

INSIDE

Girls Panties



No. 1

Revised & Enlarged

Adults Only

Classic Reprint

IF YOU LIKE FRILLY, OLD-FASHIONED PANTIES, YOU'LL LOVE THE ITEMS OUR PANTYWAIST READERS SENT TO US WHEN WE ASKED THEM FOR COPIES OF THEIR FAVORITE JERK-OFF MATERIALS. PICTURES AND STORIES FROM BOTH UNPUBLISHED, ORIGINAL MATERIALS AND OLD, LONG-OUT-OF-PRINT PUBLICATIONS.

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION



A Tough Mistress

I object to a recent letter from a thirty-seven-year-old woman. I can speak somewhat knowledgeably, since I am thirty-nine, also divorced, and I have a firm belief in female dominance. I also enjoy having a young man as a willing and totally obedient slave, but that young man is not my son - that is where I draw the line.

If the above mentioned woman enjoys being served by a young man who will obey her, do her housework, and perform for her sexually, great! Yet, I cannot agree with her when that young man is her own son whom she has "trained to be quite good at cunnilingus." Shocking!

I feel that this woman should release her son from her totally selfish demands and allow him to find his sexual excitement from a young girl who

understands and enjoys his obvious need to be dominated. She, in turn, can find a nonrelated lover to serve her own needs.

As I stated before, I speak from experience. I am divorced from my first husband, who, after three years, got tired of being dominated.

I am a very demanding mistress, and while I had trained him to endure frequent spankings, canings, and whippings, he balked at doing all the housework and cleaning. This infuriated me and led to my having to punish him quite severely with increasing frequency.

Part of his complaint was that since he is very rich, he would never have had to do housework anyway.

Finally, I agreed to a divorce, after receiving a settlement which permits me to live very comfortably.

After a succession of occasional slaves of varying ages, three years ago I met a darling young man who was quite mature for his age. He did my yard work in the summer. From the way he obeyed me, it was obvious that he knew his place in life. Out of nowhere, he begged to become my live-in house slave. I agreed.

Don is well-built, slender (except for a nice, plump behind) and rather short. He is only five-foot-seven whereas I am five-foot-ten. I have dyed his hair blond, and I make him wear it long and wavy, like a girl's. I have also dyed his pubic hair to match.

Generally, I make him go naked about the house except for a frilly pair of very feminine briefs. I've made him buy his own lingerie and he has two dresser drawers full of nothing but the most delightful silk panties you could imagine. In this state, he is



always ready for sex or punishment.

Don has been very easy to train. He does all the cleaning, washing, ironing, and other housework on a very tight schedule, and very obediently.

He knows that the penalty for sloppy work or tardiness will be more than just an average punishment session.

When I permit him to touch me, he is very loving. I love it when he performs cunnilingus on me, and this happens usually several times a day. I am always on top and remain in full control.

Don often goes a week or more without any sexual relief for himself since he is forbidden to masturbate without permission. If I allow him to masturbate, it is always into a pair of his fancy panties, and he must come at least twice in rapid succession, or else be punished.

We have settled into a routine of two daily spankings and two good, hard whippings a week. If he dares to disobey me, he gets extra sessions with my paddle or whip then I piss and shit in his face. I have a special toilet that I had made for this.

Because we live in the city, I have to gag him when I beat him to muffle his cries.

Sometimes I dress Don up like a whore with red or black bra worn under a thin blouse and super frilly panties that peek out from beneath a short sexy skirt. I make his face up heavily and put big, clanky earrings and bracelets on him. His feet are forced in four-inch high heels. Then I make him parade around for me like a swishy girl. That is great fun!

Don wears his sissy panties and gaudy bras as underclothing all the time, even when we go out shopping or when I allow him out for any other reason. He has learned to love the feel of dainty nylon and lace against his skin.

We have read much about "water sports," and I am now in the process of training Don in the bathroom. He does not dare object, but I know that he does not enjoy drinking my piss. He's finally getting the ability to eat my shit and keep it down, but I know he hates it. He'll do absolutely anything for me if I threaten him with toilet punishment.

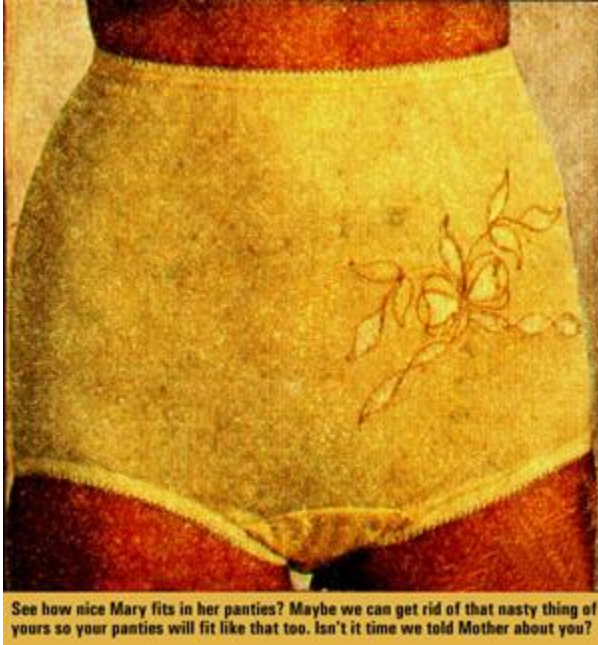
Nevertheless, he is getting pretty good at it, especially with the help of my whip. Within the next few weeks, I hope to have him trained well enough to serve as a toilet slave for my three closest friends without balking. I've told them about how I'm training him, but I don't think they really believe me. They have seen him serve me in most every other way, but this will be my crowning achievement.

I know toilet sex is not for everyone, but I think it surely defines the heights to which you can totally train a pansy like Don. The greatest times for me are the weekends when my ex-husband comes and I dominate both him and Don at the same time. Don doesn't care for this, as he hates being forced to dance like a sexy teen seductress in his frilly panties for Milton (my ex) to excite him. Once I get them worked up, I make them perform "69" on each other until they spew cum all over each other's face. I know my ex loves this treatment, and Don can't complain since my ex is paying the bills. I've made Don take a golden shower from Milton and am awaiting the time when he'll be ready to get his brown shower too.

As you can see from all this, I find nothing wrong with a woman's desire to have a young slave, but I suggest that she find pleasure outside of her own family. I have discovered that every city has thousands of men just dying to find a pretty woman willing to dominate, enslave, and punish them so why impose this on one's own son?

Mrs. I. S.
Rhode Island

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The Making of a Transvestite

I have been having strange, compelling desires to dress in female clothing. The sight of an attractively dressed woman walking down the street sends waves of longing through the pit of my stomach and, if I spend much time imagining how her clothes would feel, I get an erection.

I have never had such desires before, and the only times I have worn girls' clothes were between ages eleven and fifteen, when my mother made me wear my older sister's clothing

as a punishment for what she termed "unmanly behavior."

I had no father, and so I was raised by my mother and my aunt, who were very concerned with my manners and my "gentlemanly deportment." When I was eleven I got into a fight with a neighborhood girl and beat her up. My mother heard of this and called me a "sissy," saying that men do not hit women and that if I was going to act like a "sissy," then she was going to dress me like one.

She dragged me into my sister's room and made me put on her pink panties and bra, a full-length lacy slip, stockings, a mini dress, and saddle shoes. Then she took me over to the girl's house and made me apologize to her in front of her parents. The girl and her parents were obviously embarrassed and disapproved of the way I was being punished, but my mother was not deterred.

