

Petticoat Punishment Quarterly



Adults Only

No. 1
Classic Reprint

Real old-fashioned petticoat punishment stories about both famous and not-so-famous boys for the fantasy entertainment of adults who love to read about naughty little boys who are forced to wear girls' clothing to tame their boyish spirits.

Since 1981

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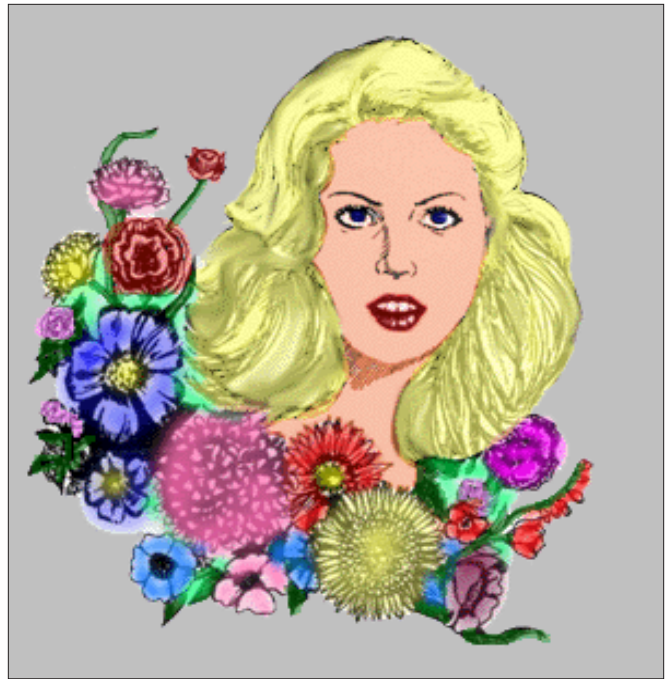
A Message from Princess Lacey

Petticoat Punishment is Nothing New

Dear Sissies,

Even though the term “petticoat punishment” has only been in use since the late 1800s, attempting to modify the aggressive behavior of young boys by dressing them as sweet little girls has been going on for thousands of years. For example, in Greek mythology, the mother of the great warrior Achilles made him dress as a girl throughout his childhood to prevent him from learning war games and to hide him from the gods who wished to do him harm. And during Roman times, the infamous emperor Nero made his boy servants dress and act like girls.

The petticoating boys became popular during the late 1800s. Queen Victoria started a fashion trend when she began dressing the Royal children (both boys and girls) in elegant kilt outfits and fancy dresses. The trend quickly spread to the masses, and soon, little children of both sexes were wearing fancy dresses, petticoats, lacy bloomers, etc. These fashions were so far removed from what men were wearing that it became an important rite of passage for a boy to graduate from his baby dresses to long trousers (a process called 'breeching'). Often the transition was gradual with a substantial in-between period with the boy wearing kilts, short trousers, knee pants, knickerbockers etc.) So fit was a punishment for a boy to be put back into dresses and petticoat and treated like a toddler or baby.



The purpose of petticoat punishment was to humiliate an errant male (especially a young man who had only recently graduated into “longs”) by depriving him of his glorious trousers. Originally, the humiliation did not come from the boy being turned into a girl, but from the symbolic demotion back to early childhood.

But fashions evolved and by the turn of the century, it became more and more common for little boys to be dressed in shorts and sometimes even long trousers instead of the babyish outfits. The childish dresses, petticoats, pinafores and all that went with them soon became the exclusive domain of little girls. It became commonplace to treat little boys like little men. Little girls were sweet and cute but considered weak and defenseless.

The result: Petticoat punishment had evolved to become an even more horrific punishment for a boy trying to become a man because a boy “who got too big for his britches” was demoted to the inferior status of a weak little girl.

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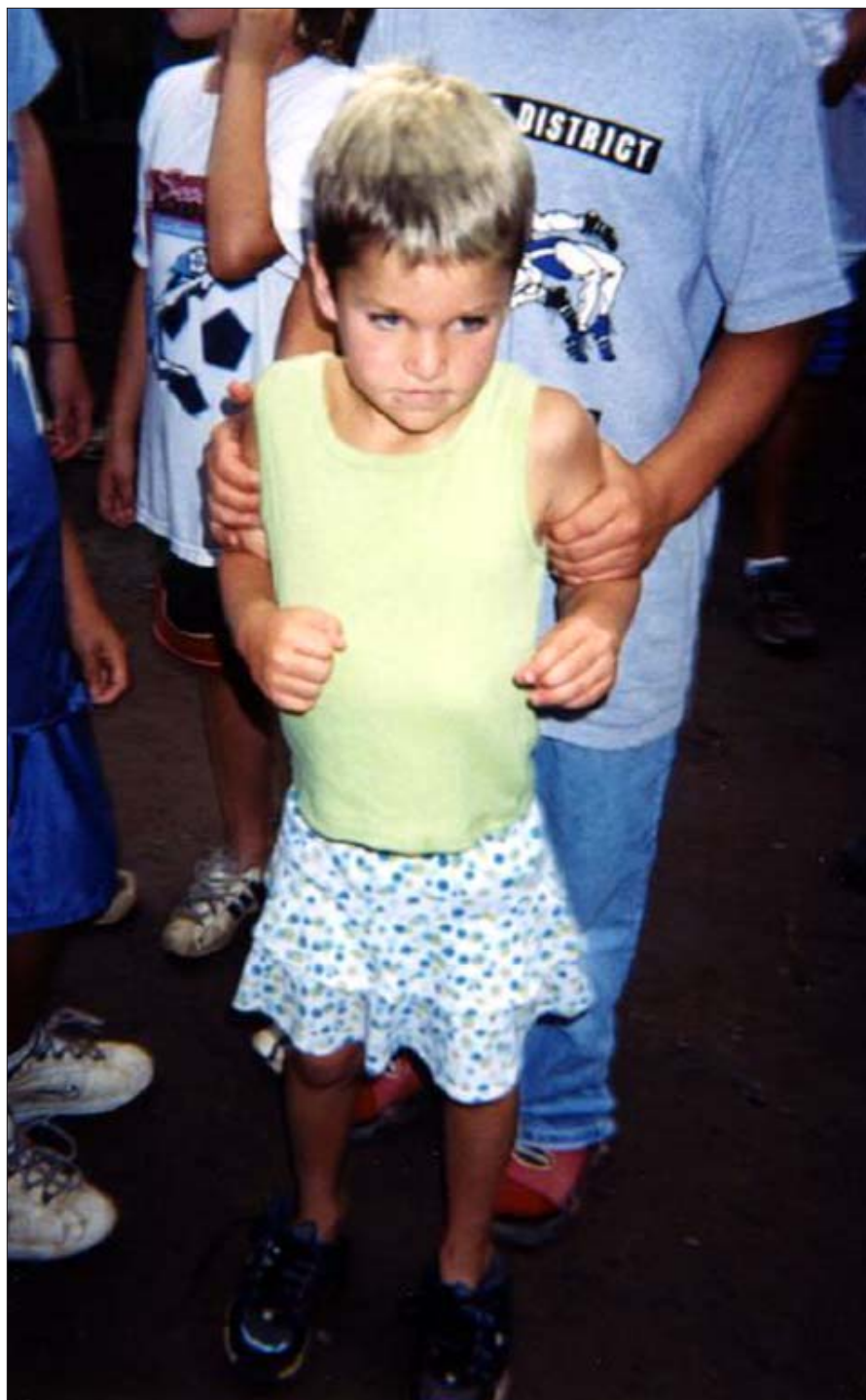
Dubbed “pinafore punishment,” “petticoat punishment” or “petticoat discipline” because the boy was usually dressed in a pinafore and petticoats along with all the other girlish accessories. Such treatment was intended to strike a resounding blow to a boy's pride. Ironically, the same punishment was used on boys regarded as sissies. It was thought that such treatment would so thoroughly humiliate effeminate boys that they would want to shape up and be like other boys. Petticoat punishment was considered an effective way of humiliating a boy into submission and turning him into a well-mannered and obedient gentleman.

