

Christian

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HOME

AKA FemDom Home

Illustrated

TODAY THE WOMAN RULES THE HOME

TOMORROW SHE WILL RULE THE WORLD

Female Supremacy • Feminization • Cuckoldry
Panty Training • Petticoat Punishment • Spanking

Volume 7

SELECT LETTERS FROM THE SIXTH YEAR OF CHRISTIAN HOME
ISSUES #34 - 36 - AUGUST 1998 - JUNE 1999

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Adults Only

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Reprints of the best letters from Christian Home, a publication following religious teachings to achieve a female dominant world. Now, for the first time, these letters are illustrated for the serious adult female supremacy aficionado.

Since 1981

A P R I N C E S S P R O D U C T I O N S P U B L I C A T I O N

Letters to Julie

The Demale Society presents

Christian Home

Illustrated

(AKA FemDom Home)

Christian Home's Letters to Julie

We are pleased to continue to bring you reprints of letters originally published in *Christian Home*, the newsletter from the Chicago-based organization of the same name published bimonthly starting in August 1992. For the first three years, the correspondence section of the newsletter appeared under the banner "Letters to Julie," as shown above. "Julie" referred to Julie Wilson, the organization's leader and newsletter writer.

In 1996, the organization had a change of management. They continued to publish the newsletter in precisely the same style including the letters section, but without the "Julie" banner since Miss Sofia took over running the organization.

However, due to illness and logistics problems, publication of the newsletter became more and more sporadic, and by August 2000, they ceased publishing altogether. We think the letters that appeared in *Christian Home* were some of the most entertaining and exciting on female supremacy, spanking, and feminization of the male.

Christian Home Letters 7th Year

07352-N Christian Home #33 June 1998

Pantied, Bloomered and Trained

There is an all-night cafe I often visit after I get off work. A few days ago I was sitting in my usual booth in the back listening to the waitresses who were in the booth across the aisle. They were discussing the President Clinton scandal, and one said that men can't be trusted to keep their pants zipped.

I have been a reader of *Christian Home* for several years, and I chimed in: "That's right. Men are immature. Women are more moral than men."

They seemed surprised to find a man who agreed with them, and they kept talking about how "Men are jerks" and "You can't let them out of your sight," and I agreed every time. "Men would be better off if they did what their women told them to," I said at one point.

They all noticed when I came in the next night. They must have remembered what I had said the night before. After I finished what I was eating, one of them turned to me and said, "It's been a long day. I've been on my feet for over nine hours, why don't you get a tray and clear your table."

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I went back and got a tray. As I cleared off my table, they all started to laugh. It didn't take me long, and when I was done, the same waitress pointed to another booth and said, "Now go clear off that table." It was late at night, and the tables didn't need more than one person to clear them, so the waitresses were able to sit and talk while I did some of their work. When I sat down in my booth again, I heard one of the waitresses say to another in a loud whisper, "Go on, try it!" and that waitress got up, crossed the aisle and sat down across from me in my booth.

"Why don't you take me out to dinner on Saturday," she said. "Dinner and a movie." I was caught off guard by her sudden proposal, and all I could say was, "Uh, OK." She said her name was Esther and wrote down her address.

Esther was not what I would call beautiful. She was more the "pleasingly plump" type. I could tell she wore a heavy girdle and a reinforced longline bra under her white uniform. She was supposed to work on Saturdays, but one of the other women was willing to trade off with her. I had the feeling that Esther probably had not had a date in a long time. I showed up at her apartment that Saturday. She was wearing a blue dress and matching heels. From the way the dress draped over her body, I could tell she was still wearing her heavy foundation garments.

In the restaurant over dinner she asked me a lot of questions. She asked what I did for a living, how much money I made, what my educational background was, whether I owned any stocks, whether I had a girlfriend (which I didn't). She didn't tell me much about herself, though. Then we went to the movie that Esther had picked out. It was *One True Thing*, with Meryl Streep. It was a thought-provoking film, and I am sure I would not have seen it had it not been for Esther.

On the way back to the apartment she asked me, "Do you like high heels?" I said that I did. Then she added, "I'd like to get some shoes with really high heels. These I'm wearing have only three-inch heels. I'd like to get some shoes with four-inch stiletto heels or even more. Would you like that?" I said that I would. It was the first time she asked about my preferences. When we arrived back at her apartment she unlocked the front door, turned to me and said, "You may kiss my cheek." I bent forward and kissed her as instructed. "Thank you for letting me kiss your cheek," I said, looking at my shoes. "Uh, do you want to go out with me again sometime?" I asked her.

Esther stopped in the doorway and said. "If you want to see me again, you can come by tomorrow afternoon and clean my



apartment. Two o'clock." Then she closed the door.

The next afternoon I rang her bell at two o'clock sharp. Esther met me at the door wearing a blouse and skirt and a pair of black pumps. "You can start here in the living room," she told me. "The vacuum is in the closet."

She stood in the doorway to the bedroom and watched me work. Occasionally she'd interrupt to give me pointers. Then she gave me some wood polish for the furniture. Again she interrupted me with advice. When I had cleaned the living room to her satisfaction, Esther sat down on the couch and looked at me. "You're not really a man, are you?" she said, "You're a sissy."

I told her that, because men are inferior to women and because a sissy is a man who is like a woman, it was a compliment to say that I'm not a real man but a sissy instead. "So thank you for the compliment!" I told her.

"Do you know what sissies like?" she asked. I looked at her questioningly. "Sissies like to wear lacy panties. I bet that when you were a boy, you tried on your sister's panties, didn't you?"

I shook my head. "I didn't have a sister," I said.

"Well then your mother's panties, huh? You must have tried wearing them at one time or another."

I could feel my face turning red. She was right. Starting when I was in the sixth grade, I would sneak into my parents' bedroom and put on a pair of my mother's lacy nylon panties. Then I would luxuriate in the silky sensation of the panties as I admired myself in the mirror to see how I looked in her fancy panties.

Esther could tell from my red face that she had hit the nail on the head. "That's what I thought," she said. "All sissies like to wear panties, and you are a sissy. Now come on." She led me into her bedroom. "We're going to have some fun. I'm going to let you borrow my panties to wear while you're doing the housework. Now, let's get you out of all your clothes."

She unbuttoned my shirt and had me take it off. Then she gently pushed me back onto the bed and took off my shoes. After that she unbuckled my belt and undid my pants. When she saw my jockey shorts she said, "That's awful! You shouldn't be wearing those; those are for real men to wear. A sissy like you should wear only panties. Now take them off!"

Soon all my clothes were all in a pile on the floor. Esther opened a drawer and pulled out a pair of her white nylon panties with a neat little frill of lace around the legs and a pink flower design woven onto each hip. Then she took out another pair of panties, much longer ones. They were peach-colored bloomers with long legs—down to just above the knee—and a two-inch band of lace around each leg opening. They were old-time panties and didn't look very sexy to me. It crossed my mind that she probably wore them to prevent chafing from her girdle. Esther soon had me attired in



her white panties with the voluminous bloomer panties over them. "I'll put your clothes in the closet," she said, "you can do my bedroom now."