She made me spend the rest of the day in those clothes.

Later that month I did something else to displease Mom and again I had to spend a day in my sister's clothes. It was an effective punishment because I hated it and she knew this, so she used it about once a month from then on. My aunt and my bitchy sister thought that it was a fine way of dealing with me, and they encouraged her to do it often.

But no matter how many days I spent in dresses, I never got over the embarrassment of it. I would always turn red and cry when my mother woke me up in the morning with a pair of my sister's lace-trimmed pink panties dangling from her fingers and thrust into my face because it meant another day of skirts and stockings and humiliating experiences at their hands.

The culmination of it all came when I got caught shoplifting just after my fifteenth birthday. Mother woke me up on Saturday with the news that I would have to wear girls' clothing for a week! On Sunday she made me wear a dress and high heels to church, and on Monday I had to

wear a blouse and skirt to school.

I was only in school for two hours before the principal sent me home, but in that time everyone had seen me and some of the girls had even lifted my skirt to reveal my garter belt and nylons and the scarlet nylon panties I had been forced to wear that day.

After a talk with the school authorities, mother agreed not to use that punishment again, but I never lived it down. After that, the whole school rejected me and kept me out of all the activities and fun. They had come to the conclusion that I had to be some kind of a faggot or a "sissy" for allowing my mother to punish me that way. As soon as I was sixteen, my mother made me quit high school. She sent me to a trade school in another city to get rid of me. We were both happy to be away from one another.

Now, ten years later, I find myself staring in the windows of lingerie shops and looking at girls' clothing in catalogues and wishing I could wear girls' clothing again. I have no idea why I should want to return to this attire, considering that it was a humiliating experience to wear it before, but the desires burn deep within me.

I cannot decide whether I am sick and should see a psychologist, or whether I should just let my desires take over and do it. If I were a homosexual, it would be socially acceptable, but I am not. If I do it and anyone finds out, I fear they will think I am a homosexual, crazy, perverted or something else just as strange. I have suffered enough rejection in my life, and I fear it now.

What do you think I should do? Should I get some female clothing and wear it in the privacy of my apartment or should I consider myself insane and get treatment? If I do give in to these desires will that make me perverted? Or am I perverted now? And most of all, how do I tell my fiancée, or should I tell her?

T. C.

Washington, D.C.

First of all, let's take the words "insane" and "perverted" out of the whole discussion. You are neither. Also, I don't like the choice you gave yourself - either give into your desires, you say, and be a pervert, or see a psychiatrist, and admit that you're crazy. Either way you have succeeded in putting yourself down with a vengeance.

As you probably know, the desire to dress up in the attire of the opposite sex is called transvestism. It can occur in an individual who is either heterosexual (like you are) or homosexual. How or why people (more often men) develop this particular predilection is not known, but it appears that there are many routes to that end.

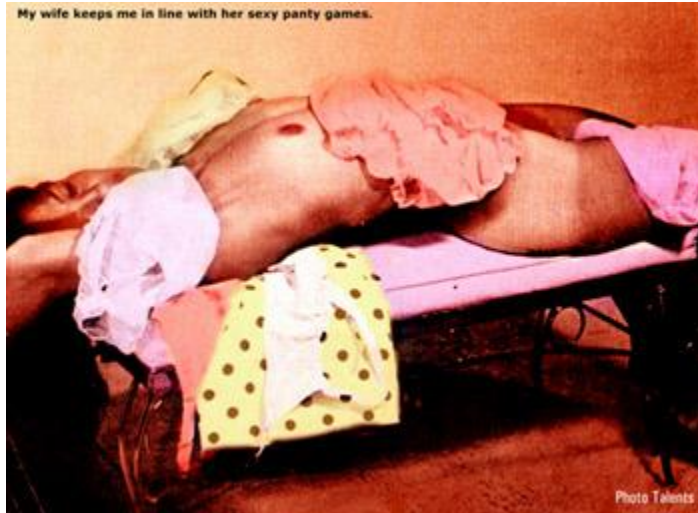
In your situation, the reasons are more apparent, or at least more subject to informed speculation. You may be reliving fantasies having to do with your relationship to your mother, or manifesting a so-called counterphobic reaction - doing something which you unconsciously fear or abhor. But I am not labeling you disturbed or crazy. I'm merely attempting to explain your feelings.

If you could accept this sexual preference without anguish or embarrassment and without judging yourself so harshly, then you might be able to indulge in it in private as many transvestites do. If, however, you are guilt ridden, frightened, and preoccupied, then I would advise you to seek professional help, especially in light of your family's unbelievably insensitive punishment of you when you were a boy.

I also think that it might be wise to tell your fiancée, in either case. If you indulge the fantasies privately, she may be of help to you, and if you decide to seek psychotherapy, she can be a

source of support. You could initiate a discussion about sexual fantasies in general and lead up to it that way. And remember - you are not bad or dangerous or sick or crazy!

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Perfect Match

I'm a transvestite but I was always afraid to tell my girlfriend about my fetish. When we made love, I used to pull off her petticoats and panties, thinking that I would just love to wear them myself.

Then one night when we were naked together in bed after we had made love, and we started kidding around. She had

her bra in her hand and put it over my head while she was teasing me. I took the bra as if I were joking and put it on. She giggled. Then she put a pair of her ruffly blue lace panties on me. We teased each other for a while, and then she helped me put on her satin and lace cancan petticoat that she wears for square dancing. She started feeling me all over.

We made beautiful love that night and the next morning she said that the sight of me wearing her lingerie turned her on immensely. I was silent for a few minutes and then hesitantly told her of my secret fetish. She was totally understanding and quite turned on.

Almost every night afterwards we both dressed up in delicate lingerie and made beautiful love together. Then we got engaged. When we bought the wedding dress we bought two - one for her and one for me to wear in the privacy of our honeymoon suite.

Now we are very happily married and almost every night we have our "lesbian" affair. Since we have no children, we spend most of our time at home wearing dainty lingerie. If we do have children, she says she'll introduce them to the excitement of silken lingerie, even if that child is a boy! Every morning I put on panties and nylons under my business suit before going to work. She insists on it!

I have written this letter to encourage other men who like wearing ladies' apparel to try to accept themselves as they are. I hope that someday everyone will see things as openly as your readers. Then I won't have to worry about others knowing of my (and my wife's) fetish.

Name and address withheld by request

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Our son dresses up in makeup, high heels and ruffled panties. Should we be worried?

We have a five-year-old son who likes to try on my high-heeled shoes and play with my jewelry and makeup. Recently, while we were watching television, Derek saw tennis star Janis Mucci running around the court showing off her fancy lace panties. He wanted me to buy him some of those panties. I tried to brush it off at the time as I explained that only girls wore lace panties. But he wanted to know all about her, tennis and the clothes she wore. I humored him and told him about Gussie Moran, who in my day, stole the show in tennis with her scandalously short skirts and lacy panties.

Then when we were shopping for some clothes for him, Derek asked me again to buy him some ruffled panties. He can be very obstinate and hard to handle at times so I bought them for him because I didn't want to make a big scene in the store. He

insisted on the very frilly style panties like he had seen on television. I think they call them "sissy pants." I was amazed because he wasn't embarrassed at all to pick them out for himself right in front of the wicked witch of a saleslady that was waiting on us. That bitch laughed right out loud at us and even asked if I wanted to fix him up with a training bra and some dresses, but thank goodness I got him to settle only for the panties. As soon as we got home, he insisted on trying them on. My husband saw him wearing the panties (he had a pink pair on at the time) and got very upset. He thinks Derek is going to turn into a homosexual, but I don't think it's anything to worry about. Is my husband right? Should I be concerned?

