

# From the Princess Archives

From Archives  
Section 100-B

#2



*Adults Only*

## ART

1960s Dress Disciplined Boys by Posey  
She's Showing Him How Exciting Girls'  
Clothes Can Be  
Big Baby Boy Maids Forced to Rub Their  
Diapered Penises Together

## PHOTOS

With Only Sisters and Girl Cousins,  
Sooner or Later, He'll Be in a Dress  
1950s Vintage Upskirt Gals  
Pink Panty Flashing Lady at the Library  
My Big Sister Flashing Her Pink Panties

## STORIES

Sissy Growing Up Exposed and Abused  
Female Predator - Her Hunger for Boys  
Boy Wants to Return to School as a Girl

## OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST

How It Used to Be: Boys Raised in Dresses  
Retail: Lacy Bloomer Gift for Baby Boys!  
Retail: Modest Christian Girls' Bloomers  
Article: When Boys Want to Be Girls  
Article: 12 Not Too Young to Change Sex  
Are Men Who Wear Lingerie Perverted?

Items featured in this volume are of interest to crossdressers and pantywaist sissies like yourself and come from our readers, visitors to our web site, and our vast personal library that we have been collecting since the early 1960s!

Since 1981

**A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION**



1950s Vintage  
Upskirt Gal

**The Princess Archives #2 (from the Archives Section 100 - Part 2)** is published by Princess Productions, PO Box 1184, Des Plaines, Illinois 60017-1184, U.S.A. Contributions are welcome, but the publisher does not assume responsibility for the loss of any materials and does not guarantee the return of any materials. Any letters and other items sent to Princess Productions are considered intended for publication. With the exception of news items, all real names will be changed and identities will be kept confidential. Copyright © 2009 Princess Productions. All rights reserved. The words accompanying photographs are not meant to describe the actual conduct of the pictured subjects. Any similarity to real persons is purely coincidental. With the exception of original news items, most of the photographs contained herein have been artistically altered either by computer or in other ways to simulate certain activities as well as to conceal the identity of any real persons. Many photographs have been supplied to us from readers and not known to be under copyright protection. If any copyright holder can prove that is not the case, they should notify Princess Productions and those photos will be deleted. Neither Princess Productions nor anyone connected with Princess Productions advocates violent or abusive behavior of any kind. While story lines may suggest such behavior, these are just fantasies meant to enlighten and entertain adults who would never wish those fantasies to become reality. This is a fantasy publication meant to comfort an oppressed minority of individuals created by society, and then rejected by that same society. Transvestites, panty fetishists and submissive males are scorned in most families and cultures. This publication is designed to soothe the souls of these often frustrated and lonely individuals by exploring situations similar to their own upbringing, experiences and fantasies and intended to make such individuals feel that their fantasies are just as legitimate as anyone else's as well as be an aid to masturbation, a safe alternative to risky sex practices. Printed in the USA.

