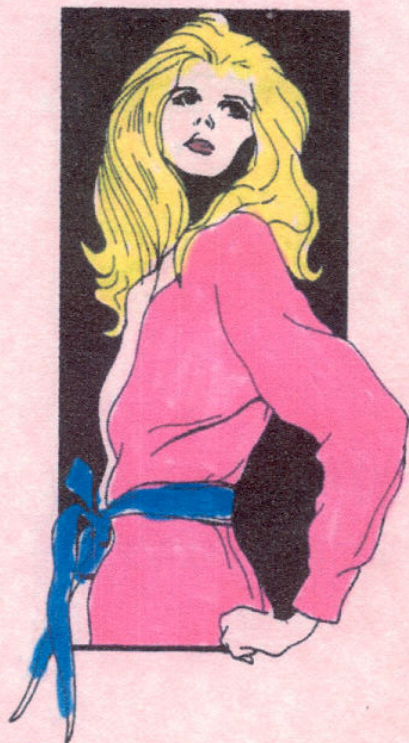


TRANSVESTIA TV FICTION

MARTIN TO MARION



Part two of the story

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

Volume 8B

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PART TWO

MARTIN TO MARION
PART TWO OF TWO

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MARTIN TO MARION

PART TWO

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Editor:

SANDY THOMAS

RENEE'

MARTIN TO MARION

PART TWO

MARTIN IS HEADED TO NEW YORK

We went on into a discussion of what I would need. Of course, I would take all my own wardrobe - my blue wool, my two skirts, two blouses and cardigan, my black dirndl outfit and the new sleeveless sheath I was making. I was sure I could finish it next Saturday. Aunt Marsha said we should have some dressy things for evening, and I pleaded successfully for the yellow chiffon I was wearing. I love the expanse of bare skin above my breasts and the delicious swish and swirl of its skirt.

Mother said she thought she could easily remodel the princess dress into something less like a fairybook and more into the current style. All she needed to do was remove the netting that hung down from the waist outside my skirt, shorten the hem, but leave the "built-in" net petticoat. I consented, but not without some misgiving, for I loved this dress which marked my most triumphant girlish success.

Jean said a suit would be good for traveling and mother concurred. "But Martin has worn both my fitted green tweed and the blue tweed with the box jacket. They both fit him so beautifully and are so darling on him, I think he should take one and wear the other." We also agreed on the need for a couple of afternoon dresses that mother and I would select from her closet.

I said I'd need more than my one slip, and perhaps another girdle and bra since they didn't dry overnight. I also thought I should have more than the one set of daytime shoes, bag and gloves that Jean had given me. Mother agreed to all of these thoughts, but throwing a wink at Aunt Marsha and Jean, said, "Let's see if Santa Claus does anything for you, Marion, and if he doesn't, then you will have something to shop for in New York!" This sounded fine to me.

I also worried about a coat. The two I had worn of mother's, the short and the polo, suited my age, but were not dressy enough for some of our New York occasions—like the theater or dinner at a nice restaurant, and mother's other coats were too old for me.

Aunt Marsha said one of the places she would be visiting in New York had a wide variety of coats for teenagers, and we could get one for me there very reasonably and quickly. So we decided I would wear the polo coat over my suit and buy a dressy coat in New York. Mother said she would do that for me as her contribution to the trip.

We went on talking about what we would do, after we finished and cleaned up the dinner and at the bridge table all evening. I went into mother's room later for my usual goodnight before undressing (and a particularly long and loving look at myself in the mirror - a vision in yellow chiffon, with billowing skirt below soft shoulders, on which smooth blonde pageboy locks danced and shone).

Mother smiled and said, "Marion, I don't think you have ever looked lovelier, even as a princess. You carry yourself with so much poise, grace and assurance now, and that adds to your beauty. You're a real joy to me dear, and it is fun for me to help my daughter in her feminine decisions about clothes and appearance. I am glad I was able to conclude that I could approve your trip to New York, and I know you won't misplace my trust in your confining and restraining girlish desires. Now give me a hug and a kiss and then if you want to flirt with yourself in front of that mirror again for a couple of minutes, go ahead. I don't want to see any signs of Marion again until next Saturday."

It was the day before Christmas. I had donned my cardigan and gray skirt for breakfast, but switched to a negligee over my slip when we went back upstairs to sew. Because there would be try on and fittings for both my sheath and the converted princess dress.

The sheath was really little more than two pieces of material cut to the pattern and sewed together at the sides. It slipped on over my head and then the straps buttoned on one shoulder, with two big white buttons. It fit fairly loosely, but was drawn in at the waist by a belt I made of the same material, giving a blousing effect to the top. I finished in the morning with some help from mother on the skirt hem, pressed it and wore it proudly down to lunch.

Mother also had finished adjusting the princess dress, which now made an attractive dress for evening, very suitable for a girl my age.

We passed the afternoon watching TV and chatting. Because it was my regular Marion night, as well as Christmas Eve, mother had suggested that Marion could have her Christmas then. Aunt Marsha and Jean were coming over after supper. I stayed in my new green linen because I was dying to show it to them.

They came over about 7:30. “Marion, that’s a lovely little dress,” Aunt Marsha asked with a bit of humor in her voice. “Did you really make it yourself? Why, you can be your mother’s assistant right now - or are you going to set up a dressmaking salon of your own?”

“Oh, stop teasing,” I said playfully. “Sure I’m going to have a dressmaking salon of my own, but all for me. Mother’s promised to get me another pattern and some more material to start on when I get back from New York.

Jean also said I looked ‘yummy’ in the dress. Then I told them about the princess dress, and they insisted on seeing me in that too. So I bounced upstairs and did a quick change into it and the matching pumps.

Then we turned to Marion’s Christmas, a big heap of presents under the tree. I was thrilled with the anticipation and even more thrilled with the results of their generosity. First, a pretty beaded evening bag from Aunt Marsha, together with a tiny compact to go with it. The thought of owning a lovely evening brought up many visions of the exciting possibilities of utilizing it.

Then a string of pearls from Jean. I just adored pearls, especially over my cardigan, or the rather high circular neckline of my new sheath.

There were several boxes all in pink with big white ribbons. Jean giggled when I picked up the first.

Inside the large one was an array of “dainty” lingerie. On top were several “brassieres”. Lacy, silky, ruffly, pretty, padded brassieres, made just for young girls—dainty, and feminine, “prissy” little girls.

“OOOOOOHHHHHHH Martin,” Jean swooned. Those are AAA-doorrr-ahh-buuulll. I can’t believe a little pesky brat like you is actually going to be wearing these. You’re going to look so cute and have a figure just like a girl.”

“Jean!” I said sprightly, “At least I should be ‘flat’.

“Flat,” Jean yelled, “Why you little...I bet you can’t wait to tell the boys at school all about your new ”brassiere”, and more importantly, the reason you need it.”

“Girls!” mother said, seeing that our kidding might turn into a fight. “Martin, go put that on so we can see the fit.”

When I returned, Jean’s teasing didn’t matter, I was bright eyed with excitement commenting on the lacy brassiere and how the padded cups fit so perfectly.

I proudly showed off my new “finer points” to the three women who were going “Gah, Gah”, and “Goo, Goo”, listening to my every word.

They were all mesmerized. While Jean asked, "How I liked it" and, "How does it feel," I was saying to himself, "I'm so glad I had a chance to wear one of these". I liked the way the silky nylon rubbing across my chest. The ever present pulling of the bra straps across my shoulders, and the tightly binding hug of the brassiere itself surrounding my chest.

Feelings that every girl become accustomed to. Jean seemed to know exactly what I was feeling. She smiled and stated knowingly, "Once you put on a brassiere, you are always reminded that you are different from a boy."

Next, a darling pink lacy tricot slip from mother, and another girdle from Aunt Marsha, a duplicate of the one I had on. Then, love of loves, the sweetest set of diaphanous nightie with matching negligee and mules from Jean. "Mother, you can have yours back now. Don't say I keep everything I wear of yours," I said.

This was followed by a pair of very low-heeled walking shoes from mother. She explained that my high heels would be just unbearable if Jean and I were on our feet all day, sight-seeing the city. Jean agreed that they were a good idea.

At first I took a dim view, but they were kind of cute in a stubby sort of way and I realized that I would have to bow to practicality and compatibility with my age. Besides, when I wore heels and Jean didn't, we were about the same height, and I rather liked the idea of being a little shorter girl than she.

The next package was a pair of nice white evening gloves from Aunt Marsha, which I would surely need.

The final large package from mother contained a stunning pair of brown lizard sling pumps with matching bag, and brown gloves and inside the bag was a handsome check to buy a coat! I hugged her delightedly and then continued around to the others. What pure joy to have everything I needed. "My, I'm just a lucky, lucky girl!"

I tried to be as enthusiastic and interested as I could in Martin's Christmas with mother the next day. And she was generous to me there too - with new hockey skates that I had wanted, a big rough-knit sweater and other things. But I was glad to see some small amounts of money from mother's brother in Maine and my aunt on my father's side who lived in Georgia. To me this meant a little spending and shopping money for Marion in New York.

I could hardly wait for evening and the need to pack. I couldn't bear to pack all Marion's pretty things while clad as Martin. I knew I wouldn't be able to keep from gushing nor from handling them girlishly. So I told mother I really should try on the nightie set for fit and couldn't I do that, then do my packing. She agreed; she knew I didn't like mixing Martin and Marion.

The nightie and negligee fit beautifully and felt wonderful. Mother helped me get everything including her blue polka dot and pleated print I had worn into a big suitcase of hers, and I was surprised how much there was - how it bulged.

We laid out her green tweed and my new lizard shoes and bag to wear the next day. Finally, everything was ready. Mother was going to drive us up to the Capitol City Airport for our ten o'clock plane. I kissed mother goodnight, thanking her for a wonderful Christmas and for the trip. Then I went off to my room and, unable to resist overpowering temptation, doffed my wig, negligee and mules and slipped between the sheets in my delicious new nightie.

Monday I awoke early, pleased at the feel of my nightie and tingling with excitement.

I quickly packed the nightie, negligee and mules, then began my preparations - wig, girdle, brassiere, nylons, nail polish, make-up, slip, blouse, skirt, jewelry. I was all dressed and ready when mother called to wake me up. "My, you're eager, Marion! Isn't it a beautiful day to fly? I had never flown and this was to be an experience too.

It seemed an age before we had finished breakfast. I had donned my jacket, pinned the combs of the little pillbox hat to my hair, and hung my polo coat over my shoulders, and we were off to pick up the Shaws. Jean and brought out their luggage and then snuggled up to each other as she reached for my hand in the back seat.

Time then flew by, and soon we had arrived at the airport, checked in, kissed mother goodbye, boarded, fastened our seat belts and were off. The flight was fun after an initial uneasiness and I felt like a veteran when we boarded a larger plane in Chicago for New York.

Not only was flying fun, but even more the acceptance as a girl. The stewardess saying, "Can I get you your lunch now, miss?" and then returning to chat for a few minutes, "Where are you girls going? Going to see the sights and do some shopping, I suppose?" You'll just adore the shops. That's a darling suit you're wearing especially with your pretty blonde hair."

I loved the compliments. One stewardess asked me if I'd ever thought of becoming a stewardess. I answered that I hadn't. She gave me a copy of their airlines career guide explaining the opportunities.

It was always fun when I could get out my compact, check my make-up and inevitably touch up my lipstick, power my nose and give my hair a fluff whether it needed it or not.

Soon we landed in New York and I was all ajog as we rode the airport bus from Idlewild into the city. I could see the tall buildings which Aunt Marsha identified before we arrived at our mid-town hotel.

Aunt Marsha and Jean had a large, twin-bedded room and I had an adjoining single, with connecting doors which we got the bellhop to leave open. After his "Will there be anything more, ladies?" had been answered with a "No thanks" and a tip. We all unpacked our things so they wouldn't be too mussed. But I could see I would have some ironing to do with the little traveling iron Aunt Marsha had brought, before my dresses would be presentable.

Aunt Marsha then said we should call at the wholesalers and get my coat so that I could have it all week. We took a cab a few blocks to a side street and went up several floors. The entrance was not prepossessing, but soon a kindly lady had greeted Aunt Marsha warmly and was told the problem. "we would like something cute and stylish for Marion here, in a cloth coat with fur trimming. She'll be back later in the week to order some things for my shop from your spring line."

I must have tried on a dozen coats and adored most of them so much that it was terribly difficult to decide. But with the help of ass their advice, I finally settled on a blue number with a big bushy light-colored fox collar and cuffs, one big button at the neck and a flaring skirt. It was youthful, striking and stylish I decided, as I surveyed myself in the mirror. I admired my blonde tresses falling over the collar and the way it hugged my bustline. (I had been lifting them carefully over the collar as I tried on the coats, well aware that they were less secure than had they been my own).

The saleslady then suggested that I wear my new coat and she would send the other back to the hotel, which thrilled me, of course. And after paying for it, I still had a little left over for other shopping.

By now it was past mid-afternoon. Aunt Marsha suggested that we walk up Fifth Avenue, just a half a block away, window shop, and get acquainted with the city. It was a gay sight. The windows were still full of Christmas decorations and gifts. We dawdled along liking with delight into the windows of Lord & Taylor's, Sak's, Bests' and the other famous stores. I felt stylish and so feminine in my coat, and an occasional reflection of myself in a window confirmed my belief. So did the glances at Jean and me by practically every man we passed. And I loved the feel of the fur collar snuggling into my chin.

We watched the skaters at Radio City, and saw the mammoth lighted tree there. I envied the girls, the graceful figures they

were cutting on the ice with their short, widely flaring skirts and long nylon stockings, all so colorful.

We ended our stroll as dusk fell, returning to our rooms to freshen up for dinner. Jean suggested my blue polka dot dress would be nice as we were going to dine at a little French restaurant off Times Square, see the lights and sights there and then go to the Paramount Theater to the movies. What a wonderland it was, too, with lots of other girls, some with boys, some without, parading up and down Broadway and Seventh Avenue! What a glorious day!

Next day Jean and I started our sight-seeing after her mother had gone to work. I put on the blue suit, my low heels, and of course my new coat, even though the polo might have been more appropriate. Already the low heels felt odd, and especially so in a skirt, as I had always worn high heels as a girl.

We visited the United Nations, had a bite of lunch near there and then took a cab up to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It



was interesting but exhausting, even in the low heels. We were lying on the twin beds in our negligees when Aunt Marsha returned. “Well, girls, you do look tired. Let’s just eat here tonight. They have a nice restaurant, with music, and it will be more restful not to go out. Why don’t you both bathe, as that will be resting, and then slip on any simple little afternoon frock?”

After bathing and putting on a fresh girdle, nylons and slip, I decided on mother’s print with the pleated skirt, my “inaugural” dress. Aunt Marsha recognized it with a “Why Marion, that’s the dress you wore the first time I met you. What a surprise that was - and how shy you were too! You have certainly developed into a lovely and charming girl in this short two months. Hasn’t it been more fun than you ever dreamed that first night?”

“I’ll say it has, Aunt Marsha.” I knew I could be franker with her than with mother. “I’ve adored every minute of it. I never dreamt of the pleasure, in fact, the ecstasy of being a girl. I wish we never had to go home.”