I cleaned the bedroom and then started on the kitchen. I could see this was going to take more work, as the sink had a stack of dirty dishes in it. When I was about half way through with washing the dishes, I heard Esther's voice from the living room: "Hey Sissy, come here!"

I put down the dish I was washing and walked into the living room. There sitting on the couch next to Esther was another one of the waitresses from the cafe, whose name was Charlene. When Charlene saw me she started to laugh. I couldn't blame her because there I was looking like a fool wearing only Esther's old-fashioned panties. But it was doubly embarrassing because Charlene was the most beautiful of the waitresses at the cafe, a willowy blonde who couldn't have been more than 20 years old. "My goodness, Esther, that's some outfit your friend has on," she said. "So you have yourself a man who wears panties."

"Oh, he's not really a man," Esther replied. "He's a sissy, and that's what sissies do: wear women's panties."

"But aren't they your panties he's wearing?" Charlene asked. "That's right. I let him wear my panties because he neglected to bring his own. Actually, he has my panties on underneath and over them he has on my pettipants. His name is Rick, but you can call him Sissy because that's what he is." Charlene turned to me and said "Hello Sissy!" and then started to laugh again.

"Tuesday, I'm going to take him shopping," said Esther, "and pick out some nice pretty panties and bloomers for him to wear. Then he won't have to borrow mine anymore."

"I didn't even know they made bloomers anymore. I love how they look on him. Any man would be a sissy in those things. It looks like you have everything under control," said Charlene. "Is he cleaning your whole apartment?"

"Yes. After he finishes the kitchen he will have only the bathroom left." She turned to me. "You won't forget the bathroom, will you, Sissy? Especially the toilet." I shook my head as Charlene laughed some more.

"Would you like Sissy to fix us some tea?" asked Esther.

"Not today. I have to run home and get ready for work." On her way out, Charlene pause at the door, turned to me and waved: "Goodbye, Sissy!" she said laughing, and then disappeared from sight. I could hear her laughing all the way down the hall.

Finally, I was all done—kitchen, bathroom, everything. After Esther inspected my work, I put away the cleaning supplies and went back to the living room where she was waiting on the couch. "You did pretty well for your first try, Sissy," Esther told me, "so I will give you a special treat and let you kiss my feet. Now kneel down on the carpet and remove my shoes."

I knelt down as she commanded and slipped off her pumps. Then I bent forward and pressed my lips against her lovely

right foot. As I did, Esther let out a sigh. I moved over to kiss her other foot and she let out another sigh. I could tell from the sound of the second sigh that she had thrown her head back; she was no longer watching me but was concentrating on the sensation of my lips upon her feet. I continued to minister to her feet, feeling the nylon texture of her pantyhose on my lips as well as her soft female flesh underneath, until after several minutes she told me to stop.

Esther explained that she had to work that night to make up for being off the night before. She would have Monday night off, but she said that I could stop by the cafe after I got off work on Tuesday and we would make plans. "I want you to go shopping with me. I intend to pick out some frilly, feminine panties for my new little sissy boy to wear. I also want to get a pair of extremely high heeled dress shoes. You'll pay for them, won't you Sissy?" I nodded. "That's the right attitude. Now go change into your clothes. Keep my panties on. I'll give you two more pairs of panties to wear until I see you next and teach you how to wash out your panties every night. You won't need your Jockey shorts anymore, so I'll throw them in the trash. And when you get home trash all your men's underwear -- your undershirts too. I'll see you on Tuesday. We'll get you a bunch of nice frilly panties and some camisole tops too since you'll be wearing those instead of T-shirts."

That was this afternoon. I am writing this Sunday night, although I am so excited that I can barely type. I want to thank you, Christian Home, because it was only by my having read your literature that I was able to join in the conversation the waitresses were having and connect up with Esther. I had read in your publication about strong, dominant women but had never been attuned to meeting one. I also read about such women putting their men and boys in lacy panties and feminizing them. I always found that a little hard to believe, even though I wasn't against it. And now that Ester put me into her panties, I marvel at how comfortable they are to wear. They make me feel feminine. I never thought I would wear panties again after my childhood experience with my mother's panties, but now they just seem to be the most logical thing for a man like me to wear. This has been the most exciting week of my life!

Again—Thank you!
Rick in IL

Looking For Love

I was a little dismayed by the large number of pen pal ads placed by males and the similarity of their desires. Why would a dominant woman choose my ad instead of another?

Any advice you could offer to me in searching for a dominant woman would be greatly appreciated. Tips about what they want in a submissive male and how to word my ad would be helpful.
Jim IN-376

Love is All Around You, If You're Ready for It

Dear Jim:

I can't speak for all dominant women, but I can give you some generalizations. Most women are looking for a long-term relationship. If that describes you, then you should say so in your ad. Also, most dominant women want to be boss all the time, not just in the bedroom. So if that's what you are looking for, put that in too.

It is not a good idea to get too specific about sexual inclinations. Sexual activity is usually a component of any couple's relationship, and so that can be taken for granted in your ad. You can discuss your sex needs in detail when you actually correspond. But remember, HER sexual needs are ten times more important than yours.

This is what she wants to hear: What are your strong points? Are you educated? Do you make a good living? Above all, do you have any hobbies or other outside interests? What do you like in music, movies, live theater, and television? Again, it is a good idea to come across as an interesting guy who just wants a woman to tell him what to do and not someone who is interested only in sex.

In addition, it is important not to depend exclusively on your ad but also to respond to some of the women's ads. A lot of women send in pen pal ads without ever subscribing to the newsletter. That means that they will never see your ad. So as far as they are concerned, it doesn't matter how you word it. But they did submit ads of their own, so you can write to them.

Another tactic you should follow is to give copies of Lady Sophia's Christian Home literature to women that you become acquainted with. You can tell them that you would like their opinion on it and then wait to hear back from them. If they don't like what they read, then you can mumble some excuse and scratch them off your list.

Judging from the letters that I've received from women saying that they were given our literature by their male acquaintances, I would say that it has brought more couples together than ads in the pen pal club. A lot more— especially considering that there must be a significant number of women in this situation who never wrote to me at all. Another advantage to contacting dominant women this way is the lack of competition. You don't have all the other men in the pen pal club to contend with.

Lady Sophia

Boyhood Fascination with Sis's Lingerie

When I was six years old, I was very infatuated with my sister's lingerie. She knew about it and enjoyed teasing and humiliating me because of my feminine feelings, but she also sympathized



with them. She shared her pink nylon panties and pink nylon slippers with me. We had no father around and our mother worked two jobs, so my sister was in charge when she wasn't home. Mother thought me dressing up in sis's slippers and panties was 'cute' as she would say. One day she asked me if I would like her to buy me my very own lingerie. I was thrilled but had no idea what she had in store for me.

We counted up how much money I had in my Planter's Mr. Peanut bank and then went to Macy's. Once there, we went right to the lingerie department. I thought she would just buy a few things and then we would be on our way. Not so. In the panty section, she chose a lovely pair of pink nylon panties and held them up. She asked if I liked them, and I swooned with delight. Then she took me by surprise. She had me hold the slinky panties up to my waist and told me to stand there as she went searching for a saleslady to ask her opinion. So there I stood in the middle of the store, all by myself, holding a pair of girls' panties in place in front of my pants. I was mortified; my face went beet red, yet the butterflies that I had in my stomach were, in a weird way, very pleasurable.