## Robin - the Child: Sissy Growing Up Exposed & Abused

1110-1 Soft as Wax, 1969

By Byron Lord

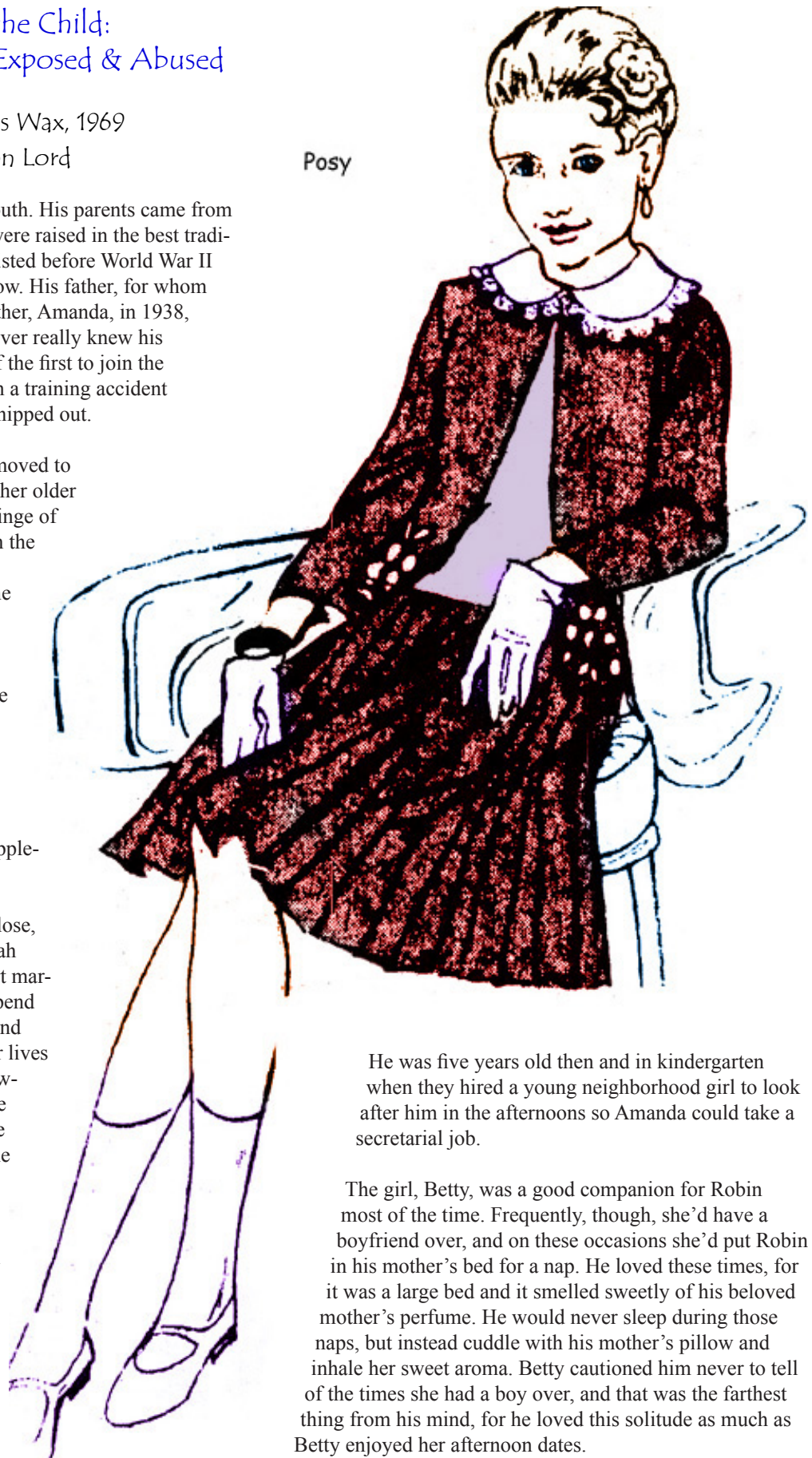
Posy

Robin was born in the Deep South. His parents came from poor but genteel families and were raised in the best traditions of antebellum life that existed before World War II and still exist to some extent now. His father, for whom he was named, married his mother, Amanda, in 1938, Robin was born in 1940. He never really knew his father, for Robin Sr. was one of the first to join the Army in 1941 and was killed in a training accident in New Jersey before he ever shipped out.

Following his death, Amanda moved to Washington, D.C., to live with her older sister Leah in a house on the fringe of the city, happy to be away from the bustling capitol. During those war years, Amanda stayed home to care for her infant son while Leah worked as a secretary. There was not great deal of money to be made by a wartime secretary in D.C., and the two sisters were hard-pressed to make ends meet. Although it was against their training, Amanda did housework and ironing for other families to supplement their income.

The sisters were inordinately close, Amanda then widowed and Leah divorced after a tragic and short marriage. They were prepared to spend the rest of their lives together and exist without any males in their lives except young Robin. They showered him with affection, and the little extra money they did have went for clothes and toys for the boy since there were few play-mates for him in the area.

Robin was content to play with his mother and aunt, outside being taken for walks and to the park, and when inside, and dancing and singing to music on the radio and hiding in the closets.



He was five years old then and in kindergarten when they hired a young neighborhood girl to look after him in the afternoons so Amanda could take a secretarial job.

The girl, Betty, was a good companion for Robin most of the time. Frequently, though, she'd have a boyfriend over, and on these occasions she'd put Robin in his mother's bed for a nap. He loved these times, for it was a large bed and it smelled sweetly of his beloved mother's perfume. He would never sleep during those naps, but instead cuddle with his mother's pillow and inhale her sweet aroma. Betty cautioned him never to tell of the times she had a boy over, and that was the farthest thing from his mind, for he loved this solitude as much as Betty enjoyed her afternoon dates.



Sometimes he'd surreptitiously watch and see how Betty teased the boys by flouncing her skirts or lowering a shoulder strap of her dress, and he thought it delightful. He'd mimic her before the mirror and laugh at how silly, yet how grown-up he looked. It was even better when he got into one of his mother's slips and paraded before the mirror like a slutty little girl. Those were harmless enough times, but they were also his first steps into crossdressing that would hold him in its grip for the rest of his life.

When he was eight, Betty moved away, and he was able to convince his mother and aunt that he was old enough to be by himself for the two hours each day between coming home from school to when his mother and aunt got off work. This pleased him greatly for he felt like he was contributing to the household by saving them the money for a babysitter.

On those days, as soon as he got home from school, he'd contributed even more by playing at doing the housework, which was a constant source of complaint by the two women. More than once, they'd arrive home to find him draped in one of their aprons, dusting or wielding a broom, instead of outside at play. His endeavors were rewarded with hugs and kisses, and much was made over the good he was doing; their praise was a real joy to him.

When he wasn't doing housework in the afternoons, he was in either his mother or aunt's room, digging through their drawers, trying on their fragrant slips and dresses over his own clothes. One day when he was nine, Leah returned from work early to find Robin sweeping the floor while wearing one of her slips over his clothes. She was taken aback at first, then laughing gaily; she scooped him up in her arms and said, "Oh, honey. Aren't you the prettiest little thing in Auntie's slip? What's wrong, baby? Couldn't you find my apron?"

He had thought he would be scolded for wearing his aunt's clothes, but at her happy words, he said, "I like your slip better than the apron. It's silky nice."

"Why, you cunning little angel. But since it's so silky nice, why on earth do you wear it over your clothes? If you just wore it without your clothes it would feel so much nicer to wear."

"I guess I was afraid to do that. You and mommy might like me doing it."

"Listen," she said in a conspiratorial whisper.

"Why don't we play a surprise on your Momma?" I'll get you all gussied up real pretty and we'll see what she says about her pretty little Robin-child. All right?"

He was very happy to go along with her game, and he laughed with her as she took his clothes off and put him in



rayon panties, a big stuffed brassiere, a slip, and a dress, all pinned up to stay on his small body. She stuffed tissue in her high heels so they'd fit his feet, and she made up his face with sweet-smelling makeup. Then he and his aunt went into the living room to giggle and await his mother's arrival.

They could tell from Amanda's footsteps on the porch that she'd had a hard day, but Leah didn't permit Robin to run to meet her. He had to sit, 'like a little lady,' until his mother opened the door. When she did and she saw him, she said with disbelief, "Leah, what in the world is this?"