Name and Address Withheld by Request

Wearing your shoes and playing with your makeup doesn't mean your son feels that he's a girl. (It would also be normal for him to want to cook and play with dolls.) But, if your son gives any indication that he's insecure about his male identity, then your husband is right, and you should be concerned.

Your son's feelings about being male should not be difficult to determine. The most obvious sign of any insecurity about this would be his saying he wants to be a girl or wants to grow up to be a mommy.

Some boys actually say that they're not boys at all but really girls and want to dress and act like girls at all times. If your son makes statements about wanting to be a girl, he may have problems with his



gender identity.

Should you be concerned if your son does show signs of such problems? Yes, because problems establishing a proper male role early in life can lead to problems later. And even though your son's male identity may be well-established, we suspect that your son may have a slight problem. We suggest that you tactfully discourage him from wearing his panties and playing with your shoes and makeup. The best way to do that is to distract him and get him involved in other types of play.

Your son's major psychological task is to identify with his father - to want to be like him. He's helped in that task if his father shows him affection and love and spends time with him. Also important is your son's recognition that you love and respect your husband, his father. Since your son loves you, he'll want to grow up to be the type of man you admire. If you keep these points in mind and work with your husband, your son may avoid any difficulties in the normal development of his masculine identity.

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Some of Our Favorite Excerpts



[A Personal Ad](#)

Dominant, sexy girl, 23, has beautiful lacy, whiffy, sniffy panties just waiting to be personally worn for you! I love it when a man is big enough to admit he is turned on to the feel of panties against his hard cock. Revealing photos of me wearing the panties I'll send you. I also have a panty-trained younger brother who will model panties for you in any pose you'd like. Don't be afraid to ask for him to do something really wild! I've made him do everything, and I mean everything, while wearing his sweet little panties. Faggot pink is his favorite color.

[From an Article on Female Domination](#)

The contemporary "petticoated male" submits to feminine authority while garbed in beautiful panties, garter belt and nylons, bra, chemise slip (the modern petticoat) and a fashionable skirt or dress.

Suitably bewigged, made up, shod in high heels, bedecked in jewelry and perfumed, our modern petticoated male finds his ego crushed, his pride trampled, his will subjugated, and his physical strength subdued to an effeminate weakness that he is powerless to overcome. He is his mistress' slave - her petticoat dog, her toy - transvested, dominated, subjugated, feminized and totally enslaved - the modern petticoated, candy ass male.

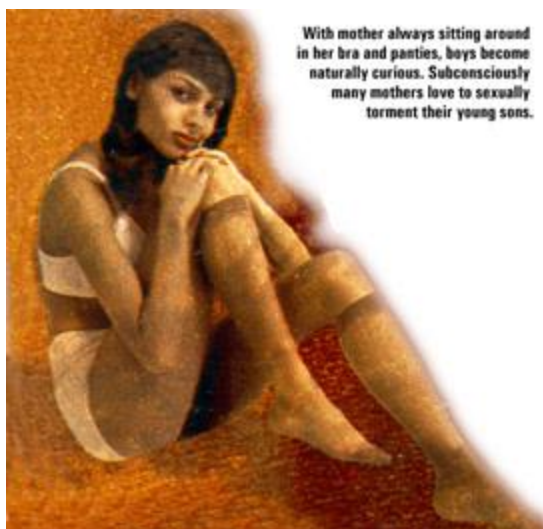
A Understanding Wife

I have been searching for ways to help my transvestite husband. When we first got married, he kept buying me gifts of old-fashioned lingerie. I thought the stuff was really tacky, but then I realized how excited it got him to see me wear it, and when I did a striptease out of those gaudy panties, girdles, slips and garter belts, he'd go nuts.

Then I gradually figured out that he wanted to wear that stuff too. I thought he looked ridiculous and still do because he is so big and manly. Even though I laugh at him, he doesn't care. In fact, I think he gets turned on all the more when I make fun of him. I have made him wear my panties to work under his own, but this gets him so horny that he almost goes out of his mind until he gets home.

Whenever he wants some new clothes, we plan a full day of shopping. We go to another town to buy women's clothes for him. While we are doing this, he will be fully dressed as a woman from head to toe, and I can make him look pretty convincing. Still some people, kids in particular and especially young girls, guess he's a guy. It embarrasses him to no end when we're out in public and some little preschooler will ask his mother why that man is wearing a dress. Or most recently, we crossed paths with a group of preteen girls and they guessed it right away. They started laughing and pointing fingers and ended up following us all around the mall, making comments like "I think he's cute" and "I wonder what kind of panties he has on" - all loud enough so we could hear it. But I love how it makes him squirm.





From an Article on a Mother's Influence

Transvestism is another classic "Mommy" fetish. If a mother insists on dressing up her little boy in little girls' clothing, one could presume that she is intentionally raising a TV (for her own twisted and selfish reasons). If, on the other hand, her little boy gets hooked on her clothes because he likes to look mor

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on her panties because they feel so good, then Mother is blameless. Of course, many mothers might not be so blameless. Subconsciously they may sexually tease and torment their young sons by frequently exposing themselves while undressing or making it a habit to lounge around the house in just their pretty lingerie.

From an Article on Rearing Children

I think back to my childhood when when my sister told me that Mom and Dad planned on another girl in the family, and I messed up their plans. My mother made me wear my sister's dresses, panties, socks and shoes until I entered school. Even after I started school, Mom had me spend a lot of time in panties and dresses because I was often home due to a sensitive stomach, which made me throw up many times a week. That, of course, kept me thin and frail and very girlish looking in my pretty clothes. My father seemed to like me better as a girl too because I had an older brother who was strong and athletic. Dad loved to go with us when Mom and sis bought girlie clothes for me.



Pantywaist Football Player

From Adult Short Stories #1289-P

The teams were feinting at each other, feeling each other out and their uniforms were still immaculate, even to the pristine white pants the home team wore. The pants were made of very thick, very smooth nylon. He'd felt a discarded pair once, had savored their texture between thumb and forefinger, and had almost been able to tell how they'd feel on his own buttocks and legs, so tight and all-

encompassing.

He'd read a story once about a huge lineman who had worn his girl's panties throughout a game as the price for a lost bet. When his underdog team had won; his team mates had said it was

because of the lucky panties and had prevailed on him to wear them for the next game.

Midway through the season the football player slipped off to a gay bar, and at season's end he was a closet queen, a transvestite who solicited even his own teammates. Suspended from the team, he watched the game on television in the apartment of three giggling faggots who fawned over him as he wept for his fellow players as they lost the championship.

Teasing a Sissyboy

"I've got a great idea. I have some nice silky lingerie. We could dress you up and pretend you're a girl. I'll make you strip for your poker buddies then make you suck them off until every one of them cums. With your tummy churning and filled to the brim with all that cum, I'll make you lick my cunny while I lick each one of them hard again so they can take turns cumming in your ass."

To the Editor of a Fetish Publication

I wish to add my voice to those who are calling on you to consider fetish in general rather than place the emphasis on B & D. Your few TV articles have been interesting, but how about something for the panty fan? I have no idea how many of us there are, but I am sure any number of men delight in wearing panties. I'm not talking about the female impersonator or the guy who goes all the way to makeup and jewelry.

