Here they took off their masks, and bowed to the crowd in front, then turned and bowed again to the judges at a table in the center of the stage. Meanwhile, the principal announced their real names on the P.A. system. If the judges, in a hasty conference, decided the couple should be considered for a prize, they motioned to the couple to stand behind them. Otherwise they walked off the stage on the other side as the next couple was announced.

The judges were a man who taught English and coached the drama club, and two ladies, the art teacher and the home economics teacher. The latter was also in charge of my home room.

When we came up the steps, about half of the group had been through and there were perhaps a dozen couples behind the judges. I was terribly excited but with John's arm linked in mine and his hand firmly holding mine, I was not too nervous. The principal announced, "Princess Marion and Prince John" and we walked across the stage to face the crowd. As he said, "Jean Shaw and Martin Perkins," we swept off our masks. I flashed my sweetest smile out at the crowd and curtsied deeply, holding out my skirts, as Jean bowed. The first reaction was a few wolf whistles from the boys. Then gradually a hum of chatter started in the hall, rising to a more excited pitch, and mingled with giggles and gasps from the girls.

Now we faced the judges, and I smiled coquettishly at them, throwing a wink at my home room teacher, as we bowed again. I could see her look of sheer amazement, followed by an excited whisper to the other judges. They too then looked at both of us in amazement. As we started to walk off they all nodded their heads in agreement, and we were motioned to the back of the stage.

I was now in a fever of suspense. It seemed ages before the rest of the group went through, and we were joined by a few other couples. Then we were given large numbers to hold, and lined up across the stage facing the judges. I adopted my modeling



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stance, one foot behind the other with toes out, and smiled at them as their eyes went back and forth, and they chatted together.

Finally, one of them took a piece of paper over to the mike. We all turned and stepped back, facing the crowded and eager floor. He started with Most Comical Man, Most Comical Girl, and Most Comical Couple. Then he went on to the Ugliest of each and some other awards. As the winner's were announced they stepped forward and received their trophies, tiny loving cups on a little pedestal. At last the judges announced Handsomest Man. This went to Jim, Jean's former steady, as a dashing cowboy. When the judge then said, "Prettiest Girl", I felt a squeeze of my hand. The judge went on, "This award caused us the most trouble, and our problem was very unusual." Jean's pressure on my hand tightened. "But we have resolved it by presenting the trophy to Susie Jones, but with Honorable Mention to Martin Perkins. I think they should both step forward". We did, to a sweep of applause and I congratulated her with a little peck on the cheek, after she got her trophy.

Then the judge quieted the crowd and said, "And finally we come to our last award, Most Attractive Couple. This was an easy decision. I'm sure you will agree it is well deserved by Jean Shaw and Martin Perkins." We stepped forward together, as cameras flashed again, took our trophies and bowed and curtsied to the crowd.

This was the end of the party. Susie came over to me and said, "Oh, Martin, you should have won, you're just too adorable, I can't believe it. I'm glad you're not competing against us girls all the time!"

We thanked the judges, and my teacher made similar comments, saying how surprised she was. The drama coach praised me on my acting, I was so believable. Many of the girls came gushing up to me as we made our way to the check room, and said it wasn't fair for a boy to be so beautiful.

When we reached the car, "John" gave me a big hug and a kiss, and I said how glad I was he had asked me, I'd never had a happier evening. He suggested we stop at the diner for a hamburger, as many of the crowd often did after a dance. I was floating on a cloud, and readily agreed to any extension of the evening.

When we entered the diner, the chorus of comments rose again as we made our way to a booth towards the back. One of the counter men came over and said, "What will it be, Miss?" to me, in a loud enough voice to cause giggles from the nearby booths. All except one. To my dismay, I saw Ken and Hugh, who had seen me twice at the movies, looking my way and talking

excitedly to their dates, who then looked at me too. I had a empty feeling in my stomach.

In a few moments, they stopped at our booth on their way out, and with a look of contempt, one said, "So you were practicing at the movies, Martin."

Jean, bless her, stepped right in, explaining that she had dared me, and bet me I wouldn't be recognized, and that I had said yes, because we had agreed that if I was, I wouldn't have to go to the dance with her as a princess. But if I wasn't spotted, I would agree to go. I think this got me off the hook very well, because they both had a lot of admiration for Jean, and knew that they would have had difficulty in refusing her anything too. Besides, any boy has some respect for another who accepts a dare. In any event, they grinned at me a little kinder and one said, "Well, you certainly had us fooled."

I was glad to have had this out with them, so it wouldn't be hanging over me.

Jean soon drove me home, giving me a nice hug and kiss at the doorway, and saying, "Goodnight, Marion dear, but it mustn't be goodbye. We must find some way to keep you around." I agreed.

I went up to mother's room, where she was in bed reading a waiting for me. I hugged her, sat down on the edge of the bed, kicked off my pumps, showed her my trophy and told her all about it. I told her that everyone had thought the dress was simply gorgeous, and wouldn't believe she had made it. "So maybe your daughter can help get you some business."

At long last, she sent me off to bed and I took a last long look at myself when I passed the mirror.

In my own room, I slowly undressed, hanging the dress fondly in my closet and wondering if it or the blouse, skirt, and petticoat, or the negligee would ever adorn me again. In the bathroom, I removed my nail polish, rinsed out my stockings and did other chores, and then fell into bed and quickly to sleep, as wonderful memories of the evening danced through my head.



Marion Goes to New York

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Sunday morning I awoke with mixed feelings of extreme pleasure in recalling the evening before and extreme disappointment at the thought that I had little excuse to don dresses again. Mother and I went to Church, and then I lolled around the house, and did my lessons. In mid afternoon, I heard the phone ring and mother talking. All I could get was a few scraps of her conversation. "Oh, Helen, I'm not sure that's a good idea, he may not want to, well, alright, you all come over and I'll see if he's willing."

Then she came into my room and said, "Marsha just called. Her sister and brother-in-law are here with her from Denver for just a few days, and she and Jean have been telling them about the dance last night. She also showed them the pictures she took of you and they just won't believe you're a boy. So they want to come over and meet you and then see you in your costume. I told them to come over because I'd like to see them anyway. They haven't been here for several years. You may have met them when you were little. I told them to come ahead and I'd see if you were willing to dress up again."

"If Aunt Marsha wants me to, I'd be glad to do it for her," I replied. "She has always been so nice and so generous to me."

"That's very sweet of you, dear. Let's go downstairs so that we'll be here when they arrive, and I'll start some water heating so we can have tea later."

In a few minutes they all arrived. I noticed Jean was carrying a couple of clothes hangers with a cover over them from Aunt Marsha's shop, which she hung in the closet. I was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, and they both commented that I certainly looked to be all boy and that they marveled at my pictures. Would it be too much of an imposition to make the transformation again? Here Jean took over, "Of course, it wouldn't. You all sit down here in the living room, and we'll put on a nice fashion show for you."

"Come on upstairs, Martin," and in her confident manner that defied disagreement she led me out, picked up the hangers from the closet and took me upstairs.

She said, "Take your girdle and hose and change into them in the bathroom you ugly boy, meanwhile I'll be getting things ready here. I headed for the bathroom, but detoured by my closet to pick up the negligee and mules. When I returned from changing she had taken the cover off the hanger and revealed a couple of

divine little dresses. I exclaimed, "Oh, how pretty, can I really wear them?"

"Of course, Mother and I have been saying that most of your mother's things are too old for you. Of course, they do make you look very chic and sophisticated, but we thought it would be fun to let you try on some teenagers things. Min would be just a shade too large for you. Besides, I don't want you taking a liking to any of my things, you might pry them away from me. So we stopped at the shop on the way over, and mother snatched these off the teenagers size 11 rack, to see how they would look on you."

"You're just darling. Can I try them on first?"

"Alright and then we'll work up through your other things like the peasant costume and the suit, and finish up as the Princess. How does that sound?"

"Just wonderful, Jean. Let's go!"

"First, we had better start with make up. Let's do your nails and while they're drying I can do your lipstick, and a light touch around your eyes. We'll make the eyes more glamorous as we get to the more sophisticated outfits."

It seemed an age for this to be finished because I was dying to get into the new dresses. Finally after slipping off the negligee I quickly donned a nice lacy slip of mother's. I still don't like standing before Jean clad only in my girdle. I slid on the first dress Jean zipped me up in the back.

It was a fairly simple dress of dark blue wool, with a little white Bermuda collar and cuffs on the short sleeves. There was a bright red heart shaped pocket on my left breast and a bright red belt gave it a dash of color and style. And it fit snugly and revealingly, with a gently flaring skirt.