"It's our little girl, honey. Our new little daughter.

"Isn't she a pretty little thing?"

Amanda didn't think Robin was pretty at all and became angry that he should be so dressed. Leah said, "But there's nothing wrong with a little make-believe. You sure don't mind when he puts on an apron and does housework. And he likes to wear pretty, silky things, don't you, honey?"

"But it's not ... it's not manly," Amanda said, looking hard at her little boy.

"But you have to admit he's really cute, though. Right?" Leah cajoled. "Come now, Amanda. After our long, hard day, why don't we three girls will have a glass of Sherry and engage in girl talk about the latest fashions?"

With that, Amanda smiled, then laughed aloud and scooped her son up into her arms, frills and lace and all. She kissed him soundly. Joyously, he hugged her, and she said, "All right. If my little boy wants to play make-believe that's fine with me. Come along my pretty boy. Leah, get three glasses and the Sherry and a carafe of water, honey. Maybe we ought to have us a sewing bee instead of a chat about fashions. Lord knows we have enough mending that needs to be done."

Perched on a chair, Robin sipped his watered wine while the two women engaged in their animated and fun conversation. Each time he tried to add to it, he added to their mirth and the splendid time they were having. They allowed him to eat dinner in his new clothes before bathing him and scrubbing away the heavy coat of makeup on his face. They heeded his pleas and let him sleep in a frilly long nightgown that night, and he never felt happier or warmer when his two favorite people in the whole world lay on each side of him in bed and told him stories of fairy princesses and longhaired knights in shining armor.

The next day, as soon as Robin got home from school, he dressed in a combination of Amanda and Leah's clothes. When they returned from work, they found him sitting primly in the living room, laboring diligently in trying to stitch together a pair of socks.





"Now, honestly," Amanda said. "This has to stop."

"Why? I think he's cute."

"Yes, he's cute. But boys aren't supposed to be ... cute."

"They are at his age. Oh, don't worry, Amanda, he'll outgrow this little phase he's going through. Don't make a big thing out of it. What we ought to do is show him how to mend. He's always busting out of his clothes, and if we let him wear some pretties and show him how to sew a little, it'd save a lot of wear and tear."

Over dinner, Amanda giggled a lot and confessed that her Robin was cute in those clothes. When Leah said she had hoped Amanda was going to have a girl child when she was pregnant, Amanda had confessed the same hopes for a while, but once Robin arrived, she was perfectly content with having a little boy.

The pattern was then set. From then on, the women had no complaints when they arrived home to find Robin dressed in their clothes, doing mending or housework. Instead, they had great praise for all the help he was giving them. He doted on their words, and they helped him become more expert in his girlish masquerade. Leah taught him how to use the sewing machine, and soon he was making his own pretty clothes that were so well crafted that Amanda would shake her head and say, "I declare, maybe I did have a girl after all!"

Months stretched into years, and Robin became more deeply ingrained in his feminine persona, aided and abetted by his mother and his aunt. By the time he was fifteen, he had no compunction about answering the door to visitors while dressed in his feminine clothes, knowing he would be taken for a girl that he felt he truly should have been to begin with.

He read a great deal, as is the way with many solitary youngsters, and once he discovered the subject, he devoured anything he could about homosexuality. He was quite certain he was a homosexual, and he was ready to experience gay sex. He was attracted to some of the boys at school, but he avoided any physical contact with them, fully aware of the social stigma connected with homosexuality, and the shame, he might bring on his family if he was identified as a pervert. He decided it would be better to go to another part of the city to find a way to prove himself for what he was.

So one May afternoon Robin cut his classes, went home and attired himself as meticulously as he knew how. From his lingerie to the eyebrow pencil and the bandana over his short hair, he made a fetchingly feminine girl as he boarded a bus and headed into the city, seeking the adventure of his life.

It started right on the bus, for seated ahead of him were two young sailors whose eyes had followed him every step of the way as he got on the bus and minced down the aisle. As he





**She's Showing Him  
How Exciting Girls'  
Clothes Can Be**



sat there, they turned and looked at him, and in his inexperienced way, he did his best to encourage them. His heart was beating wildly when the bus neared a park with which he was familiar, and more wildly still it beat when he rose to leave and the sailors followed after him.

With a glance over his shoulder, he confirmed that they were following close behind. He wiggled his hips alluringly as Leah had taught him was most becoming to a vamp. He was thrilled at the way the two young men quickened their step. In moments, they flanked him, tall men in dark blue at each side of him, smiling down at him, trying to hold his hands, eagerly talking to him about getting off by themselves.

In his practiced feminine voice, he told them that was exactly what he wanted, and the confidence in his tones belied the enormous trepidation he felt in his stomach.

They went into some bushes, and no sooner were out of sight, than both sailors were at him with their hands.

"Now, wait. Please," Robin said. "You don't understand. Let me explain."

"We understand, honey. How much do you want for a fuck?"

"No. No, please, not that. I just want to suck your cocks."

"Man, listen to her talk. She's my kind of girl."

"Sure, honey. While you suck off Eddie, I'll play with you. Then it will be my turn. What's your name, baby?"

"Robin. But ..."

"Cut the talk. Now, get busy, cutie." Eddie turned to his buddy, "Hey, Red, she really has nice tits. Really hard."

"No," Robin pleaded, "don't touch me. Just let me do you."

"I'm ready," said Red, opening his pants. "Go to it, Robin."

His penis was there before Robin, enormously large, looming. The pretty boy wanted to do it. He knew he had to take it in his mouth. But the one called Eddie was distracting him as he kept groping and fumbling around under Robin's clothes. "Don't. Just leave me alone and I'll suck on both of you."