Actually, I have no desire to look like a woman, but I love to wear panties -- especially pink briefs. I am sure there are others who wear panties under their regular male attire. How about a picture story of a good-looking chick who gets her boyfriend to wear panties? How about an eight-page panty insert like the recent insert on enemas? Unsigned, Arizona



Case History

Thinking back to when I was growing up, I remember how my love of panties started. I was a curious kid, always digging into things around the house, and this one time, I had the day off from school and no one was at home because I was an only child and both my parents worked. After getting bored watching television, I wandered into my parents' bedroom and started going through all the drawers in their dresser.

When I got to the one with all my mother's lingerie in it, I stopped, fascinated and ran my hands over the nylon slips and panties all neatly folded in small piles. They really thrilled me. After I looked at them for awhile, I picked out a pair of peach panties with some fine



embroidered flowers on the front and inspected them closely. They were so soft and smooth, fascinating! I began perspiring and breathing heavily. My heart was pounding, and I knew what I had to do.

I took the panties into my own room, stripped off all my clothes, then drew the panties up my legs and into place. By then, I had the most tremendous erection that I had ever had in all my pubescence. I looked at myself in the mirror, and I remember thinking that I looked a little bit silly, but the feeling was, oh, so nice.

The panties felt so wonderful that I started to stroke myself through them and, in no time, I was really to explode. When I did, I was careful to pull the panties down so I wouldn't soil them. Afterward, I immediately stripped them off and returned them to their place in her drawer.

I was confused, feeling guilty and perverted for what I had done, but at the same time, I had never felt so good. Regardless of those feelings, the urge to come off in my mom's panties took control of me. I couldn't have stopped no matter how hard I wanted.

After a while, I couldn't wait for everyone to leave the house so that I could do my thing. I eventually progressed to nighties, silky slips, garter belts and stockings. They added to the kick I got from dressing in my mother's clothes.

Fortunately, I was never caught even though I secretly dressed all through high school. When I graduated, I got a place of my own and started buying my own panties and lingerie through mail order. I have never gone all the way and dressed in a dress and all that stuff. I really don't have any interest in that. For me my turn-on is jacking off in panties.

I'm married now, and my wife knows all about my fetish. After I revealed myself, she opened up and revealed that she always fantasized about spanking naughty boys like her mother used to spank her brother so now we have a ball playing spanking games with both of us in dainty lingerie. Most of the time, I wear lingerie under my male clothes. It feels so good, but sometimes I worry about what would happen if I got into an accident and my secret was discovered in a hospital . . . that would be awfully embarrassing!

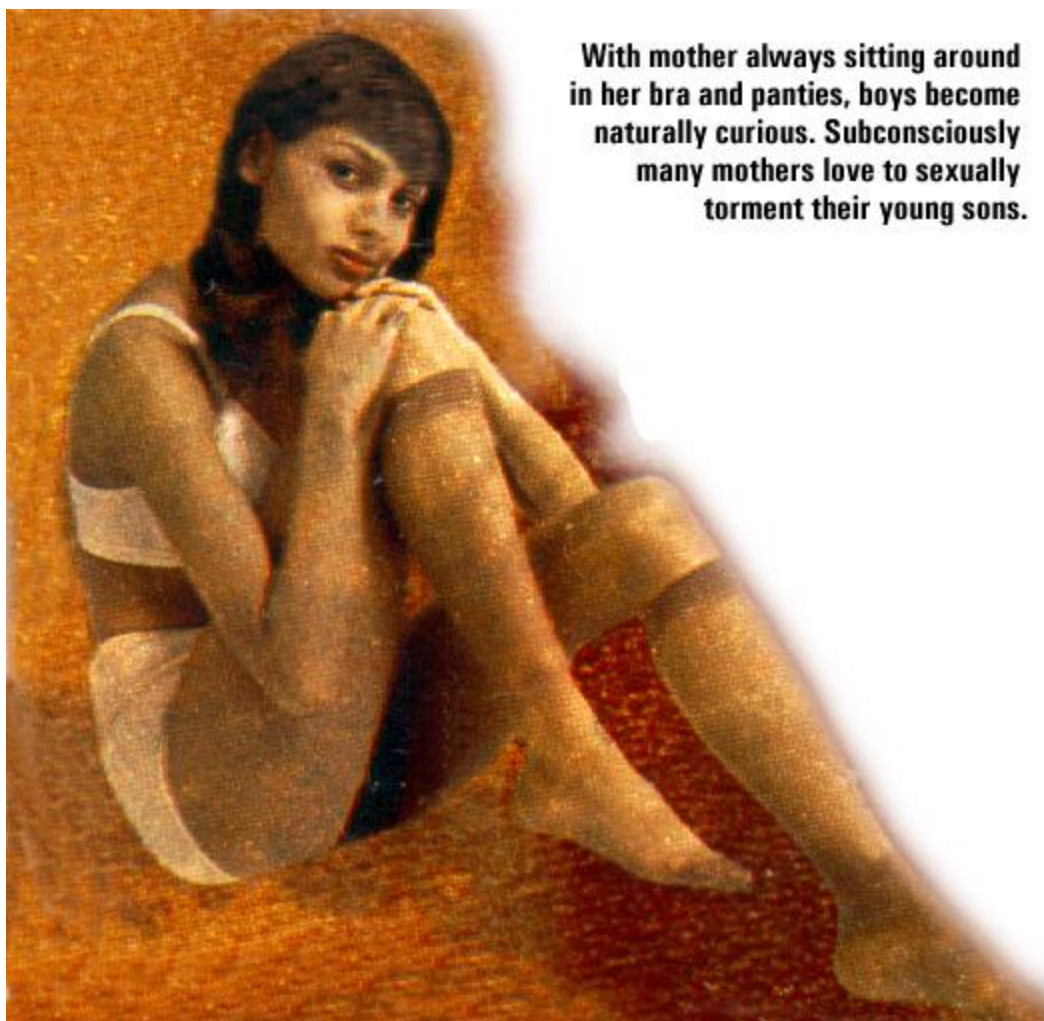
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Panties for sale--mine or his!





All I have to do to drive him crazy is to dress up in my old-fashioned lingerie and do a slow strip tease.



**With mother always sitting around
in her bra and panties, boys become
naturally curious. Subconsciously
many mothers love to sexually
torment their young sons.**



My wife and I love to play
our lingerie spanking games.



Grandmas affect sex role

ATLANTA--Grandmothers play an important role in the rearing of boys as girls, researchers say. Traditionally, crossdressing and feminization of behavior have been thought to be due to

disturbances in early child-mother relationships and a physically or psychologically absent father. Now, the gender identity unit at Johns Hopkins Hospital, reviewing a year's sample of cases, were surprised to find that in almost a third of the cases, early parenting involved a grandmother.

Dr. Ellen Halle, reviewing the charts of 74 patients requesting sex-change surgery, found that 21 recalled a grandparent playing a major role in raising them during infancy and childhood. In 20 of the 21 cases, the grandparent was the maternal grandmother.

