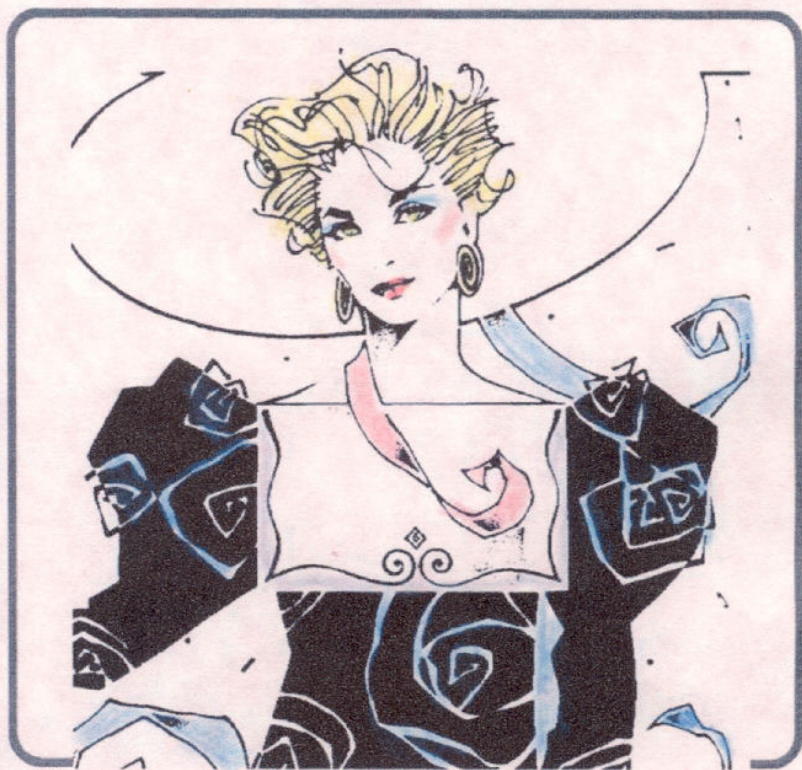


TRANSVESTIA

TV FICTION

MANNEQUIN



VOLUME 15

*Davy's Aunt uses him as a model to pin up
a dress she's making. Does he like this?*

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MANNEQUIN

From Model to Modiste

FROM
TRANSVESTIA # 13 & 14

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"Come in Davy," said Martha, my Aunt's maid, as she opened the door in answer to my ring. "It's been so long since you were over that we thought you were mad at us."

"Of course not, Martha!" I replied, "It's just that I've been very busy; but now that school's out you'll see more of me. Mother is out to a tea this afternoon so I thought I might as well come over early and have a visit with Aunt."

"That's fine, Davy---she's upstairs", said Martha as she disappeared into the kitchen.

Aunt met me at the top of the stairs, exclaiming, "I thought I heard your voice Davy. I'm so glad you came over early."

With that I got my usual hug and kiss---for Aunt and I were very fond of each other. In many ways we were like brother and sister, for she was much younger than Mother, and her point of view, as well as face and figure, were young. "I'm doing some dressmaking," she explained, "So come in and talk

with me while I work. I'm sorry your Mother didn't come over with you. I wanted to try this dress on her and finish pinning it; but now I suppose I'll have to wait until next week."

I told her that Mother had gone to a tea, then our conversation turned to other things---Aunt busily working all the while.

After an hour or so Aunt clipped a final thread, and petulantly exclaimed, "There, I'm all ready for fitting, and nothing can be done about it. I do wish Martha was my size so I wouldn't have to depend on your Mother."

I laughed and said, "Why Aunt, don't get so excited. What difference does it make when you finish?"

"Oh! None really, Davy. It's just that I don't like to have a lot of half-done things around." Suddenly she exclaimed, "Why, you are just my size! Why don't I try it on you?"

"Oh, no you don't!" I laughed. "I'm not going to be any dressmaker's dummy getting stuck full of pins."

"Oh, please, Davy. I promise I won't stick you a single time." We argued for several minutes, and finally I gave in and agreed to act as the dummy.

I stood up, took off my coat, and asked, "Well, how do I get it on?"

Aunt laughingly said, "You can never do it that way, you'll have to take off your shirt and pants too."

"Darn it!" I said, "I never bargained for all this trouble," but I proceeded to do her bidding. Aunt was so much a member of our family that I had no hesitation about partially undressing in her presence, and was soon standing before her in my under-

wear. She raised the dress and cautiously slipped it over my head, cautioning me not to wiggle lest I break the basting threads. Finally getting it on me, she tried to fasten the placket at the waist but it was much too small for me.

Aunt stepped back, looked at me for a moment, then said, "That will never do, I can't fit it if I can't fasten it. Besides, you don't have enough bosom to make it hang right. It looks like I'm not going to get it fitted today."

With that she carefully eased the dress off, and I turned to put on my clothes. As I took up my trousers Aunt said, "Wait a minute Davy, I have an idea."

And with that she left the room to return in a few moments with a corset. You must understand that this occurred many years ago, when corsets were really corsets. The one in her hands was a wasp-waisted affair lacing up the back, and capable of greatly reducing the wearers waist.

Realizing her intention, I set up a howl; but Aunt, becoming quite firm, said, "Now stop that Davy! This isn't going to bite you."

"But Aunt," I replied, "I can't wear a thing like that."

"Oh, nonsense!" She laughed, "It will improved your figure," and with that she clapped it around me, secured the hooks, and started to lace it up. However, it soon became apparent that it wasn't going to work---for my heavy underwear bunched up as it tightened. Aunt almost swore when she saw this---unlaced the corset, and laying it aside said, "We'll get this yet, Davy. I'm going to fit that dress this afternoon if it kills me."

And with that she again left the room while I stood wondering what she had in mind. In a moment she returned and handed me a small bundle of cloth and said, "Now go into the next room and put this on."

Curiously I unfolded it to find that I was holding a dainty lace-trimmed pink silk chemise. My jaw dropped when I saw it, but before I could protest Aunt took me by the ear and led me into the room saying, "If you say a word I'll twist your ear right off. Now you put this on and be quick about it." With that she left shutting the door after her.

I stood for a minute looking at the chemise---terribly embarrassed at the thought of putting it on, and almost in the mood to defy her---when suddenly the humor of the situation appealed to me. So laughing to myself I took off my underwear and stepped into the chemise.

It was so sheer and dainty that I felt completely naked, and the innate femininity of the garment was very embarrassing, but I shook the feeling off, and after taking a deep breath---opened the door. Aunt looked at me for a moment---then, instead of laughing, she appeared surprised. "Why you don't look at all bad Davy," she exclaimed. "In fact I think it's quite becoming."

This remark was more embarrassing than the expected laughter, and I could feel myself blushing all over. Aunt sensing, or seeing, this turned to the table until I recovered my self possession; then she again put the corset around me, and laced it up till I could hardly breath. But that was only the beginning. Giving me the laces to hold, she took some cotton and after shaping it into two balls started to slip them into the bosom of the corset.

"Hey no!" I cried, when I realized her intention, "You can't do that, Aunt."

She looked at me in a pert sort of way saying, "Oh can't I? What sort of dummy do you think you would make without the proper bosom?" And with that she finished stuffing it in. After shaping the cotton to her satisfaction she said, "There. That does look better. Now I can finish the lacing."

I gasped, "My God, Aunt! You're not going to lace this any tighter, are you. I'm about cut in two as it is." Aunt walked to the table and taking up a tape, put it around my waist. It measured 21 inches. Then she placed it around her own which measured just 18 inches.

"Now you see why I have to lace you tighter," she said. "Won't you let me try?"

"I guess so Aunt," I replied, "But don't be surprised if you kill me."

Aunt laughed, and said, "I'm that way all the time, and I look pretty good don't I?" I was forced to agree, for Aunt was the picture of health.

"But," I said, "you're used to it."

"Well, don't worry," replied Aunt, "you'll get used to it too." With that she started to lace me up again, and after tugging and hauling until I could hardly stand it she measured me again, then said, "There, now your figure is really nice Davy. As good as mine." With that she tied the laces, took up the dress and eased it over my head.

This time, the dress fit perfectly, so Aunt took a mouthful of pins and started to work---taking a tuck here, pinning a little tighter there, and generally making all the adjustments to a well fitting dress. I stood as patiently as I could; but after half an hour or so I ached all over from my effort to remain motionless.

At last she finished all but the hem, and telling me that that was all there was left to do she got down on her knees while I revolved slowly in front of her. While doing this, she asked, in a matter-of-fact manner, if I had ever had a dress on before?

"No Aunt. This is my first experience," I replied. With that she went on pinning without saying a word.

Finally, she rose to her feet, stood off and looked me over for a moment, then said, "Well I guess that's all. Thank you very much for your trouble. Now let's be very careful while I get it off, for we don't want any of the pins to pull out."