Jean dug into mother's closet and came out with a pair of blue shoes with a fairly short heel. These I stepped into as I looked at myself in the mirror, and expressed disappointment at not wearing higher heels, but Jean assured me I could with some of the other clothes saying that this was a fashion show and every item in each outfit should be appropriate. She did let me slip on a simple little pearl necklace of mother's and a bracelet.

I took a last pat at my hair, and then said I was ready. She preceded me down and into the living room where she announced, "Our first number this afternoon will be a little blue dress for the high school girl to wear to school, modeled by our Marion." With that I entered the room, trying to walk and look like a girl on the way to school. I had picked up a couple of books in the hall, which I tucked under my arm, and I didn't just put on the usual fashion model's sedate and stately gait, but I stopped and turned before each of them as Jean continued her descrip-

tion, like a mistress of ceremonies. "Notice the darling little pocket with it's theme repeated in the belt," and so on.

Aunt Marsha seemed to be beaming with pride. Mrs. Watkins was ohing and ahing in obvious admiration and surprise. Mr. Watkins, I was glad to see, looked amused rather than disgusted. When I got to mother she seemed to have taken her cue from the others and appeared pleased and proud, too. I was relieved. I went back to the entrance from the hall, did a little curtsy and stepped out. They all clapped and called me back.

Mrs. Watkins said, "My, you are just as cute as Marsha said. I never would believe you are the same boy who was her a few minutes ago. Are you sure you're not a twin who's fooling us?"

"No, ma'am," I said in my deepest, most boyish manner and they all laughed except Jean.

Aunt Marsha then broke to say, "Helen you must get Marion some teenage dresses. Those things of yours are stunning on her, but this dress is so much more suitable for her age, and we don't want her to look like a chic young lady all the time."

"Why, Marsha, I don't know what you're thinking. The Halloween party is over. I don't see any reason for Martin to continue to wear girl's clothes. He is a boy, you know."

Oh, Helen, don't be difficult. Of course he is, and wearing a dress now and then to give us all a bit of fun and pleasure isn't going to change that. Our families which have always been close have had more fun together in this last couple of weeks than we have had since the children were little. What do you think, Mary?", she turned to her sister.

Mrs. Watkins said it certainly seemed a shame for such a lovely, graceful girl never to see the light of day again. It was almost like killing somebody. But why didn't we see the rest of the show, she was dying to see the Princess, before we discussed it more.

With that, Jean and I went back upstairs. She said, "Don't worry, we'll wear your mother down, Marion. Now let's try the other dress from the shop." It was a gay red nylon print with little figures of apples and pears and oranges scattered over it. It had a kind of scalloped neck and moderately full skirt, with a thin yellow belt that picked up some of the color of the pieces of fruit. It was a little dressier, so Jean said I could wear moderately high heels.

We went down again, and Jean announced that our model will now show you a little number that our teenager can wear with her date to a coke party and record hop. I repeated my performance, but with more confidence at their reaction. I threw in some more feminine gestures, such as a flick of my skirt with my hand.

We left amid another round of applause. As I left, I could hear Mrs. Watkins saying, "Honestly, Helen, she's positively adorable. You must let him be a girl once in a while. In fact, I would be tempted to keep him in dresses all the time rather than forbid them entirely."

Upstairs, I said, "What's next?", and Jean replied, "Let's give them the suit and furs, then the peasant outfit, and finally the Princess." I agreed, and stripped off the red number, which I had adored wearing too. Jean said my make up could be a little heavier with the suit, and I sat down while she did things with my eyes and rouged my cheeks lightly. Then we went into mother's room and I donned a nice silky, opera-throated yellow blouse, the green tweed suit and the brown calf high heeled sling pumps. Jean dug out some costume jewelry, necklace, bracelet, earrings, and a pin. All of them matching and then I put on the perky little pillbox first while I rummaged for the brown bag and gloves which matched the shoes.

She showed me how to take the furs on and off gracefully, saying she would mention them and I should model them at the same time. Finally, I pinned on the corsage, from the night before which I had left on my bureau in a glass of water.

Jean went into the living room again, and said, "No, milady is dressed for a shopping trip to the city. She will probably drop into some of the better dress shops like Madame Marsha's (this was the name of her mother's store, and of course brought a laugh) and pick out and try on a few items from the fall collections. Then she has a date with a friend for luncheon and the matinee before going home." I had come in by this point and she began describing the outfit.

When she mentioned the gloves, which I was carrying in my hand, I tucked my bag under my arm, and pulled them on. I ran through the routine with the furs, first snuggling into them, then casually and coolly, taking them off and letting them dangle down beside me from my hand.

At the mention of the blouse, of course I opened the little jacket and held the sides out while I pivoted to show the blouse. When she mentioned the styling and fit of the skirt, I had one hand casually on my hip and let the other run down my waist and over my other hip at the side and back. Mrs. Watkins commented that I did look older. Mr. Watkins was looking more and more bewildered, and I caught an "I'll be darned" muttered under his breath.

After a couple of tours of the room, I made a final pose in the doorway in the classic model stance, resting on my right foot, with my left foot ahead and a little to the right of it and both feet pointed out.

Mrs. Watkins was keeping up a stream of comments, "She looks so truly chic and smart. And that suit is just molded to her figure. Oh, Marsha and Jean, you have me saying 'she' and 'her' all the time like you do. I hope he doesn't mind. It just isn't fair for a boy to be able to look so stunning in our clothes so easily when I try so hard with less success."

Back in my room, Jean, beaming with pleasure, gave my eyes a full treatment and then I donned the brightly flowered blouse with on or off the shoulder sleeves, the bouffant petticoat, black dirndl skirt, and wide belt which I had come to think of as my dance outfit. All these things as well as the black patent leather spike heeled pumps and jewelry were still in my room.

After a little plotting, and an ecstatic check of myself in mother's mirror back we went. I had left my sleeves up covering my shoulders.

Jean announced that now we had a Dutch dancing girl and started a fox trot on the record player. I came in with a little two step, and whirled my skirts to a stop in front of each of them. Then, sidling up to Mr. Watkins last, I put one hand on my lap facing him, pushed my sleeve off my shoulder and down my forearm and gave him what I hoped was an alluring, sexy glance as I pursed my lips and said, "You will dance wive me, no?" in an attempt at a sultry voice with broken accent. I reached down, took his hand and pulled him to his feet, as the others shouted, "Yes, yes, go ahead, George."

He smiled sheepishly, rose and took me about the waist. We started off and I could sense he was pretty stiff and wasn't holding me very close, but I just snuggled up to him and kept dancing. He was a fairly good dancer, good enough so that he couldn't resist the rhythm for long and pretty soon we were moving smoothly and graceful around the room.

When the music stopped he smiled again, and said, "Thank you, you dance very nicely," and I replied, "Thank you sir," fluttered my eyelids and did a deep curtsy.

Everyone was laughing and applauding and commenting as Mr. Watkins resumed his seat, when Aunt Marsha said, "How about a jitterbug, you two?" I looked at Jean and she replied, "Sure", and put on one of the records we had practiced to. Then we did our number, which I always liked best, because my skirt and petticoat flew around, and in spins and twirls rose up to reveal my legs and garters. We finished near the door, where Jean held my hand as I held our my skirts wide and deep, curtsied again, and then she bowed from the waist herself.

Since she was in a dress, that wasn't quit the illusion we had created at the party the previous night, but they all clapped us

again. Mrs. Watkins said, “Just look at that tiny waist on that little Gypsy, Oh, I’m — just green with envy, Marsha.”

Upstairs, Jean said, “You were positively terrific, Marion, I think we could go on the stage! Now let’s give them the Princess number.”

I was delighted to get back into that wonderful dress again. Jean touched up my make up and helped me with the tiara and other jewelry. We returned downstairs, where she stood at the door, went “Toot-a-toot-toot” like a trumpet and announced sonorously, “Everyone please rise, Her Highness, The Princess.” I came in, gave a wave of my hand to indicate that my subjects could be seated, and walked sedately around the room before going over to a big chair where I spread out my skirts as I sat down. Mr. and Mrs. Watkins were both gasping and shaking their heads in amazement.

Jean then announced that was the end of our little show.

Mrs. Watkins was saying that I was so lovely and beautiful, she certainly thought I had been robbed in not getting the prize for most beautiful girl, as they had told her. Mother said we had put on a wonderful show, and everyone agreed. She suggested I go up and change back to Martin, but this brought up a wave of protest from the other ladies.