"Well, god damn it, honey, get to it," said Red as he pushed Robin down and fed him his hard penis.

Robin almost choked on it, and just then, Eddie cried out, "Holy shit! Hey, Red! This is a boy in panties! A queer!"

"Shit! Right now, I don't care. Suck, you pantywaist. Suck."

Robin's head was held tightly while Eddie tore at his clothes,

confirming that he indeed was a boy and not a girl. He tried to explain, tried to raise his head, but Red's grip on his head was very firm. He pulled off the bandana and then held the boy's head by his hair. Eddie was laughing, very raucously, as he shredded Robin's clothes from him, and Red was laughing with him, though his laughter was punctuated with gasps of pleasure as he forced Robin's mouth down on his cock to take more and more of it in.

When the sperm suddenly began gushing into Robin's mouth, he knew it was as it should be, but still he wanted as the hot, thick cream spurted into him. Robin was then allowed to raise his head then; he tearfully pleaded for his release, but then Eddie had his big cock in his face and was claiming his turn. When Robin tried to refuse, he was slapped and cuffed in the face, and then Eddie's dick penetrated his bruised mouth. He heard voices behind him.

"Hey, man. What's going on here?"

"Just some queer dressed up like a little girl. Gives a helluva a good blowjob, though. You're next, buddy."

"No, man. I see something better than that." Robin was terrified when he felt his panties being pulled down, and even more frightened when he felt the hard pressure between his buttocks as an unknown man was forcing his way into his virgin asshole. The frightened boy tried to relax, knowing that this too, was to be a part of his future life. But relax as much as he could, the pain was all but unbearable when the guy's hard, hot shaft finally made its way deep into his body. Worst of all, he couldn't even scream with the pain, for his throat was again being filled with sperm.

Finally was left limp and bleeding in the bushes. He tried to make it home by himself but was picked up by a patrol car before he cleared the park. He was in sorry condition, both physically and emotionally, when his distraught mother and aunt picked him up at the police station.

Of course, they wanted to know what had happened. Safe at home, Amanda said, "My Lord, Robin, What ever got into you to go out like that? Whatever did they all do to you?"

"Nothing, Amanda. Nothing. Some boys tried to pick me up and when I wouldn't let them, they beat me up. That's all."

"Poor baby," Leah cooed. "What you need is a nice hot bath. Then your Momma will make you some nice hot chocolate before we put you in that nice new pink satin nightie you got for your birthday and then we will tuck you into bed."

Robin wanted to resist, wanted to turn his back on all that had happened to him that day, on all that he was, but the thought of the comfort, the security of a perfumed nylon nightie against his bruised skin was too much for him. He smiled at his aunt and said, "Yes. Yes, that's just what I need."



## Female Predator: Her Hunger for Boys

1110-P-1 Soft as Wax, 1969

By Byron Lord

Though Rosalind employs every feminine artifice, she is not an attractive woman. At five foot nine and fifty-seven years old, her skin is leathery and pocked and her body is angular and bony. In the tight skirts she habitually wears, her legs look extremely thin, her hips and buttocks quite flat, and her waist too thick. Her prominent breasts are obviously padded. Her lank brown hair is usually put up in an old ladies' style bun. Her jaw is very firm and deeply cleft, her nose slightly crooked, and faint scars mar her forehead.

Still she boasts of having all the sex any woman could want with cute young males that any woman could ever dream of having. However, her sexual needs can only be satisfied by the very young. She says, "They're easy to find, especially now with so many kids hitchhiking and hanging out at the malls. I have three boys right now, each different, and each exciting as hell in a different way."

"How did you meet them?"

"One was hitchhiking. Another at the bus station. However, my latest triumph is sweet little Donnie. I met him by chance when I was downtown shopping on a Saturday. He's a little doll. Just fifteen and he likes everything I've shown him."

"Just how did you manage to meet Donnie?" I asked.

Rosalind laughed her course laugh and said, "Shoplifting, he was shoplifting at the mall. I went up and grabbed him by the arm just after he'd swiped a pair of girls' panties. Really scared the hell out of him. I didn't say a word. I just took him to my car. By the time, we got there, he was bawling. He thought I was a store cop. I got his name and address and then told him I wasn't a cop, but I could sure as hell turn him in if he didn't do everything I said. Then I took him to my place and proceeded to straighten him out ... my way."

"And how was that, Rosalind?" Marsha asked.

"I scolded him most of the way home, threatened to tell his folks what he'd done, and once we were here, I asked him why a boy like him swiped a lacy pair of girls' pink nylon panties. He said he didn't know, and I said, 'Bullshit, you're a queer.' He got upset when I said that, but I bitch slapped him upside his face and really made him cry. Then I made him take his clothes off and put on the panties. He was one sorry kid about that time, and that was when I started going soft on him."

"What do you mean by going soft, Rosalind?"

"I became sympathetic toward him.