With that she carefully helped me pull the dress off over my head, folded it, and laid it on the table. Then turning to me she said, with a mischievous look, "You know Davy, you look so nice in that corset and chemise that I'm curious to see how you would look fully dressed as a woman. I think I'll get the rest of the clothes and have you slip them on for a little while."

"Oh, no!" I said, embarrassed at the thought. "This corset is bad enough. I'll dress for you some other time, but please unlace me now."

"You're not going to put me off that way," she replied. "I'll not unlace you until I satisfy my curiosity. Now come on and be a sport Davy." Aunt had a firm disposition and knowing that she would never relent, I consented, somewhat curious myself.

"That's fine," she said. "Now you wait here while I go find something that will be becoming on you." She was gone for quite some time, finally returning with her arms full of clothes.



First, she handed me a pair of black silk hose, very sheer for those days, and said, "You can be putting these on while I get the rest ready."

I snorted, "I don't have to wear these, just so you can see how I look with a dress on."

"Oh, stop your beefing! We're really going to dress you. Now put those one." Grumbling to myself I took them up and gingerly slipped them on. Aunt then asked me to stand, and after straightening the seams, she fastened the garters. "Now this

is next," she said, handing me another bundle of cloth. "We want you to be properly modest in case the wind should blow up your skirts."

I unfolded the garment and found it was a pair of bloomers, like the chemise, of silk and lace, and much too sheer to be much help in promoting modesty. By that time the joke of my dressing as a woman had really begun to intrigue me, so I stepped into the bloomers with little embarrassment. Next Aunt handed me a white silk slip, or petticoat, with a lace trimmed bodice and wide lace shoulder straps. After that a sheer and frilly white blouse, and a plain navy blue skirt, which, of course, came to the floor.

While Aunt left the room on some errand, I slowly and clumsily got into these clothes---much confused by the complex arrangement of hooks and eyes. But by the time she returned with a pair of high heeled high buttoned shoes in her hand, I was dressed. She stopped, and after gazing at me for a moment, said, "Davy I thought that you'd look funny dressed in my things, but you don't. You really look quite nice, and I'm going to explore all your possibilities before I let you go. Here, put these on while I get some more things." With that she handed me the shoes and left the room again.

Sitting down, I raised my skirts---with a most peculiar feeling and slipped my feet into the shoes. They, like the clothes, fit quite well; so I proceeded to button them up. The tight corset made it very difficult to bend over so by the time I had the shoes buttoned I was red in the face, gasping for breath, and glad indeed to stand. But no sooner had I risen than Aunt returned with, of all things, a wig. "Where in the world did you get that?" I asked.

"Oh, I had to get it after I had the fever," she replied. "Our hair is about the same color, so it

should be alright for you. Please sit down again so I can put it on."

I obeyed her, and she proceeded, with deft fingers, to place it on my head. It was equipped with elastic so it fit like a tight cap. When it was adjusted to her satisfaction, she took the hair pins out of it, and taking a comb proceeded to comb it all out. It was so long that it came down about me like a waist-length cloak. All the snarls out, Aunt started to do it up. This took her a long time, but finally she was finished, and after putting a little powder on my nose she said, "There you are, Davy. Now stand up so I can see how you look."

I did so--- gravely revolving in front of her. "Fine Davy! Fine," she said after looking me over carefully. "You look very nice. I never would have believed that you would look this good as a woman. But come into the bedroom where you can see for yourself."

I followed her, and seeing myself, gasped with astonishment. I looked so much like a younger sister of Aunt that it was amazing. She had arranged the hair in a soft knot, or roll, extending from ear-to-ear across the back of my neck---the same way she wore hers. We were dressed similarly, that is, white frilly blouses and tailored walking skirts. However, the resemblance did not end there. Our features were much alike and with the hair softly framing my face I lost all appearance of masculinity---becoming almost as pretty as she.

The actor in me thrilled to think that I could look feminine and pretty, instead of ludicrous, in her clothes. Aunt had been watching me all the time I stood in front of the mirror. When I finally turned to her, she said, "You know, Davy, I think I'll adopt you for a daughter and make you dress as a girl all the time. You're too small and frail to look like much

of a man, and you look so good in dresses that I'm sure nature intended you to be a girl."

This remark hurt, for my lack of size was a sore point with me. However, before I could reply Aunt sensed this and changed the subject by exclaiming, "Goodness! It's almost supper time. Your Mother should be here any minute." The thought of having Mother see me as a girl was very embarrassing, so I told Aunt that I had better change before she arrived. "Alright," she said. "But first, let's go down and let Martha see you." I hesitated---then realizing that Martha would hear of my masquerade---I followed her down.

Martha was setting the table. When she first saw me a look of surprise crossed her face, for she didn't realize who I was. Then she recognized me and burst into laughter, "Why it's Davy," she exclaimed to Aunt. "Dressed in your clothes."

"Yes," said Aunt. "Don't you think he looks nice?"

"Martha came around the table---looked me up and down---then replied: "Why he looks like your sister---and he's almost as pretty as you. Davy, you look fine as a girl." Though Martha's approbation was pleasing, it was nevertheless embarrassing, so I stood silent while the two laughed and chatted about me.

Suddenly a voice behind me said, "Frances, what in the world have you done with my child?" I whirled, and there in the door was Mother. Coming into the house without our hearing her, she had been standing there listening, and looking at me, or rather my back, for several minutes.

Aunt, laughing, crossed the room, kissed Mother, then said, "Why Agnes, you know I've always wanted a younger sister, and now I have one. Don't you think she's cute?"

"Why, yes," replied Mother. "But how in the world did you ever get Davy to dress that way?"

"Oh, that was easy," said Aunt. "I couldn't get you to help me fit a new dress, so when Davy came by I persuaded him to act as my dummy, and that gave me the idea---for you see---I had to get him into a corset before the dress would fit."

"Davy in a corset!" Shrieked Mother, bursting into gales of laughter, "Of course, he would have to wear one to get that figure, but it just hadn't occurred to me." By that time she was laughing so hard that it infected Aunt, who joined until they were both almost hysterical. "My little boy Davy in a corset and a dress!" Laughed Mother, "I just can't get used to the idea."

"And, oh yes," added Aunt, "He also has on my best chemise and bloomers." This sent Mother into another fit of laughter while I stood praying that the ground would open and swallow me.

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Finally the laughter ceased, and Mother, drying her eyes, said, "Come over where its light Davy so I can really see how you look." I followed her to the window and there she walked all about me---viewing me from every angle.

After a moment Aunt asked, "Don't you think he really looks good that way Agnes?" Mother turned to Aunt, and after a moments hesitation said, "Why Frances I'm so amazed that I'm at a loss for words. Davy looks so feminine that I would never have recognized him if it weren't for his family appearance. If anyone had told me that my son could look like a girl---completely feminine---merely by dressing in girls clothes, I wouldn't have believed them. Frances, you had better look out or Davy will supplant you as the pretty one of the family."

Aunt laughingly said, "Well I don't care if he does, I'm quite proud to have been the discoverer of Davy's hidden talents."

Dinner was, by that time, almost ready and seeing a way to get out of my embarrassing attire I suggested that I had better change before we ate. But mother slipped an arm about my slim waist, kissed me, and said, "Oh, please Davy, don't change for a while yet. Let me pretend you're my daughter---instead of my son---for I've always wanted a daughter, and you make such a good looking one." This remarked surprised me indeed, for Mother had never talked that way before. So when Aunt added her entreaties I consented---to their obvious pleasure.

Our meal and the long visit afterward were pleasant, for I was kept so amused that I did not have time to dwell on the discomfort of my attire. Martha persistently embarrassed me at the table by calling me, "Miss" at every opportunity. It was "Please try these pickles Miss," or "Try to eat a little more, Miss

Davy," all throughout the meal. But later when we were chatting around an open fire in the living room, I forgot all about my embarrassment---and as long as I sat up straight I suffered little discomfort from my corset.

Several times during the evening I would glance down at my skirts and a feeling of gratification would creep over me. I would think to myself with a feeling of pride, "It's not every man that can make himself appear to be a pretty and dainty girl."

As we sat chatting the time slipped away until Mother, glancing at the clock, exclaimed, "Heavens Davy! It's almost eleven. We must go right home." Aunt rising to her feet replied, "I'm sorry to have kept you so long Agnes, we've been having such a good time that I didn't realize how late it was."

"We've had fun too, Frances," replied Mother, "But we must go now."

"Hey!" I interjected. "Don't be in such a hurry, I've got to change before we start."

"Goodness," replied Aunt. "You seem so natural that way that we'd forgotten all about it. Rather than keep your Mother waiting why not wear those clothes home. You can bring them back tomorrow and get yours at the same time."

"Oh, gosh no, Aunt!" I exclaimed. "Someone will be sure to see me." At that they both hooted---saying that it was impossible that I would have any trouble.

As I hesitated Aunt said, "Wait a minute, Agnes, I know what we'll do." And with that she turned and ran upstairs.

