



Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #2 Story #1

J. M. Synge Boy in a Dress

J. M. Synge (1872 - 1909) was an Irish writer of prose and poetry and a playwright of international importance. His father died in the year he was born, leaving his mother alone to raise him. Since she brought him up in a strict evangelical Protestant home and constantly preached to him about hell and damnation, Synge grew up to be painfully timid. In this photo, Synge is between one and two years old being raised in the traditional gender-taming fashion which included fancy lace dresses, puffy petticoats, patent leather slippers, and long hair in curls with ribbons.



Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #2 Story #2

Bashful Bloomer Boy

A dear friend of mine sent me a copy of your publication because she knows I am an advocate of what you call "petticoat punishment." When I was a little girl, our family had a waterfront vacation home near Martha's Vineyard, and it was there on a bright summer morning in 1930 that I first witnessed the taming power that petticoats can have on a young boy when my parents forced my nasty little brother, Henry, into a frilly sissy outfit. I'll never forget how those clothes instantly changed him from a mischievous scamp into a quiet, manageable child.

I was nine years old and Henry was seven. I had been sitting quietly on our porch swing practicing my sewing, stitching flowered appliques onto some of my dresses. Henry, as he often did, started calling me names, like "prissy" and "sissy girl." He told me he hated me and wished I had been a boy instead of a "swishy girl" so he could have someone who would play boys' games with him.

His teasing made me cry. However, on this particular day, while Henry lambasted me and girls in general, he underscored his comments by picking up one of my newly decorated dresses and throwing it on the ground.

Our living room had a large window on the porch side of the house. It was wide open, and unknown to Henry, Father was sitting in the living room reading the newspaper. Since he was sitting right next to the open window, he heard the commotion and looked up in time to witness Henry soiling my dress.

Before Henry even realized that anyone had seen his naughtiness, Father came running outside, grabbed him, and marched him back into the house. Once inside, Father yanked down Henry's short trousers and beat him soundly with his old leather shaving strop. When Mother heard Henry's screams, she came running in to see what was happening. Since Henry's teasing of me had been on the increase, our parents must have already decided to try petticoat punishment because Father told Mother to get the punishment outfit she had prepared.

Moments later, she reappeared carrying a stack of clothes. Some of them I recognized as old clothes I had outgrown. Everything was very quiet except for Henry who was still sobbing loudly as my parents stripped him completely naked. This was the first time I had seen him without any clothes. I laughed when I saw his little pink penis and balls. I thought they looked funny.

Off the top of the pile of clothes, Mother picked up a pair of what we used to call "inner panties" or "liners." These were small, white, bloomer-like panties that were made of thin costumers' satin with elastic at the waist and legs. Girls sometimes wore these flimsy little silkies under their regular bloomers and other clothes.

Since Henry's eyes were filled with tears he probably couldn't see what Mother was putting on him as she threaded the soft panties up his legs and snapped them into position around his waist. But as soon as he touched the silky fabric, he wiped the tears from his eyes and looked down to discover that he had been put into girls' panties. Though he was still crying and carrying on from the beating, Henry complained about the panties and tried to pull them off. Father simply slapped his arms and hands with the belt and told him to leave the bloomer panties on. The panties weren't mine. They were new! They fit loosely over his hips. Someone had sewn more than a dozen tiny bows onto the panties. The bows were in assorted colors. They made the panties outrageously garish!

A child's "waist" was slipped on Henry and tightened into position around his thin body. This garment was a forerunner of the garter belt and used to hold up a child's stockings. It was a harness-like affair made of elasticized straps that went around the child's waist and over his shoulders. Stockings could be attached to the four long garter straps that traveled down each leg from the waistband, and panties were buttoned to the waist to keep them up. Over the waist, Mother put Henry into an undervest made from the same satin fabric and decorated with the same humiliating bows that were used to make the panties.

Next, Father held Henry while Mother forced him into one of my old dresses. It was a simple, A-line style dress with three-quarter length sleeves, made in bright green brocade and just long enough to cover his hips. Father laughed at Henry since the short dress exposed the bottoms of his silky, beribboned panties.