"The grandmothers were described as supportive, loving, accepting of the patient's early feminine behavior and crossdressing," Dr. Halle told the American Psychiatric Association. "The grandmothers were admired for being strong and firm, yet willing to teach traditionally female homemaking skills." The mothers were capable, hard working and affectionate individuals who were often absent from the home because of the need to work. The father had left the family or had died. In the few cases where the father was present he was described as showing no interest in the boy. A typical case was that of a 27-year-old male who appeared in the clinic dressed as a female. He was taking female hormones. His mother died when he was 4 years old, then the father left the family. The maternal grandmother raised the children.

The patient began to dress in his sisters' clothing at an early age with his sisters' and his grandmother's encouragement. She even let him share a bedroom with the girls at night, and during the day, put bows in his hair and dressed him in white Maryjane shoes, little dresses and lace panties. He dressed in his sister's party clothes every Halloween. He said he always felt like a girl, played with female toys and was unaware that he was a boy until he began kindergarten. Even then, he'd come home from school to find his grandmother sitting in her lingerie waiting for him with a freshly ironed pair of pretty panties. After he washed up, she'd help him into a slip, hair ribbons, Maryjane shoes and a nice dress then send him off to play with his sisters.

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Correspondence Column

Dear Cindy:

I love panties!! I have a very large collection of every imaginable type, but I tend to like old-fashioned brief styles best. I love all colors, rather than just pink. That is, I like all of them as long as they are Vanity Fair. I do own several pair of Van Raalte, Kayser, Henson, and a Midwestern brand named Texsheen, but none of these can compare with VF for comfort, style, feel, or femininity.

I started wearing panties when I was about five years of age and haven't stopped since. My sister was the first one to dress me in them. She thought I looked cute. All of our relatives thought so too when she exposed me wearing panties under my boy's clothes to everyone gathered for her birthday party. She had gotten a set of those "days of the week" panties and told everyone she would share them with me because she liked to dress me up in her clothes.

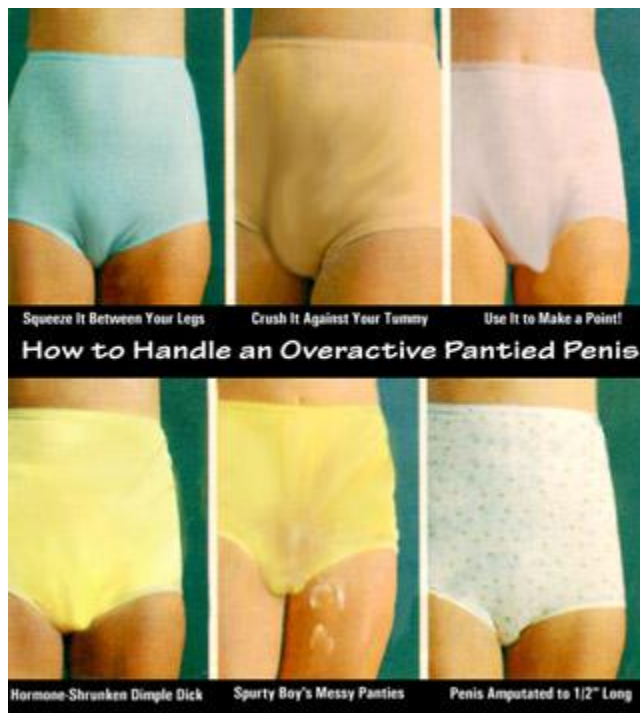


Everyone laughed, but then one thing led to another, and soon my mother was taking down my trousers to see for herself. Since I was wearing a green and yellow pair that day with little daises on them, everyone saw that she was right. They chided me and my dad called me a "sissy," but no one suggested that I take them off. So I just kept wearing them. Eventually, my mom bought me some of my own panties, and I've worn them ever since. Of course, I wear all the other items of feminine finery, but panties are a must.

I've now described myself, and my desires. Oh yes, one more thing. I would so enjoy having a PANTIE PAL I could swap items with. All for now, but please keep up the good work and, if possible, include more pictures of males in panties and bras.

Love, Reba

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Dear Editor

From Love Magazine 1970

Your letters to the editor were the high point of your last issue. The one about the punishment of the little girl for "passing some eye-burning gas" was priceless.

After years of treating me like dirt, my own overpowering mother made a daughter out of me for my daddy's amusement, complete with lots of cute pink bows. She put them in my hair but also made me learn how to sew them on my panties, and she even loved to tie one on my dick! All my pink bows had to be kept neat or else! I had to pretend to welcome my daddy's paternal kisses and panty caresses and other tokens of more-

than-fatherly affection. Whenever I seemed to be half enjoying his attention, I would be due for a dose of male hormones. I felt the deep humiliation, shame and inner resentment so strongly that I could not conceal it and would then be subjected to much "well-deserved" punishment.

After a thorough caning and a discipline enema I would have to straddle my dad's lap with my welted legs and lisp sweetly, "I luv you, Daddy." The old pervert always contended that rectal sheath spasms for elimination at the moment of penetration was, "if properly timed and controlled," a rare sensation. In a respectful, blushing whisper, I was taught to call daddy's big dick "Papa's sweet lollipop." Time and time again my timing was off, and Mama, furiously grabbing my ribbon bows, would make me clean myself up and then repeat the whole process.

Today my submissive wife and I as well as our three well-behaved children regularly visit a dominant couple (her own brother and his strict second wife). They severely toilet train

us all in the nursery right along with their own darling stepchildren, two of whom are slightly retarded and extremely obstinately incontinent. When we seem to need it, and to keep us from liking our subjugation too much, male hormones are still given (by needle now instead of orally) as well as laxatives, enemas and emetics.

I was trained that it was a pleasure to vomit while being held in the arms of several deeply sympathetic loved ones - although some will secretly encourage, while others will simply not tolerate, an erection in my panties. Now, today, I find great pleasure in holding and comforting a vomiting niece/nephew whose parents ask him to be a brave little girl and welcome the spasms as we fondle his penis in his saucy, bow-decorated panties. If no heartfelt thanks are forthcoming from the little sissy boy-girl, then some heart-rending retribution and correction is - often an enema and a second emetic combined.

Too much "eye-burning" smell or messy splattering are, of course, spankable offenses. But we all clean up and go to church on Sunday morning, and wholeheartedly approve of obligatory "nondenominational" prayer in public and private schools. Bedtime, too, should be prayer and enema time (simultaneously) for tots of all ages, and fancy panties are a great reward for hesitant little faggot boys and meek little toilet slaves in training.

T. M., Bridgeton, N.J.

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A Reader Writes

There's nothing I like better than to lick the crotch of a nice pair of panties after they have caressed some gal's juicy clit. I've bought a few pair, always from the same saleslady at a local department store. I have several pair of her panties. She introduced me to her sister who is a physical education teacher and she brings me lots of panties that are discarded in the girls' locker room.

Early in December, I was in a car accident and knocked out. The next day a very

attractive nurse visited me. She had the yellow briefs I had been wearing at the time of the accident in her handbag. She gave them to me and smiled, saying that she was the one who undressed me and had put the panties aside so I wouldn't be embarrassed. Then she stepped back and lifted her uniform. She had a white garter belt and a pair of lovely white panties on.

"Do you like them?" she asked. I could only moan. She laughed and dropped her uniform. I begged her to please let me see more. I offered to lick her panties.

"No, honey, not here. But before you're through, you're going to lick more than my panties."

Now every Tuesday and Thursday I go to her place. She's divorced and lives with her mom. Yesterday when I went there I met her mother for the first time, a lovely woman of 48. To make a long story short, I'm here with her now. She's beside me wearing a pair of blue panties and I have on a pair of white panties with pink lace clinging to my hot cock.