She asked Mr. Watkins his opinion, and he just said, “I’m still too stunned to think, but I’m not going to get into any argument. But if you are ever out in Denver, Marion or Martin, bring that dancing girl outfit. I’d sure love to take you over to the Elk’s Club for lunch and have you take off that wig just as we were leaving. In fact,” he added good naturedly and jokingly, “if I wasn’t married, I’m afraid I might ask you for a date tonight.”

I blushed at his comment.

The conversation continued on whether or not mother was right in saying my masquerading must end, with Jean and the other two women opposing her. Mrs. Watkins said, “Well, if your mother won’t have you Marion, you just pack up your dresses and come out and stay with us in Denver.” Jean flatly said that if she couldn’t see Marion now and then, her visits to our house would be much fewer.

Finally, mother said, “Well you are all too much for me. I’ll tell you what I’ll agree to. Marion can return once a week on Saturday evenings to spend at our house or Marsha’s or go to an out of town movie with one of us and we’ll see how it goes. If I can still have a real boy the rest of the time, I would really love to have a pretty daughter for a few hours a week myself. How’s that, Martin and Jean?”

We both said that was fair enough. Secretly I was elated. From never to once a week was a wonderful victory. I was sure that I could live with memory and anticipate in between.

Mother said, "Well now, I'll get the tea and scone since I've given in, you don't need to change back today until you want to."

We all chatted, but the conversation still was mostly about me and I was loving it. Finally they left and mother said, "Don't you think you ought to get out of that outfit now, dear? It is a little ridiculous for wearing around the house on a Sunday evening." So I said I would and went back to my room, slipped it off and got back into the blue dress Aunt Marsha had brought over.

When I went down to help mother with supper, I saw her frown and knew it was because I hadn't gone back to boy's clothes. But all she said was, "Be careful of that dress dear, you know it's just a loan." I assured her I would. We then had a nice supper together, at which she commented at what a wonderful job of mimicry I had done at the fashion show, and what a kick Mrs. Watkins had gotten out of it.

The evening went too fast, but as I doffed my girl's attire and make-up and prepared for bed, my heart was much lighter than when I had awakened that morning.

I was fearful of the jabs and teasing I knew would be in store for me at school on Monday. I had prevailed on Jean Saturday night to pick me up and walk to school with me, to get the most I could from her interest in me. She had agreed, because she couldn't refuse Marion a little favor even though she had contempt for Martin.

It wasn't too bad. I got a lot of "Well, here comes the Princess!" and "Hy'a sweetheart" from the boys, but this was countered by the "You were just darling, Martin." and the like from the girls. I acted as rough and boyish as I could, and in the afternoon after school, was soon accepted back into the touch football gang without continuing taunts.

By Wednesday, it had about petered out, but that afternoon the town paper came out, with a page of pictures including two of me, one with Susie as runner-up for Prettiest Girl, and one with Jean as Most Attractive Couple. The accompanying article said I had almost stolen the show. So Thursday morning I had to take some teasing again.

When I got home from school, I found mother's little monthly bridge group was meeting. Two of the ladies were there and the third had called to say she didn't feel well and couldn't make it.

They greeted me with "Why, here's the Princess now." and began to rave about my masquerade. They had seen the pictures in the paper, and mother explained to me that they had also

looked at all those Aunt Marsha had taken. After reviewing the Princess shots which had been on the living room table, mother had gotten the others which had been on my bureau.

One of them then said what an amazing transformation I made, and she would have loved to have seen me. The other exclaimed, "I have an idea. Why don't we get Martin to show us how he looks as a girl." The first then said, "What a wonderful idea, and then he can fill in for Irma."

I protested weakly and looked at mother. The ladies kept urging her, until finally she said, "Well, we do need a fourth, Martin, go up and see if Marion will come down."

"Oh that's cute," exclaimed Mrs. Reimers!

I went upstairs, delighted at the chance to be in skirts again, but I was also resolved not to appear too eager or too feminine. I knew Mrs. Reimers had three daughters, one of whom was in high school, and I didn't want her to carry tales.

I inspected mother's closet and decided on a simple pink, V-necked blouse and gray flannel pleated skirt. I also selected an appropriate pair of high heels and bag. I proceeded to dress, but applied make-up with restraint, although I did wear the necklace, earrings, brooch and bracelet Jean had given me. I didn't bother with my nails.

Mother must have heard my heels on the stairs, because she came in the hall and after an approving glance, took me by the hand onto the living room, "I'd like you both to meet my daughter, Marion, Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Reimers, dear."

For several minutes I accepted and reveled in their adulation. I tried to look demure and a little embarrassed. We then had a nice two or three hours of bridge. I enjoyed their chatter about clothes and their children, and the like, participating only slightly. Soon they were accepting me without a thought. I withheld my most feminine gestures and exclamations, so as not to cause any lifted eyebrows. I just tried to be natural and friendly, even though I'm afraid I couldn't refrain from an occasional touch of my hand to my hair, or smoothing of my skirt.

When we finished a rubber about five, mother said, "How about a cup of tea?" and all were in agreement. I spoke up and urged, "Let me get it for you. You ladies stay here and talk, and I'll take care of everything."

Going to the kitchen and tying on a pretty apron, I saw that mother had everything ready. So as soon as the water boiled, I tripped on with a tray, served them tea and cookies and then joined them.

Soon they said they must be going. Mrs. Reimers told mother, "Now you can see why I have always told you how nice it is to have daughters. Aren't you glad to have one?"

Mother replied that she certainly agreed it had been fun.

Mrs. Crawford then commented that she thought a little feminine training wouldn't do her big thoughtless sons any harm.

After they left, mother hugged me and said, "That was very sweet of you, dear. You did us a real good turn, Now instead of going up to change, why don't you keep me company while I get our dinner."

We had a nice meal together. Mother seemed very relaxed, and accepted me without concern. After we had cleared up, I went to my room and did my lessons. It was hard to concentrate, sitting at my desk so conscious of my skirt, my bosom, my earrings and bracelet, and my hair falling down beside my face. But it was all just delicious to be sitting there so naturally as a girl.

Jean called Friday evening. I said I thought we could cement things very well for the future if we said we'd like to spend Saturday evening with my mother. She agreed, saying she and her mother would be over after supper. So I told my mother that instead of going out, Marion wanted to spend the evening at home with her, and Jean had agreed. She seemed quite pleased.

Late Saturday afternoon, I bathed, Shaved and prepared myself to be a girl again. With make-up and nail polish on, hair in place, and clad in girdle, hose, negligee and mules, I went into Mother's room, after a gentle knock.

"It's your daughter, Marion, mother. I wondered if you would help me choose something to wear tonight?"

"Oh, hello, dear. Why I'd love to. Let's see. First you need a slip. Let's see what we have in my second drawer. How about this pretty pink one with the lacy hem. Now let's look in the closet — H'mm, you haven't worn this blue polka dot. It has a nice full skirt and you could wear your bouffant petticoat under it. That would be darling. And with it's little Peter Pan collar, it has quite a youthful look. Do you like it?"

"Oh, mother, it looks yummy. Give it to me and I'll be right back."

It took only a minute to slide onto slip, petticoat, dress and patent leather pumps on my closet. Returning, I examined myself from all angles in the mirror, as mother commented, "Its simply adorable on you, Marion, don't you love it?"

We then tried out different jewelry combinations before settling for big, flat pearl earrings, a pin bracelet and rings.

It was an uneventful evening, but a happy one. We had a nice intimate mother-and-daughter dinner and then watched television and chatted with Jean and Aunt Marsha. I cherished the wonderful feeling of the dress, the heels, the hair, the ability to let go and be as feminine in voice, expression and gesture as I

wanted. Aunt Marsha and Jean, I knew loved me that way, and mother seemed to be accepting me so completely as a daughter bearing no resemblance to her son. I hugged and kissed her a fond goodnight when I went in my negligee and mules to return the dress to her closet. And she responded with, "Marion, you really are a dear and I'm very, very fond of you. You're just as sweet and loving and thoughtful as you are attractive."

The next week took forever to pass. Jean and Aunt Marsha had urged that we go to their house the next Saturday and we had agreed. Again, I got partially dressed and then sought mother's advice on attire. "Why don't you wear your peasant or Gypsy outfit—you know the black dirndl. You look so glamorous in it, Marion, and I know you adore it. I can tell by the way you swish you skirts and make your flirtatious little gestures. And perhaps you and Jean can have a chance to dance too."