That prompted Mother to make a comment about modesty as she slipped a long pair of bloomers on him which went all the way down his legs and even covered his knees. Later, I learned that my mother's seamstress had custom-made the vest and inner panties out of the slipper satin she used to make my own undergarments. And the longer outer "knickers" she made from one of Mother's old full-length petticoats that had been dyed bright pink. The whole idea of the outfit was to be a humiliating, very feminine, comic version of the classic early 20th century boys' outfit of smock top with knickerbockers since the smock was obviously a girl's dress and the knickerbockers were obviously made from lingerie fabric. Mother completed his outfit with white calf-length stockings and a pair of bright red, one-strap Maryjane shoes to match his knickerbockers bloomers.

It was the first time I had ever seen a boy in girls' clothes. In fact, it was the first time I had even thought about putting a boy in girls' clothes! I thought it was the funniest thing I had ever seen. Knowing how Henry hated girls and everything feminine, I thought it served him right. With these clothes, instantly, he had been demoted and made an object of ridicule — a simpering, girlish boy. Henry was so embarrassed that his face turned bright red. He ran outside, and as he always did whenever he was sulking and trying to get away from the rest of the family, he went to play with his pony, Mimi. Father saw him in the back meadow and snapped the enclosed photo before Henry could react and hide from the camera.

After that, my parents regularly put Henry into this humiliating outfit, and at times, they used even more sissified clothes for his punishment, including fancy dresses and a wig Mother had gotten at a theatrical supply house in New York. Henry's punishment outfits were mostly made up of my castoffs, but Mom supplemented these clothes with some especially fancy things either made up special by her seamstress or purchased from the local shops. Mother loved making Henry go along on those shopping expeditions.

The girlish clothes worked wonders. Henry was totally subdued whenever he was forced to spend a day or weekend in his feminine frills. In the years that followed, just the threat of being petticoated was enough to keep Henry in line. And once in a while, Mother and Father put him into his dresses and other finery just to remind him of the punishment awaiting him for any indiscretion. Ever since then, I've recommended that all my friends petticoat their boys. It's a surefire way to sap their naturally occurring negative masculine tendencies.



Martha Mary M.
Newport, Rhode Island

Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #2 **Story #3**

Grandpa's Frilly Boy

Back in the early sixties while my son Eric and I were watching Saturday morning television, we saw a Bugs Bunny cartoon in which

he dressed himself in lipstick, frilly bloomers, a dress and a wide-brimmed hat. Eric excitedly pointed to the screen and told me that he wanted to do that; he wanted to be a girl too! I started giggling. I couldn't help it; the idea just struck me funny. My laughter almost bordered on ridicule, but it didn't bother Eric. He just kept going on about wanting to be a girl. When I told him that he was a boy, and he had to stay a boy, he started crying.

That night and the next day, Eric just kept pestering me. Finally, in an attempt to appease him, I grabbed a tube of my bright red lipstick, put some on his lips, and told him he was "a girl." He jumped for joy and rushed to study his reflection in the hallway mirror. Then, he started laughing, prancing around and singing like a little songbird. I just stared in fascination.

Looking back on it, I suppose I was somewhat to blame because I was a single parent and very much into the women's movement. Almost all my friends were women; in fact most of them were lesbians. I've been around the block, but I'm not a lesbian. I mean, there's nothing wrong with being one, and I can understand why women can be attracted to one another. It's just that, even though I despise men in most respects, I'm still hooked on sex with the bastards. Years before, I had thrown Eric's father out of the house and pretty much turned my back on all men and everything masculine. I did let a guy pick me up once in awhile, but I'd let him fuck me then I'd tell him not to call or try to see me again. Other than that, my friends and guests were almost exclusively women, and we did only women-type things. With the exception of my father and the male children of a few of my friends, Eric never saw, much less interacted with any men or boys.

With my girlfriends, putting down men and everything male was our favorite pastime. That extended to our male children. We didn't think twice about teasing our little boys. Besides, my friends' sons were not typical roughneck boys but quiet, subdued, and used to being the butt of jokes. All of my women friends encouraged their daughters to take charge of their brothers even if the boys were older than the girls. Years later, Eric explained to me that being constantly in the company of women while growing up convinced him that it was a woman's world, and as a boy, he was an outsider and a second class citizen. Since he felt that way, I suppose it was only natural for him to admire women to the point of wanting to be one!