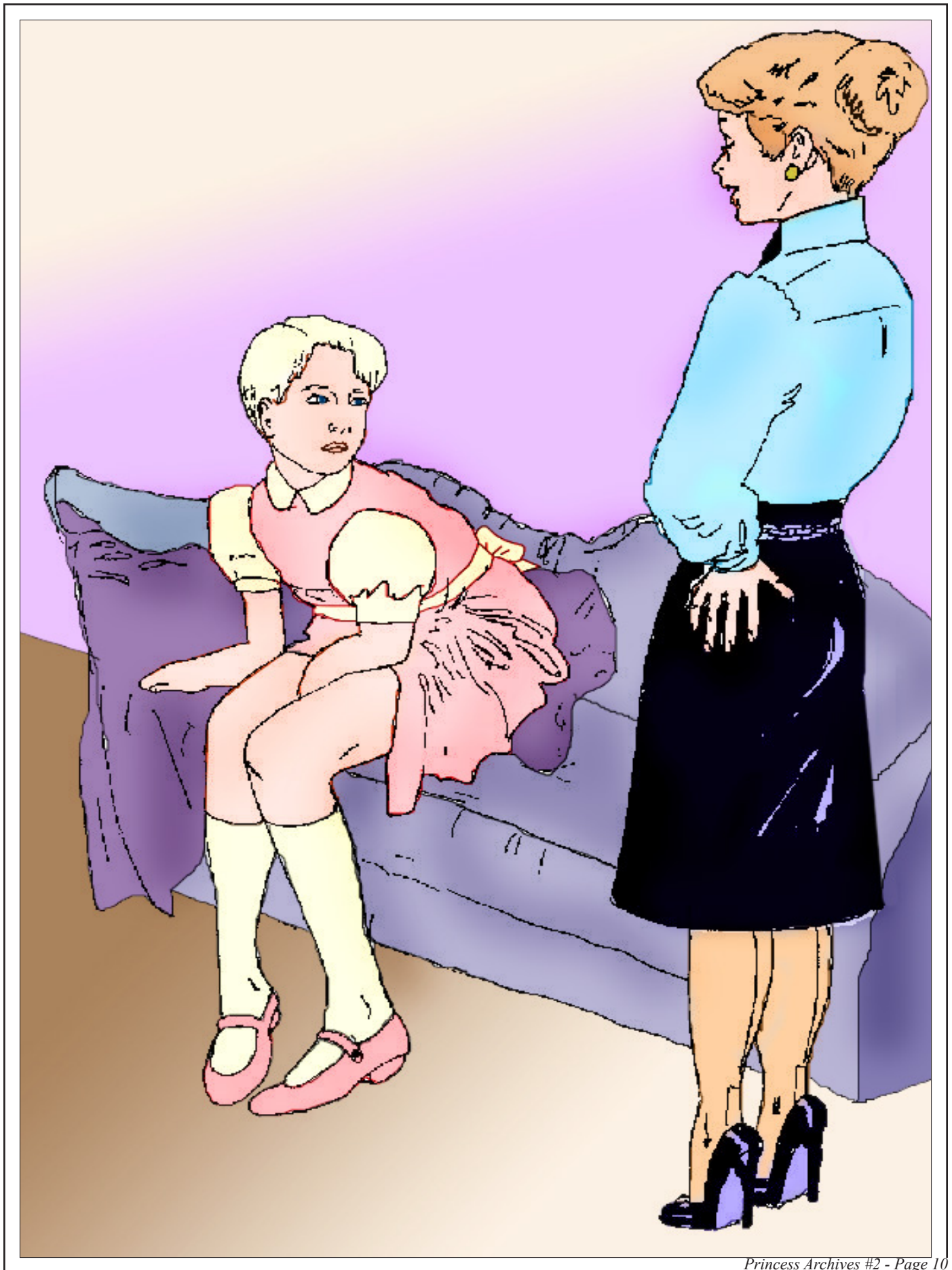
"I find with kids that if you switch back and forth from being mean and being nice, they get so confused they'll do just about anything you want. I sat him on my lap and told him I wouldn't tell on him if he'd be a good boy and promise to mind me and never steal again. While I was doing that, I had my hand moving on his lap, smoothing the soft panties over his childish dick, and he got a nice little hard-on. I acted as if I was surprised, shocked at how big he was, and I told him it sure proved he wasn't a fairy but that he did have a problem. I told him he was a sexual pervert, a sissy panty boy, but I also told him I could help him. I brought out a little girls' pink party dress along with all the accessories -- a full bouffant slip, knee socks, and ruby Mary Janes. I have a nice stock of little girl dresses and accessories in an assortment of sizes because I love dressing boys like girls.

"Usually, I have to work a lot of my sexual magic on a boy to get him into the girlie clothes, but since I had caught Donnie stealing panties, I knew he would be easy, and he was. He was awestruck seeing these items and even more amazed when I told him I was going to put them on him. He was slow to undress but did not resist until I had the sorry little, shamefaced boy in the full party dress outfit. I put him on my lap and had my hand up the dress as I attacked his penis again within his nylon panties. All the while, I kept calling him a sissy and telling him that his hard penis told me he liked what I was doing to him. He was both lightly crying and excitedly breathing and moaning.

"I played with his pink pantied dick and had him squirming and giggling, half-scared and half-loving it. I was getting hot, too. I get excited quickly when I have a new boy. I kept playing with his cock while I told him how pretty he was for a boy and how pretty the fancy dress and silky panties looked on him. Soon, he was gulping for air like a fish out of water.

"I kept it up until Donnie creamed his new panties, and then I screamed like hell at him for his lack of control, but I also laughed like hell at him and teased him for being a sissy. He said he couldn't help it, but I didn't let up until he was bawling again. His dick juice had shot right through his panties. His dress and slip had been up and out of the way, but a couple of big globs of his slim did shoot up in the air and landed on my blouse right over my breasts. I made him lick his cum off my tits. I knew he liked kissing and handling my breasts but I could tell by the expression on his face that he was close to vomiting while sucking up his cum. Then I had him take off his wet panties and put them into his mouth to suck them clean. I then got some tissues and cleaned him off his body under the dress.

"I purposely didn't wash his body because I love the smell of boy cum mixed with the hot sexual sweat on a kid's body. To me, it's intoxicating! Then, I led him over to my special chest of drawers packed with all my boy-girl lingerie and made him





pick out a fresh pair of panties to put on. I knew everything was going great when the kid picked out one of the fanciest and most girlish pairs I have, a purple and pink pair of panties with white lace on the sides and around the legs. Those cute panties would make a princess blush!