“Well of course, we must. But that doesn’t mean that we can’t see more of Marion as time goes on. Leave it to Jean and me, dear.”

“Thanks, Aunt Marsha, you’re wonderful.”

And so to a quiet dinner, among other beautifully dressed people, to pleasant music and pleasant conversation with two people I love very much.

Tuesday Jean and I were going downtown I decided on dressing more sporty, for a change, donning my plaid skirt and hat and cardigan, pearls and polo coat. We took the subway, only getting a little lost, but kindly guards put us straight. We visited the Stock Exchange, the Sub-Treasury, Trinity Church and finally the Battery, where we decided to take the ferry to Staten Island.

On the return trip, as we stood up in the bow with the cold wind in our faces, blowing our hair back and forcing us to keep a hand on our hats, we were chattering and giggling together as we admired the magnificent approaching skyline of downtown Manhattan.

Suddenly I became aware of a tall masculine figure on each side of us. Looking up, I saw a handsome boy of about college age, smiling and saying, “Quit a view, isn’t it?” I had no escape, and was aware that Jean had replied to the other boy beside her, so I returned the smile, and said “It’s just marvelous.”

“Your first trip to New York?”

“Yes it is, and it’s all just terribly exciting.” Before I knew it we had exchanged names, and that they were staying in New York for Christmas because they couldn’t afford the fare home.

I was surprised that Jean, with her anti-boy views didn't snub them. But from a twinkle in her eye, I think she had decided it would be fun to put me on the spot.

However, I wasn't feeling on the spot at all. I had some experience flirting with boys at the Halloween party, albeit with protection of the mask, but it never occurred to me any more that I could be detected. (For one thing, I had finally realized that if a person is dressed as a girl, looks like a girl and acts properly people aren't going to stare and appraise and try to decide if they really are looking at a boy.) And they were good fun to talk to, and handsome, too. Not that this had any sexual appeal to me, but just that I had enough girlish pride not to be seen with a homely or dull boy, and having a boy at my side increased my feeling of girlishness.

When the ferry docked, they each took our arms, and we strolled through the Battery, sitting on a bench for a while to watch the pigeons. Then Jean's "date" Bill, suggested that we go tea dancing you could get by only ordering a couple of cokes. It turned out to be only half a block from where we were staying, so we talked them into waiting in our lobby for 15 minutes while we changed. I just couldn't bear to go dancing in a sweater, skirt and low heels.

So I dashed to my room, ripped them off, slipped into my black dirndl outfit with the bouffant petticoat, patent leather pumps and big jangling jewelry, grabbed my new coat and rejoined them. Jean had changed from suit to dress and heels too. I knew my outfit wasn't just right for a New York hotel in December, but I loved to dance in it so that I didn't care. And I was sure that I could dance more gracefully in it because it just did things to me.

Jack, my date, was a wonderful dancer, and he complimented me no end. We hated to break up, but by six didn't dare postpone joining Aunt Marsha any longer, so bade farewell. They left us in our lobby, but only on condition that they could pick us up the next day, so we agreed to meet them there at noon. Going up in the elevator we decided it was better to say nothing to Aunt Marsha about the boys.

I slipped into my own room from the hall, took off my jewelry and blouse and stepped out of my skirt and petticoat at once. I didn't quite know how to explain changing into them to Aunt Marsha, whom I could hear talking with Jean.

Donning negligee and mules, I knocked on the connecting door and went in with a "Hi, Aunt Marsha, what's on the program tonight?"

"Well, I thought we would splurge and go to one of the expensive and famous restaurants for dinner." she replied, "so I

have made a reservation for us at the 'Twenty-One!' Jean tells me you had a nice day, topped off with a little 'Tea for Two.' Now you girls bathe and get dressed up."

"Would my princess dress be alright, or should I ware my yellow chiffon." I asked.

"I think the princess would be perfect. the chiffon with its bare shoulders might be a shade too dressy. Why don't you save that for New Year's Eve?"

So I returned to my own room and bathroom and rinsed out my underthings and hose, then I bathed, re-lacquered my nails and did eye-shadow, mascara and eye liner.

When I walked into the other room a little later, I executed a pirouette to send my skirt swirling and smilingly asked, "How do I look?"

"Just dreamy, darling," replied Jean.

"So do you, you heart breaker," I responded. And so she did, in a bright red sating with flaring skirt standing out over a crinoline petticoat.

"Let's stop this mutual admiration society, girls," laughed Aunt Marsha. "Get your coats and we'll be off."

Again it was a joy to be helped into the cab by the doorman, as I pulled my billowing skirts and flaring coat in around me, to have my chair pushed under me by the headwaiter, as I smoothed my skirts and arranged them gracefully beside me, to be addressed as "miss" to go to the powder room to freshen up, to admire the other beautifully - gowned ladies and handsomely dressed men and see similar admiring glances coming my way. Sometimes I found myself just daydreaming in a sea of bliss and contentment.

The next morning at breakfast in the coffee shop we were discussing our plans for the day. I said I thought it would be nice to do a little shopping. I had my Christmas money, plus a few dollars I had save from my allowance, and the left over from the coat.

Aunt Marsha said of course she knew we would prefer to go to the smartest shops like Bonwit's or Sak's, but that she thought Lord & Taylor's or Altman's would have more reasonably priced yet nice things. Besides, both were within a few blocks of our hotel. Jean also had some Christmas money and some ideas.

We discussed what we would buy. I wanted a nice hat to wear with my coat - all I had was the pillbox for the green tweed suit, and my little sporty plaid number matching my skirt. I also wanted a pullover sweater to wear around the house with my skirt and add variety to my wardrobe. I would like a little more jewelry - pearl earrings and a big choker necklace - and a nice dress of my own. The only dresses of mine were blue wool, my green linen and my princess - the first two perhaps not dressy enough and the

other too dressy - for tea dancing, for example. But I was afraid I couldn't stretch my dollars to cover all of these wants.

I had put on my green linen that morning because I wanted to shop in something a little dressier than skirt and blouse, and because I had such pride in wearing my own creation. I had also gone back to high heels and my new coat, anticipating our date at noon.

After breakfast, Jean and I went on our shopping tour. We got my hat first, a perky little number that was dark enough to accentuate my blonde tresses. It was loads of fun trying on almost dozens of hats, studying myself in the mirror and listening to the advice and flattering comments of Jean and the salesgirls.

Next we looked at sweaters, and I selected a simple rose-colored one that would be pretty with my gray skirt. I could imagine with pleasures how it would fit snugly over my breasts and how pretty my pearls would look dancing on it below my throat.

Next Jean picked out some lovely lingerie which tempted me too, of course, but to which I couldn't give a high priority.

As we wandered around the junior miss section, we found a dress sale - adorable little dresses marked down into the \$12 to \$15 range. I could see that they were not as nice as mother made for herself nor as Aunt Marsha sold, but I didn't care. I tried on half a dozen before selecting a bright red one in nylon with short sleeves and scoop neck. Jean picked out a lavender one for herself.

Jean knew about clothes, hair styles, and make up, and "what it took" for a girl to look "feminine". As a boy who was "dare" to pass himself off as "one of them", I watched her every move and what she delighted in. We found ourselves in the lingerie department with an assortment of "girdles" on the counter.

"I have enough of those," I said.

"Poor, poor, boy", she whispered, shaking her head. "Remember our 'dates'. I think you need another one and even then you better "pray" your secret stays "secret"!"

Jean rummaged through the girdles, saying, "They're tight, restrictive, and confining. But, as every 'lady' knows, necessary, for proper figure control. Too bad we can't just wear panties all the time but it's one of the things a girl has to contend with, for 'vanity's sake'." Before lifting one of the girdles, Jean looked into the mirror at her side and ran her hand over her smoothed and up-lifted derriere. "You will just have to deal with it I'm afraid. None of us 'like' wearing girdles, but I wouldn't go anywhere without one. It's just part of being a 'lady.'"

She picked out a particularly restrictive one for me that looked like a pair of panties but was actually a girdle. "Oh, you

must get this one, dear," Jean whispered handing them to me, "It's YOU!"

The panty-girdle that had looked so delightfully feminine when I glanced at it before, was even more scrumptious than I had realized. It was made of the sheerest baby pink nylon over latex. The nylon which fell in delicate floating folds from the waist to form wide flaring legs. The legs were so fully flared in fact, they could easily have been mistaken for a "saucy little petticoat". The edges of the flaring legs were trimmed with chiffon ruffles that held oh so many dark pink and white, satin ribbon bows. And to make the panties look even more feminine, each of the "dainty ribbon bows" was trimmed with "delicate princess lace". As if the panty-girdle didn't already look "sissified" enough with all those "pretty ribbon bows" around the flared legs, there were also several more bows surrounding the waist, adding an additional touch of "daintiness" to the "sweet panty look".

I had to have it.

I was now down to my last few dollars, so decided I couldn't do much in the way of jewelry. But on the way back to the hotel into the dime store. Here, for next to nothing, I bought a five strand choker of big pearls and a pair of big pearl earrings.

We hurried back to our rooms, dumped our packages and slipped on our dresses and 'other' new purchases before going down to meet the boys. I about swooned as I put on my new panty-girdle. It was ultra tight and ultra feminine. Jean good-naturedly tease me about it and what the boys would think if they caught a glimpse of it in the wind.

The boys were there when we came out of the elevator, greeting us warmly. They were apologetic about their limited funds, but suggested an automat for lunch, if we had never seen one. We agreed enthusiastically, especially me - because it was such a new experience. From there we went to the Radio City Music Hall, and saw a first run movie and their perfectly magnificent Christmas stage show. As the long line of girls came out and danced together in perfect unison, Jack leaned over and said, "How would you like a job like that? You're prettier than most of them!"

I had been watching them with just such a thought in mind, knowing it was not possible because I couldn't wear their abbreviated costumes and still show a girlish figure, but I gushed out, "It would be loads of fun, for a while at least." I tingled at the thought, and envied the girls their opportunity to wear such pretty things and look so gorgeous before thousands of people.

The show over, Jack and I walked out hand in hand behind Jean and Bill. I could feel the ruffles of my panties caress my

thighs as we walked. We stood on the Plaza for a while, looking down at the skaters and chatting before we decided it was time to go back to the hotel. Saying goodbye in the lobby, we made a date for the same time and place the next day.

Aunt Marsha was in the room when we arrived and we told her all about the day (omitting the fact that we had company) and showed her our purchases. Jean made me pull up my skirt and show her my new frilly *panti-girdle*.

I was embarrassed but I felt a tingle of excitement as I watched Aunt Marsha's eyes study my feminine reflection. "Oh they are darling!. Her fingers fondled the hem of my flared *panti-girdle*.

She couldn't keep quiet any longer. "Notice how different this *panti-girdle* is from the ones you have been wearing honey. These are for dress up. They are so cute on you too," she told me sweetly.

These are different from what I was wearing that's for sure. I was also thinking that I had never seen *panties* or *girdles* like these before. The legs so full and surrounded by ruffles, with a few dainty little bows placed here and there to make them really look delectable. Then I realized that some of my mother's *panties* looked very similar. What I was beginning to realize at the time however, was that my mother "adored" fancy, feminine *lingerie*, and I was learning to also.

Then I left to bath and change. We were going to have a quick dinner downstairs and then go to the theater. Aunt Marsha said she thought my new dress would be just right.

We saw a lively and amusing musical comedy. Again I couldn't help but be envious of the girls, of their chance to wear so many different and pretty clothes and dazzle the audience with their stunning figures and radiant smiles.

After the theater, Aunt Marsha took us across the street to Sardi's. We squeezed in among the crowd and finally were seated at a table where we could see the people coming and going. At one table the waiter showed us most of the cast of the play that had opened that night and were anxiously awaiting the first reviews. He said, "I suppose you pretty young ladies would like to be actresses, too?"

It was late when we got back to our rooms. As I gave myself a final admiring look in the long mirror on my closet door, I noticed that my hair needed to be set again, but I was too tired to tackle it then. I hurried into my *nightie* and dozed off almost at once.

Then next morning it was cold and snowing. We had planned to go out, but decided to wait and see if the weather improved.

The news report was optimistic. After lunch Aunt Marsha had gone off to work, Jean and I were chatting in our room. I had my legs crossed and dangled the top one, drinking in the sight of my breasts pushing out against my new rose sweater, my nylon clad knee and leg emerging from my fray flannel skirt and my high heeled blue pumps encasing my foot. We were talking about the boys. Jean was teasing me, "I'm getting pretty jealous of that Jack, you little wench, I think you're getting a crush on him."

"Don't be silly, Jean. I don't like boys that way. It's fun to be escorted and complimented by him. I let him hold my hand because I don't want to be impolite or arouse his suspicions. Of course, he's got a good sense of humor and is good company just like some of Martin's friends at home. But that's all."

"Well, it seems to me you're pulling some pretty flirtatious little tricks on him. I see you cocking your head and smiling at him coquettishly, even making a big show of pulling your skirt down, in a way that is sure to attract his attention to those shapely legs of yours!"

"Oh, stop it, Jean," I said and got up, went over and sat on the arm of her chair and toyed with her fingers. In a moment, she grabbed me, gave me a big hug and kiss and said softly, "Well you still appeal to me. Bill is nice, but I'm still not ready to trust boys. I love my little compromise...Say, your hair is losing its curl. We better do something about that."

"Yes, I noticed it last night. Will it do any good to put it up in curlers now?"

"Well, it would do some good, if only for a couple of hours. But I have an idea. Let's try doing it up in a French knot, that we have seen so much of here in New York".

"That's a yummy idea. Do you think we can? It's a wig, you know."

"Oh, I hadn't forgotten. We'll try, although it would be a lot easier if you'd let yours grow."

"You know I'd love to Jean. I have thought about it and longed for it, but I can't, of course."

With that, I sat at the dressing table while she worked behind me with a lot of Aunt Marsha's hairpins..Pretty soon, she said, "There, that's not bad. Take a look."

With the hand mirror, I studied the back of my head with my eyes and then explored it with my hands. It was a new and exciting feeling. I had been watching women tucking the pins in behind and feeling for stray wisps of hair. It was blissful to go through the same gestures.

Jean had started the chignon low enough so that my own hair didn't show it. It looked just as realistic from the back as my

pageboy. Of course it made me look older, more sophisticated, even with light make up and a sweater.

I cried in delight, "Oh, I love it, Jean, can you teach me how to do it?"

There then ensued an hour's lesson. My arms got so tired I thought they would drop off, but finally I put it up myself quite passably twice in a row. I said, "Do you think it's alright if I wear it this way this afternoon?"

"Sure, you're becoming quite the 'young lady' now."

It was time to dress for our dates. I put on my little blue wool with the red trim. It was almost too youthful for the hairdo, but I hadn't worn it yet and it went so nicely with my blue coat and blue pumps, bag and gloves.

It was fun to get welcomed and complimented by the boys. Jack said he liked my hair up very much for a change, but not to make it permanent.

For lunch, we went to a sandwich counter chain which has simple, but good food, hot dogs and sandwiches. By now it had cleared so we decided to go up the Empire State Building. It was a beautiful sight to see a white city stretching out around us between the rivers, but I pulled my nice woolly collar in around my face to ward off the cold.

Then we walked up Fifth Avenue window shopping and talking. We spent some time at the Guggenheim Museum of Modern Art so that we could report a cultural achievement to Aunt Marsha, and then sauntered leisurely back to our hotel.