In the days that followed, Eric got me to keep putting lipstick on him, and when he saw me putting on nail polish, he wouldn't stop nagging me until I put some of it on his finger nails and toe nails too! That following Saturday night, I had a little get-together at my house with Rita, Judy, and Melissa — three of my closest friends.

When Rita saw Eric, she called out, "Hey, everybody! Look at little Eric. It looks like we have a new girl in the group!"

Judy stooped down to Eric's level to get a better look. She simply purred, "O-o-o-o-oh! How pretty! Bright red nail polish! Pretty lipstick too! Is your name Erica, now?"

Eric smiled and blushed, but joyfully shook his head, "Yes," to her question.

Melissa took one look at him and said, "Sweetie! Are you a new little girl or just a sissy boy?"

"I'm a widdle dirl," Eric proudly announced in his cute baby talk.

Imitating his baby talk, Melissa sarcastically blurted out, "No, kid. You're not a 'widdle dirl;' you're just a queer widdle boy!"

Eric had never heard the word 'queer' before so he didn't know she was making fun of him.

Melissa continued, "Hey, kid. Why are you still wearing boy's clothes? Don't you know that most little faggots like to wear pretty girls' things like pretty dresses and silky little panties?"

Eric grabbed my hand and started yanking on it as he jumped up and down and pleaded, "Mommy! Mommy! I wanna dress. I wanna dress. Ple-e-e-ase!"

Judy had brought her two children, Mark and Juliet, with her. She interceded, "Sure, Grace. What's the big deal? Why not buy the damn kid a dress if that's what he wants! Sometimes Markie wears Cindy Lou's party dresses when they play house. Don't you, baby?"

Immediately, all eyes shifted from Eric to six-year-old Mark who began turning bright red as he tried to hide behind his big sister.

I ended up having to promise Eric that I'd buy him a dress!

The next day, I thought maybe Eric would have forgotten about the dress, but first thing in the morning, he was after me to put some more lipstick on him and take him shopping. I tried to explain to him that he couldn't wear lipstick and nail polish outside because people would laugh at him, but he was determined to have his way. He didn't care. So finally, I gave in. I put some fresh lipstick on him, and we went to Lill's, a nearby dry goods store.

As I discreetly looked through all the little girls' clothing and tried to figure out what I should buy him, Eric kept drawing attention to himself by making all kinds of excited noises as he looked over all the pretty things on display. One of the clerks, a stockily built woman of about fifty, noticed us and came over to help. I told her I was just looking. I just wanted to grab something and get the hell out of there, but she must have noticed Eric's lipstick because she bent down to take a closer look at him as she slipped on her half glasses which were on a gold chain hanging around her neck.

After I handed her a girl's green-and-white striped sundress and told her that it would be all, she eyed me, the dress, and Eric for a moment.

"If this is for him," she said grinning as she held the dress in his direction, "it may be too small."

Eric was calling to me as he kept tugging on the hem of an outrageously fancy, Cinderella-like party dress hanging on display.

"I want this, Mommy! I want this!" he said.

The sales woman just smiled. After taking a look at the \$18 price tag, I decided it was too expensive, especially since it was just going to be used to satisfy Eric's passing fancy. But by then, the clerk was sorting through similar dresses trying to find one in his size. When I told her that I didn't want to spend that much, Eric started crying. I demanded that he stop crying. I told him to look for something else less expensive. He turned toward a counter display of teen girls' lingerie, and something caught his attention.

He yelled, "Mommy, I want that. I want that!" as he pointed to a mannequin torso displaying some frilly chartreuse green baby doll pajamas.

Again, I tried to get him to keep his voice down because people were starting to look in our direction. After looking at the display, I told him that they were probably too large for him, but the sales clerk interrupted and said that the smallest size just might fit him. Before I could say anything, she picked up one of the tops in a small size and held it up in Eric's direction. Unabashed, he walked right over to her and hugged the nightie against his body. As he kept rubbing his hands over the silky fabric he lit up with a big, bright-eyed smile.

The sales clerk gave me one of those laughing, knowing expressions like she was saying, "What a sissy!" Giggling as she spoke, she said, "I think it might fit him just fine . . . See, it's not too big. Isn't it pretty?"