But petticoat punishment is the type of humiliation that can become pleasurable, even a thrilling lifelong turn-on for the victim. Petticoat punishment is a classic “misery loves company” phenomenon. Boys who were punished this way often develop a great need to relive those humiliating moments and they usually love to hear stories about others subjected to similar treatment. This publication is intended for and dedicated to them. Happy viewing and reading!

Note: We call this publication “Petticoat Punishment Quarterly” but do NOT publish it on any regular schedule. The title is merely meant to give it a name to separate it from other publications and stories with similar titles.

Love,

Princess Lacey



Breeching

Breeching was the term used to describe when a boy went from baby dresses, girlish fashions, shorts and juvenile clothes to long trousers. A boy was 'breeched' most often when he was around six years of age. However, it is well documented that some boys, up to and including teenagers, wore sissy and even girls' clothing daily either to punish then or to have a refining effect on their behavior. In today's world, petticoating a boy is rarely practiced, but it does still happen!

Harold Macmillan Prime Minister of Great Britain

Prior to his retirement in 1973, Harold Macmillan was Prime Minister of Great Britain for almost seven years. He grew up around the turn of the century, during a time when it was customary to dress young boys in Little Lord Fauntleroy suits, kilts and dresses. Their accessories often included pinafores, hair ribbons, lacy petticoats, fine stockings, girlish shoes and heavily flounced bloomers.

Until he attended school, Harold Macmillan was raised in kilts and dresses. He is pictured here in 1898 wearing one of his schoolgirl outfits, consisting of a sweetly styled girls' gymslip with a bloused top, long stockings and a satin neck scarf tied into a huge, floppy bow. ♦



Punished Like a Schoolgirl

I am Mrs. Molly Sellers. My immediate family consists of my husband, Charles, and our two children, Millie, sixteen, and Michael, thirteen. We are rather new to this country (the U.S.) having moved here just over six years ago from England. My sister married an American and moved here in the 1970s. Since my husband worked for an American company, he was able to get a transfer here, so I could be close to my sister and her family.

In England, I had been a schoolteacher for many years so when we moved here, it didn't take me too long to fulfill the requirements and become a teacher at a local girls' school. It is a very good school. Millicent, my daughter, attends, and she is getting an excellent education.

Due to a number of circumstances, I was not as lucky with my son. He goes to the local public school. The academic standards are not very high, and most of his schoolmates are nothing but disgusting little ruffians.

We are on the waiting list of the two best boys' schools in our area, but it may be some time yet before little Michael can get into either one of them because they are both enrolled to capacity.

Ever since our boy started in the public school system, he began picking up bad habits and causing trouble with the neighborhood children. However, it didn't take me long to institute measures to counteract these bad influences.

I designed a program of "petticoat punishment" for Michael. I got the idea many years ago while we still lived in England. At that time, a neighbor woman who lived alone with her teenage son was shocked to find out he had been stealing from the local shops. In order to embarrass him into improving his behavior, she made him spend the summer dressed as a girl. Everyone thought it was funny to see this bully forced into lingerie and dresses and made to appear in public with his mother. She didn't allow him to hide behind a girls' wig, so anyone who saw him knew immediately he was just a boy in a dress. The punishment shattered his image. Everyone ridiculed him, and his

former friends would have nothing to do with him. Within a short period he was an obedient and submissive lad.

My husband didn't object when I told him of my plans to retrain Michael. Our daughter was delighted. She couldn't wait to see him all dolled up.

At first, Michael didn't believe me when I told him what was in store for him. Then, when he saw the punishment uniform I had assembled for him and broke down and cried.

But his tears didn't sway me, I simply informed him that whenever he did anything to displease me, he would have to get dressed in his punishment outfit and submit to a caning, the severity of which would depend upon the nature of his offense. In addition, I announced he would have to spend every Saturday dressed in his girly clothes and help me with chores around the house. Then, every Saturday evening, whether or not he had done anything wrong, he'd receive a caning, to remind him to be good.

I explained to Millie that his punishment would be a family secret. She was not to tell any of her friends. If she did, she would be in serious trouble.

I let Michael know he would be required to dress up only in the privacy of our home unless he didn't improve significantly within a short time. Any failure on his part would result in public exposure as part of his Saturday girlie-boy routine, as I would take him with me on my rounds of the same shops he used to steal from.

I made Michael closely examine the items that made up his punishment outfit before I put them away in his room until he earned his first punishment or until Saturday, his first regularly scheduled punishment period. He had a pained expression on his face as I forced him to handle each piece of clothing. I knew immediately this was going to be an effective punishment because he was acting like a kicked puppy as he gingerly touched the feminine clothes.

I had assembled a schoolgirl costume for him from his sister's castoffs. I selected one of her school uniforms she



had outgrown. It was simply a crisp white blouse and a short brown skirt. I also took one of her school ties. Everything else I bought at the local shops.

In one store I found a cute little pair of high-heeled sandals in white and several pairs of patterned white knee socks. At my favorite lingerie store I started giggling to myself as the saleslady showed me lacy slips, panties and training bras. I had broken out into laughter as I imagined my nasty little boy being snapped into a satin training bra and stepping into lace-trimmed, girls' panties. The saleslady wondered what was so funny. I couldn't keep it a secret. I told her all about my plan to sissy whip my son. She got a good laugh out of it too. She made me promise to tell her the results of my plan on my next visit to the store.

As Michael fingered the clothes I had commanded him to examine, I told him all about what I had said to the saleslady at the lingerie shop. Tears came to his eyes as I told him the story, but I didn't feel sorry for him. I had no idea these flimsy little bits of feminine clothing would have such an immediate and powerful effect upon him. I was sure he would be totally under my control within a very short time.

The night I had selected to present Michael with his punishment outfit was a Tuesday night. I wanted him to think about the punishment routine that would officially begin on the following Saturday. I felt the psychological build up would force him to be on his best behavior until then. And it did.

But then, on Friday night he made a mistake. He had started a fight with his older sister, and just as I entered the room, I saw him spit in her face.

I demanded he immediately stop fighting and go to his room. I followed right behind him, and as soon as I walked into his room, I commanded him to undress and put on his punishment outfit.

He immediately asked for forgiveness and pleaded not to embarrass him by making him wear girls' clothes. I took one of the thin canes I keep in his closet and commanded him to be quiet and get dressed for punishment.

He was a sorry sight. He cried and cried as I watched him to make sure he followed my instructions. He got undressed. When he was down to his underwear, he hesitated, but as soon as I told him to strip naked and delivered a sharp crack of the cane across his thigh, he yanked off the rest of his clothes.

I led him over to his dresser, opened the drawer and told him to pick out a pretty pair of panties. He cringed and cowered as he reached in, stared at the stack of panties for a moment and then took out the pair that was on top.

I had purchased a half dozen pairs of fancy panties in lovely pastel colors. Each pair was made of high quality

nylon and trimmed with contrasting lace, ribbons and other feminine decorations. The pair he selected was bright yellow with a strip of white chiffon that went down each side. The chiffon featured little embroidered flowers in pretty springtime colors. A white satin bow highlighted the leg opening just above each thigh.