My sister returned with the saleslady, and they both smiled knowingly as they made me hold pair after pair of girlish panties up to my waist to get a better idea as to how I would look in them. Then sis made her selection from all the pink nylon panties that I had held up to my hips for them. Then we went to buy a matching pink slip. I had to hold several nylon slippers up to my shoulders while my sister made her choice. Then she *really* surprised me. She asked the saleslady if we could use a dressing room so I could put on the pink panties and slip because she knew I wanted to wear them home. The lady rang up our purchases and then showed us to a changing room. After my sister helped me put on the slip and panties, she had the saleslady come into the dressing room to see how I looked. They took their time examining the fit and hang of my pretty lingerie, touching me very intimately in the process.

Once back in the car, my sister made me take off my outer boy clothes and ride home in just the slip and panties. I thought she would have me change back in the car when we got home, but instead she made me dash to the house wearing only my new pink slip and panties.

DAVID VA-353

Homosexual Tendencies?

One day when I was 12 years old I invited my friend Larry home after school. I knew my parents wouldn't be home from work for two or three hours, so I took him up to my bedroom where I showed him a copy of *Playboy* I had found in the alley. Larry and I sat on the edge of the bed, looking at the magazine. After a while Larry suggested that we masturbate. "Let's see who can come first," he said.

We both opened our pants and pulled down our shorts. Soon we were whacking away. Then there was a sudden flash of light. I looked up to see my sister Pam, who is a year younger than I, holding Dad's Polaroid camera. She had taken our picture!

I tried to chase after her, but I had to pull my pants up first, and by the time I had followed her outside she had disappeared. Later when she did come back I grabbed the camera, but the picture was gone. "Where is it?" I asked her.

"Where you'll never find it!" she laughed.

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe I'll show it to the kids at school."

I couldn't see anything I could do since I didn't know where the picture was. So I decided to let the matter drop, hoping that nothing bad would happen. I was still up in my room with Larry when I heard my mother come home. I was hoping Pam wouldn't tell her anything, but then a couple of minutes later, mom was in the doorway with the picture in her hand. She told Larry he had to go home. He couldn't get out fast enough. Then she turned to me. "Why were you doing this!" she said. She asked me if I had masturbated before, and I nodded in the affirmative. I was so ashamed. "And right in front of your sister!" She turned to Pam, who had followed her into the room. "It must have been disgusting for you to see what your brother was doing."

"Oh, Mother, it was awful!" said Pam with her eyes cast down. "Please make him promise he won't ever do it again!"

"You know you are going to have to be punished for this," mom said to me. I nodded again. "Now take off all your clothes and come over here," she continued as she sat down in an armless straight-backed chair.

"Do I have to take my clothes off?" I asked.

"Ted, you happily had your pants down in front of Larry and Pam, so why wouldn't you want to take your clothes off in front of your mother?" I could see it wouldn't do any good to argue, so I started to remove my clothes. When I was completely naked, I walked across the room to where she was sitting.

"Ted, I can see now that your father and I have spoiled you," she told me. "I stopped spanking you several years ago because I believed that you were too old to be spanked. That was obviously a mistake. I now realize that you are too immature, too self-indulgent to be treated like anything but the dirty-minded little boy you are. I am going to spank you on your bare bottom because I love you and because it will be good for you. Now lie down over my lap."

She grabbed my wrist and pulled me down into position. My head was down near the floor, but I could see in the mirror that Pam was watching me. Mother pulled my right hand behind



my back with her left hand. This meant that I had to balance myself on the floor using only my left hand. Then she began spanking me with her right hand. It was just her hand, but it really hurt. "Oh stop!" I said. "Please stop!" But she just kept going until every inch of my bottom had turned flaming red

and I had started to cry. "There!" she said. "Are you ever going to do that again?" I assured her that I never would, and she let me up.

Later that night I complained to Dad that Mom had given me a spanking. "Yes, I know," he said. "She did it because she loves you. You were doing a filthy thing, something you must learn not to do." He made me show him where I had hidden the magazine and took it away.

That was the end of it for a few days, and I thought I wouldn't hear any more about it. My parents, instead of talking about masturbation or dirty magazines, conversations began to revolve around homosexual recruitment. My mother broached the subject. She said there was a real danger of teenage boys being recruited by older boys to a homosexual lifestyle. Now, all this took place in the 1950s, when attitudes toward gay people were different from what they are today. Nowadays, my parents would be considered somewhat backward, but their views merely reflected the attitudes of the time.

Every time my mother mentioned homosexual recruitment or recounted a case of it that she said she had heard about, my father would get a worried look on his face. The more she

talked about it, the more worried he looked. Then on the following Saturday morning I awoke to find my mother sitting on the edge of my bed. "Your father and I have been discussing what happened this week," she began, "and we are both very concerned that you never, ever pull your pants down in front of

another boy. There is just no telling where it might lead. So we have come up with a reminder for you to keep your pants on.” She then reached down into the shopping bag she had on the floor and pulled out a pair of girls’ nylon panties. “We feel that if you wear girlish panties every day, you will have an incentive not to open your pants when there are other boys around. Now hurry up and put them on.”

When I told her I wasn’t going to wear girls’ panties, she said, “Do you want another spanking then? It’s the one or the other. I thought the last spanking I gave you was severe enough to make you behave. If it wasn’t, then this time I can ask your father to loan me his belt.”

I decided to wear the panties. They were purple with a purple lace trim. Once I had them on, I was allowed to put my regular clothes over them. Just before my mother left, she opened my underwear drawer, scooped up all my shorts and left a half dozen pairs of panties in their place.

I didn’t like having to wear lacy panties, but they did have the desired effect. I was scared the other kids would find out that I had a pair of panties on. It was especially a worry in school; the panties were all high-waisted brief style, and I had to be careful to keep my shirt tucked in so they wouldn’t show. My mother noticed I was doing a better job tucking in my shirt than I had before and rightly credited the panties I was wearing with the improvement.

The panties were in a rainbow of the most humiliating feminine pastel colors, and after the first few weeks of wearing the panties every day, my mother came to me with another shopping bag. “Your father and I think we are on the right track in using girls’ panties as a deterrent to taking your pants down, but we think we can do better.” She then reached into her shopping bag and pulled out a little box and opened it. She reached in and held up I could see that it was a garter belt — a pink garter belt! “This will hold up your nylon stockings. With these dainty girlish underpinnings, in place we are confident that you will do everything you can to keep your pants on when you are around other boys.”

She helped me get my pants off and then showed me how to hook up the garter belt. Then she took another box out of the bag. It contained nylon stockings. I sat on the edge of the bed as my mother showed me how to put on the stockings. They were very sheer, and they felt much more dainty and feminine than the panties had. Once my nylons were in place, she told me to go over to the mirror and see how I looked. My legs looked like those of a girl. If someone had shown me a picture showing only my legs in nylon stockings, I would have thought they were the legs of a girl. My mother was startled by the effect of the stockings too. “My goodness, you do look like a girl in them, don’t you?” she said. Then she let me put my pants back on, but I then had to wear the garter belt and stockings every day after that.