As Eric was nodding his head, "Yes," I took a closer look at the nightie. It was a silky yellow-green with a robin's egg blue ruffled border, and even though it came almost all the way down to his knees, it did make him look so precious and sweet. From the gathered neck opening, it hung in full, soft, bloused folds. It was exceedingly feminine, and since the shimmering fabric was not very sheer, it could almost pass for a dress.

As we all stood there standing and staring, I wasn't quite sure what to think. Eric started to waltz around as he clutched the nightie lovingly in his arms. Not knowing what else to do, I looked at the price sign. The babydolls were \$3.95. They were definitely in my price range so I told the woman we'd take them.

As she got ready to ring up our purchase, she looked at Eric and said in a put-on, sugary sweet voice, "Well, aren't you a lucky little boy. Your mommy is buying such a pretty little babydoll for you. I know you'll look just adorable in it with your pretty lipstick and nail polish.

"Oh! Just look at these!" she added as she waved before our eyes a fancy pair of matching panties. "These are the panties that come with your babydoll top. Aren't they precious? Any little girl would die to have such nice panties. Look at the pretty ruffles and all. Do you like your brand-new sissy panties, little boy?" she teased as she dangled them by the feathered waistband before his awestruck eyes.

Eric glowed with excitement as he shook his head approvingly.

Before we were barely in the door at home, Eric wanted to put on his new babydolls. As soon as he stripped off his clothes, I pulled the frilled panties up his legs and slipped the pretty top over

his head. Moments later, he was dancing around like a silly, simpering little priss. It was like I now had a daughter! He seemed to love spinning around in front of the full-length mirror to watch the hem of his baby doll top flip up to show off his fancy panties. That night, my parents were coming over for a visit. I thought they would have a fit if they saw Eric in the baby dolls, so I tried to reason with him and tell him that he couldn't wear them while they were there.

Here I was a modern, liberated, freethinking female trying to deny my son what he seemed to want the most. Finally, I gave in to myself and to him. I decided to let him keep them on and whatever happened, happened.

Upon their arrival, Eric made a dancing swishing entrance as he ran to get his customary big hug. I was more worried about Dad's reaction than Mom's. Dad just stared with a blank expression on his face. Finally, he took hold of Eric and cradled him for a hug, but not the enthusiastic big hug he usually gave him as a greeting. I was hoping Dad was handling it okay. Mother took a long look at him with a twinkle in her eye, and as soon as Dad let him loose, she gave him his big hug. She looked at me with a questioning expression as she asked if he was getting ready for Halloween or a costume party.

I didn't know how to answer Mom's question as to why Eric was dressed that way so I tried to change the subject. But, of course, she wouldn't be put off, so I simply came out and told them the whole story. Mom laughed it off, but Dad seemed to take a dim view of it.

"Where's my little grandson," Dad said real loud, teasing Eric as he looked around and pretended not to see him.

When Eric ran back over to him and announced that he was his grandson, Dad said, "No, you can't be my grandson. My grandson doesn't wear girls' dresses. I don't know who you are little girl."

Eric insisted that he was both his grandson and a little girl, but when Dad heard that, he became angry and tried to humiliate Eric out of thinking about being a girl.

"If you're my grandson, what in the hell are you doing wearing this god damned girls' dress?" Dad said as he grabbed hold of the lacy hem and waved it in Eric's face.

Poor Eric started to sniffle. He obviously realized that his grandfather wasn't pleased with his dress.

When Dad's shaking of the babydoll hem exposed a bit of the matching lace-trimmed panties, Dad's eyes lit up like glowing coals. He yanked the hem all the way up around Eric's chest to fully expose the lacy panties so everyone could see them.

The panties were a bit large on Eric, and he had them hoisted way up around his tiny waist. The full-cut briefs puffed out with a blousy effect over his skinny hips.

Dad made Eric turn all the way around so we all could see him from every angle. Eric started to cry.

"Holy shit! Crying!" Dad said. "Now, that's all we need, is for our little sissy boy to start crying."

Eric's little boy parts were making a slight bulge in the billowy folds of the wispy nylon crotch. When Dad noticed it, he grabbed my son's boyish bulge and massaged it through the silky folds of the soft panties. "There's my grandson!" Dad announced triumphantly. "There he is! But what's my grandson doing hiding inside a god damned pair of girls' lace panties?"

"Huh? Huh, boy?" he urged an answer with repeated thrusting gropes.