He trembled as he held them. He was too slow for me so I took the panties and held them open by the waist elastic so he could step into them. He held on to me as he steadied himself and slowly raised each foot so I could thread it through the leg opening of the pretty panties. Then, I pulled them up his legs and tugged them up high around his waist. I thought he looked delightful. Of course, Michael was devastated.

Next, I took a yellow nylon half-slip out of the drawer. It was trimmed with a wide band of white lace and several tiny yellow satin bows near the hem. Michael stepped into the slinky slip without making a fuss, and I teasingly pulled it up into place about his hips and then smoothed it out to let him feel the silky half-slip and panties mingle together.

When he saw me pick up the yellow satin training bra, he started to protest. However, I wasn't about to put up with any nonsense. Without a moment's hesitation, I applied another painful smack with the cane across his legs covered only by the thin nylon slip. He flinched, but immediately stopped complaining and let me pull the bra over his arms and around his chest. I told him he was going to have to learn how to put on and take off his own bra because I wasn't his dressing maid.

I instructed him to put on the rest of his outfit by himself. He went to the closet, took the blouse and skirt off of their hangers and put them on. I had to show him how to tell the front from the back of the skirt.

Next, he put on the white knee socks and slipped on the sexy sandals. They were just medium-high heels, but he had a lot of difficulty just standing up in them. I told him he would have a lot of time to practice wearing them, and he would soon learn how to walk gracefully in them.

I took him by the hand, and he wobbled along in the high heels as I led him into the living room. My husband and our daughter were there waiting with anticipation.

"Oh, look!" Millie shouted as we entered. "Mom, his slip is showing! His slip is showing!"

Poor Michael looked down quickly. It was so funny to see him tug on the skirt as he tried to cover up the lace making a show of itself peeking out beneath his skirt.

My husband shook his head in disbelief, "Well, Michael. I hope these sissy clothes teach you a lesson. You've been acting like a spoiled, roughneck little brat. So until you learn to act like a proper gentleman, were

going to be treating you like a right proper little girl.”

Then while my husband helped hold him down on my lap, I made a ritual of pulling back his skirt and half-slip.

“Wow!” Millie giggled when she saw his lingerie. “What pretty panties -- for a boy!

“Oo-oo-oo!” she cooed as she reached out and ran her soft hand across his panty-covered bottom.

“Really nice panties, sissy!” she taunted. “Can I borrow your pretty panties sometime?” she teased as she sank to the floor laughing.

Michael was already crying from all the humiliation, but I didn’t let him off from the caning. I gave him three hard cracks with the cane. With each blow, he jumped and cried harder. I let him know he was getting off easy. As time went on, his punishments with the cane would mean more and more strokes.

Before letting him up, his father peeled back his girlish panties and examined the welts on his bottom left by my punishing blows. “I never thought I’d be pulling lace panties up over your well-caned bottom, son, but I have to admit I’m glad to do it if it makes you into a proper lad.”

Michael tried to stand up straight, but he swayed back and forth in the high heels. I had made up a dunce cap out of colorful art paper like we use at the school where I teach to humiliate the girls who are slow learners. I put the dunce cap on his head and made him stand facing the corner. After an hour in the corner, his father called for him.

“I hope you are learning a lesson, here. Otherwise you’ll be wearing dresses and panties for a long time!

“Now get to bed, but first go to your mother. Thank her for all your pretty new clothes.”

He was a sorry sight as he forced the words out of his mouth to thank me. In his room, another surprise awaited him. He thought he was going to be able to get rid of his girly clothes for the night and get back into his regular pajamas. His eyes turned into saucers when he saw the waltz-length, frilly pink nylon nightie I had laid out on his bed. I told him to put it on without making a fuss and to get in bed and keep it on unless he wanted another caning. As I wished him good night, I informed him he would have to get up at seven o’clock a.m. and immediately get dressed in his punishment uniform for his first regular Saturday punishment day.

From outside his bedroom door, I could hear him crying for what seemed like hours. When, I was ready for bed, I entered his room. Luckily for him he was still wearing the flouncy, pink nightgown. He was fast asleep on his tear-stained pillow.

I slept better that night than I had in months. I was confident I had found a way to get control of him. My fears

that he was going to grow up to be a hoodlum and a disgrace to us had already begun to be assuaged.

Michael showed improvement immediately. He has progressed to the point that now he rarely has to be punished except when he has to dress up and get caned for his regular Saturday sessions, which are designed to keep him in check. I enthusiastically recommend all other parents use petticoat punishment on their male charges in order to mold them into well-disciplined little boys.

Mrs. Molly Sellers
California

P.S. Petticoat discipline has made my Michael into a kind, gentle and obedient child as well as a grade “A” student. I got him to that point by making him show me all of his schoolwork. Whenever he got a failing grade, I made him wear his training bra and lace panties under his regular clothes to school. I also added one stroke to his regular weekly caning. And whenever he got an “A” I took off one of the punishment strokes. He did so well that I had to institute a minimum three strokes of the cane every Saturday, otherwise he would not get a caning at all.♦

SPANKING A SISSY TEEN

A year ago I became acquainted with Marlene, an attractive, sophisticated and wealthy young widow living in an exclusive residential section of Manhattan. She has a teenage son, Matthew, fifteen, a handsome long-legged boy with long blonde hair who is quite charming and mature for his age and whose behavior is quite refined.

My friend has her own ideas on the subject of home discipline and puts them into effect with her son.

Since I’m a Brit and was raised in an old-fashioned atmosphere myself, I’m naturally curious about how others employ discipline. So, when my friend cautiously brought up the subject with me one day, I couldn’t help telling her about some of my own experiences as a teenager, including the embarrassment I endured being spanked while being forced to wear my little sister’s clothes including her pink lace panties. Marlene was quite interested and said she suspected as much because of my meek nature and somewhat feminine demeanor. She said she might demonstrate her methods to me at some appropriate time.

I don’t suppose I will ever forget the first time I was permitted to see her boy attired in what his mother described as his punishment dress, a short, full-skirted pink satin dress puffed out with layers of bouffant

petticoats, white nylon stockings and matching pink satin high heels. His skirt was quite short and failed to conceal the legs of his pink bloomer panties that fit snugly over his bottom with a wide band of white lace at the elastic leg bands.

By comparison, I had been disciplined in my sister's clothes, which were distinctly feminine but fairly plain and ordinary as girls' clothing goes. So naturally, I was quite astonished at seeing this well developed young boy attired in such an outlandishly sissified outfit. He blushed with girlish embarrassment when I couldn't stop staring at him. I noticed the small mounds on his chest and his prominent erect nipples pushing out the satin bodice of his dress. Noticing my stare, she had the thoroughly shamed red-faced boy lower the top of his dress to show me his breast development and to dispel the idea that he was wearing a set of false breasts. I was sure she had him on female hormones, but when I asked, she denied it and simply said that all the females in her family have very large breasts, and it is common for the males in her family to have some breast development too, as Matthew was exhibiting. Needless to say, the boy was keenly self-conscious and kept his chin lowered and eyes downcast.

While the boy blushed prettily, my friend and I discussed home discipline. She explained Matthew was being required to appear before me in his punishment dress because he had violated her curfew when attending a party the previous weekend.

She told me she generally doesn't take him out so dressed, but at times and as part of his punishment, she does make him answer the door and remain in his girly clothes while any guests visit. Moments later, the doorbell rang, and Matthew had to answer. It was a pizza delivery man, and he had to pay the man, much to the boy's dread and the man's grinning wide-eyed delight. A photo of the incident is contained here.