A month later, my father was laid off and he had to take a job working the second shift in a paper factory. This meant that he would leave for work before I got home from school and get home around midnight, after I had gone to bed. So I didn’t see him except for weekends; on weeknights I was alone with my mother and sister.

One such weeknight I was in my room listening to records. I was singing along with one of the songs when my sister appeared in the doorway. She watched me for a moment and then disappeared. A few minutes later my mother appeared and told me to come down to the living room and bring the record with me. I arrived in the living room to find my mother and sister sitting on the couch waiting for me. “Pam told me about your singing, and now I want you to sing for us,” said my mother. I put the record on the record player and stood ready to sing along. Then Pam turned to my mother and said, “I want to see him in his panties.

“That’s right, Ted,” said my mother. “We want you to perform your song in your panties and stockings.” She made me take off all my outer clothes so that I was dressed only in my panties, garter belt and nylon stockings. Then I restarted the record and began to sing along. It was Doris Day’s recording of *Que Sera Sera*. “Will I be pretty?” I sang. “Will I be rich?” When the record ended, my audience on the couch applauded enthusiastically. “I want to hear some more,” said my mother, and Pam darted upstairs to get more records.

For the rest of the evening I sang along with the records Pam had picked out. My mother and sister both enjoyed it immensely. All the recordings featured female vocalists—Pam ignored my Elvis records—and many of them were love songs in which the singer sang about a man. After I had sung along with a few of them, my sister said that since I was performing girls’ songs, it would be better if I looked more like a girl. “That’s a good point,” said my mother and went into her bedroom to fetch a brassiere. She helped me put on the brassiere with some of her panties for padding, and I resumed singing.

There were many other evenings after that when I performed for them in my panties and nylons and my mother’s brassiere. My performances became a regular feature in the household. Sometimes Pam would apply lipstick and eyes shadow so that I would look even more like a girl.

Ted in MA

Baby-sitting Male Cousin Feminized Me

I was a Marine in Vietnam. I have been a truck driver, carpenter and contractor, and despite my typically macho service and work history, I’m a very sensitive and sensual individual. However, as I grew up, I learned that the world abhorred sissy males and society taught me to keep my feminine side silent. Now, I am

an art teacher and that does provide me opportunity for some self expression.

My role as a submissive sissy began when I was young and Keith, my teenage male cousin would baby-sit me. At first, he began talking to me about how lucky girls were in this world, and after extolling the benefits of being a female, he said he sensed I was really a little girl inside. He was a very cleaver talker and captured my attention. He suggested I dress up like a girl to see what it was like. He talked me into doing it, and one day he brought over a whole box full of 'lady clothes' as he called them. He dressed me in feminine things and made me his little girl. This went on from the time I was seven to nine years old when he joined the Army.

He was the first person to tease and shame me in a way that I learned to enjoy. He would sit me on his lap and become very excited. I didn't know what the hard thing was in his pants pressing up against my panties after he would pull up my skirt and slip so I sat directly on his naked lap in only my silky panties. He took photos of me. After he had them developed and showed them to me, he used them to blackmail me into not saying anything to my parents or anyone else. I've enclosed one of those photos.

My cousin turned out to be gay. He got HIV and died nearly ten years ago. To my knowledge, he is the only one who has ever seen those pictures. We never really talked about those early years until just before he died, and then he just slipped them to me in a sealed envelope without comment. I have kept them under lock and key ever since. The picture I am sharing with you is the first time anyone has ever seen any of them. But I believe in what you are doing, and it is both a pleasure and a relief to share this photo with you for you to publish in your awesome publication.

OMER MA-369



Agreeing with C. H. Philosophy

I have begun work (with a coauthor) on a book which will feature true accounts of feminization! Crossdressing imposed by mothers, sisters, aunts, significant others etc. I would invite readers of Christian Home to contact me through the Christian Home office if they would like to have their stories (true stories only, please!) included in the forthcoming book. Of course we intend to use pseudonyms in the book. While I would welcome any authentic cases from those who were under a regime of crossdressing/feminization, we are especially interested in the experiences and ideas of the women who imposed or directed the program of feminization. We have noticed that many previous publications on "forced crossdressing" (etc.), in addition to being quite trashy, tend to be fictional (or difficult to believe), and almost totally lacking in the most important viewpoint and perspective, as well as philosophy: that of the woman. In our book we intend to correct this oversight.

In addition to agreeing with the philosophy of the Christian Home movement, I also have a personal reason for wanting to write and publish a book of this kind. When I was a child, my mother should have put me into dresses, as she often threatened to do, but alas she never did even though she eventually came to agree with me! Ultimately, both my mother and I regretted this inaction. It is my hope that the forthcoming book will help some of the mothers of today and tomorrow to overcome any obstacles in their way and ensure that their sons experience a proper girlhood, along with their daughters. All of their children will be the better for it, and the world will be a more peaceful, more beautiful place—yes, more civilized.

One of my dear women friends has said that she thinks the book, by helping mothers with their sons, will be the best tribute I could make to the memory of my own mother. I hope to hear from those wishing to share their experiences of undergoing feminization and those who imposed or directed such a program.

CHRIS TX-306

*It Worked On My One Son,
So My Other Son was Next!*

I recently had some behavioral problems with my 11-year-old son Eric. He was hanging out with older boys who had a reputation for stealing from local merchants. In addition, he had taken up smoking under their influence. I tried spanking him for it, but it seemed to have no effect. Then one evening the police brought him home. He had been caught trying to shoplift a White Sox cap in a store. I gave him another spanking and told him that he was grounded for a week.

On Saturday my ex-husband came I by to pick Eric up for his weekly visitation. He said he was going to take him to Comiskey Park. I said he couldn't go because he was grounded for trying to steal the baseball cap, but Daddy didn't think his crime was very serious and took him anyway. What could I do? My husband has never been a very good role model while we were married and now he was undermining my attempts to straighten out the children when he was no longer living here. Fortunately my boyfriend had given me a copy of your essay "The Case for Spanking," and I dug it out and read it. Your suggestion about dressing boys in girls' clothes sounded like a great idea.

I spent the rest of the afternoon shopping. First I went to Penney's for shoes and feminine lingerie in his size. Then I hit a couple of thrift shops and picked out some skirts and dresses and such. By the time my ex dropped Eric off later that night I had everything I needed. I had panties, slips, half slips and camisoles, pantyhose and tights, skirts and blouses and pretty sweaters, lovely Sunday dresses for everyday wear and several pairs of girls' shoes.