As Dad continued teasing and touching him Eric squirmed and tried to break free, but Dad was too strong. Eric started to cry plead for his grandpa to stop.

"Now listen, boy; you ain't no girl. You're my grandson, and my grandson don't wear no god damned dresses. Or panties! Now do you want to take off this dress and panties?"

Eric nodded, "Yes," out of fear for of his grandfather.

"Good! That's real good," Dad said.

"But I don't want you to forget this lesson so I'm going to give you a lickin' in this outfit, and then I'm going to make you keep it on for the rest of the night. To teach you a lesson!"

With that, Dad hauled Eric over his lap and pulled up the baby doll top to administer a hand spanking on my boy's panty-covered butt. Dad didn't hit him hard, but he wanted to humiliate Eric and he certainly did that. Eric cried harder than he had ever cried before. For the rest of the night Eric had to stay dressed in the clothes, and Dad kept teasing him. Dad called him every kind of name from queer to sissy to pantywaist and nancy boy. Every time he called Eric one of those names, he asked Eric if he knew what the name meant.

And each time Eric would shake his head, "No," Dad would give him a graphic definition of each word.

"Do you know what a sissy is? . . . It's a boy who wears dumb little dresses and pretends to be a stupid girl."

"Do you know what a pantywaist is? . . . It's a girl's vest, a girl's undershirt thing that buttons onto her panties to hold them up. Any boy who wears panties is as worthless as a one of those pantywaist things."

"Do you know what a queer is? . . . "That's a sissy boy who likes to kiss other boys on their weewee until the boy goes to the bathroom in his mouth! Is that what you want to do?"

On and on Dad went. I complained, he silenced me. In those day adults could abuse children without fear of recourse. Dad wouldn't let up. It was so disgusting. Even my mother couldn't get him to cut it out, and she usually can just give him a look and he stops what he's doing. I guess Dad was really upset by it all. For most of the night, we watched television, and Dad made Eric sit on his lap. All night long Dad kept him there as he whispered God knows what into his ear. By the end of the evening, Eric was pleading with everyone to be let out of the babydolls, and with a big grin, Dad relented and let him take them off. Then, Dad added that whenever Eric was bad in the future, he'd have to put on the babydolls and "visit" Grandpa.

That night confused the hell out of Eric. I tried to explain to him that I didn't agree with Grandpa, but my bastard father had made an indelible mark on his young mind. A few days later, I caught Eric staring in his drawer at the pretty babydolls, and I let him know that it was all right if he ever wanted to wear them again. Poor Eric broke down and cried. He seemed to be very embarrassed to admit that he did want to put them on again. Moments later, I was helping him into the lovely babydolls. I threaded the top over his head and held open the panties for him to step into. I told him it was our secret. Grandpa didn't have to know.

Eric began wearing the babydolls around the house almost every day. Soon, he asked me if he could have more girly clothes. I really couldn't afford very much, so with Eric's permission, I told Judy and Melissa about him wanting some girls' clothes to wear and asked them if they could spare any of their daughter's hand-me-downs. The women thought it was cute, and they couldn't resist gently teasing Eric about it, but two days later, they arrived with a mound of pretty clothes. Their teasing didn't deter Eric, and when he saw all the wonderful clothes, he insisted on trying everything on immediately.

A few times after that, Dad did punish Eric by dressing him in the babydolls and subjecting him to an evening of humiliation and spanking, but I had plenty of opportunity to talk things out with Eric, and he understood that Grandpa was the one with a problem and not him. Mom got to love Eric's dressing up. I told her Eric had started dressing up almost everyday. She didn't she tell Dad, but she did go out and buy some lingerie and girlish accessories for her darling grandson.

The enclosed photo shows Eric at four years of age in the silky baby doll nightie I talked about in this letter. The nylon knee socks and the girl's one-strap white patent leather shoes that he is wearing were a gift from his grandma.

Grace W.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #2
Story #4

Louis Sullivan
World-Renowned Architect



Pictured here in 1859 are Louis Sullivan, age 3, the genius who shaped American architecture, and Albert, his older brother, age 5, who were brought up in Chicago, in the traditional manner — under the refining influence of dresses, petticoats and traditionally feminine accessories.

Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #2
Story #5

**Pink Was His
Favorite Color**

Since you like stories about sissies being punished, I thought you'd enjoy hearing about my neighbor's boy. I'll never forget nine years ago when I first met Mavis Van Allen and her son. I had moved here from San Francisco, so I thought I had seen everything, but these people showed me a thing or two!

The boy's name — believe it or not — is Pinky! Well, his real name is Calvin, but no one calls him by that name. It seems that he got the moniker "Pinky" because as a young boy, his favorite color was pink! Yeah, I know, pink isn't for a boy and all that.

This neighborhood used to be very active with cookouts, community car washes, and other get-togethers. It was at a block party thrown to officially welcome our family to the neighborhood that I first met Mavis and Pinky. He was fourteen at that time, and when we were introduced, I could tell with one glance that he was effeminate. He was very quiet and moved and talked meekly, like a shy little girl. I did a double take when Mavis said her son's name was 'Pinky,' but I didn't learn much more about him that night.

It was summer, and Mavis and her son spent a lot of time outside whenever the weather was nice. As the weeks went by, I casually observed them. She had this poor kid waiting on her, running errands and doing every little thing imaginable, from polishing her shoes to brushing her hair. She even had him set up an ironing board and do the ironing on their front porch! He acted almost like a slave to her, and she generally just kept berating him and telling him to shape up.

Then one day I learned all about Pinky. Mavis had invited me over for a cup of tea. As we were sitting on her back porch, her tea bag fell off her saucer. Instead of simply picking it up, she called toward the house for Pinky. The kid came flying out of the house and stood at attention before her. He didn't even take notice of me.

But I sure noticed him!

He was wearing a snug-fitting plain white T-shirt, some loose running shorts (the kind with slits up the sides), white knee-high socks, and girls' pink sneakers! But worst of all, he was wearing a



frilly little pink apron that just covered his shorts. It tied in the back with a big butterfly bow and had a wide ruffled and lace-trimmed hem. Mavis told him to pick up the tea bag and clean up any stain that it might have made. This he did immediately. Then she had him boil more water and bring us more tea bags. This he did without question.

While he was in the house, I apologized to Mavis because I hadn't been able to stop giggling when I first saw him in that darling pink apron.

Mavis just waved it off and told me that it was all right. She said that I could laugh at him all I wanted. She said it was good for him to be laughed at because it reminded him that he was just a joke of a man — a worthless toy only good enough for slave work and making a fool of himself.

I had to admit that I had never seen a boy so well trained to be at the beck-and-call of his mother. Mavis even insisted that I try Pinky "on for size."

After he returned and poured the water for our tea, she told him that she was going to turn him over to me for the rest of the afternoon!

I laughed! I was shocked. I wondered if this was a joke or something, but I could tell Mavis was serious, and Pinky didn't object. In fact, he just bowed to me and asked how he could serve me. I didn't know what to say. Mavis said Pinky gave the best foot massages and asked if I'd like to have him rub my feet.

I gave pause, thought to myself for a moment and then said, "Well sure. Why not?"

Immediately, Pinky stooped down before me, took off my sandals, and enthusiastically massaged my feet. He made every inch of my feet feel great. I had no idea a foot massage could feel so good. While Pinky labored away, his mother told me all about him.

When he was a small boy, his favorite color was pink. Everyone told him that everything pink was for girls, but he didn't care. He remained steadfast in his love of the color pink.

Every time his mother bought him anything, if it came in pink, he'd want the pink one. When his room was being redecorated, he got his dad to paint it pink, and he got his mother to buy a pink bedspread and furnishings. When it came to his clothes, he wanted things in pink, but years ago, boys clothes just weren't available in pink so eventually he talked his mother into buying him some girls' things: a pair of slacks and a blouse in pink that he could at least wear around the house.

When his dad first found out about those clothes he had a fit. That was the turning point. The man knew then that love for the color pink was turning his son into a sissy. The father made one last ditch effort to shock his son out of what he was doing to himself. The father had Mavis buy the kid several pairs of bright pink panties that were decorated with all kinds of feminine bows and little frills. Then the father announced that these were going to be Pinky's punishment panties, and that if he ever caught his son wearing any girls' pink clothes or doing anything unmanly, he was going to strip him of his undershorts and force him to don those new pink panties for a spanking. Well, by that time, Pinky was so heavily involved with girlish things that his father's panty punishments became almost a nightly ritual. Shortly thereafter, the father

couldn't admit his failure and simply walked out on Mavis and Pinky. A few months later, the old man agreed to a divorce with a generous settlement for Mavis and the boy.