I was then treated to watching this thoroughly dominated boy get a spanking. Marlene told him to place himself over her lap. Casting a shamefaced glance in my direction, the long-legged boy slowly walked over to her and, after a moment's pause, lowered himself over her lap. As Matthew turned his blushing face away from me and toward the wall, his mother hoisted the skirt of his short pink dress to expose his snug pink bloomer panties that outlined his charming buttocks prettily. I watched closely as his bloomers were slowly drawn back to expose two soft, full mounds and his tapering thighs. As his plump, trembling buttocks came into view, the pretty fifteen year old began to cry softly.

I couldn't take my eyes off the sight as my friend went to work with her paddle on Matthew's pretty bottom. As the paddle quickly turned his bottom a vivid pink, he shrieked in a high voice and kicked his long, stocking-clad legs in the air. He was soon crying, tearfully looking back over his shoulder and pleading with his mother. He was shaking with sobs and twisting his fiery red bottom frantically.

I must confess I was delighted at the sight of this attractive teenager with his skirt up crying and carrying on as the paddle thoroughly warmed his lovely bottom encased in beautiful hand-embroidered pink satin and lace panties. Once she set the paddle aside, Marlene pulled up his bloomer panties for him and admonished him not to rub his bottom as she told him to stand in the corner with his shameful panties on



display while we continued to visit. As the tearful young boy got to his feet, it was apparent he could barely resist the temptation to massage his burning butt.

Also obvious was the small but thrusting erection in the front of his shimmering panties. I don't remember if I ever got an erection during my petticoat and panty punishments because I was so shamed and in so much pain from my spankings. Surely, this boy's erection showed he was being sexually stimulated and getting at least some enjoyment from his humbling situation.

Afterwards, we retired to the living room for coffee. Unable to sit on his freshly spanked bottom, Matthew looked delightfully cute as he stood around very self-consciously with his long hair slightly mussed and his makeup tear-streaked. It was particularly amusing to watch him surreptitiously rubbing his bottom whenever his mother wasn't watching. Before I left, much to his horror, I heard Marlene tell him she would take him shopping in the morning.

#05991-B ♦

MY DANNY WEARS DRESSES

The last time I received material from you, you asked me how the disciplining of my stepchildren was coming along. Well, I'm happy to tell you I'm much happier than the last time I wrote to you, but I still have some work to do. First of all, I would like to say thank goodness for people like you who are willing to help ladies like me with such special problems.

Danny, my eight-year-old, has improved to the point that he goes for about three weeks before sliding back into his old ways of unacceptable behavior. This is quite an improvement from before. He was a spoiled little brat. Only after reading the information you sent me, did I work up the nerve to spank and humiliate him. Let me tell you about the first time I did this.

I walked out into the back yard because I had heard the children arguing. As I approached, Danny was being very nasty and teasing Linda, his fourteen-year-old sister. He walked around swishing back and forth as he did a mocking imitation of her while he called her some dirty names.

Well, I decided that was it. I was going to try some of the things you had suggested in your booklets. I grabbed him by the earlobe and marched him to my bedroom.

As you might guess, he was quite surprised, as I had never done that before. Then, I made him sit on the edge of the bed and told him not to move. I went into my closet and brought out a couple of things I had set aside for just such an occasion, including a fancy pair of white lace panties I had borrowed from my daughter and one of her old dresses she had outgrown long ago.

I put them on the bed and said, "All right young man, or should I say 'young lady?'" Since you seem to love flitting around imitating girls, I'm going to dress and treat you like one. Now, get out of your clothes and put on this dress and these panties."

He couldn't believe what I was saying and frankly neither could I, but I was furious. He started to argue with



me, but I didn't say another word, and even though he tried to resist, I held him down and half ripped his clothes off.

"Put those nice white panties on, right now, or I'll put them on you and take you out in the back yard and spank you in front of Linda while you're wearing them. After all, they're her panties!"

He started to cry as he put them on, but I wasn't going to feel sorry for him now. He pleaded with me not to humiliate him in front of his sister, but I just told him to hurry up and get into those clothes or I would. I went into my bathroom and got my hairbrush as was suggested in one of the articles you sent.

When I came back into the bedroom, Danny saw the hairbrush and knew what was coming. I told him to put on

the dress. He struggled with it a bit but finally got it over his arms and head. I buttoned it up the back.

"Now Danny," I said, "since you think it's so funny to imitate girls, let's just see how funny you think it is to be punished like one."

I went over to the bed and sat on the edge. Then, I motioned for him to come over to me. I smiled as I looked him over from head to foot. The dress I had forced him to wear was a classic little-girl styled dress with the fabric gathered into an Empire waistline that came up high on his chest. It was bright blue in color and had a wide lacy collar trimmed with a dark blue satin ribbon that ended in a bow in front. It also had puffy, ruffled short sleeves.

It was a dress Linda hadn't worn in years. Danny really looked adorable in it, but the dress was very short on him. It didn't even completely cover the shiny white panties I had him wearing. They had white lace around the leg openings with tiny little pink bows on the sides. The sissy lace and bows peeked out from beneath his dress with every little movement he made.

I grabbed him by the arm and forced him over my lap. I didn't even have to pull up the skirt of the dress because it was so short the frilly white panties covering his bottom stuck right up in the air as the dress slid up his back and out of the way.

I have to admit I have never before felt such power as when I reared back and spanked Danny's panty-covered bottom with my bare hand to warm him up. I spanked his squirming behind with more authority than I knew I had. He cried like I have never heard him cry before. I couldn't take my eyes off his bouncing panty-covered bottom. I stopped after about fifty slaps. I liked the feel of giving him a hand spanking, but my hand was getting sore so I took up the hairbrush. He tried to get up, but I wouldn't have any of that. Once again I held him down by the neck.

I was quite sure that most of his crying was from the embarrassment of being dressed in a girl's dress and panties, but I didn't want him to cry just because he was embarrassed. I wanted him to cry because the spanking hurt. I wanted him to cry because the spanking hurt, and he really did cry from the pain once I started in with the hairbrush. His cries changed to screams, and he kicked like a wild animal. I finally stopped with the hairbrush and let him get to his feet.

I made him say, "I'm sorry. I was a bad boy, Mommy." And, I think it nearly killed him when I also made him say, "Thank you Mommy for the nice dress and the pretty girls' panties." Your suggestion to make him say that was a stroke of genius.

As I looked him over, I was already making plans for the next time he needed punishment. I decided I'd add a

few more articles of clothing like a silky slip, some girlish shoes and perhaps even a garter belt, silk stockings and a little girls' training brassiere.

He was still crying as I pulled him off my lap, straightened out his rumpled dress, led him to the corner of the room and forced him to face the wall.

"Danny," I told him, "I want you to stand here and think about why you were spanked. Aren't you ashamed of yourself to be seen in this outfit all dressed up like a silly little girl? I've had enough of your rowdiness. You're going to be a good little boy, or I'll make you into a good little girl! Now, if you dare move from this spot before I tell you that you can, I'll take you downstairs and let your sister see you all prettied up in her dress and lace panties."

I walked into the living room. Linda was there with a big grin on her face. She started laughing. She had obviously overheard everything that had happened. And besides, it was probably no surprise to her because the week before, I had confided in her that I was going to put Danny in dresses if he didn't stop all his teasing and troublemaking.