I readily agreed. I did love it and hadn't worn it in some time. I loved the big dangling hoop earrings and the excuse to go "all out" in make-up with bright red nail polish and "full treatment" of my eyes.

Again, it was a wonderful evening. Jean and I did dance while our mothers cleaned up after supper. And then we had a nice game of bridge together. Mother exuded nothing but acceptance, pleasure, pride and love.

Sunday was my birthday! Aunt Marsha and Jean were to come to Sunday dinner, which was my party. They arrive laden with packages, which were stacked on the living room with mother's until we dined and had my cake.

Mother was looking over the tags on the packages as we sat in the living room. "Here's something for Martin from Aunt Marsha and Jean."

It was a pair of warm weather gloves and I thanked them pleasantly. Then came a belt and two skirts from mother to Martin.

Next, she turned to me and stated, "We seem to have some packages here for your sister, Martin, even though it isn't here birthday. Will you see that she gets them?" My heart leaped with expectation, and I assured her I would.

The first was a large carton from "Madame Marsha's". I pulled aside the tissue paper and there was the darling blue dress with red heart pocket that I had worn at the 'fashion show'. I heaped my thanks on Aunt Marsha, who smiled and said it was high time that Marion had some nice suitable things of her own. Next was a smaller package, also from Aunt Marsha, which proved to be a lovely lacy white slip. Jean now pulled out a big bundle and tendered it to me. Joy of joys, a stunning handbag, gloves and high-heels, all in matching navy blue!

Mother said they were much too generous, but she was delighted for Marion to have some things of her own. Then she shyly tendered me a couple of little bundles, saying she had picked up some things for Marion too. These proved to be a sweet little compact of white enamel, trimmed with little flowers and a box of three just precious hankies. Another box from mother then produced three pairs of nylons, as she commented, "Now I hope she'll leave mine alone." She then passed me another larger and flatter package. It contained a length of Black Watch Plain material and a booklet, 'Skirts for the Teenager.' Mother explained that she wanted to make me a skirt and I could pick the style I liked from the book. I just hugged her.

The last present was always the same—this year an envelope with \$16 in it—one for each year. I said, "Marion will use this to add to her wardrobe even more." I was almost in tears with joy.

Aunt Marsha then exclaimed, "Helen, please let Marion try on her new things for us, won't you." Jean and I joined in the plea and mother said she thought it would be nice if she would.

I was upstairs in a bound and into wig, make-up and girdle. Then I lovingly drew on my new hose, slid my feet into my new classic blue calf pumps, let my new slip fall into place over my breasts, waist and hips and pulled on my darling blue dress. What a joy to put them on, knowing they were all mine!

What a wonderful mother and friends I had! I just gloried in my outfit—which fit so delightful. Slipping my new hanky, my new compact and my new gloves in my new handbag, I went down.

All three welcomed me with terms of endearment and flattery, which thrilled me even more, Mother could see my ecstasy so clearly that after the Shaws had left she embraced and kissed me and said she didn't have the heart to tell me to go. (meaning to change).

She then told me that since having my own things seemed to mean so much to me, she would give me her bouffant petticoat, black dirndl skirt, flowered blouse and spiked patent heels, which I enjoyed so much and which had now been in my closet for several weeks. She said she didn't see how she could wear them anymore herself, knowing how much more becoming they were to me.

After supper we sat together for awhile on the sofa and poured over patterns and pictures. I finally decided on a simple number with just a little kick pleat over each knee. Mother said that might leave enough material for a cute hat, too.

So, passed another afternoon and evening of heavenly, feminine pleasure.

After Jean called the next Friday evening, I went in to see mother. "Jean wants Marion to go up to Capitol City tomorrow

and see the State - Aggie game. (Capitol City was about an hour's drive and the site of the state university as well as the government). She suggested they leave about ten, which would allow time for a little shopping, lunch and a look around the university before the game. You know Jean is planning to go there next fall. Then they would come back here for dinner. Will that be all right?"

"It sounds like a lovely day for them, Martin."

So bright and early the next morning, a clear and sunny and not too cold one, I donned my underthings, including my new slip, and putting my negligee over them, went into talk to mother. "Good morning, mother it's Marion. I thought I better get dressed now, so as not to be sure to be ready when Jean comes."

"That's a good idea. And perhaps we can have a few minutes after breakfast for a first fitting on your skirt. I have been working on it."

"Fine, Mother. What shall I wear today?"

"Well, let's see. A suit would be nice and warm for the game. You can take my polo coat too. I have a blue tweed there that would do well with your purse and shoes."

I pulled it out. It had a slightly flaring skirt, not as fitted as the one to the other suit I had worn, and a boxy jacket. We decided a pullover sweater under it would be better for a football game than a blouse, which might look a little prissy. So I chose a bright yellow one and then donned the skirt and jacket. A simple little pearl necklace looked darling against the sweater. I surveyed the result in the big mirror and was more than pleased. The suit had a youthful look, and I felt like just what I was - a teenage girl going to a big football game.

Mother reached up and found a saucy little vogue to round out my outfit.

After breakfast I slipped off the skirt and pulled on my own Black Watch plaid, still just basted together. I knew I was going to just adore it, and wished it were ready to wear today. Mother put a pin in here there, as a sign to her of what to do and I slipped it off. We chatted a few minutes until I heard Jean at the door.

I went down to meet her in the hall, pirouetting so she could see how I looked and smiling at her fondly. Marion, it's wonderful to see you again. I love that suit on you and I see you have on your new gloves and shoes. You're such a knockout, you are going to make those college boys heads turn today." If their heads turn, it will be at you, Jean." She looked darling too, in a tweedy coat with busy fur collar.

I hung mother's polo coat over my shoulders, embrace her goodbye and off we went. "Don't you girls get into any mischief,

now. And no pick-ups, either. Have fun." called mother, smiling from the doorway.

We parked the car in the little shopping area which the college students used, and set out. I had told Jean I wanted to spend my \$16 to enlarge my wardrobe and we had spent the drive discussing its best use. We finally decided on things to wear with my new skirt - a cardigan sweater, and a blouse or two, if we could squeeze them out.

We went into a nice looking girls wear store and began browsing amongst the sweaters. In a moment, a young girl - probably a college student with a Saturday job, I guessed - asked us, "What can I do for you girls?" I was surprised at the confidence I had gained. I felt so sure of myself and so natural and comfortable in my girls attire and hair, so certain of my pretty girlish appearance, that I had ceased to worry about detection.

We looked over the cardigans and finally decided on a plain bright yellow one, agreeing that it would go nicely with the dark blue and green of the Black Watch plaid. It was \$8. Then we looked at blouses. They were having a special at \$4.95. I finally decided on one very simple, classical one with open-throat and wing collar. Then I couldn't resist another one with frilly ruffles up the front. This exhausted my \$16 plus most of the extra money I had been saving from my allowance.

While the packages were being wrapped, the salesgirl said, "Why don't we look at some dresses. We have some very nice things, quite reasonable." We resisted, but she urged us, telling us it was no bother and she didn't see anyone else not being waited on. Jean thought it would be fun, so we went over to the dress racks and I just delighted in running through all the pretty things. I could have picked out a dozen and adored them all. Jean, looking in the next size, had one over her arm and called "Pick something out, Marion, and let's try them on. We have lots of time and you don't mind, do you, miss?" The girl assured us she didn't so I selected a pretty cherry and cream paisley print with a cowl collar.

We went to the dressing rooms, stripped down to our slips, donned the dresses and came out to survey ourselves in the mirrors.

It was loads of fun. The salesgirl came up and said both numbers looked darling on us, but handed us each a couple of more she had pulled of the racks. We tried these on too. It was delightful! I could have continued all afternoon and skipped the game, but Jean said we must be going, so we got back into our own things, thanked the salesgirl profusely, and went out with my bundle under my arm.

Leaving it in the car, we then walked around the campus, arm in arm, our heels clicking and skirts swinging. The campus was alive with people, all gay and laughing and colorful. Occasionally college boys went by, alone or in groups and we enjoyed their uninhibited stares of admiration.

We had a bite of lunch in a little coffee shop jammed with people and then drove over to the stadium. Jean bought the tickets as I was to be her guest, and of course, they weren't very good seats, from last minute general admission, but we didn't care. While she was at the booth, I splurged on a big yellow chrysanthemum for each of us to pin on our coats, like many of the other girls were wearing. It was wonderful to be milling around in the crowd in hair, heels and skirt, and be fully accepted for what I appeared to be.

The game was fun, too. I'm afraid those seated around us may have thought I had an unusually good understanding of it for a girl, as I explained things to Jean, but I kept my voice and gestures feminine, in fact, it would have been hard for me to do anything else, so happily girlish did I feel.