Mavis said that over their years of marriage, she had her husband well trained. He did the laundry, dish washing, cleaning and most everything else around the house. So when he left, Mavis was angry over losing her maid husband and took it out on Pinky. Immediately, she made the boy take over all the jobs that his father had been doing.

As Mavis became increasingly domineering, she turned Pinky into a total slave. Mavis knew that when her husband had bought the pink panties for their son, Pinky was absolutely delighted with them. She also knew that he purposely did things to upset his father so he would be forced into wearing the panties even if it meant he had to endure a spanking too. So with his father gone, Mavis commanded that Pinky wear his pretty, pink panties twenty-four hours a day. Of course, she knew that was a command that he was delighted to follow.

What's interesting is that for all the girlish clothing Mavis had Pinky wearing, she didn't let him grow his hair long, wear makeup or go around in dresses with the exception of Halloween or costume parties. I first saw him dressed to the nines at one of our neighborhood get-togethers, a New Year's Eve costume party when Pinky was about sixteen.

Mavis showed up at the party with this beautiful little girl in tow, and it didn't take long for everyone to figure out it was Pinky. She had him elaborately made-up and dressed in a deep rose-pink velvet dress that had three tiers of ruffled chiffon around the collar and cuffs. The kid was an absolute doll. She even had him wearing pearl earrings and one of her fashion wigs.

All the women treated him like a girl and showered him with love and kisses as they fussed over his outfit. They even insisted he lift up his flowing full skirt and bouffant petticoats so they could look at his lovely lingerie. All the neighborhood men treated him like the prettiest girl at the party. They stood in line to ask him for a dance and jokingly tried to make passes at him. One guy even succeeded in getting his hand up the boy's dress for a good 'feel.' All night long (and ever since that night), the children laughed at him and teased him more than ever. Some of the boys took delight in squeezing Pinky's falsies and pulling up the back of his dress to reveal his darling pink lingerie.

A couple of years later while Pinky was at school, Tad, his father, showed up and pleaded with Mavis to be allowed to come back. Of course, by this time, Mavis had set herself up with a great life with her son waiting on her hand and foot. She didn't want to go back to the way things were before their divorce so she played him along. She made him promise to do whatever she told him to do. Then, she said she'd have to test him to see whether or not he could keep his promise "to do anything for her." She also said that he owed their son an apology because the boy had been forever turned into a sissy by the "dreaded" pink-panty punishment his father had devised. Mavis suggested to her ex that if he were really serious about making amends and doing anything for her at any time, it wouldn't be any big deal for him to apologize to their son and literally kiss the boy's ass!

He asked her if she was joking.

She assured him she wasn't joking. In fact, she demanded he pull down his son's shorts and pink panties and plant a big kiss on the kid's plump little tushy. At the same time, she told him, he could beg the boy for forgiveness since he had been such a lousy father.

Even though Pinky was a big sissy, he wasn't a homosexual, at least not at this point in his young life. Even Pinky thought it kind of strange to have his father kiss his naked ass, but he did whatever his mother demanded of him. After all, from his earliest beginnings, his love of the color pink (since it was a 'girl's color') developed into a love of girls' things, and that led him to be a slave to his mother. By then we was addicted to both his mother and everything feminine.

As Pinky got older, he admitted to his mother that, at least initially, he DIDN'T love the color pink! He didn't even remember how it all started, but his demand for pink-colored things was his way of getting even with his father who always seemed to be making all his decisions for him--like what games to play, what kind of clothes he should wear, who he could and couldn't have for friends etc. Pinky admitted that he was rebellious by nature and the color pink became the way to get back at his father.

When Pinky got home from school that day, Mavis said it was time for her ex to perform for her. He started to cry, but he sank to his knees anyway and told his son he was sorry for the way he had treated him. Mavis told Pinky to drop his pants. The boy didn't hesitate as he pulled them down to reveal an especially gaudy and frilled pair of baby pink panties. Then, she made her ex peel down those soft silk panties and kiss the kid's naked ass. Then Mavis had the boy quickly turn around to face his father and hug his head, a move that put the boy's little penis right in his father's face. Mavis snapped a picture and quickly ran out of the room to hide the camera away before her ex could react. Then, Mavis called her ex a queer and threw him out of the house. As she closed the door on him, she told him to double the alimony payments and to stay away from them or she would ruin him with that picture.