I was feeling quite high from my victory over Danny, and I didn't want any crap from her so I gave her ponytail a yank and told her that what I did to Danny was private and I didn't want her blabbing it all over town. Otherwise, she would find herself over my lap for a good hairbrushing on her panties too. She told me that she was too old for that, but I assured her she wasn't too old for it.

Linda confessed she was very curious about Danny being forced to wear her old clothes. She pleaded with me to see him. I thought about it for a moment. Then, I said that since Danny had been making fun of her that I'd let her get even and allow her to see him in the dress. I told her to be quiet as we tiptoed up the stairs to my bedroom. I entered first. Sure enough, poor Danny was quietly sobbing but still dutifully standing facing the wall.

I motioned for Linda to come into the room. As soon as she saw her brother in the embarrassingly short dress, she couldn't stop herself from letting out a muffled shriek of laughter. Danny turned around. He let loose with a renewed spell of crying brought on by being exposed to his sister.

Danny thought that he would be spared that humiliation because he didn't fight me and took the punishment, but I reminded him that I had made no such promise, and to stop his protest, I quickly grabbed the hairbrush and Linda helped me paddle him back into line. Petticoat punishment continues as a regular part of Danny's discipline, and he is a much better boy for it.

Ms. Sheila Gardner
New Jersey

GRANDMA'S GIRLY BOY

My name is Helen Ashmore. I'm a widow and, until recently, living alone in the big brownstone I've lived in my entire life. That changed last year when my oldest daughter got a divorce and I invited her and her children to move in with me. My daughter's name is Susan (married name Atkinson), and she has a set of seven-year-old twins. Their names are Mark and Mary.

Susan had been married to a man she had met at State College in Pennsylvania. After graduation, he got a job at the university, and I didn't get to see them very often since I don't fly and they were over 800 miles away. Consequently, I was almost a stranger to the twins because I only saw them about once each year since they were born.

I looked forward to having them because, even though I have a lot of friends and nice neighbors, I was quite lonely ever since my husband passed away three years ago. Besides, I thought it would be fun to have children in the house again.

Soon after they arrived, I noticed the twins were not very well mannered. When I asked my daughter about this, she admitted their father had spoiled them and let them run wild. Whenever she tried to tame them, her husband openly opposed her.

Realizing that now she was exclusively in charge of the children, she was going to take the opportunity to correct their ways. We spent a long evening talking about it. The next day, I contacted some of my lady friends and solicited their suggestions.

I am of Scottish heritage and very proud of it. I belong to a Scottish organization, and I am a very active member. One of my friends is also Scottish and a member of this organization.

After we talked a while, she told me how she used to punish her little boy. The boy was a very accomplished dancer. From an early age, he mastered some of the most difficult Scottish dances. Consequently, he was always in demand to perform at our various functions. But as he grew older he became very self-conscious about appearing in the kilt, which he regarded as girlish. Of course, he had to wear the kilt while performing, but immediately after



every show, he'd hurry to change back into his regular clothes. Since he so disliked wearing the kilt, she decided it would make a good punishment uniform.

She explained how she could get him to do whatever she wanted by threatening him with wearing the kilt. If he resisted, he was forcibly put into the kilt and had to wear it until his mother told him he could change. After a while the punishment became less effective so she added a few refinements. Since her boy was always complaining that the kilt was a sissy garment, she proceeded to buy some distinctly feminine articles of clothing to add to his kilt costume. Eventually, she had him wearing sheer blouses, ruffled ankle socks, shiny girlish shoes and even a lacy slip and silken panties. Each new addition to his punishment costume worked for a time. Then, he'd slack off and she'd have to add another bit of feminine finery. However, overall, his transgressions became less and less serious and happened less and less frequently. She said it remained an effective punishment for many years. She added that on

a few occasions she even made him appear in public in his punishment clothes. But this was a rare occurrence because a dose of public exposure kept him in line for a very long period of time.

I was thrilled at hearing her story. It was so simple. Could it really be effective? I asked her what seemed like hundreds of questions. After over an hour on the phone with her I felt like I was an expert on the subject. I couldn't wait to tell my daughter about it and suggest we do something similar to her son, Mark.

Susan agreed that if we tamed Mark, Mary would fall into line because Mark was usually the instigator of any trouble. When I explained my idea about using petticoat punishment (the term my friend used) to tame him, Susan laughed at the idea with devilish glee but readily agreed that it was worth a try.

We decided to have matching outfits for the twins. We were going to start with a kilt costume. With our Scottish heritage it was a logical first step. To the kilt we could add feminine accessories like my friend had done for her boy. The idea of feminizing Mark excited Susan. Subconsciously, I think she was striking out at her ex-husband because Mark looks exactly like his father, whom she had grown to hate. Therefore, taming and humiliating Mark would be like cutting down her ex by proxy.

That very evening, Susan and I searched through my old wardrobes and trunks in the attic. We found a lot of items she wore as a child that could be used on the twins, including some plaid kilt-like skirts and several exquisitely decorated old-fashioned dresses and pinafores.

The next day we spent all afternoon shopping, finally coming home with a carload of boxes full of delicate clothing for the unsuspecting children.

After dinner, we called Mark and Mary into the drawing room and explained we had bought them new clothes. At this, they were quite happy, but of course, they hadn't yet seen the clothes. When we told them that frequently they would be dressed identically, Mark must have thought that Mary would be wearing slacks to match his trousers because he didn't seem unnerved at that comment.

My friend had used the kilt and feminine clothing as a punishment outfit; however, we had decided to completely change their wardrobes, and with each cause for punishment their costumes would become more and more feminine. We also planned other special punishments such as spankings, much-hated chores and the denial of certain privileges.

After we explained how things were going to change, the children were sent up to the bedroom that they were

sharing to see their new clothes on display. Mark was dumbstruck. He yelled at us and told us we were crazy. He flatly insisted he wouldn't wear girls' clothes. And at that point, we hadn't even shown him some of the frilliest clothing. We had decided to save their shock value for upcoming punishment sessions.

I am not a big believer in spanking and harsh physical punishments, even though in certain situations, they can be very effective. I told the children if they minded us in all ways they would never get a spanking.

Then, it was time to get them dressed in their new clothes, starting with a kilt outfit complete with a tailored white cotton blouse, stretchy knee socks and black patent leather Mary Jane one-strap shoes. Underneath it was a simple, silky camisole top (like a little T-shirt) and matching baby blue silken panties. Both the camisole and panties were trimmed with a delicate edging of fine white lace.

Mary was no problem even though she said all her friends would make fun of her if they ever saw her in such old-fashioned and childish clothes. We told her if she was good, she wouldn't be exposed to her friends.

I showed Mark my father's razor strap and explained it was used on me when I was a girl and we still used it in this house to strap disobedient children. He knew me well enough that I was not joking. He didn't resist being dressed in his new clothes. He kept looking at his mother, his sister and me with darting little glances. He was expecting us to laugh at him. His sister obliged him. Mary thought it was funny seeing him standing there in just his camisole and panties. She couldn't stop laughing.

Once we put him into the kilt, she said he really looked like a girl in a skirt with short hair, and at that, Mark screamed out and tried to hit her, but she jumped out of the way. I grabbed him and told him if he didn't stop it, I'd make him wear an even more elaborate and fancier pair of lace panties. He acted like he didn't hear me because he just kept trying to hit at his sister.

I motioned to his mother. She went into the dresser drawer and came back with a heavily frilled pair of pink panties loaded with lace up and down each side, wide pink ruffles around the leg openings, and gaudy pale green ribbon bows on the front. She held them up for Mark to see. When he saw them he stopped and stared at them. Then, he renewed his struggling. Both of us subdued him with a few sharp smacks across the bottom of his baby blue panties. With a great amount of embarrassment, he then allowed us to strip them off him and replace them with the fancy, princess panties his mother had selected.