"Once he had thoroughly sucked all his cum out of the wet panties, I slowed things down. With him a ball of feminized confusion, I sat him next to me on the couch and we talked. I found out he'd never made it with a girl before. Hell, he'd hardly even necked with one.

"So I taught him how to neck. I mean, I really gave him some lessons. I kissed him all over and soon he was more excited than ever, ready to pump cum again and ready to do anything I wanted. I said I'd show him something really nice if he'd undress me carefully, and the little brat was all over me then, unzipping me and unbuttoning me till I was down to my pale yellow panties, matching bra and garter belt and tan hose."

"Why didn't you undress all the way?" asked Marsha.

"Because lingerie turns him on. Anyway, I taught him how to go down on me, and then we did sixty-nine. I'm telling you, I really went ape, even though he wasn't very good at it, I took my time and taught him right. Now, he's a cuntlapping pro."

"Do you let Donnie fuck you, too?"

"At times, but only after I dress him in lingerie and make fun of him. You'd be surprised how many kids are turned on that way. I call him my little lesbian boy. At any time I choose, he's ready to drop whatever he is doing and come over here to fuck or suck me -- or both! However, presently, I limit him to a couple of times a week. After school twice a week and on Saturdays at 2 o'clock, he waits for me by the underpass on Delaney. I have him wait for half an hour, and if I'm in the mood, I pick him up. If not, he waits and then goes home."

"You treat him like dirt," Marsha said rather hotly.

"Yes, and he comes back for more. Hell, I'm doing him a favor. I'm teaching him about sex. I'm teaching him a hell of a lot more about it than his little Linda is. That's his girl. He's still going with her, but I have plans for her. Otherwise, it won't last much longer between Donnie and me."

"Getting tired of him?"

"That's right. I need some new blood. I've tried to get him to bring his Linda up here, but . . ."

"What?" said Marsha. "You so girls too?"

"Sure. Why not? Every now and then, it's a kick. Oh, I'm not a lesbo or anything, but it's kinky having a cute, little training bra and pantied chick running around here with my girlie

boys. Most girls dig it and quickly learn. My other two boys now bring their girls up -- well, one is the boy's girlfriend. He's sixteen and she's fourteen. The other boy is fourteen and he doesn't have a girlfriend but he brings his kid sister along. The little bitch is just eleven but what a sexual animal she is! She loves the boys dressing up like girls; she's a natural dominatrix -- and she can't get enough of any of the boys or me eating her sweet hairless pussy."

"But Donnie won't bring his girl up here?"

Rosalind shrugged and said, "At least not yet. I told him about the parties, but I told him he has to deliver Linda to me first. He said he did take my advice and let her see he was wearing a pair of pink panties one day. She thought it was weird but didn't run -- that's a good sign. As I had instructed him, he told her he wore them because they were girlishly sweet and reminded him of her. He then asked her for a pair of her best panties to wear and she gave him a plain white pair with just a bit of lace -- that's another good sign, but I can't wait forever. If it does work, I know exactly what I'll do.

"My most experienced boy is Jay. He knows a set of twelve-year-old twins at his school that are lesbian sisters. They have been to two of my parties and really like sissy boys. Usually, I like them more innocent, but these girls are cute, and before I dump Donnie, I'm going to have a real party with them and Donnie if I can get Linda here. Eddie and his girlfriend will be here too. It will really swing. Porn movies, picture taking, booze, and tons of great perverted sex."

Marsha was outraged. "I can't believe you're having sex with all these kids. It's wrong robbing them of their childhood."

Frowning, Rosalind said, "What's the matter. I know you're wild, what's wrong with having fun with a few kids -- they want it as much as I do! But with your past fucking animals on your farm with that pervert you use to hang with, I don't need any lectures from you."

"OK, sorry; I will keep my moralizing to myself. But you seducing kids is weird. How long have you been doing it?"

"Ever since my husband died six years ago. He was kinky and got me into doing kids with kids he coached in his gymnas-tics classes -- mostly girls, but some sweet sissy boys too -- my husband loved a pink pantied boy's ass as much as a girls' sweet little tush. Not counting them, I've made it with sixteen boys and nine girls, all of them under age eighteen, and all of them but two were virgins when I started on them. And I picked them all very carefully. They all loved it, and all of them were perfect at keeping it a secret.

"So, Marsha, would you like to drop by a week from Sunday. I'm going to have one of my orgies and I hope to have Donnie and Linda here, too. Otherwise, I might drop him and start looking for another new boy I can feminize and sex up."

Now rub your diapered penises and hormone titties together, boys; we want to see a lot of claim deposited in your diddies!





Being the only boy and the youngest in a family with four sisters and two girl cousins, you know they are going to get you into dresses sooner or later! Hey, Daniel, nice pink dress, makeup and earrings!





## Pale Blue Rhumba Panties in Baby Gift Box for Boys!

As seen in *Pregnancy and People Magazine*

The NEW Birth Day Box by Bloomers Baby is ideal for anyone celebrating a new arrival. Our luxurious layette set comes beautifully packaged in a sophisticated box made especially for gift giving. Each ultra stylish 3-piece set contains a combed cotton hat and long-sleeve lap tee accented with plush trim and matching plush diaper cover. Fabulous touches such as tiny footprints that subtly adorn the back of each tee, soft satin detailing and cozy flannel lining finish each extraordinary piece. The rich chocolate toned Birth Day Box is intricately crafted with a nature-themed design and accented with thoughtful words to inspire any mom to be.