At home, mother welcomed us with a little look of apprehension, but this vanished as we told her that everything went swimmingly. I showed her my purchases and she said she had finished the skirt, so in a moment I was in my new frilly blouse, skirt and cardigan. It was pure bliss to know they were all mine, and to have mother and Jean tell me how darling I looked in them. Then Jean left, and mother and I had another pleasant and intimate mother daughter dinner and evening.

Thanksgiving was coming on Thursday. We and the Shaws had dined together on that day even before our fathers were killed, since neither family had any nearby relatives. The night before, I heard mother talking to Aunt Marsha on the phone. It was our year to go over to their house. Mother came into my room in a moment and said, "Marsha wants us over about noon, dear, but Jean wants to change her regular Saturday night date with Marion to tomorrow. What do you think?"

"Oh, I'm sure that would be fine." I could see right away the change for a longer period in skirts. "And otherwise Jean will just want to run off right after dinner instead of giving any attention to me."

"You're right, I'm sure. We'll leave it that way then."

Next morning, although I hadn't said anything to mother, I joined her at breakfast as Marion. I was sure she would accept a fait accompli, whereas I wasn't sure of my ability to sell her ahead of time. I had donned my plaid skirt, blouse and cardigan.

She looked up, frowned, and said, "I didn't expect you, Marion. I think you should ask me before you extend our agreement."

"I'm sorry, mother, but it's a nuisance to re-dress completely later. And I love to help you with the housework whereas Martin is always grouchy about it."

"Yes, you are a dear about that. Well, I'll say no more about it this time, but please don't abuse our understanding. You look very fresh and lovely this morning, dear. Do you like your skirt?"

"It's darling, mother, and I adore it," I replied, with a flick of my hips and a glance down at it.

"Those blue shoes are a trifle stylish for around the house. And I must say I don't understand how you can take high heels for as long as you do. Frankly, my feet hurt after a couple of hours. Sometime we'll have to pick you up a pair of flats for you to wear when you're just swart and skirting around the house."

"I don't mind the heels, mother. I like the chic feeling they give me. Sometimes when I take them off I realize that my feet have been complaining a bit, but I'd still rather wear them than not."

"Well, we'll see. I'll bet you are the only teenage girl in town without a pair of low heeled shoes. You're not going to Thanksgiving dinner at the Shaws in just your skirt and blouse, are you? I think you should be a little dressier."

"Of course, I'll put on a dress, mother. I thought I'd wear my blue wool that Aunt Marsha gave me."

"That would be nice. It's sweet on you and Marsha will appreciate it."

I helped mother and chatted with her until just before noon. I also did my nails as I sat chatting, putting on a bright red that went nicely with the red of the pocket and belt of my dress. Then I changed, freshened my make up, donned jewelry and studied myself from all angles in the mirror to make sure I looked nice. More than satisfied, I joined mother in the hall. "Shall I wear your short coat or the polo, mother?"

"Why don't you wear the little gray short? It seems very suitable wit your youthful dress." So I slipped into it, pulled on my gloves and picked up my handbag Jean had given me.

Mother then remarked, "It's such a nice sunny brisk day, why don't we walk over, Marion?"

"Mother, I can't walk with you like this, after all the people who saw me at the dance, and my pictures in the paper."

"Of course, what is the matter with me. I do declare, Marion, I have come to take you for granted, I completely forgot the

limitations on my having a daughter. Come on to the car, you little deceiver!”

Aunt Marsha and Jean greeted us warmly, as I took off my coat and hat, and gave my hair a few pats upon a check in the mirror. I noticed I would have to put it up again soon. Aunt Marsha was pleased, of course, that I had worn her gift.

We had a delicious dinner, and then our mothers insisted that Jean and I go downstairs for a few dances while they tidied up.

It was heaven to be in Jean’s arms again and let myself relax with the rhythms of the music. I felt so girlish as I glided gracefully over the floor.

Soon our mothers came down and watched until the number ended. We then spent the afternoon watching television and talking. Toward dusk, Aunt Marsha suggested that we all take in an early movie at Westbrook — a town about ten miles away, which was showing an excellent picture. Then we could come back for a late snack since no one wanted a big or early supper.

As we entered the theater and I walked down the aisle without a qualm, swinging my hips and looking right back at anyone looking at me I recalled the first nervous evening in Hillsboro only a few short weeks before.

Later, mother and I were in her room saying goodnight and discussing our day. She said it had been nice to have her daughter with her all day and it told her that I enjoyed it much more than changing roles after a masculine start. The transition was easier. We kissed, and after washing out all my underthings and hose and brushing my teeth, I went to bed and to sleep, rotating delightful memories through my mind.

Friday there was no school and I played with my “gang” all day. Saturday morning, I was awakened by mother at my side, “It’s a raw blustery day out dear. The radio says we may have snow. I’m going to be sewing most of the day and I was wondering if you think Marion might join me. She is such good company.”

“I’m sure she will, mother. You go down and start breakfast and I’ll send her right down.”

I was up in a flash, and soon was tripping down the stairs again in plaid skirt, blouse and cardigan. After breakfast and house-keeping, mother sat down to sew and I joined her, seated in a big chair with one leg tucked under me.

“I’m going to take these leftovers from your skirt material and see if I can whip up a little hat for you, Marion.”

“That’ll be super, mother! You have quite a bit left, don’t you?”

“Yes, I do. There will be plenty.”

"Mother, why wouldn't it be cute if we made a pair of suspenders of the material too. They could button to the inside of my skirt so I could wear them or not. I think they would look real cute and almost make a different outfit."

"Why that's a wonderful idea, Marion and they are no trouble to make."

"Mother, teach me to sew, please! Couldn't I make the suspenders?"

"I'm sure you could, and I'd love to teach you. You would enjoy it and perhaps could make yourself some other simple things in time."

So mother helped all morning and before the afternoon was half over I had both a cute little plaid cap and my suspenders I'd made myself. The sewing was pretty crude, but all the stitching was on the inside, against my body. After they were pressed out, I put them on. They gave me an even more youthful look and practically converted my skirt into a jumper. I was very proud, and mother, too, praised my cleverness.

This Saturday started a new pattern, which was a joy to me. Mother would call for Marion every Saturday morning and we would sew all day until it was time for me to clean up for my weekly date with Jean.

However, going back to that first Saturday after Thanksgiving, we spent the latter part of the afternoon on my hair. I mentioned to mother that it was losing its curl and she helped me set it in a page boy again.

My sewing activities continued with a skirt made from some extra gray flannel material mother had. From the booklet mother had given me on my birthday I selected a flaring seven gored style. My workmanship was still crude, but mother helped a lot and on the second Saturday after I started it, I was able to display it proudly to Jean when she arrived. She was very impressed and also delighted in my pleasure at adding to my limited wardrobe.

I was delighted, or course, at mother's complete acceptance and enjoyment of Marion on Saturdays, but it was increasingly difficult for me to keep my thoughts and actions in cleanly separate compartments. One Sunday morning, when I was looking at the Sunday supplement, I forgot myself and gushed out, "Oh mother, look at this simply darling dress. How I wish I could afford it!"

"Now, that will be enough of that, Martin!" she replied sharply, and I realized that I had better be content with the present arrangement—which meant so much to me—and be careful not to let any femininity show up in Martin; no matter how close to the surface it sometimes came.

It was the Saturday after I had finished my gray skirt and only a week before Christmas when the next turn in my girlish career came into view. I had spent all day sewing with mother. She had picked up a pattern for a simple sheath for me to make, and selected a nice dark green linen material. I had been cutting and basting; making good progress, and looking forward to another nice addition to my wardrobe.

When we stopped for the day, I sought mother's advice on what to wear that evening, with Aunt Marsha and Jean coming to dinner. Mother replied, "It's been quite a while since you borrowed something of mine, or had a chance to get really dolled up. I have that pretty yellow chiffon with the full skirt that I wear for real dress up occasions. It would be adorable on you I know, especially with your bouffant petticoat. Would you like to try it?"

"I'd love to, mother," I responded, all tingling with the thrills of anticipation.

Jean and Aunt Marsha exclaimed, of course, because I did look and feel enchantingly lovely in the billowing skirt below the gathered waist, the decollete top, with two tiny straps over my shoulder. And I know, too, that my eyes sparkled with pleasure as I swished forward to embrace them. I had to explain that it wasn't a party, but that mother and I thought it would be fun for me to get dressed up for a change.