The next morning I woke Eric up and explained that grounding him wasn't going to work and I had devised another punishment instead. I showed him the outfit I had picked out for him, and next to it I laid a leather belt, which he knew I was able to effectively use. "Do you want just put on the clothes, or do you want the belt first and then the clothes?" I asked him. Eric looked at the clothes and the belt. Then he said he just wanted the clothes. I helped him into his new outfit. Soon he was wearing a pair of sissy white lace panties, a lacy white slip, a tailored dress in navy, dark pantyhose and a pair of black pumps with three-inch heels. Then I took him out into the living room to watch TV with his younger brother and sister, who didn't really comment since I had warned them not to, but just their stares and giggles I'm sure were driving him crazy. Eric spent the rest of the day in his dress and heels. That night I gave him a pink nylon babydoll nightie with matching panties to wear to bed.

The next morning was Monday, and I helped him dress for school in a pink blouse over his pink bra and pink nylon panties for him to wear under his jeans. Then I drove Eric to school, but he didn't want to get out of the car. He pleaded with me not to make him go to school wearing girls' clothes, but I reminded him that he went to a very liberal school and one boy who considered himself a transsexual already attending classes in girls' slacks, blouses and lingerie. I had to push Eric out of the car. As I drove away, I could see him in the rear view mirror standing in front of the entrance.

Later that morning I got a call from the school administrator saying I would have to come down and pick up Eric. When I went to the principal's office, he said Eric was being sent home for inappropriate dress because his bra could be seen through his blouse and other boys had molested him a discovered him wearing pink panties. He said he was a laughing stock and obviously not a transsexual like the other boy in school. I



explained that my son had been caught shoplifting and it was important for me to punish him to stop such behavior. The principal sympathized with my problem, but he still could not allow him to come to class dressed in girls' clothes since he was creating a huge disruption.

I took Eric home and the next morning let him go to school in his boys' clothes, but I still made him wear girls' panties underneath, and I told him that he would have to change back into a full set of girls' clothes right after school and on weekends. Only when he went to school or was out with his father on Saturdays could he dress as a boy (but still with the panties on underneath). "I don't want your father seeing you in a skirt," I told him. "I want to impress upon you how much you have to change your ways. It will be your problem if he ever found out you wear sissy panties; he would never forgive you."

"How long do I have to wear these things?" he whined.

"Until I see a change in your attitude. Until that happens you can look forward to being in skirts and dresses every day." I didn't really believe that the school was going to let Eric go to class in a blouse and skirt. I just wanted to have the other kids find out that Eric was wearing girls' clothes. Word would spread, and soon the juvenile delinquents that Eric had been associating with would hear about it. After that, they wouldn't want him hanging around them any more. My plan worked. A few days later Eric said his old buddies didn't want to see him anymore. Since then Eric has been much more manageable. Sometimes if he starts to irritate me, I just take him shopping with me in his girls' clothes. He is always more quiescent after our excursions.

I invited my sister over early on to show her how I was dealing with Eric. She was very enthusiastic about my approach and said that she could see the change in him right off. That Thanksgiving my sister invited the children and me over for dinner. Eric wore a lovely blue frock and heels, and I had to explain all over again to the other guests just what the problem had been. After I finished my explanation, there were no more objections, either overt or disguised, and most of the women told me I was doing the right thing.

My problem with Eric was solved, but I started to worry about his younger brother, nine-year-old Steven. Was I going to have the same problems with him as he got older? Or would I be able to head them off in time? I resolved to put Steven in a dress and panties the way I had Eric. The perfect time for this seemed to me to be Christmas, which was only weeks away. I talked to my sister about it, and she promised to help.

Our family usually opens presents on Christmas morning. My sister suggested we have a special giving of presents for Steven the night before. When Christmas Eve came, I took the children over to her house where several of our women relatives were waiting. I told Steven he was going to be given special presents that were just for him. Eric wanted to know why only Steven was getting presents that evening, but I told him to wait and he

would see. I pointed to one little box in his pile of presents as the one he was to open first. Steven eagerly removed the ribbon and tore off the wrapping, but when he lifted the box's lid and peered inside his face fell. "What did you get, Steven?" I asked him. "Hold it up so everyone can see. But the boy just sat there as if frozen. "Show us what you got," I said, moving toward him. Finally, Steven reached in the box and held up a pair of pink nylon panties. "My, how lovely!" exclaimed one of the women. "Yes, they are lovely, aren't they," I said. "Now let's see what's in this box over here."

Steven picked up the box I had pointed to and opened it. It contained a white nylon slip with lace at the bodice and hem. This was when he realized that all the boxes were going to contain girls' clothes that he was expected to wear. "I don't want these presents!" he said. "I just don't want them."

"Why wouldn't you want them, Steven? They're all so pretty and will be so much fun to wear. You'll see. Now open this box over here." Steven looked at the box and then turned and called me a name. (It was the "B" word.) All the women present were stunned by this outburst. I told my sister to help me, and together we got Steven's pants and undershorts off in a jiffy. Then the women took turns spanking him. When he appeared to be properly subdued, my sister and I removed the remainder of his clothes and helped him into the little pink panties. I walked him across the room and back so everyone could see how he looked in his little-girl panties. The women heaped compliments on him, telling him how pretty they were and how cute he looked wearing them. He had to open the rest of his presents wearing only the panties. They included a pair of white tights in lace, a lovely pink holiday frock and a pair of high-heeled pumps in pink. I had him dress up in his pretty new clothes—he was glad to be wearing more than just panties—and we took pictures. We returned home with Steven still wearing his dress and heels.

The next morning the children and I had our family Christmas observance. The two sissies — that is what they are now — were given many more gifts of pretty clothes to help them feel feminine. And they each got a wig to wear to complete their look. The wigs make it less noticeable that they are really boys, and they get to wear them whenever we leave the house, which is quite often now, but only as long as they behave themselves. If they start acting up, the wigs will come off, and they know it.

Juanita in IL

07354-N Christian Home #35 Feb 1999

Pantied Boy Encouraged to Masturbate

I am a 37-year-old professional female who has had very serious thoughts concerning female superiority ever since being in my twenties. I have recently been afforded the privilege of reading several installments of your "Letters to Julie." I found that many

of the letters express the hope and desire that I myself have while striving to achieve our final goals: Feminine Supremacy. The controlling of the male through feminine-directed discipline and behavioral methods. Consider a mother I know that has an eight-year-old boy, which in my own opinion is the ideal age to begin a boy's feminine training. She is very proud of him; he has taken to the feminine lifestyle rather well, even though he is early in his training.

We are still having problems as they relate to his touching himself because the silky panties I provide him make his penis erect and cause him to attempt to masturbate. I have scolded him, lectured him, sat with him, in an attempt to show why this is a very naughty habit, and why boys of his age must be taught how to break themselves of this nasty habit.

I believe a child's moral teaching must come from the mother, even in such male areas as masturbation. A boy's sexual awakening must be confronted and channeled early to prevent him from developing typical male-domineering traits that lower their opinion of females. In order to turn them in the direction of femininity, the habit **MUST** be stopped at the beginning.

I have been reading pros and cons about "Panty Training" as it pertains to being effective in stopping masturbation in young boys. I think the differences of opinions, one being that a boy must become comfortable in panties, to accept them as panties, and to feel within himself that wearing panties in his new world of femininity is the correct thing to do. I not sure that they should be used as a punishment, using panties as a humiliation item when inducing masturbation-correctional behavior.