Each box includes a 100% baby rib cotton hat with adjustable top knot, a 100% baby rib cotton long sleeve lap tee with footprint insignia on back, and a deluxe rhumba panty diaper cover. Baby boy set contains a rich blue combed cotton hat and tee accented with velvety blue leopard print plush. Machine washable and dryable. Made in USA.

Available from Candles & Such, Inc.

Visit their web site at:

<http://www.candlesandsuch.com/bloomers-birth-day-box-boy.html>



## Bloomers

Girls bloomers! Ideal lingerie for properly modest Christian girls. Dresses on girls are girly, but not always modest without bloomers. Bloomers are comfortable and practical, and now affordable. April has been sewing bloomers for her younger sisters for years and is now taking orders for your family! See all the possibilities at <http://www.bloomersmodestgirlschristian.htm>







John D. McLaren (b. 1912) and his father  
Peter McLaren (b. 1866)



Elsie and John D. McLaren - July 1913



John D. McLaren and his father Peter



John D. McLaren in Vienna, South Dakota



John D. McLaren - July 1913



John D. McLaren - Vienna, South Dakota - July 1915



John D. McLaren in lilac hedge - V

## Boys in Dresses

Pictures from the John D. McLaren photo album. What struck me, looking at the pictures, was the question: Why is my dad wearing dresses? In the nineteenth century all young children wore dresses. Consider this entry in my dad's baby book: "He wore white dresses till he was a year old, then he commenced to wear blouses! We thought he looked particularly sweet in a little tucked dress with blue baby ribbon at neck and wrists.

For more: [http://david.mclaren.name/boys\\_in\\_dresses.htm](http://david.mclaren.name/boys_in_dresses.htm)



# Boy has sex- swap op aged just 16

By STAFF REPORTER

Published: 12 Jan 2010

**16-year-old Spanish boy is one of the world's youngest transsexuals after having an operation to become a girl.**

The teenager underwent surgery at a hospital in Barcelona after convincing family, doctors and a judge he was a girl trapped inside a boy's body.

The youngster is recovering after last week's operation, paid for by his family, in the city's Hospital Clinico.

Dr Ivan Manero, who has been treating the teen with hormone therapy for two years, said shortly before the surgery: "When the family contacted me he was 14 years old.

"During the last two years he has received treatment and he is totally prepared for the surgery.

"It is preferable to operate before the patient is 18, because at that age it is more minor operation because the patient is not so well developed."

Dr Manero, head of the hospital's Gender Disorder Unit, added: "He is not the first person under 18 to seek sex change advice, but he is the first one whose parents were prepared to confront the Justice system so their child could be happy."

Under Spanish law, individuals under 18



cannot have a sex change without the permission of a judge, which has never previously been granted. But a judge consented last November after reading extensive medical and psychiatric reports in favor of the surgery. The teenager had told doctors: "I have always felt like a girl trapped inside a boy's body." A group of specialist doctors and psychiatrists will monitor and assist the youngster over the coming months.

Last year 25 sex change operations were carried out in Barcelona, but all of the patients were over the age of 18. Fifteen of those were men who changed their sex to become women.

In February 2009 German teenager Tim Petras became the world's youngest transsexual when she had a sex change aged 16 and changed her name to Kim. She was born a boy but began calling herself a girl at age 2, has launched a modelling career and landed a job as a model for a nationwide German hair salon chain. The German Health service paid for her surgery.





## I'm not too young to have sex change, I've known since I was 12

### Bid to be youngest swap op patient

By Matthew Acton, 24/01/2010

**BOY who turned 16 just two days ago is set to make medical history by becoming Britain's youngest SEX-SWAP patient.**

Bradley Cooper has been dressing as a girl since he was TWELVE and now calls himself Ria. He told the News of the World: "People might think

I'm too young to make such a huge decision but I know my own mind and this is what I want.

"I've known for years I'm a woman. I think and act like a woman, not a man. In my mind I'm a woman, so all I need now is the operation."

Trainee hairdresser Bradley has been told the surgery to give him breasts and change his genitalia should happen within 18 months. The £10,000 procedure will be funded by his local NHS trust in Hull, East Yorks.

Bradley said: "I know people might say horrible things like the money could be better spent on other things. But this is my life, and it won't be worth living unless I have that operation."

He went on: "The doctors have said I need the surgery for my own peace of mind. I hate my body as it is now. Every time I look at my male bits I feel sick because it is not what should be.

"I don't want years of misery. I want it done as soon as possible so I can be the person physically that I am on the inside."



## Boy wants to return to school as a girl

HIGHLANDS RANCH – Transgender issues usually pop up with students in high school. However, a 2nd grade boy wants to dress as a girl and be addressed with a girl's name.

"As a public school system, we must educate kids no matter where they are from, what their beliefs, values, or backgrounds," said Whei Wong, Douglas County Schools spokesperson.

Wong says the school is preparing to accept the student and answer other students' questions.

"I see this as being a very difficult situation to explain to my daughter to explain why someone would not want to be the gender they were born with," said Dave M. His daughter will be in the same class as the student.

The student had attended this same school in years prior, but had left to go to classes in another district for two years. Dave M. thinks classmates will recognize the change. "I do think kids are bound to ask, 'Why are you in a dress this year when you were in pants last year?'" said Dave M.

Wong says teachers are planning to address the student by name instead of using he or she. The child won't use the regular boys or girls' bathroom. Instead, two unisex bathrooms will be available. The school is handing out general information about transgendered students.

"I think it is unusual," said Wong. "It's something we haven't had discussions about before. It's something that we haven't maybe really had to think about before, but now we will."

Family Therapist Larry Curry hopes the child and the child's parents are seeing a counselor just to be safe.