Horrors of horrors, just as we were saying goodbye to the boys, Aunt Marsha came up! We introduced the chagrined boys and then Aunt Marsha said rather sternly, "I think the girls better come up now. Goodbye boys." We smiled wistfully at them and went along with no plans set for any future meetings.

In the room, Aunt Marsha said, "Well, how long has this been going on?" and we confessed the whole story. She lectured me for being very unwise and Jean for permitting it. She said she was really disappointed in me, calling me Martin, and I was close to tears. I told her I had no other feeling toward Jack than to any of my gang at home and they had just been good company. Then I threw my arms around her, told her I had been wrong and was terribly sorry and please forgive me.

She couldn't resist my affection and near tears. She said she guessed she had been too serious about it. "So now that we understand each other, let's forget it and go on with our good time. Tonight we're going to a concert at Carnegie Hall, so we'll have dinner at a little restaurant near there. Your new dress would be nice again, if you want to change, or the blue wool you're

wearing is fine, Marion. My, here I've been so busy lecturing, I haven't said anything about your hair! It looks very nice up like that, dear - did Jean do it for you."

"Yes, the first time, but she taught me so that I can put it up this way myself. I hope you won't mind my borrowing some hairpins."

"Of course not, keep them. Now run along and take your bath and get dressed."

I went to my room, undressed, and let my hair down, mostly just for the sensation of taking out the pins, letting it fall, and then fluffing it out over my shoulders. Then I reluctantly took out the concealed bobby pins with which I pinned my wig to my own hair for security and went into my bath.

Half an hour later, appraising myself in the mirror I was enraptured with the vision I saw - my elegant stylish coiffure, above a complete make up job, sparkling jewelry, and the low cut cherry red dress. I was a stunning young lady if I do say so myself, who could pass for 17 or 18 easily (certainly not a 16 year old boy!)

The evening again was a delight. Aunt Marsha seemed to have put the 'boys' incident out of her mind and was completely gracious and warm. Jean looked stunning too, and with the boys a thing of the past, I reminded myself of how nice it was to be her close friend. We had gotten even closer in these few days as girls together from dawn until midnight. I hated to think that it was Friday night and we were returning Sunday.

Aunt Marsha had finished her work and was going to join us for anything we did Saturday. We all decided on sightseeing bus trip up Riverside Drive, to Columbia University, Grant's Tomb and the Cloisters. I reverted to my plaid skirt, dressed up by my frilly blouse and the suspenders. I conceded to good sense with the low heels for comfort, and cardigan and polo coat for warmth. I let my hair just fall over my shoulders, even without much curl.

We returned in late afternoon and rested on our beds for a couple of hours in slip and negligee because it was New Year's Eve and we would be up late. I then got out my yellow chiffon started to press it.

I looked in the full length mirror and saw my reflection in the "sheer material of my slip." My arms were completely "flat, null and void" of masculine looking muscles. Maybe I was "better suited" to do "girls work". I just couldn't "get a mental picture" of myself "ironing", once I had short hair and was wearing "pants" again.

I moved the iron slowly, without pressing, letting the heat do the work. Careful not to iron over any ribbons, ruffles, or lace,

just the fabric. I looked in the mirror again. The very thought of doing this "girls work" gave me goose bumps.

I said to myself, "Keep the iron moving or you will scorch the fabric, and don't get too close to those cute little bows."

"Gosh," I thought, "If any of the guys ever saw me doing this, I'd never live it down, never! I felt a sense of guilt come over me because of what I was doing. My male instinct was surfacing and I felt a little like rebelling. It wouldn't do much good at this point—I was hundreds of miles away from my 'pants'. I just kept ironing the dress until every wrinkle was gone, and I was satisfied. I tried to forget about 'home' and my role in life there.

I spent a lot of time dressing, making up, and putting up my hair so as to look my very best. And I was not disappointed in the compliments flowing from Aunt Marsha and Jean. Aunt Marsha said, "Oh, Marion, what a doll you are! Honestly, dear, you make such an assured, feminine girl. You're so natural and you have learned to beautify yourself so expertly."

Jean added, "I just can't believe you're the same awkward skittish boy who 'sprouted' only two and a half months ago. You have blossomed into such a luscious young lady."

I blushed at their praise. "When I'm a girl, Aunt Marsha, I want to be just as feminine as I can. I don't think there is nothing more unattractive than a masculine girl or an effeminate boy."

"Well, you certainly have succeeded, dear. Here, put on a little of my perfume. You'll like that."

We were going to the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, as a special, last evening treat. There was a famous girl vocalist appearing as well as a wonderful dance band.

In no time we were getting out of the cab, and being escorted to the table Aunt Marsha had reserved long before. I felt beautifully and appropriately dressed, as bare shoulder were everywhere in evidence. So, I also, were French knot hairdos. I'm afraid I ran my fingers back to push in any protruding pins or stay wisps about every fifteen minutes. I loved the sensation of such a feminine gesture so.

Our waiter came by once when the orchestra was playing and its own girl vocalist not the star, who performed alone - singing. He asked if we had any request numbers and I aroused giggles from Jean and Aunt Marsha by asking for "I Enjoy Being a Girl." I loved the words, which I felt meant more to me than to anyone else. I was dying to dance with Jean, but of course couldn't.

At a table next to ours, there was a group of four young single men - in their twenties, I would judge. They were laughing and talking and drinking and having a gay time, with more than one glance over at us. Aunt Marsha, too, had several drinks, becom-

ing more vivacious and effusive. She was a very attractive woman for her late thirties, and of course, always dressed beautifully.

When the New Year arrived, and the orchestra played Auld Land Syne, everybody got up and began kissing and congratulating everyone at their own tables and then turning to others. One of the young men near us grabbed Aunt Marsha, cried "Happy New Year" the first one did the same with Jean and then with me. I didn't like the kiss at all, but I laughed and played along, as I had no choice.

When the excitement stopped and the dance music resumed, the first man said, "Can't we dance with you and your daughters, ma'am? We would love to; we are dateless bachelors, as you can see."

Aunt Marsha, exhilarated by her drinks and the kiss and the holiday atmosphere, readily agreed, much to my surprise. So we had a marvelous couple of hours of dancing and fun, until Aunt Marsha finally said, "Oh, thank you all so much. It's been a very happy evening for me and the girls. I don't know when I've had so much fun, but I must get these young ladies into bed for their beauty sleep." So we bade them all farewell after a really happy New Year's Eve.

The next morning we slept real late. I was awakened by hearing conversation in the next room. Slipping into my negligee and mules and donning my wig, with my hair flowing down over my shoulders, I went into the other room.

Aunt Marsha was very contrite. "My that was a lot of fun, but I really shouldn't have let you dance with those young men. Of course, that is a lot different than letting yourselves be picked up by a couple of strange young boys, without me around, and without the holiday atmosphere of New Year's Eve. And then seeing them again and again. You do see the difference, don't you girls?"

We assured her that we did. We then ordered a breakfast sent up to the room. We sat around and relived the previous evening. We were taking an afternoon plane, so we had the late morning to dress and pack.

I bathed again and donned a suit. Packing all my things lovingly was a pleasant chore. I then put up my hair carefully as I could hardly wait to show mother how nice it looked and how expert I had become at it. Time flew, as we checked out of the hotel, were driven out to the airport and enplaned. We were served supper, changed planes again, and arrived in Capitol City in the early evening.

It was wonderful to see mother at the gate waiting for us. I swished up to her, gave her a big hug and kiss, then stood back

and struck a modeling pose in front of her. I was busting with pride and exuberance. "How do you like my new coat, mother, isn't it just stunning? And isn't this hat ducky? And how about my hair up?" I said reaching up to check the pins expertly with my fingers. "I can put it up myself! Oh, we had such a yummy time, I wished it could have gone on and on."

Having reclaimed our baggage and settled down in mother's car, I'm afraid I continued to gush forth girlishly not giving anyone else a chance. "We met a couple of darling boys, who were ever so sweet to us-took us tea dancing and up the Empire State Building and to Radio City and I bought an adorable red dress and lots of other darling things. And we went to the Empire Room New Year's Eve at the Waldorf. We met some nice men who danced with us till early morning - they danced with Aunt Marsha too, didn't they Aunt Marsha, and we just had a ball." I rattled on and on, not sensing that mother was unreceptive to my enthusiasm.

We dropped Jean and Aunt Marsha after many thanks and endearing comments by me, and moments later we were home. Mother said rather sternly, "Now I think it's time you went up and changed your clothes and cleaned up a bit. Then you may come down and we'll talk more about it over a coke."

I went upstairs with my bag, peeled off the things I'd been wearing all day, washed my face and hands, redid my make-up and put on my cherry-red dress five-strand pearl choker and earrings to show mother. Tripping down the stairs, I pirouetted in front of her and said "Here I am in new clothes, all washed and freshened up. How do you like my new dress and jewelry? Aren't they divine? Everyone said they were very becoming on me."

"They look nice," she muttered.

Not sensing her mood, I gushed, "Mother, I must show you what I bought." With that I pulled up my skirt and showed her the frilly panti-girdle. I gushed on, "It's very tight but I love the feel of the nylon. I wanted to buy several more but I was out of money. . .you haven't told me how you like me with my hair up, mother. Your daughter is growing up, you know."

Mother looked at me very stern and replied harshly. "To tell the truth, I don't like any part of what I have seen or heard since I met you at the airport. If you insist on answers to your questions, I'll give them to you. Yes, you look positively adorable in that dress, just as you have in every dress, skirt, coat and pair of high heels you've worn in the last several weeks. That jewelry and your other jewelry enhances your beauty. You look lovely with your hair up just as you do with it down and you care for it and handle it expertly. With the aid of your pretty panti-girdle, you have a divine figure, and your legs are beautiful with no aids at all. When

clad in skirts, you haven't made an awkward or boyish gesture in weeks. If a stranger came in this room and I tried to convince him - or her - that you were a boy, I wouldn't have a chance unless I took off your wig, and I'm not sure that would do it. And the longer the stranger remained with you, the harder my task would be, because your every movement, expression and manner of speaking is pure feminine. As nearly as I can see, when you are in dresses you are no longer acting - you are for all practical intents and purposes a girl. I have summarized this way for you to try to show you why we have a problem."

I felt a cloud beginning to form over my parade.

"When I said to change your clothes a few minutes ago, I meant, of course, for you to get out of those girl's things you've been in for a week. I hoped you would have had enough, but I see you haven't. Now let's finished our cokes and go to bed. But when you are all ready for bed, come into my room, *Martin*. I want to have a long talk with you."

I went upstairs a moment later with a heavy heart. The week had been so wonderful I couldn't believe it could end on so sour a note. Clearly mother was having a hard time in appreciating her daughter when she wasn't with her. I decided I must resume my campaign of intimacy and affection. But before going to my room to undress, I went to mother's room and spent several minutes surveying myself from all angles in the mirror.

I sensed that the vision I was - the pretty blonde girl I adored - might not soon return. Still unwilling to revert to *Martin*, and still hoping I could rekindle mother's affection for her daughter, I got out of my things and donned my nightie and mules. Going to the bathroom, I took off all my make-up. Getting the last trace of the tell-tale red enamel off my nail was always a problem. I then let down my hair and gave it a good brushing. Finally, I dutifully rinse out my girdle, slip and hose, and made my other preparations for bed.

I went to mother's room and had my arms around her before she could look up. "I'm ready mother. Please give your daughter a goodnight kiss."

She thrust my arms away, saying, "You are not my daughter—you're my son. Now go take those things off and get into you pajamas and come back. And for heaven's sakes, what's that stuff on your face?"

"That's my facial beauty cream. Jean gave it to me. She says it will keep my complexion soft and pretty."

"Oh, *Martin*! Boy's don't need soft and pretty complexions. Go take it off!"

I did as she had ordered, glumly and despondently. My walls were crumbling around me. Back in pajamas, I was a sad little boy.

"Now, Martin," mother began, "I want you to hear me through without any interruption. I know you are not going to like what I have to say, but you must hear me out."

"First, I want to remind you that you are a boy, and you are going to grow up to be a man. As I told you downstairs, that becomes hard to believe when you dress as a girl, but it is true, nonetheless. Someday I expect you to want to marry and have children. I don't think your wife or your children are likely to appreciate and respect a father in dresses, no matter how lovely an illusion he creates."

She continued, "Moreover, I think you have over-stepped the bounds of good sense in allowing yourself to be picked up and dated by a boy and danced with by men who did not know your true sex. You have shown that you can't be trusted in skirts to know where to draw the line."

"But. . ." I tried to explain.

She interrupted, "In addition, you can't caper around this house and this town without detection indefinitely, especially after you pictures at the Halloween Party were in the paper. I saw Mrs. Halliburton, our neighbor across the street, at the A & P the other day. She said, "Who is that young lady I have seen going in and out of you house recently?" I told her it must have been Jean Shaw, but she said, "No, I know Jean." So I passed it off by saying, "Oh, it was probably one of Jean's or Martin's friends." But she threw in, "Well, you did have a pretty new girl in you house over Halloween, though didn't you? I saw Martin's pictures in the paper and he certainly makes a lovely girl." I said that you did and let it go at that. But I think from her expression she was putting two and two together."

"Oh no," I sighed.

"That's not all," she said. "Then yesterday I was talking with Mrs. Reimers, whom you remember was here for bridge when you joined us in skirt and blouse. She asked where you were and I told her that Marsha Shaw had taken you and Jean with her to New York for the week. She said, "That's funny, I dropped Tom" - that's her husband - "off at the airport last Monday, and just as I was pulling away I saw you and Marsha drive up. I could have sworn you had two girls with you." I told her she must have been mistaken and changed the subject, but I can assure you she is going to be doing some thinking too."

I looked down feeling like I might cry as she continued.

"I will admit that I blundered in falling for your girlish charm and sweetness. I enjoyed your company as Marion, and I still would, I enjoyed having a daughter, even though I knew she wasn't real. Martin, I'm not doctor or a psychiatrist. Perhaps we should take you to one. But I think the best answer is to bury Marion, completely. I want you to try that for a year and a half. I want no mention of 'her', no reminders of 'her', no pleading from you for "just this once", and the like. At the end of that time, we'll see if the interest and desire isn't gone, as I hope it will be."

"It seems to me that your innate masculinity in that time is likely to take over, if it ever will. If it doesn't, I'm willing to let you have one last fling. I still hold out hope that a long enough stretch as a girl would give you a belly-full. You might find that having to tend your hair - wig or your own hair - day after day so as always having it look nice would lose its appeal. You might find that having to renounce all boy's activities and conduct yourself in a demure and ladylike way would be pretty confining. Did you see any of that during your trip?"

I nodded saying that it was a lot of work. I didn't tell her how much I enjoyed it though.

"You know that I have always promised you a western auto trip with me when you graduate from high school. Well, I'm willing to make this deal with you. If you will go for the next year and a half with no reference to Marion, no secret dolling yourself up, no conspiring with Jean or Marsha, in other words a 100% masculine Martin - and then a year from June, you still don't have this desire out of your system, - you can go on the western trip as a girl. But you'll have to live and stay as a 100% girl, 100% of the time—all summer."

"Gee," I said, ALL SUMMER?"