This mother goes on to relate: "At first, in my own experience with panty training Jeffrey, I found that rather than hinder his desires to touch himself in an attempt to masturbate, the panties caused his erections to become more frequent in spite of my talks, scolding and over-the-lap spankings. From the beginning, I noticed Jeffrey made had a strong connection between humiliation and embarrassment. He became more quiet in nature, much more docile. Before, he sought out my presence and stayed by my side, but now he seemed to avoid me, lowering his eyes and pretending to be preoccupied. I understand that a young boy being introduced to silky nylon panties might react physically and cause him to erect—doesn't this then go against what we are attempting to do -- stop the masturbation before it becomes a habit? Then how does one explain the desired effects panties create in young boys, as it pertains to causing great periods of humiliation and embarrassment, issues that I feel are needed, especially at the beginning of a boy's feminine training.

How long before I should begin to see the desired effects from panty training? I'm referring now to my efforts in stopping Jeffrey's attempts at touching and masturbation. Please explain the two different opinions on this subject. Jeffrey has been in panties for the last two weeks; he still becomes erect at times to the point of sneaking touches when I'm not around. I even thought by saying that the panties I bought for him were like

Mommy's, allowing him to compare for himself, to look in my lingerie drawer, that this might create a closer relationship with panties that might please and make his endeavors more comforting to him. At times I feel that he is improving, that his naughtiness with masturbation is beginning to lessen, but at other times I feel he falls back into his naughty boy habits.

I would appreciate any advice you or your readers could provide. I do want to understand both sides, but these two opinions on panty training, I'm at a loss to understand. Thank you for allowing me to join you and your readers on this changing of our society.

Sara in MD

Panty Training's Opposite Effect

Dear Sara:

Yes, there are two schools of thought regarding panty training or any sort of feminizing of a male. Many people see it only as a punishment. Usually such people fail to have a clear idea as to why a boy being made to wear girls' clothes can be a punishment. After all, girls wear articles of boys' clothing all the time, and no one would think of saying *that* was a punishment. The answer is, of course, that most boys think they are better than girls, so they experience having to wear girls' clothes as degrading. They feel embarrassed and humiliated. But only because of their bad attitude toward girls do they feel like they are being punished. In reality, they are not being punished by being made to wear feminine clothes; they are punishing themselves.

Once a boy gets over his bad attitude toward girls and comes to admire them and envy their moral superiority, he will no longer feel humiliated by having to wear their clothes. Instead, he will welcome the opportunity. Some disciplinarians are bothered by this. They complain that feminine training stops functioning as a punishment after a while. They miss the point! The point is that the boy's attitude toward the opposite sex has greatly improved; that is why he is no longer embarrassed by having to wear feminine clothing. This change of attitude is a good thing, not a bad thing.

At the beginning, however, a boy will usually see feminine training as a humiliation. This is to be expected. But this humiliation itself will help to liberate the boy from his wrong attitude toward females by breaking down his sense of male superiority and replacing it with recognition of the superiority of women. This is a boy's liberation: to be freed from his bad attitudes toward the opposite sex through feminine training. Once freed in this manner, he will come to appreciate how much fun it is to wear pretty, feminine clothing.

Jeffrey's mother is correct, then, in saying that at the beginning her panty training ought to produce humiliation. This humiliation

is necessary to overcome the boy's smug sense of male superiority. Once this is done, his mother, along with other women and girls, can have a greater moral influence on him. For as long as he believes that women are inferior to men, he will be hesitant in accepting their moral guidance, even when the woman in question is his mother.

Jeffrey's mother further asks how long it will be before she sees some results from his panty training. This depends on what kinds of results she is looking for; some take longer than others. According to her statement, there have already been some significant positive results as Jeffrey became a much more quiet and docile child. This means that his feminization is already starting to take hold. If he is more quiet, then he should grow up to be less aggressive than he otherwise would have been, and one thing we have too much of today is male aggression. He has also become more docile. To be more docile is to be more teachable. Now his mother will be able to mold him more easily into a moral person. All this is to the good.

Little Jeffrey's bad attitude toward the opposite sex is improving day by day. To him, wearing girls' panties is humiliating, and as a result, he sometimes avoids his mother out of embarrassment and pretends to be preoccupied. This too is a temporary phase, and I am sure that he will be closer than ever to his mother once his attitude has changed.

Jeffrey's mother is concerned that his panty training does not seem to be effective against his problem of inappropriately touching himself and masturbation. Actually, things are not as bad as they might seem. Panty training has made Jeffrey more docile. This makes it easier to convince him that masturbation is wrong and that he should resist the temptation to indulge in it. Masturbation is not the kind of thing that a boy just decides to do or not to do; it is a temptation, and it has to be fought against. His struggle is important in itself and quite apart from the issue of masturbation because it builds character. Boys need to develop self-discipline, and the temptation to masturbate is the single best opportunity to do so. It is important for the boy to understand that the act is shameful and for him to be ashamed of it. He must resist masturbation because he knows that it is wrong, not just because he is afraid of being punished for it. Otherwise his resistance will not play the character-building role that it should. Because panty training makes him more docile, it helps the boy to develop the right attitude toward masturbation and thus contributes to his character development.

Jeffrey's mother is uncomfortable with the fact that his erections seem to have become more frequent after he started wearing panties. She worries that the panties are causing him to touch himself more often and therefore panty training might actually be defeating the purpose for which it was intended in the first place, which is meant to eliminate all inappropriate touching. I do not believe that this is the case at all. A boy does not get an erection because he is wearing silky nylon panties; he gets an erection because he is thinking dirty thoughts. The panties are only a few little pieces of material put together in a particular

way. In themselves, such items are not going to trigger an erection in anyone. It is only because the boy's mind knows that girls wear panties next to their most private parts that the stage is set for an erection.

But why would the fact that girls wear dainty panties bring about an erection? It is because of another one of a boy's bad attitudes toward the opposite sex, one which he had picked up from other boys. This is the attitude that says females are there to be dominated by males, sexually and otherwise. It is because girls' panties make him think of dominating members of the opposite sex that he will get an erection because he is wearing panties. In themselves the panties don't do anything to him; it's all in his young mind.

What is in his mind is the garbage he's picked up about girls from other boys. His attitude that females are there to be used parallels his other bad attitude that boys are superior to girls. So just as he needs to work through and abandon the one bad attitude ("Boys are superior to girls"), he also needs to rise above his dirty thoughts about the opposite sex ("Females are there to be used").

This is precisely what is going on when putting a boy in nylon panties leads to an erection. He is struggling with his dirty thoughts about girls, male supremacist thoughts that were first suggested to him by other boys as a lot of what he has seen on television and in daily life. On the surface it may appear as if his panty training is self-defeating because he is having more erections, but in actuality this is the occasion for him to confront his dirty thoughts about females and free himself from them.