It was immediately explained to Mark that from then on, he would always have to wear fully fashioned, lace panties, and his panties always had to be fancier than the

panties his sister was wearing. It was explained to him how his punishment worked: Every time he caused trouble, his costume would become more and more feminine. It was a brilliant idea to make him wear fancier panties than his sister because that meant he had to be constantly aware of what kind of panties she was wearing in order to make sure his were fancier. It also gave us the opportunity to constantly make him raise his kilt so we could check to see which pair of panties he was wearing at that moment. Of course, they were always so frilly that we couldn't resist examining them closely and rubbing our hands over the fabric, something that drove him wild!

It was summertime so the children were not in school. Mark wondered what would happen when it was time to go back to school. We took the opportunity to tease him. We told him we might send him to a girls' school. Other times, we told him we'd just send him to his regular school but make him go dressed completely as a girl. Poor Mark tried desperately not to cross us. He was convinced we'd eventually stop making him wear his punishment outfits and let him return to his regular boys' clothes.

At every turn, Mark was told which new item of girlish clothing would be added to his punishment outfit if he got into any trouble. Try as hard as he might, it only took him a few weeks to pile up enough offences for the maximum petticoating outfit. His daily costume included smoky nylons, a tight garter belt, medium-high heels, earrings (we had a lot of fun getting his ears pierced), a slightly padded teen training bra, a full-length slip, a bracelet, lipstick and mascara in addition to girlie-girlie party dresses.

We still let him wear his kilt whenever he was especially good. Whenever he begged us if he could go back to wearing boys' trousers, we'd put him into a pair of girlish pink shorts with a side zipper. He really looks funny dressed in those short-shorts because the tops of his nylons, his garter tabs, and even the frills on the hems of his lace panties are fully exposed.

Mark became increasingly fearful, as the school year approached. The day before he had to sign up for classes, we sat him down and explained that we would allow him to return to his regular boys' clothes in order to attend school. However, he had to wear a simple little chemise and matching silk panties for underwear. He was not going to be allowed to skip gym class so he would just have to change in the bathroom stall to avoid being seen in his punishment lingerie. And, unless he got straight A's and stayed out of trouble, his school clothes would be gradually feminized. So it was up to him if he wanted to keep his feminine clothing a secret.

School has now started, and I must say he has been

exceptionally good. And we were right. Now that he's been tamed, his sister doesn't give us any trouble either. Of course, after school he has to return home immediately and put on whatever outfit we have put out for him that day. We've built quite a wardrobe of the twins. Some of the outfits each of them have had to wear recently have included a cheerleader uniform, a maids' outfit, a First Communion dress, sheer harem girl pajamas, and a super short mini skirt. But we still love to put them in the old-fashioned clothes from the attic. I've enclosed a photo of Mark wearing one of these outfits. It's an old prom dress his mother wore for her eighth grade graduation way back in the 1960s. It was way too big for him, but we pinned it up to fit. When we forced him to pose for the picture, I insisted he hold up the skirt and slips to show off his frilly pink and white satin panties. I hope you enjoy the picture even though he cried when I took it.

Mrs. Helen Ashmore
Wisconsin

JUST ONE OF THE GIRLS

A friend of mine told me that you like to hear about boys being made to wear girls' clothes for punishment. I hope you enjoy this true story about a boy who lived near us in the early 1960s.

I have three daughters, and we lived over an old storefront in Queens. During this time, a young couple moved in down the street. This story is about their little boy, Michael. He was seven years old.

All of the other boys in the neighborhood at that time were either much older or much younger than Michael. Consequently, he always ended up playing with the girls since several of them were close to him in age. My two youngest daughters, Connie who was eight then and Carmen who was seven, were regularly out playing with Michael as well as the other girls.

One day, I went outside to get my daughters in for lunch. They were playing on the sidewalk with the usual gang of girls. At first, I didn't notice anything unusual. Then, one of the little girls caught my eye. She looked familiar, yet I didn't recognize her right away. Then, it dawned on me. It was Michael, and he was wearing a DRESS!

The girls noticed me staring at Michael and started to laugh. Connie ran up to me and announced that Michael's

father was angry with him for always wanting to play with the girls so he had his wife buy their son some dresses and lingerie and made him wear them whenever he played with the girls.

The smile on my face was masking the rip-roaring laughter going on inside of me. I looked this kid over, and I could hardly believe my eyes. He had on a simple plaid cotton summer dress. It had a lacy bit of white trim around the short puffy sleeves and a Peter Pan collar. He was also wearing pink ankle socks and little white one-strap shoes.

I wanted to just stand there and stare, but my girls were already in the house, and the other kids were on their way home to get their lunch too. I tried to ask the girls about Michael during lunch, but they didn't have much more information. I thought it was remarkable how easily they accepted a boy in a dress.

I thought about it a lot that afternoon. It struck me as being an odd thing to do. Finally, I called some of the other women and discreetly asked them about it. Some of them had seen Michael in the dress and some hadn't, but none of them could really give me much more information.

My curiosity was aroused. I wanted to know more, so under the guise of working on a school project, I called Ruth, Michael's mother. After a little bit of small talk, I asked her if Michael could come over to our house the next day because it was supposed to rain, and it was always difficult keeping the girls occupied and out of my hair whenever it was raining.

Ruth just laughed for a moment and then said, "Sure, he can come over to your house, but I better tell you something . . ." She interrupted herself with another little laugh. "I was going to say, he can come over, but I have to warn you that he'll have to wear his dress."

"What?" I said trying to act as if I didn't know what she was talking about.

"Well, you see, my husband is angry at him because Michael is always playing with the girls. The kid never plays rough-and-tumble with the boys, just sissy girls'



games. Anyway, Michael has been picking up some girlish ways, and my husband is fed up with it. Last week, while we were shopping at Woolworth's, Michael started crying because he wanted to buy a book of paper dolls.

"But his father told him, 'No! Paper dolls are only for sissy girls.'

"When Michael continued to make a scene, his father became quite embarrassed. He couldn't understand why

his only son would want anything to do with girls. His embarrassment changed to anger, and he marched us right into the girls' department. He told me to get a complete outfit of girls' clothes for Michael and to have him dressed in them. Then, he'd buy him the paper doll book.

"A saleslady had overheard what was going on and came over to help. Within twenty minutes, we had little Michael dressed from head to toe like a little girl. And, what was worse, at least in my husband's view, was that Michael didn't seem to mind a bit. In fact, he seemed to enjoy being dressed that way."

I asked her what kind of outfit they had put on him.

"Oh, he was really cute. We got him a little plaid dress, pink socks and some girl's shoes. Oh, and we even got him a girls' underwear too, a lace-trimmed T-shirt and some nice nylon panties."

"Panties?" I asked.

"Yeah, some really pretty panties, silky pink ones with little hearts and bows all over. Anyway, after Michael was all dressed up, we paid the saleslady and then went and bought the paper doll book. Michael's father tried to embarrass him by calling him a sissy and pulling up his dress to laugh at his lace panties, but Michael wasn't upset by the teasing. He seemed to like being a girl, and that only made his father angrier."

"What happened after that?" I wanted to know.

"When we got home, my husband made him stay in the dress for the rest of the night; however, he did let him play with his new paper dolls. Then he announced that Michael would have to wear his dress and other things anytime he wanted to play with any girls or anytime he played girls' games like paper dolls.