"Yes, 100% girl," she said firmly. "At the end of the summer, if you are still enamored with being a girl, we'll consider the problem then. I think probably we then should then talk to a doctor or a psychiatrist. But, please remember that I love you more than anyone or anything in the world, and at that time I'll certainly join you in trying to find a solution that will give you a happy life. Now, do you agree to my terms?"

Thoughts were racing through my mind at a rapid pace. When mother ruled out any further femininity, I had toyed with the idea of running away as a girl and getting a job in New York. But I had neither the money, nor the courage, not the desire to leave my mother of whom I was very fond. When she offered the whole summer as a girl, my despondency lessened. A year and a half seemed like a terribly long time. I didn't see how I could last that long on memories alone. I had some very meager hope that

Aunt Marsha, supported by Jean, still might get some lightening of my sentence, but mother was so firm that I was pretty skeptical.

"I guess I have no choice, mother," I replied, close to tears. She took me in her arms and assured me that she knew this was for the best. She reminded me again that any violation of the year and a half of renunciation would cause her to renege on her pledge of the summer's trial.

I then went off to bed. I tried to rekindle the pleasure of that last vision of myself in the mirror, with hair up, pearls resting on my throat, red dress flowing over my breasts, into my waist and down my nylon-encased legs and black patent-leather spiky heels. But the pleasure of the recollections was lessened by the long wait ahead. I vowed to keep my pledge strictly so as to run no risk of losing the summer. And finally, I dropped off to sleep.

Next morning, shirt and trousers and big flat shoes felt awful after my week in skirts. I found that I had to try consciously to refrain from girlish mannerisms, voice and expressions at first. I missed the feel of my long hair. But in a day or two, I was Martin all over again.

I got Jean aside at recess on Monday and told her the news. She said, "Well squirt, mother and I will have to see what we can do. You're still no bargain as a boy and I had become very fond of Marion."

I said to be sure, in anything they said to mother, to make it clear that there had been no urging from me in any way. Ultimately, their efforts proved futile, as I was sure they would.

When I went to my room after school on that first Monday, there wasn't a trace of any of Marion's things - dresses, shoes, bags, gloves, make-up everything had vanished. Mother just said, "I've put those other things of yours aside, Martin. You understand that you are not to look for them, don't you?" I agreed, and was at least heartened to know that they hadn't been disposed of.

A few days later, I ran across the snapshots Aunt Marsha had taken of me and the clipping from the newspaper in a table drawer in the living room. Apparently mother had forgotten them. I feasted my eyes on them for a few minutes, as I was to do many times over the next seventeen months.

But the story of that period of waiting, of the summer that followed, and the aftermath I shall leave to tell another day. The first phase of Marion's girlhood was over.



After my experiences in girl's garb over a period of several weeks, culminating in my wonderful week as a girl in New York,

it took time for me to settle back into a boyish life again. But I enjoyed boyish activities - athletics and the company of male friends. I still had my heart set on the following Summer as a girl, as mother had promised, of course.

Jean pretty much ignored me. She never failing to show her contempt for me as a boy, when she and Aunt Marsha came over, but these visits were much less frequent. However, Jean gave me a faint glimmer of hope in April. The annual high school variety show was a month away. One Sunday evening when we were over at the Shaws, Jean said, "Aunt Helen, Variety Night is coming up next month at school. If you'll let Marion come out of hiding, we would have a darn good chance for first prize doing our jitterbug number. I haven't asked Martin, but I'm sure he'd be willing. And like the Halloween Dance, no one would criticize him for appearing in costume at a theatrical affair. Won't you please let him?"

Mother jumped in fast and dashed my hopes. "Absolutely not. In the first place, we are trying to forget all about that business, Jean. I wish you hadn't brought it up. Moreover, it would cause a lot of suspicious tongues in this town to wag if Martin appeared as a girl again. A boy can get away with it once, but it's much harder to convince people he has no unnatural tendencies if he does it a second time. Finally, knowing you both I'm sure there would be several dress rehearsals. So let's change the subject". So that was that. And of course, mother was right, from her viewpoint.

I was already beginning to shape up in my mind my plans for the next Summer. I had two principal objectives; first, to be able to afford a complete and extensive wardrobe of Summer dresses, skirts, jewelry, accessories, shoes, bathing suits, etc.; second, to let my hair grow long, so I wouldn't have to bother with a wig.

I love my blonde wig, but I loved even more the thought of having my own hair long enough to pass for a girl. Not only would it be fun, it would make detection, a remote possibility in my thinking, even less likely.

The money problem was solved more easily than I had hoped because Summer jobs for slight 16 year old boys were scarce, particularly good paying ones. I wanted to earn more than a few dollars a week mowing lawns. Jean had worked at her mother's shop for a couple of Summers. But this year her aunt in Denver - Mrs. Watkins, for whom we had put on the fashion show the day after the Halloween dance - had gotten her a job as a waitress at a resort hotel in the Colorado mountains. So Aunt Marsha said I could work at the show, unwrapping cartons, delivering around town, helping out in the office, etc. (I had my driving license now.)

Since some of the regular employees took their vacations an extra hand was needed. Of course, Aunt Marsha had to assure

mother that I wouldn't have any very direct contact with the ladies wear and accessories. As it worked out, when one of the salesladies was on vacation, one of the two girls in the office would take her place and I would help out in the office with billing, bookkeeping, answering the phone, and the like. But I did get to look at and admire the many pretty things in stock, as I often helped put things on hangers, put price tags on them, and the like. And of course I always imagined myself wearing them. I was mentally shopping, trying on, and buying all Summer.

As my earnings began to pile up in the bank, I was proud of my balance. One day around the middle of the Summer, mother asked me, "What are you going to do with all that money you are salting away, Martin?"

And I told her, "I'm going to save it to buy clothes and things for the trip next Summer."

"Why you won't need much dear, - a few pairs of wash pants, sport shirts, and perhaps one good suit and a couple of drip dry white shirts."

"I'm sorry, mother, but I'm thinking of dresses, skirts, blouses and lingerie."

"Oh Martin, haven't you gotten rid of those ideas yet? Don't you think that's a little silly?"

"I'm afraid I don't mother. I still want to go on the trip as a girl very much and you promised. . ."

"Yes, I know I did, dear, and I'll keep my promise if you still feel that way. But I'm going to continue to hope that in almost a year you'll grow up and be thinking differently. Now let's talk about something else. I'm sorry I led you into this."

The problem of my hair I considered carefully. I had thick, rather coarse hair that seemed to grow rapidly. That Spring I made some fairly careful measurements between haircuts and found that it really only grew between half and three quarters of an inch a month. I resolved to let it grow as long as I could on top and on the sides, and I'd keep it combed back and held in place with "That greasy kid stuff". There were a few boys in high school who had pretty long hair combed back like that, and I studied their heads to try to imagine if it could be combed out into a possible bob. I wasn't very happy at the prospect, because I could see no way to avoid the shingled appearance at the back. But I figured that at least I would be able to have a short bob by mid Summer. At least by then, my back hair at the nape of my neck should have grown down an inch and a half or two inches, and the side hair would be down well below my ears.

How to get this accomplished without mothers' objection was the real problem. This was especially difficult because the boys

in school with long hair and “ducktails” in back were the hoodlum type.

It was apparent that if I was going to get the six inches or more of length I wanted on top, or the sides from my temples and over my ears, and in back above the neckline, I would have to start early. So that June, I told the barber to trim the back only, and I began combing my hair back from my temples and plastering it down.

Mother took notice of the situation after two or three haircuts, and I had to have it out with her—not long after our conversation about my earnings.

I told her frankly of my intentions, reminding her, “When we made our agreement, you said that I might find it was no bargain to have to fix my hair constantly, so as to keep it looking nice, and that this might be even more of a chore if it were my own instead of a wig I could take off. If you want me really to see how it would be to be a girl, then the wig is not the answer. Besides, with the wig, there is a much greater risk of detection, especially in the summertime, with swimming, hair blowing in an open car, and the like. I just think it’s more compatible with your plan and a lot safer.”

“Those are both good points, Martin. But even so, I don’t like to see you classed with those rowdy boys in your class at school.”

“But they are regarded as rowdies not because of their haircuts, but because of the clothes they wear, and the things they do such as smoking during lunch hour, talking freshly to the gals, and sneering at any school activities. My actions will not be anything like theirs.”

“Well, alright, Martin. You go ahead and we’ll see how it looks as it grows longer. I’m afraid this means I have lost in my hope that you would forget your enjoyment of a girl’s role. but I still am going to hold you to my side of the bargain. No more mention of this subject unless I bring it up, now, remember.”

“Yes, mother,” I was only too happy to concur, having won my point.

When school resumed, some of the boys asked me, “What gives with all the hair?” But I just passed it off with an “oh, I’m getting ready to take violin lessons, or ”I just thought I’d see what it would look like for a change.”

The growth was painfully slow. But by mid Winter, it would fall down over my ears after a shower and shampoo. I liked to let it dry over night, and then brush and comb it down in the privacy of my bathroom the next morning, and enjoy the faint beginning of a bob for a few joyous minutes before slicking it back again. Wouldn’t summer ever come?

Jean had gone off to college at the State University at Capitol City in September, and I begun going out with a girl in my class. Muriel was a small, shy, slowly maturing girl, as I was a boy, but very pretty and good company.

When we were discussing the Halloween dance, which was approaching again, she said, "Why don't you go as a girl again, Martin? I heard you were the bell of the ball last year, and you looked simply beautiful in the pictures I saw in the papers. All the girls were saying how envious they were, wishing they could look like that, and it wasn't fair for a boy to be so pretty. We could go as the Gabor sisters, or something."

The thought made my heart jump, and their compliments were sweet music to my ears. I wanted to prolong the conversation, without appearing eager. "Do you really think we should, Muriel? Don't you think once was enough?"

"Oh, no, let's do it, please! You couldn't fit into anything of mine of course, but I could borrow something for you from one of the other girls. Where did you get that lovely dress you wore last year?"

I explained that my mother had made it, but hastened to say that she hadn't liked the idea too well, and I couldn't ask her again. I let Muriel try to coax me some more, but finally I refused. I wasn't going to risk losing out on next summer as I might merely by asking mother. Nor was I sure I wanted to run the risk of arousing suspicions by appearing publicly again as Martin Perkins in girl's attire, and liking quite accustomed to it.

So we went as Pierrot and Pierrette, without mixing up the sexes. And Mother did help Muriel on the costumes (while I kept my limited proficiency with the needle concealed).

Winter dragged on into spring. My hair was getting delightfully long, but I was afraid to cavort around too much athletically lest it fall down by my ears. Baseball was alright, one I had it firmly tucked under a cap. Once in a while after a shampoo, while I still "couldn't do a thing with it," I would be able to sneak into mother's room, if she were downstairs, comb and brush it down, survey it from all angles in her big mirror. It was longer than some girl's at school already, but I hated that sheared line along the back of the neck.

By mid-April, mother began to discuss the trip a bit. Jean was going back to her job in Colorado, and we decided she would drive out to Denver with us. We would spend a couple of days there with the Watkins before it would be time to drop Jean off at her hotel. Aunt Marsha said, "Mary would love to have you, and she'll be thrilled to see Marion again." You remember what a kick she

got out of the fashion show, and what a shame she thought it would be to 'kill off' Marion, as she put it. In fact, I think she even invited her out, didn't she Martin?"

"She's asked about you since and knew about our New York escapade last year."

I agreed that she had jokingly asked Marion to live with her, but I said I wasn't sure Mr. Watkins would approve. "Oh, don't worry about George, you'll be there in the middle of the week, and he travels most of the time. I doubt very much if you'll see him, but he won't care, anyway. Anything that Mary approves of is fine with him.

Graduation was the first Wednesday in June. We decided to leave on Friday, giving us a day to get ready. I still didn't dare initiate any discussions with mother, but about a three weeks before, she said, "Well, I suppose we'll have to be thinking about clothes for you this summer. I can see that you are still going to hold me to my word."

I nodded.

"OK. I'll put out the things you had before in the guest room today (a Friday) and we can look them over this weekend."

Next morning she took me up after breakfast and I found my shoes, dresses and skirts in the guest room closet, and my lingerie, accessories, jewelry, make-up in the bureau. My wig was resting on the block on the bureau top. What a thrill to see them again!

"Well you've grown a little, and put on a few pounds. First let's see what you might be wearing, and then we'll see if they fit or I'll alter them." I had grown not quite an inch, and gained three or four pounds, but was still short and slight for a boy. I seemed to have stopped growing.

We looked over the wardrobe, and decided regretfully on my part, that my princess dress and the blue wool Aunt Marsha and given me wouldn't be at all useful. The yellow chiffon was there, as was the black dirndl and blouse. Mother hadn't reclaimed them. She had taken back the suits and other dresses of hers I had borrowed. It always gave me a tingling feeling of excited recollection when she wore them. I said I thought I might have a use for them if we went out to any nice places in Los Angeles or San Francisco.

I also argued for the cherry-red frock, and mother finally agreed we could get it ready, without making a final decision that morning. The two wool skirts she thought might be welcome in the mountains of Colorado, where it could get pretty chilly in the evenings in June.

The other things—the green linen I had made, also the blouses, girdles, slips, sweaters, shoes, and hose we thought would be useful were tried on too.

At last the moment I had waited for so long arrived. Mother said, “Well, I might as well get started, you better see if you can get into the girdle first. Then you can slip on that linen you made, and we’ll get an idea on how much work we have. I hate to start you on this again, Martin, but I’m going to along with you all the way, as I promised. I can’t believe I’m going along with all this. . .”

Before she could finish, I announced, “I’ll get into the girdle, brassiere, slip and shoes. . .if I can, and then I’ll bring the dresses and skirts into your room. O.K.?”

“Fine, dear. I’ll wait for you there,” she said with a gloomy tone.

I felt guilty that she was somber but I was determined. I slipped out of my boy’s clothes in a jiffy, and began to struggle with the girdle. It was a struggle, too. But my few additional pounds must have been more around my hips and thighs than my waist, because I did get it on and all hooked and zippered. It felt snug and wonderful. I lovingly pulled on a pair of nylons up my legs, gartered them, and tried on the heels. They went on too. I didn’t think my feet had grown, because I was still wearing the same size boys’ shoes, but I was relieved that my blue and brown pumps, my black patent leathers and white evening slippers still fit.

Since I was to be a teenaged girl all summer, I’d need to wear a brassiere all the time,” I thought. I wondered just how committed my mother was about me being “feminized”.

I didn’t wait for an answer, slipped my arms into the straps and hooked the brassiere behind me. In the mirror, my eyes brightened. It fit better than before—actually apparently holding up the fat on my chest.

I smiled seeing the array of “dainty” lingerie was placed before me. I needed more “brassieres”. Lacy, silky, ruffly, pretty brassieres, made just for girls—dainty, and feminine, “prissy” little girls like I would be for the simmer. “OOOOOOHHHHH,” I swooned.

I couldn’t believe the time had come and I would be wearing these. I made a mental note to buy a couple more brassieres as soon as possible.

I pulled a slip over my head, and adjusted it fondly over my bosom and waist.

I couldn’t continue to look at myself in the guest room mirror over the bureau, without wig or make-up. I felt I didn’t dare put

those on yet, until I knew they would be acceptable to mother. I wanted to break her back into my femininity gradually, least she decide to call the whole deal off despite her promise.