I can promise you that Jeffrey's erections while wearing panties will not go on forever. There will come a time when his putting on a pair of frilly panties will not lead to dirty thoughts about females (and then an erection) but only thoughts about the feminine loveliness of the panties he is wearing (and no erection). He will, however, need time to work through the male supremacist garbage outside influences have put in his head, just as he needs time to get over his prejudice that boys are superior to girls. By the age of eight, these attitudes have already been in his head for two or more years, and it will take more than a couple of weeks for him to get over them. But his attitude will improve.

Jeffrey's mother suggests he might come to accept his panties sooner if she tells him that she wears similar panties. I believe this is a good idea. She can sit with him at her lingerie drawer and have him examine for himself the pretty panties that she wears. She can have him go through her entire panty collection, taking out every pair, examining them in detail and comparing them to his own panties. She can get him to pick out the pair of her panties that he thinks are the prettiest. Another thing she could do is to tell him that all little girls wear dainty fancy panties too. His response will of course be: "I'm not a girl—I'm a boy!" Then she can ask him if he thinks he is better than girls. This is, after all, the real reason that he feels embarrassed and humiliated

to be wearing panties: he thinks he is superior to girls. So she can tell him that girls are superior to boys, that they are more moral than boys because they understand people better than do boys and because they have more self-discipline than boys. One other thing she can do is to go through women's magazines looking for pictures of women wearing men's clothing. They are there if you look for them. She can show him the pictures and ask him, "If women like to wear men's clothes, why shouldn't you be willing to wear girls' panties?" Then when they are out shopping together, if she sees a girl wearing a boys' shirt or other article of male clothing, she can point it out to him. "So boys can wear girls' clothes too," she can say.

Another approach is to compliment him on how pretty the panties are that he is wearing. Everyone likes compliments, and Jeffrey will like being complimented for his panties even though, at the same time, it will be embarrassing for him to hear his mother say it. Then she can tell him, "You look pretty in fancy girls' panties. They make you as pretty as any girl!" Then she can add humiliation and strike a blow at his masculinity when she adds, "Jeffrey, you know your penis is very small, smaller than other boys your age, and when you are wearing girls' panties, I can hardly see that there is a penis in them. Panties really do make you look like a girl. It's like they almost steal away your tiny penis. I love looking at you in panties; you look like a pretty little girl to me."

Finally, she can tell him that he ought to wear girls' panties just because they are pretty, and it is nice to wear pretty clothes. Above all, it is important for Jeffrey's mother to remember that she is working on changing his attitude toward females, and such attitudes never change overnight. But if she keeps up her panty training, Jeffrey's attitudes will change.

07335-N Christian Home #36 Feb 1999

Should I Use Plain or Frilly Panties?

I read with interest your article "Role Models for Boys," and can easily place myself in with other divorced or single mothers. My sister and my friends have told me, "Oh Sara, you should begin looking for a nice man to marry; your son Steven will need a male as he grows up." In my case, my ex-husband, when he was with us, never was much of a role model for Steven. He has never spent much time with him, and since our divorce, he has never inquired about Steven's schooling, his interests, etc. So it's not as if Steven has a father figure to miss.

I do spend as much time with Steven as possible. I do believe that a woman, a mother, can provide a much more fulfilling role model figure, providing that she starts when the child is young enough and has not been overly exposed to the male influence. I can take him to baseball games, movies etc., and by being with me, I can control his environment, direct him toward feminine interests and encourage his feminine side.

I feel the male role model is overrated, especially in today's world. It has been proven time after time that young boys under the care and upbringing of their father or male acquaintance will adopt habits that either lead him into trouble at a very young age or teach him habits that will cause much heartache for him and others. A male role model is just not needed.

I have decided to stop the sitter I have after trying to explain to her what I wished to accomplish with Steven. She didn't seem to understand and didn't take seriously what I was trying to explain to her. I thought allowing her to stay on would do more harm than good. Instead I have arranged for my friend Jillian to watch over Steven in my absence. I have known her for a long time and trust her to the utmost. Although I have not fully told her about my plans for Steven's feminization, she knows my feelings about allowing little boys to be more involved in little-girl surroundings. The more time a boy can spend with females, the better. I already take Steven shopping with me, we watch TV together, and I welcome him into my bedroom, no matter what time it is. I even invite him in, allow him to observe what a female bedroom looks like, and explained all the bottles, creams, etc. on my vanity. I've given him time to adjust to seeing me in different stages of dress and undress and created circumstances where I'll ask him to bring me a certain item of clothing, ask his opinion of how his mother looks and when he tells me, I make a big fuss over his liking it.

Steven has not become a little angel, but I am enjoying him more and more. It has not been easy. The introduction of panties to Steven was very difficult. I had a hard time convincing myself that I should continue because Steven just went into a temper tantrum that I thought I could not deal with.

Then, one day two weeks ago, Steven was playing with a little girl from down the street. They were sitting on the porch sharing some cookies I had brought out to them when I heard her cry and run off the porch. I asked Steven what had happened, and he said, "Nothing, Mommy. Jennifer just has a bad tummy ache." I didn't think anymore of it until I received a phone call from her mother, telling me that Steven had hit her in the stomach because she wouldn't give him a cookie. I was hurt most by the fibbing. I ordered him up to my bedroom (femininity) and told him I was very disappointed in his actions.

After I first reading Christian Home with its articles about panty training and the influence of feminization on small boys, I purchased some panties in Steven's size and put them away in my own lingerie drawer. I had followed the advice of one of your readers, and for Steven's very first panties, I bought plain white nylon panties. I don't know of what importance this is, but I thought for his beginning, perhaps I should stay away from the frilly panties would be best for now.

Once in my room I told him of my anger and disappointment. I told him for his punishment, because Jennifer was a little girl—a little girl whom he had punched in the stomach—because of

this, he was going to have to wear little-girl panties until I thought he had learned his lesson. I brought them out and told him to undress, which he has become used to doing in front of me. I saw the tears begin to form in his eyes with his words, "Mommy, I won't do it again," etc. He began to cry, threw himself down on the floor and refused to get up. I don't know how you handle things like this, but I had no idea how I was going to get him into panties. I was at a loss. I ended up by telling him that he would stay in my bedroom until he had his panties on. Whenever he decided to put on the panties, he was to call me and I would come up. You couldn't imagine the screaming and yelling. I felt that in some way I failed that day. I wanted it to turn out as you have often written, "Put him in panties." I didn't find my experience to be that easy. It was more than an hour before I heard "Mommy." I called up and asked if he was ready for me. I barely heard a very low "Yes." I went in and he was sitting on my bed, panties pulled almost up where they belonged, and a very dejected Steven still sobbing his heart out.

I sat by him on the bed and put my arms around him. I felt I had to try to explain that what I did was necessary, and for his own good as I grasped his panty waist elastic and pulled them up high on his waist. AS I rubbed my hands over the outside of his panties too soothe him I kept talking to him, telling him how important it was for him to do whatever I told him to do. I don't think much of what I said sank in that day. He didn't talk much, just sat silently by my side. I began to feel that perhaps I should relent and tell him, all right, you can take your panties off. Was I doing right? Was it what I wanted to do? Why I began to have doubts, I don't know. I did resist, and Steven wore his panties for the rest of the day and to bed. After a period he did start to come around, as far as talking and answering me.