During dinner, Aunt Marsha remarked, "Marion, you'll have to look for another girlfriend during Christmas vacation," I'm afraid. "You know I always go to New York on one of my semi-annual buying trips the day after Christmas, and this year I'm going to take Jean along. It's been several years since she's seen New York. Although what she's going to do all by herself during the day worries me, because I'll be busy."

I said, "Don't worry about me. Mother is my other girlfriend, but I'll miss Jean." And I was sorry to hear she wouldn't be around not only because I'd miss our Saturday date, but because I'd hoped to wheedle Mother into letting Marion come out more often during vacation.

"It will be a wonderful experience for Jean to see that marvelous city. There are so many interesting and educational things she can do during the day," commented mother.

Jean then jumped in, "it will be lonesome, thought. It's so much more fun to do and see things with someone else, and I think one gets more out of it too. Say, I have the answer"—turning to me—"why don't you come with me?"

Before I could respond, Aunt Marsha burst, "What a wonderful idea! We would love to have you as our guest. Madame Marsha's has had a profitable year and I'd be glad of a change to share our good fortune with you. How about it, Helen."

"Why you are being terribly generous, but I don't see how I can refuse Martin the chance. He had very little travel and I don't know when he would get to see New York. Would he like to go, Marion?"

Before I could reply, Jean jumped in with Aunt Marsha close behind. "Hold on a minute, Aunt Helen! I'm not going to spend a week traipsing around New York with a pip-squeak little boy, shorter and younger than I am! What kind of date do you think Martin makes for me? Everyone would be giggling at me, or else thinking I should take my little brother by the hand. No thanks, it's Marion, or it's out."

Aunt Marsha then got in, "Of course, Jean's right, Helen. We want this trip to be fun for the children. Marion and Jean have a ball together, whereas Martin and Jean are always snapping at each other. I don't want to chaperon that combination, thanks. And I wouldn't trust them together during the day. They would probably have a spat and go off independently."

I thought it best to keep quiet and let my two supporters carry the ball, but inwardly I was tingling with hope, and cheering for them with all my might.

Mother then began her protest, which I knew were coming. "Marsha, I can't let Martin go off for a week like that. Let's face the facts. I somewhat reluctantly agreed to let Martin play the Marion role one evening a week. This had grown into a full day because of my weakness and Marion's sweet, thoughtful, and affectionate disposition so different from Martin's. But we are talking about one individual whom should made to be a boy, and who will grow into a man. I don't see how I can encourage Martin's girlish role to that extent."

"Oh, Helen," responded Aunt Marsha petulantly. "Martin is going to grow to be a fine man like his father whether or not he spends a week in New York as a girl. And think of what you are denying him; a week in the largest city in the nation, a chance to visit the United Nations, the Metropolitan Museum, Rockefeller Center and Radio City, Times Square, the Stock Exchange, the theater and perhaps an opera or symphony concert. Those things will always be Martin's even if viewed through Marion's eyes. And I would consider it a person favor, too, dear, because I don't like Jean on her own during the day for that week."

Jean reminded mother, "You just said it would be a wonderful experience for Martin, Aunt Helen, one he might never have a change for again. Mother's right, let him have that experience, but in the garb that will make it fun for both of us."

“I’ll have to admit there is a lot to what you both say,” mother said thoughtfully. “But what do you think, dear? We haven’t heard from you at all.”

I jumped up and put my arms around mother. “I’d just love to go, mother, please let me! Frankly, although I enjoy being Marion for a day, I’m not sure, but maybe I’ll get fed up with it and be itching to get back into trousers before a week is up.”

Mother thought for a moment and uttered, “Yeah, maybe you’ll tire of dressing up after a whole week. ”I’ll be hard work?”

“I’m willing to try. And I know that as Martin, Jean and I just don’t get along.” I hoped my affectionate display coupled with the reservation I stated about a ‘week’ as a ‘girl’ would swing her over.

It did! She said, “Well, again you’re all convincing me against my better judgement. It should prove very educational, and I just can’t deny that to Martin. Nor is it easy to deny you a favor, Marsha, when you are always so generous to us. Finally, perhaps it will throw some light on how ingrained the Marion urge is in Martin. We can see if the novelty wears off in a week, and if it does, that will be reassuring to me. Now, when are you leaving, Marsha?”

“Bless you mother,” I thought.

“You’re a peach, Helen, but I know you’re not making a mistake. The girls and I will take a plane from Capitol City the morning after Christmas. That’s only a week from the day after tomorrow, so we will really have to bear down on getting ready.”

END OF BOOK ONE

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This is the story of a mother who wants her son to fill in for his sister. It is the best!

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When the landlady couldn't change her daughter's mind about dating Peter, she decided to change his body.

MODEL HUSBAND #3

Loretta and her girlfriend decide to turn Bill's recovery into a makeover. He was the perfect husband. Now his wife was trying to turn him into a model husband...

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

The story of Bob, told by his neighbor and best friend. How Bob was first made to dress "funny" by his mother-in-law.

PAT GOES COED #5

A college prank traps Pat into becoming Patti...coed. Pat is helped by his wife and in-laws to dress as a girl for a college dance. Then, things just got out of hand: double dating with his wife and getting a job as "Patti".

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

The fraternity needed a mascot and they all thought it would be cute to have a "cheerleader". None of the coeds would do it, so two of the brothers were drafted to become cheerleaders. Cheerleader Mascot takes you behind the scenes for an intimate look at their transformation into lovely young girls.

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

(Previously titled, MISS-ING PASSPORT) Shelley loses his passport.

The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options: fancy French braiding, or perhaps an

elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

What every mother wants: a daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

In search of a big story, an investigative reporter goes "undercover" and enrolls at the Chrissy Institute. (Where they train boys to live as girls.) Would he ever be the same? This is a tale of a reporter's search for a sensational story.

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules: "We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn..." Could he face this challenge?

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

Chris has to find two boys who are willing to be girls for their fraternity.

ALL DOLLED UP #12

Bill's sister Lilly needed a model for her beauty school training. Kelly, a neighbor boy, was willing to help. A few pictures later all their lives would be changed.

Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

Ken was accepted into a Shakespearean drama college. He quickly learned that during Shakespeare's time, boys played the girl's parts!

MAID UP #14

John's wife has a few ideas to make him help around the house. He's soon a dapper domestic.

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

Some men think they have complete control over women. This is the story of one such man. After a plane crash, women take control over him. Alex will never be the same.

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

Due to an accident, Dave has to "fill in" for Jessica at a dance contest.

GOING A BROAD #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis.

What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis?

What any father would do.

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

everyone's business. How could Jan possibly change her son into her daughter without everyone knowing? And why would she want to?

TIT FOR TAT #19

Two young wives make a bet: After dressing their husbands as women, the first one "read" is the loser. Jerry's dream marriage turns into a nightmare when he realizes what he and his buddy are being turned into-WOMEN!

THAT'A GIRL #20

A young boy spends the summer in Malibu as a girl. His father hopes that this will cure his unusual "hobby".

WOMAN'S WORK #21

Larry hated working on his father's farm. He found out that heavy labor wasn't the only work that never ends.

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

Robin gets "into" his new job at the bridal shop.

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

Glamour or hard work? Paul tells all about his life as a girl model.

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

After helping his working wife with the housework, Gene decides to make it a permanent change.

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

A mother and son decide that he shouldn't grow up to be like his abusive father. . .or any other man.

WOMAN-HOOD #26

Marlon and Darwin are delinquent twins who have a choice...Jail or womanhood!

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

Dale's experience wearing dresses for a school play and more.

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

Mother & son check into a "fat farm" only to find it accepts only females!

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

Julian is invited to a fancy party where all the boys dress like girls...and the girls like boys!

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

The lives of several boys are changed after attending a cross dressing party...One is going to be a bride!

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

A young man goes to work at his in-law's beauty salon...As a girl!

FEMININE APPEAL #33

We all know women can do men's jobs. . .how about men doing a woman's job-like strippers?

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

A day in a beauty parlor turns into a new job, a new girlfriend and a new life!

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

A young man is faced with a decision-will it be the Army or take his mother's place as a stewardess?

SLINK OR SWIM #36

David borrows his Aunt's swimsuit for a quick dip in the lake. . .No one will see him right? Wrong! How far will he go to hide his gender?

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

A family send their son to camp. . .to learn everything about being a girl! His father assumes that will end his interest in dresses! DOUBLE ISSUE

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

Three feminists force their sons to enter a beauty contest. Each boy has his own way of handling the trauma of being sissified and beautified. Could one of these boys win?