While she was gone I said to Mother, "You and Aunt must be crazy. What would people say if they saw me this way?"

"Nonsense, Davy!" She replied. "No one could possibly recognize you that way, and even if they did they would probably think you were smart, for you look much better as a girl." I was astonished, for here was Mother actually approving of my unethical costume; but before I could say more Aunt came down---her arms laden.

"Here Davy, try this on", she said, holding up a coat for me. I obediently slipped my arms into it and found I was wearing a short blue jacket---that matched my skirt. It buttoned tightly down the front, completely covered all but the ruffled lace collar of the blouse. Then she took a blue feather-trimmed hat, secured it to my head with two long hatpins, and handing me a blue purse and blue suede gloves said, "There now, Davy! You're properly dressed for the street, you can return the clothes tomorrow." While Aunt was fixing me Mother had gotten her coat and hat, and before I knew what was happening they fairly pushed me out the door.

I stood on the front steps in a positive fright and as I look back on it there was nothing to fear for my disguise was practically undetectable. But we are not always logical-and if Aunt hadn't slammed the door with a sound of finality I'm sure I would have run back into the house.

Mother who had started down the walk now turned and called to me. With retreat cut off there was nothing to do but follow her. As soon as I caught up she said, "Put your gloves on Davy. No lady ever goes out at night without them." They were quite new and tight so we had walked the length of the block before I had them on, and by then I was over the worst of my fright and beginning to enjoy the novelty of my walking attire.

My high heels were strange so I had to be careful not to turn my ankle, and the feel of the long heavy

skirt about my legs, was of course, utterly foreign, but not unpleasant. However, the tightness of the corset forced me to go slowly and after only walking a few blocks I got a stitch in my side. Several times Mother cautioned me against swinging my arms too vigorously; but twice she did compliment me on my acting.

We were home in no time, and when we were safely inside I felt pleased with myself. I had managed the walk without any unpleasant incident and my confidence was soaring. It was so late that we immediately went to bed. After removing my hat, jacket, skirt, blouse, petticoat and bloomers, I could not untie my corset laces and was reluctantly forced to seek Mother's help.

Seeing me in my intimate feminine underthings, she laughed heartily, but as she unlaced me she again remarked on my feminine appearance even in my revealing attire. The corset off, I gratefully stretched and enjoyed great lungfulls of air. Returning to my room, after an unusually fond good-night from Mother---I removed shoes, hose, chemise, and wig, and happily climbed into bed.

Mother called me the next morning saying, "It's quite late you lazy-bones. Just because you parade around all night in the latest fashions you can't expect to sleep all day."

I climbed out of bed and went in to take a bath, carefully averting my eyes as I passed the pile of feminine underthings I had left on a chair. Returning to my room, wide awake and tingling after my cold bath, I was surprised to find Mother still there. "I thought that you would be at breakfast by now Mother," I said. She said that she had decided that she would wait for me, and then asked what I planned to wear that morning. I replied, "My usual

clothes. Why do you ask? Is there anything special on for today?"

"Oh, no Davy! It's just that I would like to have you put on Frances' things again."

"What! Me wear those things again!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, Davy, don't act that way," Mother pleaded. "I'll help you get them on so it won't be any trouble at all."

"But why, Mother?" I asked. "They're so uncomfortable, and besides you saw me in them last night."

She hesitated, then answered, "Oh, come on, Davy, be a sport. All I want is to get some pictures of you that way-then you can take them off."

"Yes, and have Sue see me," I replied. "What would she think?" Sue was our maid.

"If that's all that is deterring you then it's alright. I've already told Sue about last night. She thought it was a clever idea, and is dying to see you that way. In fact, she said she was going to ask you to dress for her before you took the clothes back."

I realized that I was defeated for the time being, so to stall Mother off I told her that I would put them on after breakfast. But that didn't fool her. Having won the first round she pressed the point, and before long I was grudgingly putting on the chemise. Mother then helped me put on the corset, arranged the breast padding, and laced it up. I then put on the rest of the clothes; and while I buttoned the shoes she arranged the hair, or rather the wig.

After the experience of the previous day, the clothes were not such a mystery, and I was dressed much sooner than I had expected. Like Aunt, Mother put some powder on my face----and also a

touch of rouge, for she thought that I had appeared too sallow the evening before. She also painted my lips a rosy red with a sweet tasting lipstick.

As we started downstairs I was surprised to realize that now that I was dressed as a woman I was glad that Mother had persuaded me to do so. I passed it off with the thought that the novelty had not yet worn off.

Sue was so surprised when she saw me that she almost dropped the coffee pot. I was forced to undergo a thorough scrutiny at the completion of which, Sue, like the others, agreed that my appearance was amazingly feminine. She also added that she liked me so much that way that she hoped I'd dress as a girl often.

The reaction of Mother, Aunt, and the two maids, amazed me---at first they all thought it a huge joke, then their amusement changed to surprise, and most strangely of all---approval. I couldn't understand it, but this acceptance was most marked and it increased as time went on.

We sat down to breakfast, and as the meal progressed I found that I was not so tense as I had been the previous evening. As I relaxed, the clothing, despite its strangeness, could be tolerated. Sue continued to show her approval by being unusually attentive to my wants. Breakfast over, Mother decided that there was not yet enough light for pictures, and that she would write a few letters in the meantime.

Having nothing to do, I put on the blue jacket and wandered out into the garden---planted so that a heavy screen of bushes kept any neighbor from seeing me. There I spent more than an hour enjoying the fresh morning air and doing a little light, and rather ineffective cultivating among the flowers.

I soon found that the hem of skirt got wet in the dewy grass when I stooped, and of course, bending was impossible in the corset. As time wore on and I was spared the embarrassment of having anyone commenting, or laughing, about me I found that my attire was not so impossible as I had thought. For whole minutes at a time I even became oblivious to it. As a result, when Mother finally appeared with the camera I was able to act and pose quite naturally.

Mother took several pictures of me---first, in the skirt and blouse, then with the jacket, and finally with hat, bag, and gloves completely attired for the street. I was more than glad that she did so for I was curious to see how I looked to the camera's impartial eye. The pictures taken, we went into the house and I started to change, but Mother told me there wasn't enough time before lunch, so I postponed it.

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After a wait long enough for me to have changed ten times, Sue finally announced lunch, and for the third time I found myself sitting down at the table in feminine attire. Lunch over, Mother chatted for a while. Then she got her coat and hat and announced that she was going to a card party. She suggested that I walk with her for she had to go quite close to Aunt's.

"Fine, Mother, " As soon as I change, and get

these clothes in a box, I'll be right with you."

"Oh, Davy, I can't wait that long. Why don't you come as you are. It will save you the trouble of carrying Aunt's clothes down, and those you left there back."

"But Mother, I can't go out in these clothes in the daytime; it was bad enough last night."

You're being foolish Davy. No one in the world would recognize you." Just then Sue came into the room and Mother asked her, "Sue do you think anyone would recognize Davy, dressed as he is? He's afraid to walk down to Frances' with me that way."

Sue chuckled, and turning to me said, "How you talk Davy! Why even I wouldn't recognize you. You're just a foolish child, afraid of the dark."

This angered me; I hated being called a child. So without another word I got the jacket and hat---put them on, pinning the hat as securely as I could, and taking up the bag and gloves called to Mother that I was ready. She came out into the hall, closely followed by Sue, and as we went out the door I saw them exchange an amused glance.

The walk proved so uneventful that I mentally kicked myself for my fears. We met no one on the way, and on leaving Mother, a block from Aunt's, I felt pleased that I should be able to walk the rest of the way alone.

Martha, as usual, answered my ring, and on seeing me she cried out, "Miss Davy! I'm glad to see you. It's so nice that you came down that way. Don't you like those clothes a lot better than your nasty old pants?"

"No! I do not! I only wore them to save the trouble of carrying them down and mine back."

"Oh. come on, Davy," laughed Martha, "You know how nice they make you look. I'll bet you're going to wear them from now on."

"No, I'm not!" I replied, as I walked up the stairs in a huff.

"Hello Davy!" Called Aunt, as I reached the top of the stairs. "I'm in the sewing room." I walked down the hall and into the room. When Aunt saw me, she cried, "Davy! You're wearing my clothes again," and jumping up she gave me an enthusiastic hug and kiss. "How nice it is to see you that way," she continued. "I've been thinking about you all day and hoping that you wouldn't be stubborn and refuse to wear them again. We all liked you so much this way." I grimaced at this, but Aunt only laughed, saying, "Oh Davy, it isn't half so bad as you pretend. I'll bet you really like them, for everyone likes to masquerade."

"Well I don't! The only reason I'm wearing them is that Mother wanted a picture of me this way and being dressed I thought that it would be easier to wear them down than to carry them, and then carry my own back."

"But Davy, I sent your own clothes up this morning to save you the trouble of carrying them."