I had shampooed my hair well the night before, and not slicked it down before going to bed. This morning I had just plastered it back with water, knowing that I would be back in skirts and hoping I would have a chance to see how girlish my hair would look if I had a chance to comb it down and fluff it out.

I grabbed up my dresses and skirts and went into mother's room, putting them on her bed. She looked up, to say, "I see you made it. I hate to see you looking boyish in girl's things like that. That head of hair helps a little. Is the girdle too tight?"

"No, mother," I replied, "it's not bad at all."

With hope in her voice, she asked, "Are you sure you want to dress like this all summer? I'm sure you'd be much more comfortable in jeans and T-shirts?"

"It feels fine, mother."

"Well, let me know if it gets to tight during the morning. There's no sense in torturing yourself. Slip on the green linen, now, dear."

I did as she suggest, but as I pushed my head through and pulled it down, I could feel it mussing my hair. The water I had used to hold it in place a couple of hours ago had dried completely, and a mere touch on the freshly-washed locks sent them cascading down over my ears. I did nothing to prevent this, but perhaps a little to encourage it.

"Why, Martin, you do have a lot of hair! I declare, that converted you from a boy to a girl pretty fast, and it's certainly an improvement with you in that dress, nylons and high heels. Here, let me see what I can do with it."

With that she took comb and brush in hand and had me sit down at her dressing table. First she tried to brush it back as it was. But it was so soft, it just fell down again over my ears.

"Well, that won't do. And there's no sense putting that grease of yours on it while you're slipping dresses on and off. It will just come off on them. Let's try something else."

She was intrigued with the challenge, now, and parted, combed, fluffed and brushed until she had it over my ears and back from my cheeks. "It's really almost too long on the sides. My, I didn't realize how long you had let it grow. I must say you have kept it neat and tidy all these months. But, it won't stay combed back, and its too long when it just dangles down. I'll brush it over your ears and back, and then I think I can hold the ends with a couple of bobby pins."

I was delighting in the sensation, and in the girlish reflection in the mirror.

“There, that’s better,” she said. “That will have to do for now. You have nice, thick hair dear. Too bad it’s still so short in back. But I think we can give you a ‘set’ that will be very becoming and summery.”

I smiled.

“Oh, dear,” she said catching herself, “I now I’m getting interested in prettying you up again and I vowed I was going to control that urge. Well, I guess I’m defeated already. Now put on some lipstick and help me to forget you are my son. I guess the sooner I think of you again as a daughter, the sooner I’ll put you into the 100% girlish position which was my prescription for you, too.”

I gave her a girlish kiss.

“Alright, Marion, you’re back again. Here’s a kiss for you too as a welcome, and I promise to do my best to make the our summer trip fun for both of us as well as an experiment. Now, let’s look at the fit of that dress.”

Before I gave her a chance to look at the dress, I dashed back to my room only too happy to comply with her suggestion about the lipstick. A little makeup really finished things off and Marion was really home again. My joy knew no bounds. What sheer ecstasy to be back in my girls’ role, and no apparent need to hold back any more.

Mother thought the skirt was a trifle short, but I loved it short. And hems were being worn higher than a year and a half before. So we ran through everything fairly quickly and decided to leave them all as they were.

But, mother, bless her, said when we had finished, “Marion, I think it would be a good idea if you stayed in skirts the rest of the day. You had better get used to being a girl again before we take to the road and get out in public. Do you mind? Did you have any plans?”

I assured her I didn’t, and slipped into my frilly white blouse, plaid skirt with suspenders, and blue pumps. I also donned jewelry. It was a delight to push aside my own hair carefully to screw in my earrings.

“Can I see how my hair looks in back, mother?”

“Certainly, dear. It has that shingled look that lots of the girls are wearing. You should get away with it like that, especially because you’re so pretty that no one would suspect you. But it will look a lot softer in back in another month. You really should have a haircut before graduation, though. I hate to see you looking shaggy that evening.”

“I was planning to get my last one this week.”

“Alright. If you’re willing, we might set your hair in curlers tonight, and then see how it looks in the morning. It’s really too long on the sides for the length in back. But the curls will shorten it up over your ears and cheeks. A shower and your dressing will straighten it out again before school on Monday.”

“I’d love to try it, mother.”

“Well, I’ll set it for you this time, but I’m going to teach you so you can do it yourself. It’s one of the everlasting female nuisances I want you to have your fill of.”

“I’m dying to learn, mother. I think it’ll be loads of fun to try different hairdos.” I was losing all restraint in showing my eagerness for girlhood, and becoming more feminine already in my words and inflection.

It felt wonderful to let my feminine desires pour out in self-expression.

After a nice luncheon together, I sat with mother and chatted while she sewed. Our discussion, led us into what else I would need for the Summer. Before long, I got paper and pencil, and we drew up a shopping list:

- 3 or 4 Summer cotton dresses, easily washable.
- 2 or 3 cotton or lightweight skirts.
- 3 or 4 Summer blouses, sleeveless.
- 2 pairs Bermuda shorts
- 1 or 2 pairs slacks or capri pants
- 2 pairs flat play shoes or walking shoes
- 1 pair brown and white spectator pumps
- 1 pair white or light colored high heeled sandals for evening.
- 2 bathing suits
- 2 bathing caps
- 1 bathing jacket or robe.
- 1 pair from rubber falsies, for wear under bathing suits or Summer dresses with sun backs, which would show.
- 1 panty girdle (for above)
- 4 or 5 brassieres, in various styles such as low cut in back (for above)
- 1 raincoat
- 1 daytime Summer handbag

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- 1 evening Summer handbag
 - 2 pairs white gloves
 - Summer jewelry
 - 1 dressy cardigan sweater, for an evening wrap
 - 1 half slip
 - 2 Summer nightgowns

I was anxious to add more than the list called for, but mother reminded me that we should travel as light as possible, and that I didn't need a lot of variety, because we would never be in one place very long. In addition, we both agreed it would be fun to do some shopping and pick up things at the places we were stopping.

I was not eager to include shorts and slacks, but mother said there would be times when they would be the only appropriate attire, and besides, they were typical of the wardrobe of a teen-aged girl today.

Mother was getting quite enthused as our conversation ran on. I could see her interest in dressing a daughter being rekindled. After all, as a dressmaker, she enjoyed planning a ladies wardrobe.

There wasn't time for her to sew much if any of the things we discussed. And furthermore, she was trying to finish up her own work so that we could leave as planned.

I had my last Summer's earnings, which we roughly figured would pay for the entire list and leave something for the trip. So she said she would ask Aunt Marsha if I could shop at her store.

Before dinner, I freshened up and changed into my red afternoon dress. It felt indescribably wonderful to be walking to and fro, going up and downstairs, sitting down and rising in a skirt again! It was just so natural, so right for me. And I was increasingly relieved at mother's attitude—which had grown from unwillingness but recognition of a pledge, to cautious acceptance, to enthusiasm.

After slipping off my apron when we finished cleaning up the dinner dishes, we watched television for a while, then mother said, "Well, let's tackle that hair, Marion. I'd like to see what a set will do for it. The sooner you can give up the blonde wig, the better. It's lovely and becoming but will be hot in the Summer and could give you away. Let's go upstairs."

I went into the guest room, where all my things still were, slid out of my dress, and put on a negligee. Mother came in and said, "As long as all your things are here, why don't we just make this your room, dear? That will serve to keep Martin and Marion even more separate and apart. There's a nice dressing table here for

you, it doesn't have a lot of masculine reminders around. It will help in our campaign to make you 100% girl this Summer."

"Oh, that's a divine idea, mother."

"Well, sit down here at the dressing table, and let's start on your hair," she went on, removing the bobby pins. I'll loan you my big roller curlers tonight, but I don't want you borrowing things from me all Summer, young lady."

She went on chatting, as she got to work with the wave set lotion, curlers and comb. I watched in the mirror as she segregated a batch of tresses, combed the lotion into them, wrapped them tight around the roller and anchored it. Meanwhile, she described what she was doing and coached me for the future.

When she came to the back, after putting a dozen or more rollers into place, she bemoaned again, "It's simply a shame your hair is short here at the neck, when its so nice and long everywhere else. Of course, some of these locks that end at the back of your neck are very long, starting from the top and even the front of your head. You saw them when I combed them out and set the rollers on top and toward the back. I think we had better give that one more hair cut more thought. Perhaps I can trim you up the night before graduation enough to look neat, but not as close as a barber would. Then you would at least have half or three

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quarters of an inch here, which is more the way a girl with a shingle trim in back would wear her hair. I think you'll have a nice bob before the Summer is over. In fact, you'll probably be putting it up before we get back in three and a half months. There's not enough here at the back now to wrap around the rollers, but I can twist a few curls and hold them with bobby pins. That may soften the looks in back some."

In another few minutes, she was saying, "There we are. How does that feel? I'm dying to see how it will look in the morning!"

"It feels different, mother, of course," I replied running my fingers over the unfamiliar rolls and sensing the over all sensation of taut hair. "I can hardly wait to see how it comes out, too."

"Well, let's tie this net hood over it, to give it some protection during the night, and then you go to bed and see how it is to try and sleep with a head full of curlers."

Without further words, I slid off my negligee, slip, girdle and hose, put on my lovely nightie and prepared to go to bed in Marion's room, my room.

Mother came in to kiss me goodnight, commenting, "You really do charm me out of all my good intentions. I have to admit it's nice to have you back. I truly wish your period of renunciation would have worked, and I know it was right to try it. but I know we are going to have a wonderful Summer.

The next morning, mother came in just after I had awakened. I told her I had slept well, but had taken a moment to remember who and where I was when I woke up and felt odd sensations on my head.

"You'll get used to it. Well, get up, and call me as soon as you're ready. Let's comb out your hair before breakfast. You know I don't like half dressed boys or girls downstairs."

In a few minutes, I was at the dressing table again, and mother was deftly taking out bobby pins and curlers, combing and fluffing, and instructing me as I watched in the mirror. She had always taken care of her own hair, and prided herself on what a good job she could do.

I just adored the result. To think that mass of gently falling waves were mine! I wanted to touch them, run my hands over them and through them, but of course knew I would spoil the effect.

I had a nice pompadour in front, ending in a flip at each side of my forehead. The long strands over my ears now tumbled in attractive waves to just below the bottom of my ears. My hair stood away from my head much further than I was used to from my plastering job.

Taking a hand mirror, I surveyed the sides and back. The very nape of my neck was still severe line, but the "bubbles" cascaded down almost to the bottom.

Mother was radiant, too, "Why, that's just darling. I'm so happy you have let it grow. I think it came out wonderfully, and looks as girlish as any coiffure you'll see, and the back isn't bad either. Now slip on something and come down to breakfast, but don't muss that hair! I want to admire my handiwork a little longer."

I went into the bathroom then, and shaved closely, not only my still light beard, but also the body hair under my arms, and the few wisps on my chest and legs. I wanted that girlish feeling which hairlessness added to.

I donned my girdle, bra and decided on my gray skirt, which I could step into, and my button knit cardigan, so nothing had to go on over my head.

I had been looking closely at the girls in school and I noticed some of the 'flat' ones still wearing "camisoles" under their blouses. But most of the girls now had been wearing bras for several years. I could see the outline and effects of my "brassiere" through my cardigan, and the thought of having to wear one all summer gave me the "shivers". I don't know why.

I added a little string of pearls, a bracelet, lipstick and my blue pumps. Then I sneaked into mother's room and posed before the big mirror. What sheer ecstasy to see that pretty girl with the fashionable bubble coiffure and know it was me! Reluctantly, I tore myself away and joined mother at breakfast.

"Marion, I believe you've grown prettier since you've been away. You've changed from a teenager to a very attractive young lady. You amaze me how naturally you slip into your role again."

"I can't help it, mother. I just feel more at home as a girl. Girls' clothes just seem natural and more enjoyable to me. Boys' clothes are something to cover me. Girls' clothes are something to delight in—I seem to respond to them immediately."

"Well, we're not going to seek an explanation for it this Summer, so you can go on and see if that enjoyment will last all Summer. My but I'm pleased with your hair. That takes one of the last artificialness out of your masquerade. Now, I'm afraid you may find it less trouble than the wig!"

Mother went off to church after breakfast, while I tried to do my lessons. But I couldn't keep from going to mother's mirror and striking various feminine poses—lifting up skirt and ruffles of petticoat to tighten a garter, modeling with hand on hip, smiling coquettishly with head cocked on one side, sitting down with legs crossed and skirt pulled up.

Soon I hear mother's voice below. "Hello, dear. Come on down. I told Aunt Marsha that 'my daughter' was back and wanted some help in shopping. She insisted on coming over."

I tripped down the stairs, paused in the doorway of the living room for a moment, while Aunt Marsha's sparking eyes surveyed me, and then rushed up and hugged and kissed her. I was almost in tears. "Aunt Marsha, you don't know how wonderful it is to be back."

"It's wonderful to see you. You look lovely, just lovely. Your mother told me about your hair and I adore it. Oh, Helen, you were awfully cruel to this *girl*."

"Well, let's forget that now. I tried to kill and bury her, but she seems to have an element of immortality. The important thing now is a wardrobe for the Summer. But I don't want Martin flouncing around town looking like that. What can we do?"

"Oh, Helen, he can slip into my car in your driveway. It's only half a dozen steps from your side door. Then we can go down to the shop this afternoon, park the car in back and go in the back door. There won't be anyone there on Sunday, of course. We can pick out all the things he needs, and he can try them on right there. Let's have a bite of lunch and "then go."

"Alright, Marsha, you always make it seem so easy," mother said. "Is that alright with you Marion?"

"That sounds wonderful. We have a list all made out, Aunt Marsha," I replied.

Soon I was riding down into the business section, almost deserted on Sunday afternoon. It was thrilling to be out in public again as a girl. Those unforgettable days in New York were getting less clear in my memory, and seemed ages ago.

As Aunt Marsha had predicted, no one was around as we parked the car and entered the back door. In a moment, we were pawing through the racks of summer dresses, and each pulling out those that appealed to us.

I tried on a dozen before settling for a plain, shirtwaist style with full skirt in powder blue; a pretty orange and white two piece, consisting of dress with shoulder straps and low cut front and back, together with a little bolero jacket; a colorful print with dirndl type skirt; and a playsuit - blouse, and shorts in one piece, with a wrap around skirt that buttoned up the front. Then I selected a splashy cotton print skirt and a nylon permanently pleated white one. We went on down the list, through Bermudas, a pair of narrow tight fitting toreador pants, pretty sleeveless blouses with tiny flower patterns, and shoes as planned. Something about the classic brown and white spectator pumps thrilled me especially. They seemed so feminine and trim.

Bathing suits posed a problem, Aunt Marsha did find a pair of rubber “falsies”, and a tiny little latex panty girdle, that confined any traces of definite masculinity and was still short enough on my thighs to stay above a bathing suit.

My figure in a fitted one piece suit had enough of a narrow waist and rounded hips to could pass inspection. Mother recognized what I had long known, “Well, his figure isn’t any more boyish in that suit than most girls and with long hair, lipstick, red fingernails and toenails, a girlish complexion and a girl’s bathing suit, people aren’t going to start wondering if he’s a boy. They accept what they see. I’m not worried if you’re not.”