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

Nick finds that he likes helping his mother do "girl things. . .and she helps him learn everything he needs to know about being a girl full time! DOUBLE ISSUE!

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

After getting in trouble, the only way Pat's mother will let him out of the house is in a dress!

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

Jan's mother buys him some girlish things to keep his hair out of his eyes. . .his grandmother buys him the dress! Naughty Grandma! DOUBLE ISSUE!

COED CREATED #42

Carl's scholarship has a few strings attached. . .I should say bra straps! This very long (120 pages) has it all: the lady doctor, a man hating girlfriend, and the supportive roommate. DOUBLE ISSUE!

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses

and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED #44 &45

A sickly young man goes to spend some time with his aunt. Their little dress-up games get carried away and he becomes too feminine to return to masculinity. Illustrated!

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47

What would you do for money? Bill becomes a bride and makes his son become a daughter for a rich man that needs a "family"! OVER 40 detailed Illustrations!

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49

Never has there been so much put into two books! A classic story of two delinquents who are given a choice-dresses or jail! OVER 80 detailed Illustrations and a great story!

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51

A twin is forced by his brother and mother to become the "girl" of the house! Illustrated!

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

Reed heads off to the big city. . .in hopes of being accepted in an exclusive girl's school where the girls are not girls!

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

Baily's mother need his help to run their little bridal salon. He didn't mind until one of the bridesmaids got sick and the dress fit!

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

Being a reporter is one thing but reporting on women's fashions required more than just a change of clothes!

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

Jesse mother gives him only one choice to keep his long hair-the beauty parlor! There he meets a very special friend.

THAT'S NO GIRL! & THAT'S NO LADY #57 & 58

That's actually their son and father! This two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role. Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

I have had many letters asking about that famous school where the boys become girls. These two books are about that school and its attendees. Illustrated 30+ great drawings!

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

Racy! After breaking his mother's high heels, she buys Danny his own pair! And then a dress...who could encourage this? Surprise! Illustrated with many great drawings.

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

What starts as a job opportunity turns to embarrassment as a young husband is forced to take a job as a busboy. His wife has an idea to get him more money! Promote him to "waitress!" Racy! Illustrated!

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady! His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style. Illustrated!

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

A mother finds a way to put her son through college - both financially and in style. Illustrated!

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

A school has a program called "Walk a mile in her shoes!" The guys that sign up need a lot of help and they get it! School was never like this...Darn!

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

We all know about people who get married thinking they'll change. This is a story of a wife who thought her love of feminizing men would go away after she married. It didn't. So Robert must do the changing...and changing and change. 92 pages! Illustrated!

WALKS LIKE A GIRL & WALKS LIKE A GIRL TOO #68 & 69

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

Illustrated with 15 drawings by a new and wonderful artist. A favorite writer who's finally back writes this story. Terry's mother, aunt and cousin encourage him into the finer things of life.

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

What would you do for a friend? Would you wear a dress?

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

Aunt Helen makes her rude nephew learn manners, respect, obedience, and a "niecely" FASHION SENSE!

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

Dana's unique adventures in flirty dresses, fitted skirts, silky lingerie, feminine makeup, and high heels.

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND # 74

In search of a roommate, a nurse is forced to let an old patient move in and she discovers a new girlfriend. Sharing clothes, makeup tips and much more! Great Classic!! Illustrated.

JESSE INTO JESSICA I # 75 & II #76

By a wonderful new writer! I was hooked on this darling story from page one! Each day both mother and aunt add a bit of femininity to Jesse's routine...making sure that Jesse learns some new ways.

CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & CALL HIM "SIS" #78

Heather teaches a boy staying with her all about the pleasures and pains of a girl's daily routine. From hair curling to a first dress...it's all here. Sexy too!

GOING AS GIRLS #79

By a new writer, it's the story of a husband who gets tired of his wife borrowing his things. So...he'll just borrow hers. Illustrated.

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

This is a story about a panty raid gone really badly. The boys go from stealing the panties to wearing them! After stealing the panties, the sorority teaches the boys what being girls is all about. Wonderful illustrations!

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

Tom never thought he had any feminine tendencies but that was the diagnosis. Why fight them?

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with some hemming. Their mothers help them with their hair...Did they go too far?

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

School was out for summer...perfect time for the boys to get into a little trouble. These boys get into more than that! Illustrated!

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

No one wants to get a pink slip at work. These guys get them with LACE! Too good for one book! Many Illustrations.

GIRLISH #87

What boy would carry his mother's purse at the mall? And then what? The women in his life would probably want to do his hair and then what? Great new illustrator!

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

Brad becomes Brandy with his mother's help! Illustrated.

GIRLHOOD #89

While most young men were growing into their manhood, one wasn't.

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

Boys can be crude and unkempt...but this one was taught to be a lady! Illustrated.

AUNTIE'S HELPER #92

Cass goes to live with his Aunt and her daughters. It takes a while before he fits in.

BOY WILL BE GIRL #93

What should a mother do when her son just doesn't fit in...neither his clothes nor his gender!! Illustrated.

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION**CAN'T CUT IT #1**

Medical science solves one man's problem without an operation. The hormone therapy changes his outlook on life not to mention his appearance.

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

Danny didn't know what Halloween costume to wear. His sister had an idea.

GOING TO THE BALL #3

One man's journey exploring the feminine side of his life.

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

Two wonderful stories of men experiencing the other side of life.

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

Brian didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost.

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought.

Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

Randy and his wife move to live as girlfriends. While his wife works as a model, Randi tries to find work...and himself.

VIRGIN VOWS #8

Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike.

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy as a girl?

FRENCH DRESSING #10

Something had to change and Emile was it. A fully illustrated story.

THE NEW GIRL #11

A job is a job...unless it requires too much. Can Stephan be a good secretary?

THE GIRL'S PART #12

From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's feminization.

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

A young man takes a job in his aunt's flower shop. Everyone mistakes him for a girl...the flower girl.

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

He simply had to fill in for his twin sister. A simple task but...it was for her wedding.

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

A tomboy helps Elliot dress in clothes she'd never wear. They teach each other new things!

GIRLIES #16

Two couples find that they have a lot in common. Both husbands like dressing like women! They make plans for spending the summer as mothers and daughters!

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home. DOUBLE ISSUE

MY BOSOM BUDDY #18

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life.

DOUBLE ISSUE

REDTOES #21

Two young couples make a bet. . .Which wife can turn their husband into the most realistic looking girl? How far will they go to win?

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

A young man joins an all girl band. The only problem is the uniform. . .they all want to wear skirts! But he looks like a girl in them?? . . . DOUBLE ISSUE

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

This is a fully illustrated story of a young man who is forced to attend the carnival in frilly petticoats. The drawings in this story are some of the best I have ever seen!

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

What would you do for millions? Steven's rich aunt leaves him her fortune. . .with one catch. He must become a girl!

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

Women wearing the pants and men wearing the skirts?? It just isn't done, is it? Would men ever be the ones to wear make-up and be submissive to their wives? Read this and find out!

A LIVING DOLL #28

A mother decides to show her son how to take care of his hair and gets carried away!! When his girlfriend finds out. . .

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

The story of a young man's transformation into a social and sexy young woman. A new writer with wonderful insight!

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

CLEAVAGE #31

After helping his seamstress mother with some swimsuit modeling, Shawn finds a hidden interest in girl things. His father has a secret and the fun **BUSTS** out!

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

Boys will be boys until two boys embarrass a group of girls and they find out boys are sometimes made to be girls!!

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

A young man, femininely distressed as a teenager, finds himself turning into a woman!

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

A man marries a stripper. . .she suggests he go into the business too!

A SUMMER GIRL #35

Tory is forced to spend his summer vacation as a girl with his cousin!

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

A young man finds a new job in a department store-as a window mannequin.

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

A wife helps her husband become the woman of his and her dreams.

METAMORPHOSIS & META'**COMPLETED #39 & 40**

A transformed girl helps many femininely distressed young men search for the ultimate feminine experiences!

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

Many wives wonder why they have a husband when a girlfriend would be so much more fun! One wife decides to change her husband! Illustrated!

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

When poor Robin's mother finds out he's been cast as a girl in the school play, she wants to make him **PERFECT!** Illustrated!

SISTERS FOREVER #43

This is the story of two brothers who are forced to be sisters to help a sickly aunt. Ten great illustrations by Puyal! A summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

A reporter thinks that feminizing his nephew was a good story but before he knows it, the tables are turned on him. Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

David is forced to take his sister's place...in mind and in body. His and his mother share many experiences! Many great drawings by Puyal.

MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL / MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER #44 & 47

Wearing his sister's clothes, Steve is mistaken for a girl. Once seen, he is forced to assume the role of a daughter in a small town. Written by Nikki, a new writer who has a way of getting her heroine into some major trouble! Illustrated by Puyal!

SON TO SISTER #48

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels! Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL & A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIDE #49 & 50

It starts out with a young man who helps his sister at a bridal fair by becoming a model. Illustrated by Puyal.

CHICKS RULE! #51

A great story. A dress is only a dress until your wife makes you wear it. A sexy tale of an "understanding wife" who takes her husband places he never imagined going!

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

Gone with his male clothes! We all know that Southern girls are trained to be ladies. But what about the guys? A summer vacation turns these boys into Southern Belles! 88 pages each with special pencil illustrations by Puyal.

GIRLIE GIRL #54

Who wouldn't want to be younger? Or even look younger? Norm's wife has a unique idea!

FEMININE BUDDY #55

Kit gets an opportunity that half the population dream about...the girl half. Illustrated.

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

Poor Steve ends up at school in his mother's dress. Illustrated.

BECOMING EMMA #57

An accident forces a family to treat Kevin like a girl.

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a

punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

It's really three stories. Two delightful stories of guys facing their budding femininity and one...one very different newsy story of a little town called, ESTRO, Illinois. Lot's of drawings.

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

Bobby has a few problems. All the women in his life seem intent on getting him into dresses. But they'll stop soon, right? Wrong! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

A GIRL NOW #61 & THEY'RE GIRLS NOW #62

This great story is by a new writer. Randal and his friends are put through training that...well, lets say few guts go through. Nearly a year's work by three editors went into making this a masterpiece! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

LEARNING CURVES #63

Life throws a curve at two boys. In fact, it throws two curves their way...With their mother's help and a dance teacher, they learn a new way of life. Illustrated.

MY BETTER HALF #64

After coping with many changes....Rob decides to make a few changes in his life and the way he dresses. Illustrated.

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

A male teacher learns that there is no substitution for experience in learning. He finds out all about being a woman! Illustrated!

BIKINI BOUND #66

Many, many great illustrations! The story of a boy who has to be a girl on a family vacation. His mother and three sisters make sure he's perfect...even in a bikini!

PURSE STRINGS #67

Tight finances force a boy to wear his sister's hand me downs...Why waste good dresses and high heels?

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

DRESS UP DAY #69

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a

young man find a new interest that everyone encourages...except one. Who knows, maybe he'll even get into it? Illustrated.

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

Sometimes it's the little things in life that create the biggest changes...one youn man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72

A game show where the winner is the boy who's most like a girl!

PRETTY FOREVER #73

Judd hoped he could return to college as a boy. Then his best friend, Ted came to visit and things became complicated. Illustrated.

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

A boring life suddenly gets out of hand when a CPA's wife gets involved with a hairdresser.

FEMININE PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

LUCK BE A LADY

Parents are always hiding things from their kids but for Dad to suddenly start living as a woman! That is just too much...or is it?

A PARTY GIRL

Ryan hated shopping with his wife. All she was interested in was girl things...something had to change! Illustrated!

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife,

great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

What would a wife make a guy do for success? If their restaurant needed a woman...guess he'd be it! Completely illustrated and great fun!

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

A young man is picked up by a lady...and becomes the dress up toy for her and her friends. Can he escape? New illustrations and editing.

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

What if your wife really wanted you to cross dress? The story of two women turning their husbands into ladies!

TV VACATION #3

Spying on a slumber party gets Tom and Phil into more than a little trouble...It gets them forced into dresses!

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

A funny story of a longhaired boy who is recruited to teach the town's most beautiful girls to wrestle. They decide to teach him what they know best! Great illustrations and new additions.

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

By the best writer (in my opinion) that Empathy ever had. This is a story that touches everyone and every place. Francis' new wife had a way to make him quit flirting with the girls..."Flirt for a Skirt!" Great illustrations and new additions.

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

A longhaired rebel is forced into a parochial school where they wear uniforms. He refuses to cut his hair and wear those geeky boy's uniforms...so he's fitted for one that the longhaired students wear forcing a "Change of Habit!" Illustrated and re-written.

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

"Why not let Lennie compete anyway, of course, he would have to dress as a girl from now on. We could spread the word that Lennie is not a boy, and never was. It might work..."

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

John dresses in skirts to show the girl's at school how they should dress. His mother and father suggest he try it for the summer. Thus "Jane" is born. Many surprises!

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

Gerald is removed from his all boy school and is enrolled in a school of his stepmother's choice. He is enrolled to learn how to be dainty and feminine.

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

Joan always borrowed her husband's clothes. To get even, Stephen borrowed hers. Every passing day found Stephen more feminine in actions, dress, and conversation.

IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 (DOUBLE ISSUE)

Merrill loses a bet and must dress as a girl for six months.

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

A young couple can only find an apartment that accepts women.

CHRIS TO CHRISSIE #7

A high school prank causes Chris to have to dress like a girl.

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

All three parts of a long story of Martin's experimentation at learning the role of "Marion".

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

A completely revised story about two boys who become fashion models! Their lives, loves and careers.

ACCEPTANCE #11

Erica's mother tries to stop her daughter from marrying a cross-dresser.

CHARM SCHOOL #12

After an accident, Alex fills in for his wife at their charm school. As a woman!

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

In search of the "ideal marriage," Richard puts himself in his wife's shoes...also her dress, lingerie &...?

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart until they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara.

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

FEMININE FORTE #16

Andy is forced to take his wife's place in a girl's dance group. Then he got "discovered!"

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

Patrick's story of growing up with the women who encouraged his dressing up.

THE MAKEOVER #18

To help his wife, a young man must take her job in a beauty parlor... as one of the girls!

BOYS TO BABES #19

The story of a show where the boys take the girl's parts! Each finds a different way to cope with their new identity.

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

Over 100 pictures of CD's enjoying themselves "en femme". A historical pictorial.

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

On a bet, a reporter takes a bet. . .can he pass as a female well enough to try out for a part.

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

Many have asked for more of these wonderful tales from Transvestia. This book has two. "Wrong side of the Track" about a boyfriend who poses as a girlfriend & "Beauty Pageant," the story of a reporter who enters a beauty contest.

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

Two wonderful stories of two young men...one that is running from his responsibilities, the other is doing it for his country. Both end up where most men would dread, in dresses!

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

A summer at the lake turns into a summer of discovery. Joe finds out how the girls spend their summer...in dresses!

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive

to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

A wonderfully illustrated story of an Aunt who just won't stop buying girlish things for her nephew. He's faced with being a sissy or being a niece!

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

A man is forced to take on a feminine role and his wife wants him to be perfect! This is a wonderfully illustrated story of when things just go "too far!"

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

Why would anyone want a boy to model brassieres when there are so many girls? Maybe that is the point! Illustrated.

A WILLING WOMAN

How far would you go to help a friend? Would you put on lingerie, makeup and a cute little dress? Illustrated!

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

A couple guys call someone a sissy...there's nothing like a cute little dress and some girls' things for revenge!

THE STORE BRIDE

After going to live with his Aunts, a young man find comfort in his new job...in their bridal shop! Great Illustrations.

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

Based on the classic story of a young man whose mother gets confused and decides he's going to be her daughter! Great illustrations and great fun!

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

A summer in the big city turns a guy's life upside down! Illustrated.

WHAT SISSIES WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

WHAT GIRLS WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17

Hiding in plain view. How...maybe a simple change of gender?

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED

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A new sub series of the PPI. A detailed Puyal drawing on nearly every page spread!

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Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl! This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

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Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

A long story about a young man being punished. He thought he could take anything until the girls took over.

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A most classic tale of Henry and his Aunt. Almost every other page of this tale is illustrated with finely drawn pictures of every stage of his embarrassments. A must for collectors!

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

Over one hundred and twenty hand crafted drawings span these three books.

It answers the question, "What could be worse than being forced to go to school with the girls?" Poor Peter finds out...he's forced to wear their clothes too! Don't miss out on this one! Even one of the drawings by Puyal is worth the price!

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are

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The Male Maid Book of ABC's, 'Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

Bound to be a Maid, 'Bound' was originally sold in the 1950's as a set of 40 photographs of "VanRod" (Gene Bilbrew) art. Its original title was "Bound Over or Missing Gwen de Lynn". No credit was given to the author whose brief text appeared above each drawing, nor was the publisher named

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