Since yesterday noon I've sucked her fantastic pussy nine times and fucked her four times.

My buddy who is a panty lover told me yesterday that his mom caught him last week. She was mad, but that night he found a pair of her panties in his bed.

M-m-m-m!

C . B., Massachusetts

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My Wife is a Lesbian and My Love is Panties

Harry S., 41, is the image of the prosperous bourgeois. Portly, but with a pleasing smile, his purposely "mod" attire seems like an endearing affectation. He is an accountant. He explained that to an outsider his marital life might appear to be a travesty, it's actually worked out exactly the way he always hoped it would.

My sexual life is panties. Do you think you'll be able to use me in your article? Is liking panties still kinky these days? You look at the girlie magazines with their long-legged centerfolds, and well, it almost makes me feel like an All-American lad.

When I married my wife she sensed that I was as uninterested in intercourse as she was. It turned out she liked other women. You know, lesbian. I didn't mind. I let her have affairs with lesbians and she lets me have sex with my panty collection. It's all worked out very harmoniously.

One thing I've gotten into lately is this: I go into a laundromat, look at the people, decide who the prettiest woman in the place is. Then I go up to her and say, just as she's about to throw her



dirty panties into the wash,

"I'll give you fifty dollars for that pair of panties."

"What, you crazy?" she says.

"No, it's for a commercial," I say. "There's a camera with a telephoto lens across the street, filming us."

"You're kidding."

"No, I'm not," I say, and wave a fifty in front of her face. Naturally she gives me the panties, still pungent with fart stains, etcetera. Then I begin to walk out.

"I thought this was a commercial?" she calls out. "Aren't you gonna tear the panties in half and wash each half in a different detergent to see which half comes out cleanest?"

"I represent a different product," I say. (Yeah, the product of my semen.)

I go home where my wife is waiting. As long as I don't bother her about going to lesbian bars, she participates in my panty scene. The last time I did this, here's how the scene went:

"What's that bulging in your coat pocket?" she asks as I came in the door.

"A new pair of panties I bought," I explain. "I got them from a cute redhead."

"Are you going to smell the crotch, Harry? Are you going to sample the shit stains?"

"Only if you watch, my dearest," I say with true affection.

"Of course I'm going to watch. I need every bit of evidence I can get that men are perverts."

Her scorn and cutting comments never fail to get me aroused. We go to the bedroom, where I drop my pants and start to stroke myself in the panties I have on. I pull the fifty-dollar panties out of my pocket, lift them to my nose and sniff them.

"True love," I say. "These panties are my true love."

"Your prick is larger than usual," my wife says. "They must smell good."

I pressed my face up close to the cheap blue nylon. There was a yellowish stain in the crotch, perhaps from some vaginal suppository. Perhaps from something worse? All I could think of is how excited I was and how hard my prick was.

"I think you should jerk yourself off," said my wife. "Those panties obviously deserve that much homage."

"Yes, dearest, of course," I said as I lowered the panties down until they draped my dick like a tent. I wrapped the nylon around my meat and began jerking off with a steady rhythm.

I looked down and studied the panties. My vision focused on the panties like a microscope. I could see the tiny rows of fibers all knit together into one blue masterpiece; I could see the white elastic bands of the waist and hips as they rubbed against my cock tip and nudged out my pre-seminal fluid. I could see the vague brown stains on the seat, the yellow ones on the crotch, and the splotches of dampness from my own excitement.

In short, those panties were an amazing sexual experience.

"Come on, Harry," my wife said, "you're holding me up. There's a cute young hippie girl that I want to go meet. I'm going to eat her furry hole."

"Yes, dearest, yes, dearest, yes . . ." My words suddenly evaporated in my moment of climax. I felt my entire body throwing itself into the orgasm. I started shooting into those panties and filling them up with my juice. I came and came and came.

When I was finished, I just wiped myself clean with the panties and added them to my vast collection. It's not only an exciting fetish, it's a convenient one. Squirt on 'em and save 'em till next time.

Well, I hope this has been kinky enough for your article. I realize that I am kind of a conservative guy, but I try to be different!



I Masturbate Into My Mother-in-Law's Panties . . . And She Loves It!

My mother-in-law is a naturally dominant woman, who has always teased me on the sly from my wife. Ever since I met her daughter, she has delighted in flashing me peeks up her skirt and down her blouse. Two days after I first met her, she playfully even grabbed me in the groin!

Recently, we got past the game-playing stage of our relationship when she surprised me at home alone one day. She stripped off her blouse and bra, took a pair of my wife's dirty yellow satin panties out of the laundry hamper and wrapped them around my cock and balls as she stroked me and gave me a fabulous blow job. At the last moment I shot my load all over her tits. She then licked her tits and played with her nipples and cunt as she watched me bring

myself to a second orgasm.

It took a while, since I'd just shot one load, but her presence and sexual energy soon had me beating a stiff rod again. She herself continued to jerk off, moaning so much that I couldn't be sure of how many times she made herself come. When I announced that I was going to come again, she shouted for me to stop and quickly made me put on her panties. She then started sucking the head of my cock through the panties while she jerked me rapidly with quick, short strokes. I came in a few moments, and she moaned as if she were a starving woman being fed for the first time in weeks. (She is a widow.)

Once we had recuperated, she took delight in giving me a spanking with a Ping-Pong paddle as she reprimanded, "You are a very naughty boy for spunking my pretty panties!"

Since the ice was broken, our games have taken a new turn. When I'm at her house, she gives me a signal which tells me to go into the bathroom. In a prearranged hiding place in the bathroom is a pair of panties which she has just worn while playing with herself. The crotch is always very moist and aromatic, and I sniff the panties as I'm getting my rocks off. She wears the biggest panties, very expensive and very lacy. I put them on and my cock swims around in the big nylon panties as I jack off through the sexy material.

I then replace the panties with my glob of jism in the crotch and leave the bathroom. A few minutes later my mother-in-law reenters the bathroom and fingers herself while she is wearing my come-soaked gift. When she comes out again, she is wearing the panties, and it gives me an added thrill to know that she is sitting across from me, eating dinner or playing cards, feeling my wet, sticky fluid on her cunt. And all this goes on with my wife being none the wiser!

Panty Fetishist

I have been reading your rag for the past several months. I enjoy it all, but I particularly enjoy reading the detailed descriptions of the various sexual escapades enjoyed by your other readers. I must admit that I seldom read all of them before I find it necessary to take myself in hand and jack off.

I am a panty fetishist and have been for most of my life. I idolize fine ladies' panties and keep in my possession 100 to 200 pairs at all times. I enjoy the feel of the sheer smooth nylon on the head of my hard cock. I can never wear them for very long before my hand is inside the panties and I am jacking off into them.

My fantasy has always been to find a woman wearing Vanity Fair panties (they're the sheerest and the best to feel) who would allow me fuck the outside of her panties, with her in them of course. After many years this fantasy finally came true. I met a shapely woman whom I asked out for dinner. She had a fine face, body and personality. She was a real find, especially since she was wearing white slacks and I could tell by her panty line that she was wearing brief-style panties. It has always been a big turn-on for me to be able to see the VIP (visible panty line) on a woman.

After dinner I suggested we go to my apartment for a drink. She accepted, and after several drinks, I suggested we take off our clothes. She agreed, but I told her to stop at her lingerie so we could make it last longer. I was in heaven when I saw she was wearing a beautiful pair of Vanity Fair panties in a rich rose color. They had white elastic waist and leg bands and a panel of white lace on each side. They hugged her body in the most sensuous way.