"So, you see, if Michael comes over to your house tomorrow to play with your daughters, he will have to wear his dress."

I tried to act like I was surprised but let her know that if he was in a dress that it was okay with me. Then, she called out to Michael and asked him if he wanted to come over to play with my daughters. I could hear him answer with an enthusiastic, "Oh, yes Mommy." When she reminded him he'd have to wear his new dress and panties, he still said, "OK, Mommy."

Then, Ruth added, "It'll be good if he comes over to your house because I have to go downtown shopping. You see, Michael has already been made to wear his dress and other things three times. As soon as I wash them out, it seems like he has to put them on again. Just yesterday, I ran out and bought him a half dozen pairs of pretty panties because I didn't have any clean ones for him to wear.

"My husband is convinced that eventually Michael will become very embarrassed about wearing girls' clothes

in front of the other kids. He's sure Michael will eventually change and want to be like the other boys. Anyway, my husband gave me some money and told me to buy the kid some more girls' things, 'the fancier, the better,' was his only remark. So while Michael is over at your house, I'm going to go downtown to buy some more things for him."

After I hung up, I told my daughters Michael would be coming over, and they were delighted. I suggested they might want to play dress-up with the old clothes in the attic. They really liked that idea.

The next day it did rain, and Michael did show up wearing his plaid summer dress. After the kids went up in the attic to dress up in the old clothes, I decided to check up on them. I was delighted to find them all wearing some old-fashioned dresses complete with hats, jewelry, and high heels. Michael seemed to really be enjoying himself.

Later on, they were playing with baby dolls in the living room. They had everything spread out all over the floor. I was watching television at the time, and periodically, I'd look down at the children and watch Michael in his girlish dress. I found it very interesting to peek up his little dress as he sat with his legs carelessly crossed or even spread wide open at times. He was wearing shiny, purple lace panties, and I could see the boyish bulge that was so out of place under the front of those silky panties.

Just before supper time, Ruth stopped by on her way home from shopping to pick him up. She was loaded down with packages, and she couldn't resist showing us everything she had purchased.

She had bought an assortment of lingerie, dresses and everything else any little girl would love to own. She even bought him a Cinderella-style party dress. My girls thought it was the most beautiful thing they had ever seen. They pleaded with Michael's mother to let them try it on. She agreed. Then she made Michael put on the dress and said he should wear it home. She told us he would wear it to greet his father when he came home from work.

After that, Michael was a regular visitor to our house. On a number of occasions, I even gave Ruth some of the things my daughters had outgrown. A few months later, Ruth and her husband broke up. Word had it he just couldn't handle having a sissy son.

Ruth said her husband got teased at work and at the local ballpark where he umpired Little League games. One day, after having a fight with Ruth, he stormed out and didn't return. Shortly after that, Ruth took Michael and moved in with her mother in upstate New York, and we haven't heard from them since.

Mrs. Celia J. Jacobson
New York

A PINAFORE FOR WILLIE

In 1958 during summer vacation from my second year in college, I worked as a nanny for an eight-year-old boy, named Willard, the son of Jenny and Matthew Johnstone. They had a successful farm in Wellsboro County. Mr. Johnstone, a quiet man, spent most of his time in the fields during the summer with his hired hands. Mrs. Johnstone was very well educated and quite involved in various charity projects. She made quite a bit of extra income writing children's stories. Even though she was a talented children's writer, she was not an especially good mother. She lacked patience and understanding. Since the boy was too young to do most of the work around the farm they had hired me to watch over him while they were both working.

Willard had just gotten out of school for the summer and was looking forward to playing outside everyday. The day I arrived at the farm, I first caught sight of Willard as his mother was scolding him for getting so dirty. The boy was made to take a bath before being allowed to come in to meet me. My duties included overseeing Willie from the time he got up in the morning until he went to bed. I was to be his companion and playmate since there weren't any other children living nearby. Willard was at a clumsy stage of development. He was always dropping things, running into furniture, and making a mess wherever he went. Add to this his penchant for getting himself dirty the moment he walked outdoors, and it was almost understandable why his mother didn't know what to do with him. She hoped I'd be able to teach him how to keep himself clean as well as keep him away from her when she wanted to do her writing. Moreover, Mrs. Johnstone wanted him to be a gentle, well-mannered boy that would develop into a well-bred gentleman.

"It just won't do for me to have a dirty, ill-mannered, disgusting little boy constantly at my elbow," was her constant refrain. Even though his mother saw him as a social liability, little Willie was a just a typical little boy. I liked him from the start even though he was shy and timid, especially around his strong-willed parents. I tried to explain to him the importance of keeping himself neat and clean. Willie tried his best. He liked me, and he wanted to please me as well as his stern mother, but luck wasn't on his side. Little Willie just kept getting dirty and messing things up.

One day Willard tracked little bits of dirt throughout the house. While we were all seated at the table, Mrs. Johnstone

noticed the dirt on her clean carpet and screamed at Willard. The poor kid jumped when she yelled and accidentally knocked a bowl of gravy over on both his mother and himself. As Mrs. Johnstone berated him, she made him take his dirty shoes off on the spot, then stripped him of his gravy-stained trousers and led him to the bathroom to clean him up. She knew that spanking him didn't do much good so she just bawled him out and sent him to bed.

Later that evening, she asked me about Willie. She wasn't seeing a lot of progress and wondered what else could be done. She revealed to me that she wished she had a daughter instead of a son because little girls kept themselves nice and clean. Moreover, they were graceful and helpful around the house. I agreed with her that girls are a lot less trouble than boys then jokingly suggested that if we dressed him like a little girl maybe he'd improve.

The next morning, Mrs. Johnstone called me into her study and told me that she thought my suggestion was an excellent idea. I asked her, "What suggestion?"

"The suggestion you made last night about dressing up Willard like a little girl. I think a dose of girlishness will do him some good." I told her that I had been only joking, but she waved me off as she explained that she had already spent most of the morning on the phone with Gilsen's, her favorite department store, and she had ordered everything that would be needed. A delivery truck was supposed to be there in the afternoon with her purchases. She explained to me that she was going to dress her boy as a girl until he improved his behavior and got some manners. I was dumbfounded that she had so quickly turned my joke of an idea into action. I asked her what she wanted me to do with Willie, but she didn't take the time to explain beyond saying, "I want you to teach him how to act like a perfect little lady!" She told me to have Willard take a bath after dinner then have him report to her bedroom wearing nothing but his bathrobe. When I asked her how Mr. Johnstone felt about her plan, she said at first he objected but then decided not to overrule her in the raising of their son. In fact, Mr. Johnstone would be on hand if needed to subdue Willie while he was introduced to his new clothes.

That whole day my mind was in a whirl. Then immediately after dinner, I saw to it that Willie was well scrubbed and in his bathrobe before taking him to his parent's bedroom. Lying out on their bed were stacks and stacks of girls' clothing. I bit my lip and let out a moan as Mrs. Johnstone sat on the bed next to all those clothes and called Willard

to sit next to her. Mr. Johnstone entered, closed the door and stood by it. Everyone was quiet for a long moment, and then Mrs. Johnstone broke the silence. "Willie come here and look at your nice new clothes."

Willard approached her. He obviously noticed that all of the clothing on the bed was girls' clothing because he screwed up his face with a confused expression. "Willie sweetie, aren't these clothes pretty?" his mother asked him. "Look at this nice white dress, this silky little slip and all these really sweet lace panties. Come on, take a close look at them and tell me what you think. Here, touch these silky panties and see how soft they are. Don't you think they're pretty?"