"Darn it!" I exclaimed. "What am I to do?"



At this Aunt broke into peals of laughter and answered, "There is nothing to do but wear my own clothes on home again." I was really angry by this time but realizing that it would do no good to show it I tried to be as nonchalant as possible, and changed the subject.

I sat down and we chatted for quite a long time. Aunt then looked at the clock and remarked that it was almost four and asked me if I would like a cup of tea. I agreed, and she said, "Fine Davy, I'll have Martha get it ready while we freshen up."

Aunt went to the head of the stairs, and calling down to Martha asked her to serve us tea in the living room. Then she called me into her room. I followed to find her going through one of her capacious closets.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"I'm looking for a becoming dress for you, Davy. The clothes you have on aren't suitable for this time of day." I immediately became embarrassed and starting to protest was silenced by her reply, "Now Davy since you're dressed as a woman you may as well dress appropriately. Those clothes you have on are not right for a tea---so get them off at once."

I realized that she was going to have one of her firm spells again so I took off my blouse and skirt, and a moment later, at her bidding, my petticoat and shoes. I stood in front of her in my, or rather her, underthings, fiery red with embarrassment. Aunt seeing this asked, "Why are you so embarrassed, Davy? I saw you this way yesterday, and you don't look any different now."

"I can't help it, Aunt. I shouldn't be wearing these clothes."

"Davy, you men are fools. Why shouldn't you wear dresses if you wish, you know they're much nicer than men's clothes. Now put this on," she said, handing me a dark blue petticoat that was perfectly plain as compared with the frilly white one I had worn under the sheer blouse. I put it on then slipped into the dress she held ready for me.

This dress, made of soft medium-blue silk, was perfectly plain, with a full skirt and full three-quarter length sleeves. The neckline, cut in a deep V, was without a collar, but had around it a ring of fine white lace, as did the bottom of the sleeves. Aunt then handed me a pair of black shoes, high buttoned, of course, but daintier and higher heeled than those I had worn before. While I was buttoning the shoes she rearranged my hair, put some makeup on my face and after rummaging through her jewel box, put a pearl necklace around my neck and two bracelets on my left wrist.

"Now Davy, look at yourself." Getting to my feet I walked to the mirror. I had been surprised the day before, but today I was, if possible, even more amazed. The blue shade of my gown was very becoming, and surprisingly its plainness of cut did not detract from my femininity. If anything, its excellent lines of fine material made a more feminine appearance than had the lacy blouse and tailored skirt. Aunt was delighted, and rather embarrassed me when she said, "Davy you're positively adorable."

"Adorable nothing!" I snorted, "I look and feel like a fool."

"Well, I like you much better this way, and I think you will too in time. But let's not argue Davy, tea should be ready."

When Martha saw me in this new attire she reacted just like Aunt had---complimenting me on my appearance, and the becoming shade of my

gown. As before she called me, "Miss Davy," and nothing would make her stop. Tea finished, I prepared to go home. I was extremely nervous about making the whole trip alone but pride prevented me from asking Aunt if I might stay until after dark.

Aunt got me a long light-blue coat, a blue feather-trimmed hat, which fortunately had a veil, a handbag and white gloves. Before I knew it, I had all of this on---the veil over my eyes---and Aunt was escorting me to the door. Pausing there she said, "Now Davy, stop your foolishness. No one will recognize you---so run along before you're late. And have a good time."

"A good time! Huh!" I replied, as she pushed me out the door. I was so tense and nervous that I almost started to run but a fortunate stumble brought my wits back, and realizing that my actions were anything but ladylike, and bound to attract attention, I slowed my pace. Twice I crossed the street to avoid meeting other persons---then, just as I was turning our corner congratulating myself on my good luck, I almost ran into our next door neighbor, a dignified old gentleman whom I knew quite well.

Instinctively I gasped, and fortunately stood still. He raised his hat and apologized as if I were the grandest lady in the world. I couldn't speak, so I just nodded and smiled, and trembling so I could hardly walk---but elated over passing this unexpected test so well---I went on to our home.

Leaving my hat and coat in the hall, I walked into the living room. Mother glanced up, and seeing me, exclaimed, "Why Davy, you're dressed up again! How nice you do look! Darling, I'm so glad you're still dressed as a girl but I'm certainly surprised. From the way you talked this morning, I thought you'd never wear a dress again."

"I never will," I replied. "But when I got to Aunt's I found that she had sent my clothes back here----so there was nothing else to do. This dress is Aunt's idea for she said the other wasn't right for the afternoon."

"She's right, and I must say she has very good taste. That dress is most becoming on you."

"Well, it won't be for long, I'm going right up and change."

Mother cried, "Oh, wait Davy. There isn't enough time before dinner and you don't want to keep us waiting."

However, despite her plea, I was about to go ahead when Sue stepped into the room and announced dinner. Seeing me, she exclaimed, "Oh, but you look nice, Davy! I'm so glad you've decided to wear dresses. I thought this morning that I liked you better that way, and now that I see you in that pretty blue dress I'm surer than ever of it." I almost boiled over at that, but caught myself in time and went into dinner with Mother.

Mother, an extremely intelligent and interesting person, talked very well, so before we had finished our soup she had diverted my mind from my clothes. When dinner was over she led me into the living room, and there again kept me so interested and amused that I didn't want to leave to resume my normal attire.

The evening passed and at bed time when I was undressing the thought occurred to me that I had been dressed as a woman all day and had not been particularly uncomfortable---even the corset had been bearable so long as I remained erect. "Well, I know now that I'll never again feel so sorry for women, and the kind of clothes they wear," I thought as I got into bed.

When Mother woke me in the morning she suggested that I put on Aunt's clothes again, but I absolutely refused, and she didn't press the point. While dressing I was unable to find the suit that Aunt had said she sent over, and when I later asked Sue about it she said that it had never arrived. then I realized that Aunt hadn't sent it at all, but had merely told me she had in order to keep me in her clothes. I was the victim of a plot, and I vowed I'd get even with her.

Later, I bundled up all of Aunt's things and took them back. Unfortunately she wasn't in so I couldn't give her a piece of my mind regarding the dirty trick she had played on me. When Martha let me in she did give it to me----telling me that I should be wearing Aunt's clothes instead of my own----and nothing that I said softened her opinion in the slightest. So I left as quickly as possible with her arguments for wearing skirts ringing in my ears.

During the ensuing week I saw Aunt several times and on each occasion she urged me to dress in her clothing again. For every reason I gave her for not wishing to do so, she gave me ten in return, and she was not alone in this for Mother and the two maids abetted her.

I was finally reduced to saying "No!" and letting it go at that.

Even then, I was plagued with questions, such as, "But why not Davy? You can't say, 'No!', without some reason."

This heckling tried my patience more and more, until one afternoon when we were at Aunt's, and it had been going on steadily for an hour, I blurted out, "Aunt; I will dress up once more if you will let me alone. I'm getting sick and tired of your teasing."

Aunt thought for a minute, then said, "I'll make a bargain with you Davy. You dress as I wish for a month, and I'll promise to stop." Of course I hooted at this proposal, but our bargaining continued finally ending with me agreeing to do as she wished for one week, starting the next afternoon. The next day, Martha was leaving for a vacation and Aunt was coming to stay with us during her absence. A week was a long time, but I knew Aunt would keep her word and it was worth it to be free of the heckling.

Early the next afternoon Aunt arrived, laden with bags and boxes. At her direction, I carried part of them to the room she was to occupy and the rest to my own. By then I thoroughly regretted my bargain, but determined to stick with it so they would have no opportunity to laugh at me.

As soon as Aunt was settled she came to my room, and said, "Well Davy, shall we get started?" My heart sank. I took the dainty silk and lace chemise she handed me from one of the bags, and going into the bathroom, I undressed and put it on. Returning to my room I found Aunt had unpacked most of the bags.

My bed was piled high with lingerie, hosiery, corsets, and other feminine apparel, while in my closets hung a long row of gowns. Aunt, turning from the closet, saw me and smiling, said, "Davy, you look better already. Now let's finish dressing you." In a short time I was attired in all of the underthings: corset, hose, bloomers, corset cover, and petticoat, and struggling for breath against the tight lacing.

Aunt then took one of the dresses from the closet. It was of plain black silk, with a narrow skirt draped to a suggestion of a bustle in back, high choker collar with fine white lace about it, long narrow sleeves

with lace cuffs, and fitted very snugly about the waist and bosom. With her help I struggled into it and was initiated into its mysteries of hooks and eyes and snaps. It was by far the most complicated dress I had yet worn. This was followed by shoes, wig, makeup and rouge, and lastly, a fine emerald ring and cameo brooch.

Thus dressed, Aunt made me look at myself, and again, I was surprised at my feminine appearance. Although I had to admit to myself that I did not think the severe black dress was as becoming as those I had worn on previous occasions. Then I was paraded before Mother and Sue. They were lavish in their praise, though Mother, to my satisfaction, did say that she thought that the dress was a trifle too severe for my age.