“I’m not concerned in the slightest, mother,” I replied, loving the tight fit of the suit, with its bare back which I could see in a mirror in front of me catching the reflection of the one behind.

With two colorful swimsuits selected, and a couple of bathing caps which I refused to try on over my hair, we went on to the lingerie section.

I wanted a little half slip to wear under bare backed dresses, a couple of short nighties, and many more brassieres. Especially one that would not be visible with low backed dresses. Aunt Marsha finally produced one that served very well. She decided that I could use a little more padding and produced several frilly brassieres for me to try on.

“That’s a good boy,” Aunt Marsha said cheerfully as she guided my arms thru the straps of the pretty brassiere she had been holding, then turned me around so she could pull the elastic band tight around my chest and back, hooking the catch so the brassiere was on me securely.

“My little girl is growing up,” my mother announced seeing my enhanced figure. She confided to Aunt Marsha, “I’m so confused by all this, I feel like crying”, she replied while touching her hankie to her eyes.

“Martin has been pestering me for such a long time about this trip and now look at me—I buying him a brassiere.”

I started to get worried. Could mother change her mind now?

She turned to Aunt Marsha and said, “Once a girl starts wearing bras, she has to wear one for the rest of her life. You don’t think we could be ‘damaging’ him in some way?”

“No, dear,” Aunt Marsha said, “It’s only underwear.”

I made me think for a minute. My nipples felt strange after a day or two in bras. They tingle and they were kind of sore.

“He’s becoming a ‘lady’, my little boy ‘a lady’,” mother said as she wept a tear.

She was right, I was proud of my brassiere. I could hardly wait to wear it outside and have Jean see me in it.”

"He's precious," Aunt Marsha announced and went about fitting me with a couple more brassieres. I sighed.

Aunt Marsha had her own thoughts and allowed my mother to "cry it out". Once she was composed again she asked, "Does he know about the "secret".

"There's no need to," Mother said startled. I looked puzzled.

"Dear, he's to be 100% girl remember?" Aunt Marsha said turning to me. "Once a girl start wearing a brassiere, it won't be long before the "woman's curse" begins, and you need to know all about it!"

My mother nodded acknowledgement, fully aware of what Aunt Marsha was referring to, defending her omission, "I didn't want Martin to be worried about being embarrassed, because there is no way he 'needs' one."

Aunt Marsha reminisced, "I made Jean wear a 'pad' and told her early about it so she wouldn't be embarrassed. If Martin is 100% girl, he needs to know. You do want him to blend in and be 'one of the girls,' don't you"?

"Yes, I suppose you are right," mother answered hesitantly while thinking to herself. "What started as an innocent amusement, of just having Martin wear her dress while hemming it, was now getting "out of hand". She looked and asked seriously, "I wonder if I should allow Martin to do this"? He'll never know what it's like to be a girl if you don't," Aunt Marsha mused.

I was getting the idea what they were talking about. Aunt Marsha asked almost apologetically, "How do you feel about "that". You really should!"

"Surprisingly, I didn't make a fuss. Aunt Marsha explained why I needed it, and she showed me how to put it on.

I know, it is all rather "intimate" but how else would I know how to do it right. I learned if you don't have your "pad" on just so, you might as well not wear one at all"

Mother whispered, "See. Boys are so lucky. They don't have to worry about cramps, and wearing silly belts and pads. Now don't you wish that you were going on vacation as a boy?"

"Yes, but they don't get to wear "pretty clothes" either", I replied.

I was a lucky boy. I would get to wear pretty clothes, dresses and lingerie, but I wouldn't have to worry about bleeding, or cramps, so I didn't mind having to wear those "silly" belts and pads.

I was learning that being a girl wasn't all frills. Was there more that I didn't know? Would I tire of all this? Only time would tell.

Next were handbags, gloves and hose. For daytime I chose a basket bag, with pretty felt flowers sewn to it. We decided to leave a dressier bag to shop for on the trip, since my evening bag would suffice.

Mother left no doubt about her decision. "He will need more than one pair of hose, after all, he's going to be in dresses for several months."

Aunt Marsha had anticipated the answer, and was already setting out stockings in a number of pretty shades. Pearl, taupe, classic navy, barely black, jet black, little color, barely there, white, and suntan. Nine pairs in all.

Mother also suggested that I buy a few pairs of "seamed" stockings, for real dressy occasions. Four more pairs were added to the pile. Quite a few stockings for someone who had only been wearing them for hours. Oh well!!!

At the jewelry counter, I picked up a necklace of plain large white beads, with bracelet and earrings to match.

Aunt Marsha totaled all the prices at this point, divided the total in half, and said that would be the price to me. Mother and I said she was too generous, but she laughed, and said she often gave close friends a discount, as mother knew, and employees got a discount, so I was entitled to both.

Then I remembered one additional item - an evening sweater. They were all lovely, but I finally decided on a white one with pretty roses embroidered on it. And Aunt Marsha insisted on giving me that as a present. With that, we packed everything up, loaded the car, and returned home where Aunt Marsha dropped us. What a divine day!

Bedtime came all too soon, with the prospect of returning to boyhood the next day. I knew I would have to straighten out my hair plaster it down again, return to pajamas and back to 'Martin's' room. But, going into the bathroom in my negligee, I spent a long while in front of the mirror, playing with hair. I ran my hands through it, lifting it up with my fingers. I brushed it all to one side, drinking in the mass of it over my face and ear. I tried parting it in the middle, and again brushing and combing it into various effects. Finally, I knew I could postpone the inevitable no longer, so I wet it down in the shower and combed and plastered it into place, with as few glimpses into the mirror as possible. It was only a minute then until I was in Martin's bed, a boy again, but one with exciting memories of a glorious, girlish weekend, and exciting anticipation of a wonderful Summer only two and a half weeks away.

The next day, my mind was constantly reliving the delights of the weekend. On the way home from school, I screwed up my courage and stopped at a large drug store, resolved to prepare for what lay ahead. With a list I had written up, I walked right up to a lady clerk and feeling terribly self-conscious but determined to go through with it, said "Will you help me with a list of things my mother asked me to get for her?"

She said of course, and carefully reading from the list I knew by heart, I blurted out, "She wants a dozen and a half large roller curlers, two cards of bobbypins, and some waving lotion," reciting the brand name mother had used on Saturday. Of course, it turned out there were lots of curlers to choose from, so I just told her whatever she thought was best. When she asked the inevitable "Will that be all?,"

I replied that she also wanted one of those nets to put over her head when the curlers were on, to conceal them, did they carry them? And of course they did.

In a moment, I had paid and was walking out hurriedly, wondering if the amused smile she gave me stemmed from any suspicions, because she seemed to have taken a good look at my own obviously generous head of hair.

The rest of the week, when I knew mother was out of the house safely busy downstairs, I experimented with winding my hair on the rollers, but taking them off at once lest any curl show.

I came home earlier than usual on Friday afternoon, found mother in the living room and timidly asked her, "Do you mind if I try putting my hair up in curlers mother? I would like to get some practice before we leave the week after next."

"That sounds like a good idea. You'll find the things on my dressing table. I don't want any boy walking around the house in pants with curlers in his hair, so keep out of my sight."

"Thanks, mother, I won't let you or anyone else see me as a boy with curlers. You can be sure of that. But I don't need anything of yours, as I picked up some curlers and other things I'll need at the drug store on the way home." (I didn't say four days ago.) "I told the clerk they were for you."

"Well, aren't you the bold and enterprising one. O.K., now run along and give it a try."

After showering and shampooing my hair, I went into "Marion's room," where I had put the things. But I didn't intend for anyone to see Martin in curlers, even myself, so I donned my negligee and undies, and a touch of lipstick. Then I got to work.

It was a struggle. My arms ached from holding them up, and I wasn't at all sure I was doing very well as I moved toward the back and out of my immediate view of the mirror. I checked with

a hand mirror from time to time, and saw a lot of wisps I had missed, and some unevenly placed curlers, too. But I felt that it wasn't too bad for a first try, and was sure I could do better next time.

I put the net I had purchased over all the curlers, and tied it around my neck. I was resolved to move into skirts for the weekend, and force mother into agreement rather than risk asking in advance.

I dressed completely, finishing with my new orange and white dress with the little jacket, my new Summer jewelry, brown and white spectator pumps, and a complete make up job, including nails. After a careful and thrilling inspection in mother's big mirror, I went downstairs, finding mother in the kitchen. "Well, what's this all about?"

"You said I shouldn't mix curlers and pants, mother, and I certainly want you to see how my hair-setting job turns out. So I decided to let it set overnight like we did last weekend."

"I thought you were just going to practice by wrapping a few curlers and taking them out again. But I guess if you've gone to all the trouble to do a complete job, you might as well see the results of your handiwork. I must say, though, Marion, that I disapprove of your coming to the dinner table in curlers, even with a pretty net mostly concealing them. I'll permit it tonight, because it hasn't come up before, but not again."

"Alright, mother, I'm sorry."

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"That's alright dear. Now put on an apron over that becoming new dress so you don't soil it before our trip, and lend me a hand."

Mother must have known everything that happened this last days before our trip were a critical events no matter how insignificant they seemed at the time. What ever I got used to before we left would be easier later. My getting accustomed to taking part in girl activities, like handling curlers and pins, actually getting my own hair set would make it easier on all later.

The next morning, I rose early in my new room, put on negligee and undies over my new Summer short nightie.

As I sat there lamenting my fate, I was now continuing to experience what all girls were well aware of. The weight of curlers and pins added a noticeable sensation of heaviness that boys know nothing about. The bobbi pins, poking my head; even when I moved slightly.

The ever present pull and tug that each roller caused as it to strain against the roots of my hair. There was no cessation of this feeling during the entire night that my hair was set.

Twenty strands of hair wound tightly around twenty curlers, locked securely in place with bobbi pins and hair clips. I had overheard girls saying they couldn't or wouldn't go out with their hair in curlers, and now I knew why. I wouldn't want anyone to ever see me with my hair full of curlers either.

I thought they looked awful. Of course, girls were willing to do almost anything to make themselves look pretty. Girls knew that curlers looked awful. They knew that curlers didn't feel good. They knew they poked, pinched, tugged, and strained. They didn't want to wear them, except they knew if they didn't, they wouldn't look pretty. So girls accepted the discomfort and the inconvenience and so would I. It was what being a female, and being feminine was all about.

My mother seemed like she always had her hair in some kind of curlers or another and so would I for the next few months.

I removed the rollers and set about combing out my hair. It didn't look quite as well as the week before, and it took me much longer, with many frustrating efforts to cope with stubborn locks and wisps.

After making up, I slipped on a new blouse and skirt, and hurried down to the kitchen for mother's inspection. "Why, you look darling, dear. That's a very creditable job for your first try. I think you can take on the responsibility for your hair right away."

I spent the day loafing around the house, helping mother, talking with her, and studying for my exams. I even tried a little sewing again. I changed to a dress for dinner, and at bedtime, bade mother goodnight again in Marion's night clothes without her questioning.

Sunday, likewise, I just continued in my Marion role, and mother raised no question. The joy of relaxing into femininity was boundless. My bulging breasts, the constriction of my waist, the swirl of my skirt, the vision of my nylon - enclosed legs, and my high heeled feet were a never ending thrill. And mother commented that dresses certainly brought out my best disposition.

It all seemed so natural and right, that a couple of times, when the doorbell rang, instead of dashing for cover, I thoughtlessly said "I'll get it, mother." Of course, she stopped me, and took care of the salesman or delivery man herself.

I was dying to go out, and mingle with other people as a girl. Or in some ways even better, hear the compliments of people who knew my real sex, such as those I had from Aunt Marsha, her sister, mother's bridge companions, or the girls at the Halloween dance. I still loved to recall the "What a darling girl you make," the "You're too pretty to be a boy," and the "You should have been a girl."

The inevitable transition Sunday night again was distressing, and the ensuing week was long. I found myself studying the hairdos of the girls at school, and deciding in some cases that my hair was just as long, or longer, and perhaps even looked as nice or nicer.

Friday night, I excused myself right after dinner with a simple, "Will you excuse me mother? I'm going upstairs and set my hair before I go to bed." She raised no objection to what was not a routine, and I labored again, but with a little less difficulty than on my initial effort.

The results the next morning showed improvement, too, and moreover, I was becoming increasingly proficient in arranging my hair. I was learning not only from the original combing out, but from the frequent checks and re-styling which I had made during the day the previous two weekends.

The phone rang about noon and mother answered and then called, "It's for you." I went with curiosity and anticipation, and my guess proved correct. It was Jean. "I hear my girl friend is back. I'm all through college. Can I come over?"

"Of course, I'd love to see you!"

In a few minutes, she bounced in. "Well, well, my little princess had grown up to be a queen. You look more beautiful than ever, and any other girl who stands beside you for compari-

sons to be made, is crazy. Where are your long blonde tresses? That hairdo is just as becoming and a lot more stylish."

"Do you really like it? It's all my own and I set it and combed it out myself."

"Honestly! Well you really are ready for summer. I kind of wish I were taking the whole trip with you."

"I do to, but I'm glad we're starting off together, anyway. Come on upstairs and let me show you my other new dresses and things."

We spent a happy afternoon together. As evening approached, mother said, "Why don't I ask your mother Jean? We can stretch our dinner for four. Is she busy, do you know?"

"That would be great, Aunt Helen, I'm sure she's not." So mother called her and she came over.

After dinner, as we went into the living room, mother said, "I think now is as good as time as any to give you your graduation present, Marion. I originally planned it for Martin, But when you came back and I could see the shape that the summer would take, I bought them for you." She then brought out three large cartons, which proved to be some pretty feminine luggage - two, different sized suitcases and a little traveling case fitted with jewelry tray, bottles for cosmetics, built-in mirror in the cover, and matching comb and brush.

"Oh, mother, that's wonderful," I cried as I hugged her. "They're just yummy. I wondered why you were so mysterious yet reassuring when you asked what I could use."

"Well, I may claim them from you at the end of the summer but I thought you should have something suitable, and that the use you'll give them in the next three and a half months justified the purchase even if you never used them again."

My alert ear caught the "may" and "if", which indicated that mother hadn't entirely ruled out my continuance of my girlhood after we got back, and I thrilled at the hope.

Jean then said, "I have a couple of little remembrances, too, Marion," and handed me a package she had left with her gloves when she came in. It turned out to be a couple of lovely scarves, which could serve as kerchiefs over my head, or would make any outfit prettier and more colorful. I kissed and thanked her.

Aunt Marsha then handed me a little package from her purse. It contained a darling silver bracelet, with a diploma-and cap charm suspended from it. "I thought it would be fun for you to have a charm bracelet this summer, so you can pick up little remembrances of the places you visit. This will give you a start."

“Aunt Marsha, you’re just a love. You always are generous and with just the right thing,” I replied as I put it on my wrist and held it up delightedly.

Sunday went by much like the last, as I tried to concentrate on studying for last exam, despite my hair and attire. When I went into say goodnight to mother, my hair was back in boyish style. Mother said, “Sit down here for a minute, Martin, and let me see what we can do about that hair. I simply can’t let you go up and get your diploma looking so shaggy st your neck in back. But it would be a shame for you to let a barber at it.”