We lay on the bed kissing and feeling each other's bodies for a while. My cock was hard as a rock and damp with my juices, and the crotch of her panties was soaked with her juices. I finally rolled over on top of her and the feel of the head of my cock on those smooth panties was heaven.

After only a few strokes on her panty-lined crotch I came like I had never come before and drenched the front and crotch of her panties with what was unquestionably the biggest load I have ever let go. She hadn't come and was squirming on the bed like she was going out of her head. My cock was getting soft after all that, so I masturbated her to several big orgasms right through her panties.

By this time her panties were so soaked that I suggested she take them off and I would wash them the next day. She thanked me and put them in my clothes hamper. It was late and although I invited her to stay all night so that we could get into some regular fucking, she felt she should go home. Then we talked for a bit and she rather sheepishly admitted that she thought regular sex was not as much as it was cracked up to be. She said she preferred masturbating in her panties. In fact, she had several spare pairs in her purse because she never knew when she'd get the itch in her panties that he'd have to satisfy. She pulled out a virginal white pair with pink elastics and lace and stepped into them. I was getting horny all over again. I took the opportunity to tell her



about my fetish for the same type of panties that she loved to shoot off in. She was really interested and wanted to know how I got started and everything about it. How I got the panties, what exactly I did with them etc. What an amazing thing to have a cheering audience the first time you have ever told anyone about your fetish! Wild!

Any way, we agreed to get together the next night, but she really did have to get home. So after driving her home, I couldn't wait to get back to my apartment and get my hands on her panties. I pulled them out of the hamper (they were still soaked) and looked at the brand name. They were indeed Vanity Fair and size five. I quickly stripped off my clothes. I wear a size six, but I was able to squeeze into her panties and jack off another terrific load into them. I want to tell you that I developed a great relationship with that woman, but the truth is that she got back together with her husband who had walked out on her. We still do see each other once in a while but only on the street because she lives quite close to me. Whenever we do see each other, she smiles that knowing smile that gives me an instant erection. Last Christmas, I found a beautiful pair of violet Vanity Fair briefs in my size neatly gift wrapped in my mail box. The enclosed card was signed "From you know who."

J. L., New Jersey

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Rasied in Girls' Clothes

I recently ran across an old photo album of a most attractive little blonde girl. Years had passed since the photos were taken, but the little girl was very cute, especially with her beautiful long hair ribbons. Pigtails were a way of life and proud to own in those days, and this girl's pigtails were beautiful. The snapshots had notations of the child's age. They went from one year, to two years, three years, four years, and then abruptly ended with a photograph marked "first day of kindergarten at five years." The little girl's dresses were short like modern-day styles, half way up one's thigh. In fact, it was as fashionable to show lace panties 50 years ago as it is today. I dare say they were far more attractive, for often the panty lace was handmade by a relative who was proud to see the finished product frequently on display on one of their children.

I am fifty years old and my mother is eighty years old. When I asked her who the cute little girl was she said, "Who do you think?"

I blushed, when she said that it was a running pictorial story of my early years.

She admitted she had expected another girl beside my sister, Helen, who was eight years old at the time. But when I was born a boy instead of a girl, she decided to raise me in clothes my sister had outgrown. She even convinced my father it was a good idea since their financial condition was bad at the time, and if they didn't have to buy me a lot of clothes, it would save them a lot of money.

My father was a stern old bastard who whipped me often. As I grew up, he'd always say things like, "Why can't you be like other boys, play ball, get yourself a paper route, and do some man's work around the house instead of following your mother and sister around all the time and trying to do women's work?"

At age five, my father said dressing me in girl's clothes had gone on long enough and he told my mother to have me get a real boy's haircut. He returned from one of his business trips with an Eton suit such as his father might have worn in Liverpool, England. But in our neighborhood, such an outfit was considered very sissy. My father ignored that fact and insisted that I wear it.

Furthering the problem, the V-neck (sailor style collar) was of course open and that exposed the pink ribbon bow at the top of the silky lace-trimmed chemise that I always wore underneath. Dad knew about the girlish chemises and lace panties that I always wore for underwear, but they didn't seem to bother him. He was only interested in my outer clothes.

With the suit, I was supposed to wear knee-high argyle socks with heavy boyish brogues, but I had cried so much when they put these on me that they allowed me to wear short white ankle socks with black or red patent leather shoes instead. At times, Mom even put me into a pair of my sister's long, dark brown silk stockings together with a pantywaist which contained four garters (now known as a garter belt).

I really thought this the lesser of the two evils until I was sitting with my Sunday school in a circle of chairs when they noticed my garter tabs holding up my stockings.

They also asked me if I wore pink panties. When, innocently, I replied, "yes," they laughed and called me a "pantywaist" and a "sissy." When Sunday school was out that day, six of the boys grabbed me and pulled my shorts down to see my pantywaist and panties; they really laughed. They all took turns touching the lace and tickling me between the legs. They showed me off to some passing girls who called me more names and laughed as they asked if I wanted to play dollies with them.

We spent every Sunday afternoon traveling on a trolley car to my grandmother's house. I, of course, had to dress my nicest, that meant the Eton suit. I remember grandmother asking Dad if he was not dressing me a little too young for a schoolboy almost six years old.

He said, "Knut is dressed neatly and when he decides to act like an older boy, I'll dress him in clothes suitable for an older boy.

When grandmother saw my girlish lingerie, she smiled at me and had me sit on her lap. She pulled up my sailor top and peeked down into my shorts to see the pink rayon chemise and panties I had on that day. She asked my mother if she was going to get me boys' underwear now that I was being dressed in boys' clothes. Mother said she just brushed off the question since it was something she hadn't even thought about.

Grandma asked me if I liked wearing girls' underclothes. I told her they were my clothes. She just laughed and had me sit there on her warm lap for the longest time as she kept her hand inside my shorts stroking the soft silkiness of my panties against my hips and ass. She kept rubbing my little penis through the panties and asking me if that felt good. When my little dickie got hard, she felt around and started tickling my balls through the panties too. She laughed and said, "Knut likes his pretty panties. Don't you, my little sweetie?" Her touching made me squirm, but she kept it up until I was groaning in agonizing pleasure, pleading with her to stop but not able to push her hand away from between my legs.

My father said, "I think his mother got her wish. Knute is just like a girl. He's not strong enough to be a boy. It's embarrassing to see him like those panties of his so much."

Sexual Equality: Skirts for Men

SAN JOSE, Cal. - David J. Hall wears skirts.

No, he's not Scottish, and they aren't kilts. They are skirts - some purchased in women's clothing departments and some, called "skerts," designed specifically for men. Hall is not gay. Neither does he consider himself a transvestite.

"I find myself more comfortable in skirts," said Hall.

Hall sees himself as something of a pioneer and an explorer. He is trying to win others to his way of dressing, although he admits he has found few converts.

In October of last year he published a 26-page paper on the subject entitled "Advantages and Disadvantages of Various Forms of Body Covering," which he offers by mail for \$2.60 (David Hall, P.O. Box 9487, Stanford, Cal., 94305). It not only details Hall's philosophies and thoughts on the topic, but also includes etiquette information for men buying a skirt and thoughts on footwear. But so far, he knows of only two other men in California who regularly wear skirts in public.