As before it took some time for me to become accustomed to my clothes, but the afternoon and evening fairly flew by, and before I knew it it was bed time. Both Mother and Aunt came to my room and amid much laughter on their part, and embarrassment on mine, helped me undress. While I was clad only in my chemise, Aunt took from the closet a blue wool wrapper and a pair of high-heeled mules. Helping me into them she handed me a flowered, much ruffled muslin nightgown and told me to change into it.

I protested that night gowns weren't part of the bargain, but got nowhere, and so for the rest of the week I slept in the dainty gown.

The next morning Aunt woke me and helped me to dress, or rather showed me how, for she explained that I should be able to do it for myself. Lacing my corset was physically difficult, but the rest, except for my hair, was easy.

Arranging my hair was a long and trying job, but Aunt patiently advised me. Finally I was ready for

breakfast dressed in a plain blue and white cotton morning dress. When we got downstairs Mother complimented me, but chided us for being such slow pokes. However, she laughed heartily when I explained that our delay was caused because Aunt had forced me to dress myself.

That afternoon Mother and Aunt left on a shopping expedition, and though they begged me to accompany them I steadfastly refused. After their departure I read for a time, then becoming bored I wandered about the house, finally ending up in my own room.

There I turned to the closet and for the first time really examined the dresses hanging there. There were more than I could possibly wear in a week, and though the thought of them was embarrassing there was a tiny tingle of excitement down my spine. Realizing that the morning dress I had on would not be appropriate for dinner I selected a rather plain dark green satin dress, and taking off my cotton one I put it on. I changed to more formal shoes and rearranged my hair as best I could. Then putting on the emerald ring, I surveyed myself with satisfaction, and went downstairs for the balance of the afternoon. Mother and Aunt, laden with bundles, arrived just in time for dinner. Both approved my choice of gowns and hairdo, so I felt justly proud at having earned this by myself.

The next morning I was dressed in my cotton house dress and downstairs before the others got up. When they did appear I was given the usual scrutiny and approved except for my hair, this they said, wasn't perfectly arranged although good for a beginner.

After breakfast Aunt told me that she had purchased cloth for a suit the previous day, and asked if I would care to help her make it. I agreed, for time

hung heavily on my hands. Going up to the sewing room with her she unwrapped a bundle. Spreading the cloth out for my inspection, said, "There. Don't you think this will make a pretty suit?" It was a rather heavy reddish-orange velvet, really a lovely color and very fine material.

Indeed I agreed with her that it should make a very handsome garment. Then she got out the pattern and started to work. I helped as best I could, and for the next few days alternated between seamstress and dress dummy, acquiring in the process a considerable dexterity with needle and thread. Surprisingly, I enjoyed it more and more as we progressed.

That day we worked until the middle of the afternoon. When we finished I changed into a beige wool dress cut on very plain lines with a high neck and long sleeves. It was trimmed with embroidery of a contrasting color. After dinner we went for a walk. Over my dress I wore a long plain black coat, black hat, purse, and gloves. Although I was nervous, the walk was uneventful.

I arrived home well pleased with myself. By that time I had become quite accustomed to my clothes, and felt at ease while wearing them. Only occasionally did the corset bother me and at times I actually found myself enjoying the feel of my skirts and the daintiness and smart appearance of my apparel.

The third morning found me attired in a floral print house gown, and soon after breakfast Aunt and I were again engrossed in our dressmaking. By that evening, when I changed into the dark blue skirt and frilly blouse that I had worn the first time Aunt dressed me as a woman, our work was well started. The skirt was finished and the jacket beginning to take shape. Aunt was an extremely careful and

competent seamstress so the cut and workmanship were excellent.

All that day Mother and Aunt had alternately teased, and dared me to go to the theater with them that night. Finally I took the dare and so that night for the first time I really appeared in public as a woman. When dinner was over we got on our hats and coats and walked to the car line. As the brightly lighted car stopped for us I became so panic stricken that they had to practically carry me into the car. After we were seated I darted glances at the other passengers in the car, and to my relief none seemed to be paying any attention to me. It was the same throughout the evening.

I was frightened as could be, but my fears were in vain for nothing happened. However, I was never so relieved as when we arrived safely home. When my nerves quieted down I began to feel elated about my experience, and for the first time I realized that I was beginning to enjoy my novel position. I knew I looked good in feminine attire, and the softness, daintiness, and variety of the clothes appealed more and more to me.

The next day was very much like the proceeding ones. I spent the day in a cotton house dress, helping with the sewing, and in the evening in the blue silk gown I had worn the second time I appeared in dresses. By noon of the next day the suit was finished except for such finishing touches as buttons, which Aunt had not yet purchased.

That afternoon she got ready to go downtown to do this necessary shopping. Mother had other plans, so Aunt asked me to go along with her. Though my trip to the theater had immensely helped my confidence I did not relish the prospect of a trip in broad daylight. However, after much urging I consented, and we started out. I wore a rather



TRANSVESTIA PHOTO REVISITED

JOANNE

From issue # 58

Would you like to see more photos? Write:

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plain light-brown suit. Its long open jacket had flaring skirts, and it was trimmed with gold braid. The skirt, on the other hand, was perfectly plain. Under it I wore a ruffled white silk blouse with a high neck and I also had on a brown hat with a heavy veil, brown purse and gloves, and a gold bracelet.

I was very nervous at first, but by the time we were downtown and in the store I began to relax. The saleswoman were most polite and seemed to find nothing unusual about me. She delighted me, and amused Aunt, by saying, "My Miss, but you wear your clothes nicely."

Aunt shopped with a vengeance. After getting the notions necessary to finish the suit she bought a lovely sheer silk blouse with a froth of lace ruffles down the front, a dainty silk and lace chemise, bloomers, petticoat, hose, a very nice corset, a salmon colored velvet hat with matching purse and gloves, and finally, a pair of high-heeled reddish brown shoes.

I stayed with her all the while and though I was frequently embarrassed when the clerks showed me the dainty apparel, I enjoyed the afternoon and frequently made comments on the things Aunt was considering. The scope of her purchases amazed me for she already had plenty of clothes, but when I inquired about it she merely said that she wanted an entirely new outfit to go with the suit.

I was tired and excited when we got home, and elated at the good job I had done with my masquerading. And all the nice things I had seen had opened my eyes to the possibilities a woman has in selecting clothes thus adding to my already awakened interest in things feminine.

The next day the suit was done. It was lovely. The excellence of material and workmanship, and its superb color and fit, combining to make a very

smart garment. At lunch Mother and Aunt decided that as it was Saturday they would make an occasion out of our dinner that evening. About five they sent me upstairs to bathe and when I came back to my room, in my blue wrapper, Aunt was laying clothes out on my bed.

First, she gave me a chemise, most unusual for it had no shoulder straps, which I put on to find it had an elastic about the top of the bodice to hold it up. Then came the corset. It was very dainty and much more wasp-waisted than the ones I had been wearing. So much more so that Aunt really had a struggle to get it laced tightly enough. But when she did, what a wonderful figure it did give me.

The corset was followed by hose and bloomers, and a petticoat that, like the chemise, had no shoulder straps. Instead it fastened tightly about the waist and over the breasts. Then Aunt helped me into the dress, or rather evening gown. It was of a heavy cream-colored satin trimmed with bands of black lace about the skirt and bodice. It had no shoulder straps, so the mystery of the chemise and petticoat were solved. However, the band of lace that formed the top of the bodice went around the arm as well to form an "off the shoulder" sleeve, rather like the gowns popular before the civil war. Thus, my shoulders, back, and bosom, down to my breasts were left bare.

Aunt then produced a pair of black silk pumps, most strange after the high buttoned shoes I had grown so accustomed to. I then sat patiently while she arranged my hair, placing the knot lower on my neck than usual, and putting an artificial white flower on each side just above my ear. Finally she powdered my face, neck, arms, and back, put a string of pearls around my neck, and gave me two rings and a bracelet to wear. "There now!" She said

adding pink lipstick, "You're ready for the party. Now run and take a look at yourself."

I started downstairs to look at myself in the hall mirror when she called me back, and made me put on an extremely long pair of white kid gloves. They came above my elbows and opened at the wrist in such a way that I could get my hand out and roll the glove back on my wrist without taking it off my arm. At her direction I put the bracelet over the glove and lastly took a black lace fan she handed me. I went downstairs while she went in to dress.

Standing before the mirror, I was amazed at my appearance. The full skirt and my narrow waist with bare shoulders combined to make me look like some lovely fragile flower. The low hairdo made my shoulders softer and narrower while the creamy silk was a most complimentary color, and, of course, the added touches of fan, gloves, and the flowers in my hair were most helpful. I was so delighted that I laughed to myself as I turned to view myself from every possible angle.