She shaved a little, and snipped a little, and then decided it was better. When I looked in the mirror, I had agree with her. She really hadn’t shortened it significantly, but had tidied up the appearance, much as a hairdresser might for a girl who was wearing a shingle cut.

The next three days were long, but graduation was finally over and my boyhood, temporarily at least, came to an end. Thursday morning dawned, and I hurried to Marion’s room. I hadn’t had a chance to touch my hair the night before, and mother, moreover, said she thought it would be best if I wore my blonde wig to start the trip, since I was less likely to be recognized getting into the car and leaving town.

I still loved the long pageboy curls, and had set them on Sunday. I donned lingerie, blouse, skirt and heels as well as wig. After breakfast, I turned to packing, and also helped mother close up the house, covering the furniture, and the like. In the afternoon, I had to comb it out before dinner and would have to start off with the wig covering it the next day.

Thursday finally dawned, the day I had been awaiting for almost a year and a half. I hurried into my girl attire again, selecting one of my new skirts and blouses. I kind of liked the long blonde tresses of my wig for a change, falling down over my shoulders. How wonderful it would be if my own hair would grow to this length! It was of a light brown shade, a little darker than the wig. Mother had not only insisted on the wig that morning but also said I would probably be glad I had it during the trip. It would be nice to slip on for the evening, after a long day’s drive when my own hair would have gotten mussed.

Aunt Marsha brought Jean over after breakfast. While she and mother loaded the car, I did the last of the housework - breakfast clean-up, stripping the beds, locking the windows and doors. Finally, all was ready, I slipped out and into the car, Aunt Marsha gave us each affectionate goodbyes, and we were off!

The first day was uneventful. I did find my wig hot, so by mid-day, when mother was at the wheel, I took it off. Jean then

took comb and brush, and fixed my hair into a reasonable feminine coiffure, with the aid of a few bobby pins!

We pulled into an attractive, modern motel around five o'clock. When we drove around in back, we found our rooms facing out on a well patronized swimming pool.

Jean immediately said, "C'mon, Marion, how about a swim?" I was a little apprehensive but knew that this moment had to be faced, and it certainly was inviting after the long, hot day's drive.

So I agreed, and in a few minutes was surveying myself in a bathing suit in the full length mirror in mother's and my room. It was a figured suit, with the design making the most of my curves. It had a little skirt effect around the bottom which gave me some slight feeling of concealment. I liked the rear view, as I peered over my shoulder to admire my back, bare, almost to my waist.

Jean was knocking at the door, so I grabbed my bathing cap, a towel, and stepped out. There were a lot of people around and in the pool, and I felt very self-conscious and knew they all must be staring at me. But as I got over my first fright and looked at specific individuals, I saw that they were doing.

All except a couple young men, college boys I guessed, who were clearly ogling up from across the pool.

I still felt insecure, and was of no mood to test my feminine charms for the first time in a year and a half, on my first day in public, and in a bathing suit.

Jean whispered, "Don't worry. Your figure is very girlish." That was true—I had breasts, hips, long hair, and shaved legs. Not at all like the 'boys'.

I said quickly to Jean, "Lets go in." I pulled on my cap, and began tucking my hair under it, in a new and exciting feminine gesture. That done, I dove in. The water felt great, and I started to pedal down the pool in a vigorous crawl when I suddenly realized this might be a giveaway too. So I stopped and just tread water and waited for Jean to join me.

We stayed in for some time, before climbing out and wiping ourselves off. I then took off my cap and went through girlish motions of shaking out my hair and fluffing it up with my fingers. Lying down to enjoy the sun, I stole a glance across the pool, and was relieved to see that the boys had gone. But just as I noticed that they had circled the pool and were coming towards us, mother walked up and said, "Hi, girls, how's the water?" She was in her suit too.

"It's wonderful, mother," I replied, emphasizing the latter in hopes the boys would hear. Then, taking her by the arm, I said, "Come on, I'll go in with you," and pulled on my cap again. We had a nice swim together. When we got out, the boys had gone.

Dinner in the motel's restaurant, with lots of people around, and the waitress again asking for "your order, miss" restored my confidence. I began to feel more relaxed, and my feminine gestures and expressions began to come without forethought. Mother was lovely and fun, and we three girls had a real nice evening.

Next day we arrived in Denver by mid-afternoon, and soon found the Watkins house. I was apprehensive here too, not because I might be detected, but because my secret was well known. But Mrs Watkins couldn't have been sweeter. She greeted me with "How wonderful to see you again, Marion! I remember that afternoon with you so well, and my concern lest Helen here consign you to oblivion. My, you look just as pretty as I remember you. And your hair is very becoming." (I had put it up the night before, and it looked much better.)

"I never expected to see it this long. Why, it will be hanging down your back by the end of summer. Mine's a mess but I have a hairdresser appointment in the morning. Oh, I wish George were here. I know he'd adore to have another dance with you. But he's away on another of his long business trips and will miss you. You must stop on your way home and try to catch him then."

We went on chatting as we unloaded, then Mrs. Watkins showed us to our rooms. We bathed and changed for dinner. I donned my green linen sheath, and spectator pumps. I did the best I could with my hair, but the day in the car had taken a lot of the wave out of it. I could see the necessity of putting it up again, and was beginning to realize that the novelty of that might wear off pretty soon.

As I entered the living room, Mrs. Watkins said, "My you look nice and lovely in that pretty frock, Marion." And I, pleased as punch responded, "Do you really like it? I made it myself." You don't really mean it! Helen, I don't think it's fair for you to have both a daughter, as well as a son, when George and I never had any children. We do make up for it a little with his brothers' family here in Denver. They have five! Oh, and that reminds me, their oldest girl, Barbara is just the age of you two girls. And I have asked her to come over tomorrow night and have some of her friends in for a little party for you. Is that alright?"

Mother replied quickly, "Oh Mary, I'm not sure that's wise. You know Marion - uh - uh -"

"Nonsense, Helen," broke in Mrs. Watkins. "Marion is just as much a girl as anyone, and there's no reason she should be deprived of the pleasures this Summer that other girls have. I told Barbara only that I had a couple of attractive girls visiting me, and to round up a nice group of young people. They're not going to

do anything except have a few cokes, and maybe play some games or have some dancing downstairs in the rumpus room. We'll be right here to chaperon, besides."

"Boys, too, Mary? I'm not sure at all about that," mother gasp.

"Mother," I cut in, "this is supposed to be my 100% girl Summer. You have already decided that. It just isn't going to be possible to isolate a 17 year old girl on a Summer vacation from boys."

"Boys might cause you a problem, dear," mother said, adding, "I guess you know what boys are like."

"Yes," I said blushing, "I had to struggle to keep from being picked up at the pool yesterday. And the more I struggle, the more likely I am to arouse suspicions. I assure you I have no interest in boys except as friends in the same way I have had boys as friends all my life."

"But they look at you differently now."

"You can be sure I will keep the boys at a proper distance because I want to, and I will keep girls at a proper distance, too, even if I don't want to." I couldn't refrain from a little smile at Jean, at this point. "Believe me, you can trust me. Besides, I'm sure it would be embarrassing and odd for Mrs. Watkins to have to change the plans now."

Mother concurred, conceding that my points were valid. "In fact, Marion, you always convince me. I think you could be equally successful as a lawyer or a lady."

At the dinner table, Mrs. Watkins apologized to us for having to run out on us in the morning to keep her hairdressing appointment, but suggested Jean could take us on a tour of the city, since she had been here several times before. But I had an inspiration, "Oh, mother, do you suppose I could get a permanent too? Isn't that an experience every girl should have? And wouldn't it make my hair prettier this Summer?"

"What a wonderful idea, Marion," said Mrs. Watkins. "Do let him, Helen. I am sure my beauty parlor can fit him in with me in the morning. Someone is always canceling out at the last minute. And he really should have a permanent for the trip this Summer."

Jean, looking devilish, seconded the idea, too. I was sure she just wanted to subject me to the discomfort of it, as well as to put me into as many feminine situations as she could. So it was decided. Mother really offered no opposition, but agreed it was an experience I should have.

So Mrs. Watkins and I went off together the next morning. She was successful in persuading the proprietor to take care of

me, and I found myself being administered to by a chatty young lady. "You have lovely hair, dearie. It's a shame it isn't longer. I hate these short hairdos."

"So do I," I replied. "I'm tired of wearing it short and am letting it grow." This was certainly true!

She went on later to tell me that I would look much more chic if my eyebrows were shaped and trimmed, and suggested I have that done, too. I readily concurred, thinking what fun it would be to be able to try various eyebrow shapes and effects.

While under the hair dryer, my beautician brought back a tray of nail care paraphernalia. She indicated I should put my feet onto a stool that was set in front of me. One by one, each of my toes were filed. Next the beautician took out the polish and began painting my toes a pretty shade of pink. As each toe was painted a ball of cotton was placed between my toes to keep them separated.

Then she started on my hands. She had applied four coats of "extender" to each nail which added 1/16th of an inch with each coat, making my nails now 1/4 inch longer than they were. Then she had filed them into rounded points, and finally she was painting each one "pink", just like my toes.

FORGETFUL FREDA visits the Chevalier D'Éon

CHARLES - DO YOU RECALL IF I REMEMBERED TO TELL THE BOYS I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO PLAY IN THE GAME AGAINST U.C.L.A. THIS WEEKEND?



After she finished, she set my hands directly under a heat lamp to help dry the polish, and told me not to move. As if I could anyway! There was little space between the dryer and my curlers, so I couldn't move my head. My feet were propped up on a stool, with cotton balls fitted between my toes which would stay there until my toes were dry.

I loved sitting there in such a pure feminine environment in my pretty, but simple powder blue cotton. After a while Mrs. Watkins peeked into the booth to see if I was almost ready, which I was.

My beautician had made me up, too, after plucking my eyebrows to half their former width and penciling in a graceful curving arch. My hair, even though not as softly waving as I was assured it would be in a few days, looked just wonderful, with every hair in place. My make up was heavier than appropriate for my dress and the time of day, but my appearance just thrilled me! I was vain enough to believe that I was becoming a truly beautiful girl.

I went out to where Mrs. Watkins was waiting and she exclaimed, "Marion, you're a real beauty! My, they did a marvelous job on you. Those boys will be flocking around you tonight. Oopppps, lets not bring that up with your mother. Let's hurry home and show Jean and your mother."

They, too, were very flattering in their compliments. Mother said, "I wouldn't have thought that shaping your eyebrows would do so much to soften and further feminize your features, dear. Of course, your hairdo and make up are too theatrical now for everyday, daytime appearance. Oh, I don't see how we are ever going to make a boy out of you again."

After a tour around the city that afternoon we freshened up for dinner and the party. I couldn't make up my mind what to wear, and kept seeking advice from Jean and mother. Finally, I settled on my off the shoulder blouse, dirndl skirt, bouffant petticoat and black patent leather pumps and belt. I still adored this outfit, never ceasing to revel in the billowing fullness of the skirt and in the frou frou of the petticoat when I turned or sat down. I loved the taught, narrow waisted feeling of the belt pulled in as far as I could get it.

I surveyed myself in a long mirror in our room before going down to dinner, and found myself more than ever in love with this beautiful girl I had become.

The evening was loads of fun. Jean and I danced and talked and laughed and flirted. (Jean had rehearsed me with two or three dances before anyone came, so that I could get used to being

led again. And it was a joy to feel her holding me and to be able to snuggle up to her again. Our enjoyment of each other had taken right up when we left home and I was Marion from where it had left off on our return from New York.)

The boys were real cute. They did pay a lot of attention to me and to Jean, too. I found that I still liked the girlish feeling of having my hand held, of dancing with a boy, of receiving compliments and exchanging small talk with an occasional coquettish smile or gesture. But these things aroused and thrilled me because they made me feel so completely a girl, and accepted as one, not because I felt any sexual interest in a male.

My thoughts were focused on how “feminine” I looked and felt with all the ruffles, and the dainty lace trim. Everything about me was feminine, my long painted nails, my perfume, my beautiful curled hair. Being around boys really made me aware of the difference between boys and girls.

Mother and Mrs. Watkins peeked in on us in the basement from time to time. An initial look of some concern on mother’s part seemed to have faded into one of delight at the innocent fun we were all having by the middle of the evening.

I hated to see it come to an end, even though I was getting tired from dancing and from a full day on high heels. But, finally everyone had left, and we sat around for a while discussing the party and the people before going up to bed.

The next morning we left Denver to take Jean up to her job. Mrs. Watkins insisted that we come back in September and try to stay longer. “I’m just dying for George to meet Marion again. I know that if he could get to see what a charming and lovely girl she is, his skepticism would vanish. And Barbara said she would like to have another party for you at her house. Besides, I want to see how you look with your hair grown out even more, Marion, dear, and hear all about the trip and how everything went.”

“We’ll be picking Jean up on the return trip, Mary,” mother replied. “We’ll come on down here again at least overnight, and perhaps longer if it fits Jeans’ schedule. You are awfully nice to have us. We’ll let you know.”

I can’t begin to describe all the events of the Summer. We dropped Jean at her hotel that morning, after an affectionate embrace and kiss for each of us. I promised to write her often, and we left addresses where we would pick up mail.

The Summer was a delight in every way. I never ceased loving every minute of it, even my capri pants and Bermuda shorts. I added to my wardrobe and possessions: belts, bits of jewelry, another skirt and dress, and several charms for my bracelet. I

progressed in learning how to care for my hair. I bought a couple of hairdo magazines on the news stand and experimented with various settings, often with mother's assistance. My hair grew out agonizingly slow, but by the first of September fell down over two inches at the back of my neck. By then it had been four months since my last trip to a barber shop. With that length, I could curl it up at the ends and even put it up with mothers' help. Even on the hottest days, when I might pin it back away from my cheeks, I loved the feel of it, and the look of it and the thought of it being my own hair.

I loved browsing the magazines for young girls to study the styles. Styles that would be worn in the Fall, even though I wasn't sure what the Fall held in store for me. Going back to being Martin again was unthinkable, so I just refused to let it enter my mind.

Mother didn't broach the subject either. She told me more than once, that she hardly ever thought of me as a masquerading son anymore. We had become such good friends and confidants as mother and daughter. So few problems arose for me in that role that she would completely forget I was anyone but her daughter, Marion.

Although I didn't seek out the companionship of any boys, I couldn't avoid it entirely. It was inevitable that I would fall into conversation around a motel pool, a sightseeing trip or rangers' walk in a national park or the like. Several times I accepted dates in the evening—to a dance at the lodge where we stayed at Yosemite, or to the movies in Los Angeles, etc. I was careful to confine these to a strictly platonic relationship.

In San Francisco, we became acquainted with a family also on a Summer tour, who had rooms beside ours at our hotel. They had a girl my age and her brother a couple of years old, as well as their mother and father. We went on several sight seeing trips together, and also joined up in the evenings.

This provided me a chance to get really dolled up, in my yellow chiffon or the red dress I had bought in New York, for dancing at one of the big hotels. I loved to be at my prettiest for such an occasion, and in preparation for our final evening, had a shampoo and set at a beauty parlor. They were fun to be with, and of course when we parted, we exchanged addresses and promised to look each other up, although it seemed unlikely they would ever get to our small Mid-Western city or we to their home in the East.