Willard was obviously confused. He looked back and forth at his mother and me like he was trying to make sense of what was going on. He looked at his father standing by the door, but his father just looked away and just kept puffing on his cigarette.

Finally, in a little whisper of a voice, he asked, "Ma, what are all these things? Whose clothes are these?" Little Willard's face turned white when she looked him in the eye and said, "Why, all these clothes are yours dear."

Willard was visibly shaken. "But these are all for girls, Ma. I don't want any girls' stuff." He looked to his father, "Dad, this is a mistake. Isn't it?" But his dad seemed to be embarrassed too and avoided his pleading stare.

"Here, Willie step into your nice new panties," his mother said as she held out a fancy pair of pale green rayon panties with little nursery rhyme characters printed on the front of them. The cute panties also had a flounce of white lace above the leg openings. Willie backed away from his mother and stepped right into my arms. He turned to run away, but his mother told me to hold him.

She approached, bent down and held the green panties open for him, but he squirmed around and kicked out with his legs instead of cooperating. His father went into action. He gave Willie a hard slap across the face then told him to mind his mother. Shamefaced and with tears in his eyes, Willard let her insert his one foot then the other into the panties. He sniffled a bit as she pulled them up his



thighs then opened his bathrobe and pulled them all the way up. She finished by snapping the thin little elastic against his tummy. Within a few minutes, his mother had him stripped of his bathrobe and dressed in a beautiful full-length white satin slip with a rustling, lace-trimmed hem. Over this went a lemon-yellow play dress and a flowered satiny pinafore. Yellow anklets and red patent leather shoes were put on his feet. His hair was fairly short; still she put a yellow ribbon barrette in it.

Little Willie cried as his mother explained to him that since he was such an ill-mannered, clumsy, and unkempt little boy, he was being converted into a little girl until he learned how to keep himself clean and well-behaved. Then Mrs. Johnstone turned him over to me and told him that I was to teach him all he had to know about being a sweet little girl. The moment he was allowed to leave, he ran to his room and tore the clothes off of his body.

When his parents saw what he had done, Mr. Johnstone gave him a severe beating. Then, his mother put him into a fancy set of babydolls and warned him that if he didn't leave them on until morning, he'd be dressed as a girl and

taken out to the bunk house so all the farm hands could make fun of him. They already teased him at every opportunity because he was so small for his age. They called him "a puny little runt," but dressed like a girl, he knew they'd really make fun of him. Willie cooperated, knowing it was useless to fight against his mother who constantly teased and belittled him. He was so ashamed to be seen in his girlish clothes that he did whatever was asked of him. Within no time, he was a well-disciplined boy, but since he had such short hair, he still looked like a boy in a dress.

One time when he did get out of line, his father punished him by taking him down to the bunkhouse. Willie was dressed in a short little pink play dress. The dress was very short and partly open in the back, exposing his rhumba-style lace panties. When the men saw Willie, they went crazy with laughter. When one of the guys saw a bit of lace peeking out from beneath his dress, he asked Willie if was wearing lace panties. Willie's dad made him lift his dress up high above his waist and turn all around so the men could see his silky panties. One of the men reached out and touched the soft rayon then asked him why he had a little bulge in the front of his panties. Little girls, he explained, don't have bulges in their panties. After about three weeks, Willie's petticoat punishment ended almost as quickly as it had begun. His mother was delighted with his development so she simply stood up at the dinner table one night and announced that Willie could go back to wearing his regular boys' clothes. I could tell that little Willard wanted to jump for joy, but by this time he had been so well trained that, with a tear in his eye, he quietly but excitedly said, "Oh, thank you, Mommy. Thank you."

Then his mother added that right after dinner he could change into his old clothes, but all of his girls' clothes would be kept in his dresser drawers as a reminder to him not to go back to his old ways. She said that she would not hesitate to use those clothes to punish him again if she felt he needed it. She did make one change to his wardrobe. She told him he'd have to continue wearing a pinafore everyday for mealtimes and whenever he went outside because it did such a good job of keeping his clothes clean.

Willie was delighted to be back into sweatshirts and trousers, but he didn't forget what he had learned while he was in dresses.

After a couple of weeks, Willie made a mistake. He was outside trying to catch butterflies when he accidentally ran through his mother's well-tended flowerbed. He knew

immediately that he was in trouble because he had stepped on and killed a number of her daisies petunias. The next day, his mother discovered the damage and demanded an explanation. Poor Willie broke down and cried at his mother's feet as he pleaded with her not to force him back into girls' clothing. Knowing Mrs. Johnstone's short attention span, by then she had probably all but forgotten about punishing Willie in his girlie clothes. But when she saw how frightened he was of the idea that he might have to return to wearing dresses, she decided to force him back into them. She relished the task of personally dressing him. Then, she made him parade in front of his father and me in order to show off what he was wearing. This punishment only lasted twenty-four hours, but it whipped sissy Willie right back into shape.

Three more times that summer Willie was put back into dresses, and on one occasion, Mrs. Johnstone made him wear lace panties for a week under his regular clothes. This was because she discovered some dribble stains in the pants of his pajamas. And, just in case he was touching himself, she wanted to get his mind off of such things. I guess she thought that he couldn't be very masculine or think about masculine things like his penis while he was wearing silky, lace panties.

The last time that summer that Willie was put into dresses was when he tore up the flowerbed again. I saw him do it on purpose, and he seemed to make sure he was caught. Knowing he'd be punished and how he'd be punished, his actions confused me. But then I realized that he must have wanted to be forced back into his girly clothes!

Two years after that summer, I had occasion to visit the Johnstones. By then, Willie had grown quite a bit, and he had developed into a very well mannered little gentleman. I wanted desperately to ask him and his mother whether he was still subjected to petticoat punishment, but I just didn't have the nerve to bring it up in conversation. However, during a trip to the bathroom, I snuck a peek into Willard's dresser drawers, and they were still loaded with all kinds of girls' clothes. And, these weren't the old clothes from when I was there. They were new clothes and larger sizes that I'm sure would have fit him at the time.

Enclosed is a photo of Willard in a dress and pinafore. During the summertime whenever the weather was nice, we would eat lunch outside. This photo of him with his parents and me was taken at one of those outdoor lunches.

Lucy L., Kansas ♦

Sure Cure for Scratchin'!

"Carl, stop it this instant!"

He froze and looked at me with a what-am-I-doing-wrong expression. What he had been doing was scratching himself.

Carl is my nephew, and he was staying with me while his parents were on a much-needed vacation to Brazil. He'd been with me for just three days, but this was about the tenth time I caught him touching himself.

"Sorry, Auntie, but I got an itch!" he moaned.

"Decent folks don't do things like that in public. Maybe your trousers and underwear are too tight, so if you do it again, I'll put you in a dress then your nasty little boy parts will have a lot of room. You won't have to keep scratching yourself like you do in those god awful skintight jeans of yours."

I know all about fourteen-year-old boys. I started to check his underwear. They were loaded with stains. Then, after all my warnings, he did it again and right in front of my women friends while I was having a tea. I had had enough. He was going to get punished.

He didn't resist when I took him to my room and forced him into some of my old clothes because he'd have to answer to his father if he didn't take my punishment. I got him dolled up in a chiffon dress, nylons, hat, jewelry, and all the lingerie too! Then I took him back down to join us all for tea.

For a klutzy boy, he made a decent-looking girl. It sure made an impression on him. My guests thought it was a hoot! They helped me embarrass him by teasing him and

telling him how naughty it was for him to masturbate. I still see stains on his underwear from time to time, but he doesn't scratch himself in public anymore! ♦