The next morning he came into my room, the nylon panties still on under his PJs. I asked him if he was going to be a good little boy, never hurt little girls again, and above all, never fib to me again. He looked at me and said yes, he would be good. Before allowing him to take off his panties, I did explain to him that this was what was going to happen the next time and all the times after that when he misbehaved and was naughty. I told him I was going to keep his panties right on top in with his boys' underwear, and everyday when he put on fresh underwear, he'd see the panties as a reminder for him to be good.

That was several months ago, and since then, Steven has been made to wear panties several times. Something has changed, though; I don't get the temper spells screaming anymore, just looks of dejection and shame I guess you would call it.

We continue to do things together, like visiting my friends together, but I think I have missed something. I'm not sure if by putting Steven in panties for misbehaving, have I used that method of correction the wrong way? Christian Home says that Steven, or any other boy placed in panties only punishes himself by wearing them. Should I not have used panties as a punishment? Now, during his transformation period, when I

attempt to show him how nice and soft panties are to wear and how good he will feel about himself once he adapts to wearing them, will those things be possible to do? By me making him wear panties for being naughty, won't that conflict with what I am going to tell him about the wearing of feminine clothing and how proud I'll be of him? I wonder if other mothers have the problems of understanding this format for changing little boys into sweet and understanding little girls as I do.

Sara in MD

Feminizing a Boy

Dear Sara:

You are right that it would be good for Steven to spend more time with females. If Jillian's daughter is close to Steven's age, that would be another possibility. I do think it is important for him to interact with females while wearing girls' clothes. Right now he is probably terrified that something awful will happen if anyone finds out. It would be good to expose him to others and get him over this.

You say you're not sure how accepting Jillian would be of Steven's feminization. I would suggest that the first time she sees him in a dress you say simply, "He's being punished." That should be enough of an explanation at first. Later on you can tell her Steven likes wearing girls' clothes. Hopefully by then it will be true.

What to choose for a boy's first pair of panties? I'm not sure it really matters as long as he is vividly aware that they are in fact girls' panties. Should you start him with plain white panties or go for frilly, ultra feminine underpants? I think that, wherever you start, you should graduate him to frilly panties in feminine pastels at an early point. The reason is that the most important argument you can give him for wearing girls' clothes is that they are pretty, but if you keep him in plain white panties, you can't use that argument. Certainly, white nylon panties can increase his self esteem (if he lets them) because their softness makes him feel pampered but that is about the limit of their usefulness. But perhaps some of our other readers might have some other insights on this topic.

That brings us to the big question, which concerns using crossdressing as a punishment. How do you go from its being a punishment to encouraging the boy to enjoy wearing his panties and other feminine clothes? He will probably make this transition on his own, although it may take him a very long time to do so. A boy's antipathy to wearing feminine clothing is learned behavior, and it will slowly be unlearned over time as he is made to wear them, even as a punishment. There are things you can do to help him with this process of unlearning. You can tell him that the only reason his wearing girls' nylon panties is a punishment is that he thinks it is. Actually, it's fun to wear pretty clothes, and it is a joy to others as well. But his wrong



attitude turns it into a punishment.

You can tell him that he looks nice in girls' clothes. You can tell him that as his mother, you like to see him in feminine clothing because of how nice he looks in them. You can tell him that he ought to wear pretty clothes just because it is so pleasing for others to see him in them.

But before you do any of that, you should increase the time he spends in his lovely garments as a punishment. You started out by keeping him in panties for one day. This should be increased over time to two days, three days, and so on. He is probably becoming at least partially accustomed to wearing them anyway, so while they may still be a punishment, they are not as effective as at first. Once he is spending a significant amount of time in his pretty clothes, you can talk to him about how nice he looks and how it is his bad attitude that is turning such nice clothing into a punishment.

The Importance of Public Humiliation

Thank you for sending me "The Case for Spanking." It is very perceptive. There is an important point that you touched on but never elaborated: The humiliation a boy feels when others watch him being spanked. Let me give you an example from my own experience with my son Joshua.

When Josh was in the ninth grade, he got into a fight at school with another boy. This was unusual for him; I don't remember any other time that he was ever in a fight. The principal called from school and said she intended to suspend him for three days and that he would get F's for the time he missed. So I said, "Why don't you just give him a spanking?" The principal reminded me that it was against state law for a school employee to spank a student. So I volunteered to do it myself. The principal said that I would have to administer the spanking in her office, as otherwise she would have only my word that Josh had gotten his spanking.

When I arrived at the school, Josh was sitting in the principal's office waiting for me. I suggested that we also have the secretaries come in from the front office to watch the spanking. The principal started to say that she didn't think that was appropriate, but I just walked over to the door and invited them in. They all filed in and filled up the little office, four or five women plus a couple of high school girls who worked there part-time.

I sat down on a straight-backed chair and undid Josh's belt and fly. When I pulled his trousers down, some of the women gasped as they saw the lace-trimmed, pink nylon panties that I make him wear every day. Then I grasped the elastic waistband of his panties and pulled them down too. Josh was quite embarrassed by this time, but I just went ahead and draped him over my lap for a severe bare-bottom spanking. After that he was never any

trouble at school ever again. I think it made a big difference that there was an audience for his spanking.

One person that missed the whole show was my friend Nancy the school nurse. She heard about it, though, and the next time I saw her she asked about Josh wearing panties. I explained that I had him wear feminine panties every day because it made him less rebellious and easier to handle.

Nancy told me that she knew some other mothers who made their sons wear panties. At the school she had worked at before coming to Tilson Central, she encountered two boys who wore panties to school under their school clothes. How did she know? I asked. Because she had used a rectal thermometer to take the students' temperature. That is, until some of the parents complained and she had to stop.

These parents said that it was too humiliating for their children to have to bare their bottoms just to have their temperature taken. Nancy thought this complaint was absurd. As a nurse she was a trained medical professional. Why couldn't she be trusted to view a teenager's bare bottom?

She recommended that I use a rectal thermometer at home whenever Josh had a temperature. She said that it would reinforce the image he had of me as an authority figure, which is why she used it at home with her own children.

Nancy also decried the absurdity of forbidding schools to spank their students any more. She pointed out that it would be easy to arrange adequate safeguards. Not only would parents have to give written permission for their children to be spanked, but the spanking could be carried out by school nurses like her. If the worry is that the child might be injured by the spanking, then let the school nurse do it and there will be nothing to worry about. The nurse is, as Nancy would say, a trained medical professional. She is also a woman and would be more careful in administering a spanking than many men would. It would be a good experience for developing juvenile delinquents to be spanked by a woman.

If nurses would be given the authority to spank students, it would make a career in nursing more attractive to many girls. Right now, there is a serious shortage of nurses, and increasing their authority will attract more women into the field, leading to an increased supply of health care services in general.

In "The Case for Spanking," you explain that the rod mentioned in the Bible in connection with the discipline of children was used in the school, not in the home. This shows how far we have moved from the world of the Bible. According to that great Book, the representative case of the corporal punishment of children occurred in the school, but in our society today, it is illegal for a school employee to spank a student.

Heaven help us.
Carol in FL