We had worked out plans with Jean and the Watkins to pick her up at her hotel, and then spend a few days in Denver, as they had urged. Aunt Marsha was going to fly out to join us there and drive back with us.

It was a joy to see Jean again. She looked wonderfully tanned and healthy, and she said I did too. We compared tans and mine was a little darker. I had white strap marks from my suit that I had no idea how I would ever hide.

I had on the pretty new sundress I had picked up, and had made a special effort to set my hair in a soft, attractive bob, gently turned up all around. I had washed it and brushed it so it shone. It bounced lightly with my every gesture or movement. Her letters had been warm in their affection, and her delight in seeing me was apparent, as I am sure mine was in greeting her.

We drove down to Denver, and were welcomed by the Watkins, with her gushing compliments making me blush. Mr. Watkins looked obviously curious, somewhat disbelieving, and a little embarrassed. But I grabbed him by the arm and chatted with him girlishly, deciding that this would most quickly make him forget that he had ever seen me as a boy. It did take him a day or two to become at ease with me. By that time, I think he had put my former status out of his mind.

Barbara had a lovely party for us at her house, as she had promised. Many of the same boys and girls were there, and it was fun to renew acquaintances.

The day before we were to leave, after Mr. Watkins had gone to work, Aunt Marsha called us together in the living room and said "Now I'm going to tell you my big news, which I have been bursting to reveal. But I didn't want to steal any interest away from the nice things Mary has been arranging for us. Madame Marsha's is expanding. I'm opening another store in Capitol City, just a little branch to start with, out near the university, but I am sure it will grow. And, Helen, I want you to manage it! It worries me that you have to work so hard with your fingers and eyes, and it won't get any easier for you as you get older. I'm sure you can do a good job, because you know clothes, you have good taste and a nice manner with people. You won't have to move up to Capitol City, as a start, if you're willing to drive up and back every day, but I suspect you will want to ultimately. As a matter of face, there is a little apartment over the store I have rented, so you could use that temporarily or as long as you wished. It's all furnished, and unoccupied since a couple of married students who rented it moved out last June."

I have also wondered about Marion's future. I think it's a marvelous idea, mother," I jumped in. "I can tell you all one thing for sure. There isn't going to be any more Martin even if I have to go Chicago or New York by myself. I know that sounds cruel, but I'm almost eighteen and it's nearing time for me to make my own way in life. And I am positive that I can make it happier and further in skirts. I know that I could never live a normals man's

life now, and I think it's better to go through life as a girl and ultimately a woman than as a man who would be seeking every chance to masquerade as one."

I continued, "So Aunt Marsha's proposal is perfect, you can set me up in the apartment when Jean goes up to college at the end of this week. I can live with Aunt Marsha until then, and mother can say that I stayed out west and am going to college there."

Jean was smiling with pleasure, anticipating out being close together, and of course, this was very much in mind, too. "It's really the only answer, Aunt Helen. You must say "Yes," Jean commented.

"Of course you must, Helen," agreed Mrs. Watkins. "You'll find the job more interesting, and you can still do some dressmaking if you wish. And I agree completely with Marion. Wouldn't you rather have a lovely and contented daughter with you, helping to make the new shop a success, than a confused, misfit son - or daughter 1000 miles away, which seems more likely?"

"All of you are always convincing me. There's much to what you say, but I can't help feeling that for Marion to continue as a girl just isn't right." She continued turning to me, "from what you say, dear - and you sound so firm, I'm forced to take your ultimatum seriously - I have no choice. You are going to stay in dresses anyway, and I'd certainly rather have you with me than away from me."

I smiled.

Mother added, "I would like to try the job too, Marsha, and I think I could do it. I have often wondered whether or not I could make a living sewing until I die. And it does answer the immediate problem, too. I can't have Marion flouncing around our house in skirts and bobbed hair even for a few days when I get back. My friends are going to be dropping in to tell me all the gossip and hear about the trip. I will have my customers, too, whom I can't cut off right away. Moreover, you couldn't stay in the house all day, either Marion, yet I don't want to have to answer to the neighbors as to who the pretty girl is living with me, and what's become of Martin. So I guess there really isn't any other answer, Marsha.

"Of course, I assume that in fairness to us both, it's on a trial basis. If I don't like it, I'll want out, and if I don't succeed, you must be frank in telling me so. Then, too, I am not reconciling myself at this time to my son spending the rest of his life as a female. As a temporary expedient, I'll accept it, and in some ways welcome it. Because I have become terribly fond of my daughter, and I love helping her select dresses, try new hairdos, and enter

into many other feminine things together. Her happiness is so apparent and so contagious that it is a joy to have her around. I accept, Marsha, and will never be able to thank you enough.”

I jumped up and threw my arms around her, and kissed her warmly, forgetful of the smear my lipstick made. Everyone was delighted, too.

We left the next day, and in due course arrived home. I stayed with Jean and Aunt Marsha as planned for the three or four days until we all went up to Capitol City to leave Jean at her sorority house, where she was rooming, and me at the apartment. Workmen were remodeling the sales area below. I settled in, with all my clothes, including those I had before and not taken with me and two or three dresses and a suit that I pried away from mother.

Well, that's about the end of my story. It's now two years later, and everything has worked out marvelously. I haven't grown any more, and I can still wear mother's clothes, although I have no occasion too. I have a wonderful wardrobe of my own, both from our shop and from things mother has whipped up for me or I have made myself. We often sew together on a Sunday afternoon.

Scissors still haven't touched my hair, which hangs down well over a foot from the back of my neck, when I brush it at night. I love to put it up in different styles, and also want to see how long it will grow, although mother keeps telling me that I should have it bobbed and be more comfortable like it is.

I overheard her talking to Aunt Marsha one day. She whispered, "It's going fine. . . I'd been so limited by having a 'boy'.

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Finally I've got someone to dress alike with, and set my hair with, and get a facial with! Having a "sissy son" is almost the same as having a daughter, and I'm beginning to love it! That what worries me."

Mother seems to be reconciled now to my continued femininity. Once she was in New York with Aunt Marsha on a business trip, she made an appointment with a psychiatrist and described my situation. He told her that he didn't think there was any hope of converting me from transvestism (the first time we knew the name for my urge). He couldn't condone my way of life saying that it wasn't normal. . . but what was these days. He suggested that if I went back to dressing and living as a male, he was fairly sure I would feel frustrated, and constantly seek and outlet where I could don dresses. Since then mother has relaxed in her own mind, and accepted what is so clearly inevitable.

Jean and I are very much in love, and hope to be married when she graduates. Just how we will do this we haven't decided. We realize we couldn't have a normal married life together, but she still has her distrust of boys. I think she may have had more of a traumatic experience with old steady or some other man than she will admit.

"Some boys "pump iron" and some boys just "iron", Jean said to me one day. "I like to date "macho men", but I'll take my 'pretty boy' any day". She still likes to tease me.

We each do go on dates - often double dating - but we never let a boy get serious. I can't be a girl in a college community without being sought by boys. The first time mother saw me kiss a boy 'goodnight' she about had a tantrum.

As time goes on, both mother and Jean treat me less like a feminine boy and more like another girl. I attempt earnestly to react and respond as would a natural female. I think this catches them off guard sometimes. "Femininity" has a wonderful feeling, and I'm always ready to do anything to help myself to feel more "feminine".

I feel it is of the "utmost importance" that I "adopt" natural girlish interests and mannerisms to keep "suspicion" away from me. My theory was simple. If it looks like a duck, walks like a duck, sounds like a duck, then it must be a duck. So if I look like a girl, walk like a girl, act like a girl, then everyone will "think" I must be a girl.

Mother made another effort to see if she could change me back. She took me to a psychiatrist who was a specialist in cross-dressing. To her surprise and my delight, he suggested that I could be feminized further with the use of female hormones.

I about swooned at the thought but mother was more restrained. "Dear," she said, "Go home and wait for me. I want to have a *long* talk with the doctor."

Waiting patiently for Mother to come home, I stood in front of the "vanity" examining my figure. Could I get used to having a 'real' shapely bustline? Since I had been wearing "falsie's" for years, I didn't anticipate a problem.

When Mother finally arrived, she complained that "I really didn't need to have my own!"

"I'm already wearing a "brassiere" mother, and have been for longer than some real girls I know. Mother," I said softly, "I'd love to fill my 'cups' a *little* myself."

"That's what the doctor said but I think it's silly," she whined.

I could tell Mother's agreement was already running thin, but she tried to be as calm as she could. "I just don't know why you think that filling a girl's "brassiere" is so important. It's not just a decoration 'young man'," she said in an 'exasperated tone'. "Apparently I'll have to show you, what having breasts and a brassiere is for".

With that said, Mother took off her blouse and reached behind her back. In a practiced motion gleaned from years of experience she un-did the hooks on her own brassiere. Then leaning slightly forward, she shimmied her shoulders just enough to make the unfastened brassiere drop into her hands.

I "stared" in amazement, my eyes as big and round as the "feminine mounds of flesh" I saw gracing mother's chest.

"Is this what you want to have? Oh, Girls love to wear 'pretty things', and 'brassieres' are made with lots of lace, and ribbons,

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and bows to satisfy our desire to look pretty. I understand you wanting to wear them. . .but have breasts? Girls don't wear brassiere's just because they are pretty", Mother said as she moved her own breasts.

I turned red, embarrassed by what I was suggesting. . .that I have a figure like my mothers.

"Obviously, girls are not built the same as boys. When girl's breast's start to develop and enlarge, it's for a reason. This serves an important purpose if she ever has babies. That won't concern you, of course."

"But," I said, "I feel like I'm missing something. . ."

"Missing something? Breasts have to be "supported" because as they develop, they become very tender, very delicate. It is very uncomfortable and irritating to a girl if her "breast's" bounce around or "rub" against her clothes. She needs to protect them, safeguard them so that doesn't happen. Do you really want to go through all that?"

"Oh mother," I whimpered, "If I'm going to live as a girl, I really should go through what they do. Do they get dreadfully tender?"

"That is what a brassiere is designed for. Girls really don't need a brassiere until they start to 'develop' honey. You won't blossom overnight. You'd still have to be wearing "falsies" for a while. Trust me Martin, growing breasts is no picnic."

I reached into my bra and pulled out my falsies, resulting in the "collapse" of both my bra cups.

"That doesn't happen when you have "breasts" inside your "brassiere" mother, "I said. "Do you ever see this happening to a girl?"

"No", mother replied in a whisper. "The doctor gave me some pills for you to take but I want you to talk all this over with Jean. I want you to tell *her* that you want grow breasts like a woman. Her her that you want to have the body of a woman for the rest of your life and see what she says."

"Okay mother," I answered sheepishly, offering no resistance as I slipped my "dainty little feminizers" into my brassiere. I knew that Jean would tease me unmercifully about 'growing boobs'. While we had become very close, we both enjoyed the interchange of teasing. Mostly her ridiculing me. . .reminding me of my boyhood. Deep down I must enjoy her attention because I couldn't wait to tell her.

Several weeks after I started taking the hormones I noticed the first signs of change.

“There you go darling, just like a little lady”, Jean teased, and patted the tender growing area of my chest. Now you even feel like a girl,” she added sweetly, causing me to look away, feeling my face get hot from a “rush of embarrassment”. I loved it.

The shop is progressing very well, and mother has proved to be a good manager. She moved up and joined us in the apartment a couple of months after I moved in, and it is so convenient and economical that we haven’t looked for a house.

Once in a while one of her old friends comes into the shop, a woman whom I knew. But mother would just introduce me as her assistant, and no one has seemed suspicious.

As for Martin, he still is “at college in the west,” works out there in the summer, and I suspect will get a job there when he graduates, so far as any questions are concerned.

Each day I examine myself critically. My figure is now spectacular—I love wearing sweaters with daringly low cut bodices. Each day the girl in the mirror becomes more mature.

So that is the story of Martin, who disappeared what seems so long ago, to reappear as a very happy, attractive, twenty-year old feminine miss named Marion.

- The End -



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

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

MAID UP #14

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

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

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

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

GOING A BROAD #17

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

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

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

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

TIT FOR TAT #19

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

THAT'A GIRL #20

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

WOMAN'S WORK #21

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

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

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

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

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

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

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

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

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

WOMAN-HOOD #26

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

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

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

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

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

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

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

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

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

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

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

FEMININE APPEAL #33

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

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

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

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

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

SLINK OR SWIM #36

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

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

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

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

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

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

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

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

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

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

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

COED CREATED #42

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

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses

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

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

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

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47

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

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49

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

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51

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

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

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

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

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

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

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

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

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

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

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

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

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

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

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

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

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

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

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

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

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

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

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

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

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

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

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

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

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

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

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

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND # 74

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

JESSE INTO JESSICA I # 75 & II #76

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

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

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

GOING AS GIRLS #79

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

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

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

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

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

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

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

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

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

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

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

GIRLISH #87

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

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

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

GIRLHOOD #89

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

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

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

AUNTIE'S HELPER #92

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

BOY WILL BE GIRL #93

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

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

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

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

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

GOING TO THE BALL #3

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

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

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

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

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

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

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

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

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

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

VIRGIN VOWS #8

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

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

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

FRENCH DRESSING #10

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

THE NEW GIRL #11

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

THE GIRL'S PART #12

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

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

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

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

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

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

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

GIRLIES #16

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

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

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

MY BOSOM BUDDY #18

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

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

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

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

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

DOUBLE ISSUE

REDTOES #21

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

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

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

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

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

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

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

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

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

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

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

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

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

A LIVING DOLL #28

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

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

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

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

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

CLEAVAGE #31

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

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

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

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

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

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

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

A SUMMER GIRL #35

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

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

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

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

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

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

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

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

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

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

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

SISTERS FOREVER #43

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

FEMININE DESIRES #44

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

TAKING HER PLACE #45

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

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

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

SON TO SISTER #48

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

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

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

CHICKS RULE! #51

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

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

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

GIRLIE GIRL #54

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

FEMININE BUDDY #55

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

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

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

BECOMING EMMA #57

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

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

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

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

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

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

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

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

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

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

LEARNING CURVES #63

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

MY BETTER HALF #64

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

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

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

BIKINI BOUND #66

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

PURSE STRINGS #67

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

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

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

DRESS UP DAY #69

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a

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

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

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

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

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

DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72

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

PRETTY FOREVER #73

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

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

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

LUCK BE A LADY

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

A PARTY GIRL

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

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife,

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

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

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

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

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

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

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

TV VACATION #3

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

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

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

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

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

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

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

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

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

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

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

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

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

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

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

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

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

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

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

CHRIS TO CHRISSIE #7

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

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

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

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

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

ACCEPTANCE #11

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

CHARM SCHOOL #12

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

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

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

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

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

MANNEQUIN #15

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

FEMININE FORTE #16

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

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

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

THE MAKEOVER #18

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

BOYS TO BABES #19

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

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

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

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

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

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

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

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

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

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

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

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive

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

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

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

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

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

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

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

A WILLING WOMAN

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

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

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

THE STORE BRIDE

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

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

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

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

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

WHAT SISSIES WANT

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

WHAT GIRLS WANT

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

HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17

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

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

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

#1 NORM:

This series will follow the lives of various students of the Sylvan School where boys are taught to be proper young ladies...Great illustrations on early every other page.

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

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