As I stood there Mother came down. Seeing me she exclaimed, "Oh Davy! You're lovely!" Kissing me soundly she continued, "Dear, you have no idea how pretty you are. You make me very proud. Few mothers have such lovely 'Daughters'."

I thanked her for the compliment, and then Aunt came down dressed, as was Mother, in an evening gown. We all stood admiring our images, then with their praise ringing in my ears, we all went in to dinner. Though we had to laugh at ourselves for dressing so formally for a "Hen party," we all had an extremely pleasant evening.

At every opportunity I went out into the hall to look at myself, and every time I did I became more enamored with my appearance. And when I finally

got ready for bed that evening I took off my dainty gown with genuine regret.

When I arose the next morning, I was glad that my week as a woman was nearly over. Although I had become accustomed to, and even fond of, my feminine apparel, I looked forward to resuming my own clothes that afternoon.

At the breakfast table Mother and Aunt decided to have luncheon downtown and see a matinee afterwards. I pleaded to be allowed to resume my own clothes before we started, but Aunt reminded me that our bargain was for a full week, which wouldn't be up till late afternoon. I grouchily agreed and spent the morning in my cotton dress, reading and feeling sorry for myself.

About 11:30 Mother announced that it was time to get ready, so we all went upstairs. I asked Aunt

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A black and white illustration of a woman with short, wavy hair, wearing a high-collared corset and a matching jacket. She is looking slightly to her left with a neutral expression. The illustration is framed within a rectangular border.

what I should wear, and she replied that she would decide while I was bathing. I took off my cotton dress and underthings and slipping into the blue wrapper went in to bathe.

When I returned Aunt handed me a chemise of pale pink silk, trimmed with loads of hand-run ecru lace and I recognized it as the one she had purchased the afternoon we went shopping together. It was so lovely that I felt an awful desire to wear it, but felt nonetheless that I shouldn't wear her newest things. I explained this to her, but she poo poed the idea and told me to go ahead and put it on.

I didn't wait for a second invitation, but stepped into the dainty things as quickly as possible, and with a thrill drew it over my body. Next, the corset, it too was new and lovely made of flesh colored satin and trimmed with rosettes of blue ribbon. The bloomers matched the chemise, and the petticoat made of heavy white silk with lace trimming had ruffles around the bottom where it would occasionally show beneath my skirts. These, and the sheer hose were also the new ones.

When I had the lingerie all on she gave me the dainty ruffled silk blouse we had purchased, and followed this with the skirt to the orange velvet suit we had made that week.

At this, I again protested against wearing her new things but I was quickly hushed and soon had the skirt on and was buttoning up the new reddish-brown shoes while she arrange my hair.

When this was done she made up my face, gave me two rings and a bracelet, and fastened a silver brooch into the ruffles at my throat. I then got into the jacket, and Aunt placed the matching hat on my head, pinned it in place and drew the veil over my face.

Lastly she gave me the matching purse and gloves. Thrilled with these lovely new clothes, I thanked her, but added, "Aunt, I love these clothes, but I shouldn't be wearing them. What if something should happen to them?"

"But Davy! You don't understand. They're not my things, they're yours."

"Mine?" I gasped.

"Why yes, Davy. Didn't you know that I got them as a present to you."

"Oh, Aunt!" I exclaimed, strangely thrilled. "Thank you ever so much. But what will I do with them? I'm through wearing dresses this afternoon."

"Oh, don't worry, Davy!" she replied with a most enigmatic smile, "I imagine that you will find some use for them." With that, she handed me a jeweled lipstick and motioned for me to apply it. I puckered up and coated my lips.

"Now you're kissable!" she giggled. I blushed at her comment.

I followed her downstairs where Mother was waiting. When she saw me she exclaimed at my smart appearance and looking at myself I agreed with her. The suit, a lovely color and in the latest fashion, was very becoming. I looked to be a smart and attractive young woman. I was justifiably thrilled, and doubly so when I thought that all the lovely things I wore were mine.

As we left the house I was nervous, but the by then pleasant feeling of the silken softness of my underthings, the tickling of lace, and the swing of my skirts, reassured me and I soon relaxed. Also, the thought of the smartness of my attire and appearance began to reassert themselves and soon I was bursting with pride.

We lunched in the smartest place in town, and as we were leaving I received the crowing touch when I heard one woman whisper to another, "My, but that girl in the orange suit is pretty. I wonder who she is?"

Mother and Aunt also heard this and gave me quite a teasing when we were out of earshot. When the matinee was over we had a light supper, and then went on home. Before we got there my week as a woman was over, but with lots of time left that evening I felt not the slightest desire to change. My new clothes so delighted me that I felt I would never like to be without them.

Aunt was leaving in the morning so we stayed up quite late. Just before we went upstairs she said to me, "Well, Davy, has the past week been as bad as you thought it would be?"

Of course I couldn't admit the feelings that were growing within me, so I said, "Oh, a person can get used to anything Aunt."

Both of them laughed at this, and Mother said, "Frances, I think he's beginning to like playing a woman's part and wearing women's clothing."

"Oh, no I don't!" I exclaimed, but gave the lie to myself by blushing at her penetrating remark.

Mother laughed again, saying, "He may fool you Frances, but I know him too well. He's delighted with the clothes you gave him, and I don't blame him a bit. They're lovely and so becoming on him. I'm very pleased to have such a pretty 'Daughter', for that's what he really is when he's dressed as a girl, like now. No one would possibly say that Davy sitting over there in that lovely suit is in any way masculine. In fact, I've become convinced the last few days that nature really made a mistake with

Davy. However, one that he can easily rectify by dressing for his proper role in life: that of a girl."

Aunt replied, in a serious tone, "I agree with you Agnes, Davy must really be a girl at heart, for otherwise he couldn't appear so completely like one. I've had so much fun the past week with him, and I so hope he won't get stubborn and refuse to wear his new things from time-to-time."

"Oh, I'm sure he will." Said Mother while I maintained an embarrassed silence. Then we went up to bed. As I undressed I lingered between each article of clothing, and when I went to bed, by choice, I wore one of Aunt's gowns.

When I rose the next morning I longed to put on my new finery, but realizing that it would be a dead giveaway I put on my own clothes while regretting that our bargain hadn't been for a month instead of a week. Indeed, my clothes felt strange, particularly the trousers, and my skin, accustomed to silk rebelled at their roughness. However, this sensation passed and I began to feel natural by the time I got to the breakfast table. There, neither Mother or Aunt made any comment about my appearance.

For the first few days after Aunt's departure everything went smoothly except that every time I noticed the velvet suit hanging in my closet, or the drawer full of lingerie, I felt a tingle pass up my spine. It wasn't that I wished to wear them so much, for after the first day that feeling had largely passed, rather it was pride of ownership.

Queerly, the fact that they were mine was pleasing out of all proportion. On several occasions Mother urged me to wear them but I always refused. I was afraid of their ridicule. However, one afternoon when mother and Sue were out and I was wandering about the house, I noticed the velvet suit. No sooner had I seen it than I had an intense desire

to put it on, and the thought that I could do so undetected was too much to resist.

So before many minutes had passed I was undressed and stepping into the chemise. In time I was dressed, had arranged the wig which Aunt had given me with the clothes, and was downstairs admiring myself in the mirror. It was then that I realized that my pride of ownership had really been a subconscious desire to wear the clothes for a most satisfied feeling pervaded my very soul.

The rest of the afternoon was delightful. I really didn't do a thing, but the mere fact that I was dressed as a woman made me happy beyond measure. I finally changed back to my own clothing just before Mother came in, and in response to her inquiries, told her that I had spent the afternoon reading. That evening I was completely miserable. I missed my dresses so much that I could hardly stand it, and several times Mother asked me why I was so restless.

Finally she said, "Davy! What in the world is the matter with you? You've been getting grouchier and more nervous everyday. Lately you're not at all like you were last week." I replied that it was her imagination. "No it's not. If you don't cheer up I'll insist that you dress as a woman again, for you never said one sharp word the entire time you were wearing Frances' things." My heart leaped as I realized this was a possible excuse to wear my feminine clothing, but openly I ridiculed her suggestion.

I woke early the next morning and lay in bed trying to work my courage up to the point where I could wear my feminine things, but I was still too afraid of ridicule and the exposure of my real feelings. I called myself all sorts of names, but in vain, and the more I tried the more despondent I became.



TRANSVESTIA PHOTO REVISITED

LIZ from HAWAII

Issue #77

DOES ANYONE KNOW WHO THIS IS????

A GIFT FOR A CORRECT ANSWER!

Write SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

When Mother came in to wake me I was in a terrible humor and quite rude to her.

She became quite angry herself and said, "Now look here Davy, I'm not going to stand for your vile humor any longer. You get right up and put on the clothes Aunt gave you. Perhaps that will make you behave."

Pleased at her tirade, but trying not to show it, I got up and started to dress without saying a word. My salmon skirt and ruffled blouse were hardly suitable for that time of day, but that really made no difference for at last I was getting to dress as I wished.