Undaunted, Hall said, "I say, this is coming."

Hall's life hasn't been simple during the last decade as he progressed from considering skirts as an alternative male dress to actually wearing them.

There is opposition from his wife Felicity, who considered it a threat to their marriage, and from their four sons, now aged 10 to 22. Public reaction, including colleagues at the Stanford Research Institute, wasn't overwhelmingly favorable either.

The 47-year-old electrical engineer, who is also a golfer, first became intrigued with skirts on a visit to India 10 years ago. The men there were wearing lungis, long cloths loosely wrapped around the legs. Noting the similarity in climates between parts of California and parts of India. Hall began to experiment with clothes.

"I discovered my wife had all sorts of interesting skirts and wraps," Hall recalled.

When the experimenting went beyond their home, Hall began to encounter opposition to what he considers a "taboo."

As far as Hall is concerned, women wearing pants and men wearing skirts is equality of the sexes. His theory is that there are only two types of garments--those wrapping each leg separately (pants) or those wrapping both legs (skirts). Fashion has gone from both sexes wearing skirts to men wearing pants and women wearing skirts to men wearing pants and women wearing either pants or skirts.

The next logical step, in Hall's mind, is men and women both wearing either pants or skirts.

"It's OK for women to copy men, because men consider women to be inferior. If a girl acts aggressive and associates with boys, we call her a tomboy. If a boy plays with dolls and associates with girls we call him a sissy. A word like tomboy has a neutral or positive connotation, but for a boy to be called a sissy is negative. It's part of the fact that men consider women to be inferior and it is OK to imitate your superiors.

"Equality is a theory that is not seen in practice. If it were, you'd see men in skirts."

Felicity Hall is candid about her feelings.

"In the beginning I had a lot of resistance," she said.

"I felt threatened, and I felt it would be difficult for the boys. Intellectually, I understood what David was getting at, but I'm more of a conformist and am concerned about what others think."

Most irritating to Felicity was the reaction of other women when her husband started wearing skirts. "They would tell David what he was doing was great. I'd ask them if they wanted their husbands to dress like that, and they'd say, 'Oh no, not my husband.'"

Now Felicity said, "I've been able to relax more about it. There are still more situations where I feel more comfortable with him in orthodox dress, but I'm trying not to restrict him."

"He's a man in a skirt, that's all. He's still very masculine."

In wearing floor-length skirts, Hall has encountered the same problems women do. The skirt must be lifted to climb stairs, and he admits it's not always convenient.

His shorter skirts seem to be more "threatening" than longer skirts that cover the ankle.

Hall's mail-order offering of what he calls "skerts"--to distinguish them from women's skirts--has not exactly prospered. Thus far he has sold only one of the three styles he offers, from \$40 to \$47, to a dentist.

He concedes that there is "sniggering and laughter" behind his back, but he dismisses it.

"I get more positive reaction than negative, especially from women, or it wouldn't be worth doing. If they want to wear pants, they must grant men the right to wear skirts, or it isn't fair."

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Old-Time Bondage & Spanking Pics

During the 1940s and 1950s, pictures of gals in pretty panties were rare. Most publishers of girlie magazines either featured nudes or girls in supposedly sexy costumes or striptease gear. For example, try to find models wearing panties in old issues of Playboy, most are in bathing suits, costumes or nude — not everyday lingerie. Some of the best panty pictures at that time were of models posing for early bondage and spanking photos like those by Irving Klaw and John Willie. Here's three of those pics from yesteryear for your panty fetish enjoyment.



Dream about putting
yourself in these girls'
pretty panties!

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Madame's Panty Boys

In old issues of the British femdom publication Madame, they often published pictures of manly guys in frilly panties. We took some of these photos and colorized them for your enjoyment.



Panty boy ready
for punishment



I have been naughty. My
sister has made me put on
her white silky nylon knickers.



Pansies wear girls panties



I am a sissy because I like
wearing girls frilly panties!



Naughty boys must
wear ladies knickers



Pansies wear
girls panties

Love #39

Reproduced here is the story of Debbie Lynne, one of crossdressing's most famous and popular stories. Numerous pictures of this young transvestite have been circulated by private collectors ever since the 1960s. Many of those pictures and various accounts as to the identity of this young boy were published in assorted publications over the years. However, details about the boy (like his male and fem name, city where he lived, etc.) vary significantly from one account to another. The attached article is one of the most well-known published versions. It appeared in issue #39 of Love magazine in 1977.

NOTE: Look closely at the picture on page 2 and you'll see the boy's white training bra peeking through his pink dress!

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The end of Inside Girls' Panties #1

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MY

SON



her age, and does not include even one sock which might have been bought for a boy, or in the boy's department of any store. With today's fashion leaning toward the masculine, or rugged image, it is sometimes difficult to find the dainty lace trimmed slips, panties and other things formerly very common in the girls department. However, with diligent searching, to include the various thrift stores,

we have been able to come upon all that is necessary to effect a very feminine wardrobe, which "she" also is very proud of, to the point of constantly desiring more of the lacy items.

Along with "her" wardrobe, we have begun a conditioning program, emphasizing soft feminine skin and complexion. This includes a daily bath of fragrant smelling oils, along with

MY

SON







regular applications of skin moisturizers. With the constant massaging of her skin; it is very soft, along with being pliable, to the point of our being able to let her wear a training bra, which, with it's pulling power via the straps kept taut, we are beginning to detect a slight bustline, which, to say the least, we are both jubilantly proud and happy. The reason for this jubilation, at least from "her" viewpoint is that "she" definitely has the stature of being a female.

The reader may be somewhat disillusioned, and question why Debbie Lynne is pictured in this article with a short hair cut. These pictures were taken about a year ago before our concentrated effort began. The reason for the outdated pictures is for the sole purpose of showing the reader who may have doubts as to the validity of Debbie Lynne being a girl with the body functions of a boy, that "she" indeed was born a boy.

The purpose of this article is to encourage any and all mother's of boys to continue in their belief, and programs. Also, if there be any mother's who are currently engaged in a program of liberating their sons to the wonderful, soft, fragrant world of women, please write as soon as possible. Also, if there be any mothers of sons who for one reason or another are not in a position to personally engage in a liberating program, and desire such a program for their sons for whatever reason, inquire as to how this may be accomplished through the writer of this article.

P.S.

Those who may read this article and question how, and/or why anyone would want to be in a position of liberating a son, or why a

boy would want to wear soft dainty clothing, please stop and ask yourself, why not. Who is it hurting? If girls and women can wear boy's and men's clothing, and adopt many of the manerisms of men and boy's, why can't the reverse be necessary to some boy's and men?

Please direct all inquiries to:

c/o Love Family
Long Beach, Calif.

Joanne



With the subject of Women's Liberation so much apart of the "now generation", I felt compelled to write about the liberation of my son.

To begin with, it all started when he was about three years old. He is now ten. For the past six and one half years, I have been raising him, born with the name of Richard, now

known as Debbie Lynne, to be a darling daughter. Since I started his, or I should qualify that by stating "her" training in the wonderful world of femininity, there has never been any reluctance on "her" behalf. I believe this to be due to the probability of never knowing anything other than skirts, dresses, and lovely lingerie, along with things only available to "her" with a feminine touch or aire. "She" comes when called by "her" name of Debbie Lynne, and fails to respond in any way, shape, or form, when addressed by the name of Richard.

Debbie Lynne's wardrobe consists of a complete array of clothing becoming a girl of