"I am very concerned because with the guidelines in place, this is a very early age," said Curry. "I don't know too many parents who are equipped to answer that kind of question or deal with it without



1950s Vintage  
Upskirt Gal





Hey, Get a Load of My Big Sister  
Flashing Her Pink Panties

some other support.”

Kim Pearson, executive director of a national organization called TransYouth Family Advocates, has been working with the family and the school, she said, “Initially there was a lot of resistance, but now, they want this child to be safe in school.”

Pearson says their group is working with an increasing number of families nationwide who have elementary age transgender kids.

“Families now are more comfortable talking about this. There was no place for parents to go.” She says children as young as 5 years old are realizing their true gender and her group wants to help parents accept it. “Parents are likely to think this it’s a phase, but how long do phases last? But with these kids,

it’s very consistent.”

That thought is not comforting to Dave M., who believes his daughter is not ready to think about the issue of being transgender. “I don’t think a (2nd) grader has the mental ability to decide such major life-altering choices.”

Wong says mental health professionals will be available if students, staff, or parents have any concerns. The district views this as just another diversity issue and hopes everyone can accept and respect the student’s wishes.

(Copyright KUSA\*TV. All rights reserved.)



# Are Men In Lingerie Perverted?

*By Hope Alexander*

When the issue of men wearing lingerie is discussed, there are two often-heard counterpoints or slurs thrown in the direction of such men: He must be gay — They usually aren't. Most men who wear women's lingerie are straight men. Most cross dressers in fact, tend to be straight. Or, when the gay objection is dismissed as untrue, doubters and haters tend to fall back on the 'perverted' argument.

It's wrong they say for a man to wear women's lingerie. Let's think about that for a moment. Though it might be tempting to dismiss such accusations out of hand. I believe it is worth looking at this issue, as it is one that many men cite as the reason for holding back from wearing women's lingerie, or the reason that they did hold back for so long.

Is it perverted for men to wear lingerie? We can explore this issue, by looking at the flip side. Is it wrong for a woman to wear men's underwear? Or outerwear for that matter? Clearly, this is not a widely held perception in Western society. In fact, the sight of a woman in an oversized T Shirt and men's boxer shorts has become mainstream, cute even. And why not? Women often cite that they enjoy wearing men's boxers due to the comfort factor. At the all girl school I attended, men's boxers became a popular fad for a while; every girl owned at least one pair. I doubt a single reader is currently recoiling in disgust at having read that, yet if I related a story of a boy's school where all the boys took to wearing lace panties, the reaction would most likely be notably different.

The fact is that there is an unequal and unfair taboo in our Western society when it comes to men expressing anything remotely feminine. It is considered almost unnatural. How strange that we should have accepted the movement of women into more masculine roles and modes of dress, but that we still so staunchly resist the reverse.

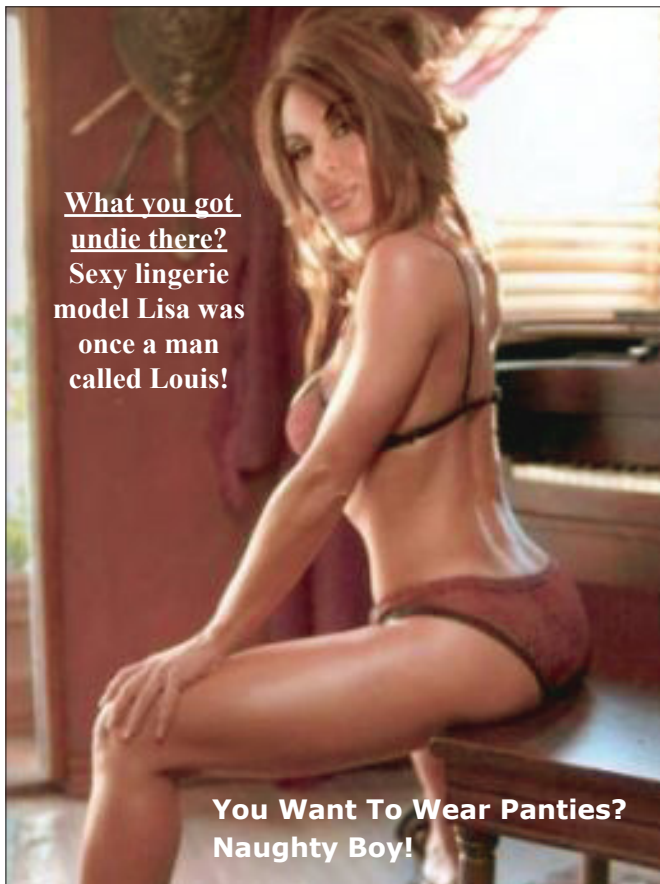
Perhaps we should not complain too loudly about this fact. For many men, breaking the taboo is exactly what makes wearing women's lingerie so naughty and pleasurable. In fact, one could say that people staunchly clinging to a thought system that leads them to find the notion of men wearing panties to be perverted, actually adds a little to the forbidden, naughty nature of the act itself.

Clearly there is nothing perverted about men wearing women's lingerie. The millions of men around the world who like to wear women's lingerie speak by their sheer volume. This is not an unnatural desire. This is a desire driven (for most) by tactile pleasure first and foremost, and a naughty thrill secondly. Wearing women's lingerie is an activity that certainly hurts no one and can add spice and vigor to the sex lives and every day lives of many men and women.

For the complete article and reader commentary, go to <http://hubpages.com/hub/Men-In-Lingerie-Perverted-Or-possibly-even-Perverted>



**Pink Panty Flashing Lady at the Library**



**What you got undie there?  
Sexy lingerie model Lisa was once a man called Louis!**

**You Want To Wear Panties? Naughty Boy!**