When finally dressed, I went down to breakfast. When Mother saw my face she said, "You don't hate those clothes Davy. For if you did they wouldn't cheer you up the way they do."

I didn't reply, but happily sat down and ate to the tune of Sue's compliments. I wore the clothes all day, putting on the jacket at dinner time. All the while I was so happy that Mother remarked again and again at my improved disposition, and vowed that she would treat me the same way every time I got out of sorts.

As a matter of policy, I kept cheerful the next day, thus avoiding any trouble with Mother, though I longed for my other clothes.

In the middle of the afternoon Aunt called and asked us for dinner. We accepted then Mother said to me, "Frances would be delighted if you wear your new clothes." I debated, torn between desire and fear. However, in the end, desire won, and some time later when we left for Frances' I wore my salmon suit.

When Aunt, opening the door, saw me, she fairly shrieked with pleasure, threw her arms about me and kissed me veil and all. When we were inside and I had removed my hat and gloves she took me by both hands and said, "It's so nice of you to have worn the suit, Davy. I'm complimented beyond words." She was so visibly pleased that I was glad indeed that I had followed Mother's suggestion.

Just then Martha appeared, and I had to stand and undergo her inspection, and swell with pride at her compliments. Then we sat down to have a pleasant dinner and evenings visit.

After that evening I felt that I could wear my feminine things more freely, and though I didn't put them on voluntarily I did dress as a woman practically every time Mother or Aunt asked me to. And as the violence of my opposition relaxed they requested with increasing frequency. Before long hardly a day went by that I didn't wear my feminine things at some time or the other.

One morning as I was helping Mother about the house, wearing my frilly blouse and salmon skirt, she remarked, "Davy, we're going to have to get you some more dresses. That nice suit will be ruined if you wear it for housework." I replied that it wouldn't hurt it then forgot all about the matter.

Several times in the next few days she and Aunt went downtown without asking me to accompany them. On the following Saturday when we went to Aunt's for dinner, I did get a surprise. When our meal was over they led me into the parlor and up to a tremendous pile of packages on the sofa and said, "Open them, Davy."

I was completely mystified, but at their bidding I took up a box and opened it. It contained a lovely black wide-brimmed feather trimmed hat. Still puz-

zled I said, "It's really nice, but why should I be opening it?"

At that they both laughed and Aunt said, "Why Davy, you silly goose, those bundles are for you. Agnes and I thought that you needed more things. Now go ahead and open all of them."

This was indeed exciting news, and I fairly flew at the pile. Before long I had them all opened, and what a wonderful lot of clothes were revealed. There was a very stylish suit of black silk with a long bell-bottomed wide sleeved jacket, and a white blouse trimmed with loads of lace. A formal afternoon dress, grayish beige and trimmed with embroidery, a dark brown fur trimmed coat with a matching narrow-brimmed hat. Two cotton house dresses. Two complete changes of lingerie, not as dainty as that I had on, but still very nice; two corsets, lots of hose, a pair of high black shoes, and a pair of beige pumps to match the afternoon dress and finally two purses each with gloves to match.

There was also a string of pearls, a gold bracelet, a lovely topaz ring, and a pair of gold earrings. Also included were such incidental accessories as veils, hat pins, dainty handkerchiefs, perfume, makeup and several shades of lipstick.

The lavishness of these gifts overwhelmed me. There was no longer any use pretending that I didn't like feminine things for I fairly bubbled over as I thanked Mother and Aunt. They seemed just as pleased as I.

I couldn't wait to try on my new things, so I picked up the black and white suit and excusing myself, went upstairs. There I took off my salmon suit, slipped into the new one, rearranged my hair, and went in to the full length mirror in Aunt's room.

What I saw delighted me for the extremely feminine suit was most becoming. After admiring myself for a few moments I went downstairs, paused in the hall to gain my composure then swept into the room in my grandest manner. I stopped in front of Mother and Aunt, and gravely revolved as would a model in a fashion show. They watched my pirouette and when I had finished and had given them a deep curtsy, they jumped to their feet with cries of pleasure.

For the next few minutes I was the center of attention while they complimented me on my appearance, and themselves on their good taste in picking such a becoming outfit. Then someone remembered the jewelry and in a few moments I had the pearls around my neck, the bracelet about my left wrist, and the ring on my right hand. The earrings required that my ears be pierced and though I swore I wouldn't allow it, I secretly resolved to have it done at the first opportunity.

When it came time to go home I packed up as many of the new things as I could conveniently carry, put on the wide-brimmed hat and the new coat, and with Mother carrying more bid Aunt a fond farewell. It took me a long time to get to bed after we did get home, for I lovingly examined each article before I put it away.

Rising early in the morning I decided to wear my new things despite any remark Mother might make about my doing so voluntarily. New lingerie was followed by new corset, hose and petticoat, a blue cotton house dress, and the new black shoes.

Just as I finished putting the final pin in my hair, Mother came in to waken me. Finding me up, and dressed as I was, she was delighted, and after chatting with her for a few moments about my new

clothes she returned to her room to dress, while I went downstairs.

Seeing me, Sue was astonished, and wished to know where I had gotten the new dress.

I told her about the gifts that I had received, and in answer to her questions, started describing all my new things. After awhile Mother came down, and with a start I realized that I had been gossiping with Sue like any woman, and that despite the anomaly of my position I had been discussing corsets, lingerie, and all sorts of feminine things without any sense of embarrassment or strangeness. And that even more surprisingly, neither Mother or Sue seemed to find anything queer about the situation.

About ten Mother suggested that we go to church. Agreeing, I asked her what I should wear. She thought for a moment, then said, "I think your new black silk suit would be most appropriate."

Surprised, I questioned, "You think I should wear a dress, Mother? Someone might recognize me."

At that she exclaimed, "Why, I'd completely forgotten about you in men's clothing." And then she put me on the spot for once and for all, by continuing, "I'm sure you wouldn't be recognized, but you do as

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you like." I felt that there was a malicious gleam in her eye as she said it, but her facial expression betrayed nothing.

There was nothing I could say to this, so I wandered upstairs and stood looking at myself as I thought over my predicament. Finally I said to myself, "If you like to dress as a woman as much as you pretend, and wish to continue it, you had better do the whole job or else quit entirely. Now which shall it be?"

As I finished saying that I raised my eyes to the mirror, and for the first time really saw myself for what I appeared: a handsome, graceful, and vivacious young woman completely without the taint of my old nondescript masculine self.

My decision was made that instant, and slipping out of my house dress I put on the black silk suit, rearranged my hair, powdered my nose, put on lipstick and my jewelry I went downstairs. There I put on my new black hat, pinned it in place and arranged the veil. I next put on my gloves and taking my purse went in to tell Mother that it was time to go.

She gave me an approving glance as she rose, but said nothing about my decision and soon we were on our way.

At church we met several of Mother's and my friends. Mother introduced me to them as her niece, "Davy," and not one of them questioned me or thought the name, one which my family used only in private, strange. After the service I found myself entering into the general conversation on the church steps, and several times I detected approving glances from some of the men present.

Arriving home, we took off our hats, and then when we went into the living room Mother threw her

arms about me and burst into tears. I couldn't imagine what was the matter until she sobbed, "Oh, Davy you were absolutely wonderful. I'm so glad you decided as you did for it makes all the difference in the world in you." Her quick intuition had sensed my decision and seen its outward effect on me for I no longer slinked and tried to hide. Rather, I walked like a queen, proud of my beauty, my lovely clothes, and my ability to wear them.

"But why cry, Mother?"

"I can't help it," she sobbed. "It's just that I'm so happy." And then as I tried to dry her eyes I astonished myself, for I started to cry too. This was something I wouldn't have thought possible. At last we were on a basis of understanding, and we spent most of the afternoon discussing my venture into feminine life.

I confessed the ever-growing desire to dress and at the same time my fear of ridicule that had plagued me ever since the day Aunt first got me into dresses. And she explained how much she liked me in my feminine role. That I had her complete approval whenever I wished to wear dresses and it was agreed that I would do as I wished in the matter with never any ridicule or criticism.

The next morning, I put on my blue house dress and spent the time helping Mother about the house. At lunch she suggested a shopping expedition and I agreed with alacrity. I wore my brown fur-trimmed hat with a veil, and under my coat the new embroidery trimmed beige gown. Our first stop was, as Mother explained, to buy some things that I needed. Our purchases consisted of several dainty silk-and-lace nightgowns, a blue velvet feather-trimmed negligee, and some mules.

Mother consulted me so much in purchasing them that they were really my selection, and I was delighted at the prospect of wearing these new things. I was also pleased that Mother would trust my judgement so much in selecting feminine underthings.

After that we did some incidental shopping, then, at Mother's suggestion, we dropped into a doctor's office and I had my ears pierced. This was a surprisingly painless operation and to my utter gratification not even the doctor noticed anything strange about me. We took dinner in a fine restaurant where I was treated with the utmost politeness, then came home for the balance of the evening.

After I had undressed I put on the prettiest of the new gowns. It was pale blue satin and trimmed with hand-run lace. I slipped into the negligee and put on the mules. Replacing the wig, I took out the pins and combed my hair down around my shoulders. I then went in to let Mother see me.

She was delighted, and after kissing me said, "Davy, you look as sweet as can be. Any man would instantly fall in love with you if he could see you this way." Even this remark didn't embarrass me as it would have a few days before. I was acquiring a feminine outlook and attitude toward life. She and I gossiped while she combed out her hair, then I went to bed to sleep wonderfully in my dainty gown.

All the rest of the week I wore feminine clothes and by Friday, when we went to the theater with Frances, my ears were sufficiently healed for me to wear my new earrings. During the intermission I was introduced to several people whom I already knew, and was proud indeed when I received several compliments on my beige gown. These encounters

were always thrilling, and each time I passed inspection my ego was further inflated.

For almost another week I remained in dresses, then one morning decided to wear my own clothing. It felt horribly coarse and strange, and surprisingly, I even missed my corset. Mother, true to her promise, didn't say a word, but Sue, and later Frances, both expressed their disapproval in no uncertain terms. Frances, when asked to stay for dinner, refused unless I changed. So I gave in.

As I was lacing my corset Frances knocked, and coming in said she would help. I cheerfully agreed, for it was always a struggle to lace myself tight enough. She soon had me pulled in, and as I put on my petticoat and the black and white silk suit, she took up the wig and combed it out.

When I sat down in front of her she had to comb my hair carefully back to keep it from bulking too large under the tight fitting wig. We wore our hair long in those days, and in addition I had not had a haircut since I embarked on my feminine career.

I remarked that I must get it cut as it was in the way and also very uncomfortable under the wig. But she requested that I put it off for a few days as she had an idea. I asked what it was but only got shushed for my pains.

The next time we went to Frances' I wore my old favorite and most becoming outfit, the salmon suit. When we had taken our things off Frances took me upstairs, sat me down at her dressing table, and removed my wig. I asked, "Did I do such a horrible job of putting it up?"

"No, Davy. It's not necessary that you wear it any longer. Your own hair will be long enough with the help of these." And she held up two switches for my inspection. First, she parted my hair across my

head from ear to ear, combing the hair in front of this part forward.

She then pinned the switches into this part and combed them back and down so that they mixed with my own hair, and fastened it up into a long roll across my neck. She then rolled the hair in front of the part into a pompadour. Finished, she held a mirror so I could see and it indeed did look nice. It was in the latest sleek style, and ever so much more comfortable than the hot bulky wig.

"It looks grand, Frances. But how can I ever do it that way after I have a haircut?"

"Oh, you mustn't do that!" She exclaimed.

"But I can't go around any longer looking like I do."

"Why? I think it looks nice, Davy."

"Yes, but what about my other clothes?"

"Phooey to them Davy. After I've gone to all the trouble of getting these switches for you, you can't spoil their use by getting a haircut just so you can wear your nasty old pants." At that I dropped the subject and went back downstairs with her.

When Mother saw my new hairdo, she was most complimentary and said, "Now you won't have to worry about being detected with a wig, Davy. Most woman wear switches, so it won't make any difference if they are seen."

I hadn't realized how uncomfortable my wig had been until that evening. Every minute I was surprised at the cool comfort of this new hair arrangement. However, I resolved to get a haircut the next day but in the morning the sight of the switches on my bureau challenged me to try arranging them by

myself. Before any time had passed I was busily experimenting with the new hairdo.

Day after day I intended to get a haircut, but something always prevented it, or the thought of a new hairdo made me defer it until the next day. Also, for more than a month, I wore nothing but feminine things, and that removed much of the incentive.

During this period I was given a new dress---the basic black silk dress---with mutton chop sleeves, a high neck, and a drape suggestive of a bustle in back. I also talked Frances out of the blue silk dress with lace trim that I had worn at first.

These new dresses gave me such a selection that I could dress appropriately for almost any occasion. Also, one afternoon I screwed up my courage, dressed in my black gown, and went shopping by myself.

It took a lot of fortitude to make my first purchase---a lovely gold filigree brooch, but when that obstacle had been passed I fairly went wild, and returned home that evening well laden. Mother was both surprised and pleased when I showed her my new purchases---a lovely pink silk chemise, hosiery, a new purse, the brooch, gloves, and a veil.

Then came the day that marked the real turning point in my life. Resolved to get the long-neglected haircut I waited till Mother was out, then changed to my completely unfamiliar masculine attire.

It felt almost strange as had dresses the first time I wore them, and I had to walk about the house some time to re-acquaint myself. My skirts, corsets, and high-heeled shoes, had completely changed my walk---I had to force myself to stride rather than take the usual quick short feminine steps.

I felt that I would pass and taking my dusty hat from the closet I put it on. At first I thought that it had shrunk, for it merely perched on top of my head---then I thought of my hair and stepped to the hall mirror. Looking at myself from the masculine point of view, I realized that I looked absurd---for my hair was impossibly long.

The thought of the barber's probable reaction was so embarrassing that I fled upstairs and into the solace of my petticoats. When Mother arrived home I asked her to cut my hair, but she absolutely refused. Angry at her, I swore I would go out the next day, but like many resolutions---I never carried it out.

A week or so later I returned from a shopping expedition to find that all my masculine clothing had been moved to the attic to make room for my expanding feminine wardrobe. During the week Aunt had given me a lovely rose lace evening gown with a black velvet cloak lined with rose satin, and rose pumps, and Mother had given me a fine Seal coat. I was delighted with these new clothes, and though I immediately wore the coat I had to wait some time for an opportunity to wear the gown.

Finally the night came and we were off to the theater. The gown left my shoulders and arms bare but was cut high enough in the bosom to conceal my deceptive padding. With it I wore a new pair of long gold and coral earrings in my pierced ears and arranged my hair lower on my neck than usual. I made an attractive picture and both Mother and Aunt gasped when they first saw me. At the theater I received so many favorable glances that I thrilled with pride.

Thus the winter fairly flew by, and before I knew it I was engrossed with purchases for my summer wardrobe. Any remnants of desire to return to a

masculine life disappeared at Christmas when I was fairly showered with clothes and dainty underthings. I became very clothes conscious and principally with Aunt's help I developed very good taste. With all the gifts and my own increasingly numerous purchases I became a very chic young woman.

By Spring my hair was so long that I could do with only one switch, and before a year had passed I dispensed with them entirely.

During the Summer, we took a trip. We were so favorably impressed with what was destined to become one of California's most fashionable towns that we decided to move there. This decision made, we returned home to settle our affairs. We packed all of our belongings and shipped them to California. We cut all ties with the past by giving away all of the masculine attire I had left.

When we arrived at our new home we purchased a house large enough for the three of us and settled down to take our part in the life of the town. It was a happy life indeed and soon we were enmeshed in its social whirl.

At first, I had difficulty meeting men from the feminine point of view. However, with a little thought and coaching I soon felt at ease in any situation. In fact, I became quite a belle and was given a rush by several young men. This was a lot of fun and I loved the pleasant life, but I had to be constantly on the alert to repel any amorous advances.

This attitude at first seemed to make the men more eager than ever. When they soon learned that it was no mere pose they settled down to treating me as a good friend which was a most satisfactory basis. I also made many feminine friends and it soon got

so that I could hold my own with the best of them about the most intimate feminine matters.

One day, about a year after our arrival, Frances came home in a most exasperated mood because she had been unable to find any nice underthings in the shops. She remarked during the tirade that she had a mind to start a decent shop herself. At the time this remark didn't make any particular impression on me, but in time the idea became intriguing to both of us.

We were soon enmeshed in our plans to open a really smart specialty shop. Most of our friends thought that we were just a couple of foolish women destined to fail. Despite their fears we continued our plans. We were, of course, terribly green, and had a hard time making the necessary arrangements like getting our stock together.

Eventually, we were ready and held our grand opening. Most of the women we knew dropped in on the opening day---more from curiosity than anything else. However, when they saw the exquisite things we had, we received nothing but favorable comments. From the first day our effort prospered, though our lack of business experience at first kept us from doing as well as we might have.

From our small beginning with nothing but lingerie, hosiery, handkerchiefs, and veils, we slowly branched out---first into corsets, then hats, and finally into a complete woman's shop. I learned as we grew, and in time even Frances had to admit that my taste was better than hers. I loved our twice-yearly shopping trips to the East, and could hardly resist keeping for myself most of the lovely gowns and accessories we purchased. As it was, I soon became the best-dressed woman in town and the more gowns I had the more I wanted.

Thus the years have rolled by---I am now middle aged---but still very chic looking. I never think of myself as a man, and the thought of wearing men's clothes is abhorrent. I am very happy in my feminine role, and ask nothing more.

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