Like I said, before I moved here, I thought that I had seen everything, but Mavis and Pinky gave me glimpses into things that I never knew existed.

The enclosed picture shows Pinky in his mother's wig on the night he was dressed as a girl at our New Year's Eve costume party. Enjoy!

Ester C.
Hilton Head, S.C.

Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #2
Story #6

**Dressed for
Good Behavior**



The television showing of "Roots" inspired many people to explore their heritage by tracing their family tree and learning about their ancestors. With such a goal in mind, my mother arranged an afternoon get-together with her aging grandmother (my great-grandmother). After we arrived, we got comfortable around the fireplace, sipped tea and nibbled on my great-grandmother's famous molasses cookies while she told us about the 'good old days' and many of our relatives we knew little about. I took notes because I was going to use the information in a school project.

Great-Grandma pulled out stacks of old photographs, her family Bible, and boxes filled with memorabilia like birth certificates, old letters and family heirlooms, which she showed us as she related stories about our long deceased relatives. When she got to one photo of a cute child in a full-skirted dress, she gave a little laugh. She showed it to us and announced that it was her brother, Nathan, as a little boy standing in front of their house on Orchard Street holding their father's hand. Since the picture was dated "1900," she figured Nathan was four years old at the time.

I thought it was really funny to see Nathan in a dress while sporting a short, parted-down-the-middle, little boy haircut, but Great-Grandma told us that back then it was standard practice to keep all children in dresses. In fact, she said, Nathan wore dresses at home until he was nine years old, which was unusual, even for those days, to keep a boy in girls' clothes that long. Not only dresses, Nathan had to wear everything else little girls wore, like girls' high-button shoes, satin hair ribbons, fluffy lace-trimmed slippers, starched petticoats, silken vests, and ruffle-edged satin bloomers. The picture accompanying this letter is the one Great-Grandma showed us that day. She said it was taken about the time that many boys were being put into short pants instead of dresses.

When little boys in their neighborhood began wearing short pants, Nathan told his mother that he wanted her to buy him short pants too. But their mother absolutely refused. She insisted that in a dress, he was much more amenable to her wishes. She said she was not going to have a little heathen running around the house. In fact, after that, she went out and bought him even fancier and more girlish dresses just to drive home her point. Great-Grandma recounted how each spring and fall, she and her brother were taken to J. J. Mellows department store in downtown San Francisco and outfitted in new clothes.

In those days, young children were taken shopping in the 'children's department,' which stocked clothes almost exactly alike for both sexes, and these clothes also closely resembled items in the girls' department, just in smaller sizes. When a child reached school age, he or she then began getting their clothes in the regular girls' or boys' department, and at that age, boys generally went from babyish dresses to regular boys' shorts, knickerbockers and trousers. But it was a time when attitudes were changing in regard to boys' clothes, and more and more people wanted to dress their little boys like little men, so children's departments began to stock more of the little shorts and trouser outfits, but my great-grandmother's mother thought trousers were "vulgar" for a young boy. When Nathan started school, she did buy him some shorts and trousers, but they were only for school. For wear at home, he had to change into his girlish fashions, which his mother bought for him in the schoolgirls' department. On those semiannual shopping expeditions, Nathan's mother took him and his sister into the girls' dressing rooms to try on

various outfits. The children had to help each other with all the buttons and hooks and ties that were used on their clothes in those days.

As Nathan got older, he became embarrassed about wearing dresses and girlish underwear since it would be exposed to everyone's view during these dressing room incidents. Probably the only saving grace for Nathan was the fact that, at the same time he was changing, there were usually several other little boys in the dressing room stripped down to their silken lingerie and being fitted for dresses too; however, those boys tended to be much younger than Nathan. And whenever Nathan's mother noticed a boy in an especially pretty pair of lace panties or a fancy full slip, she'd point out to her son how pretty the clothes were and how they promoted the boy wearing them to be quiet and well-behaved. The changing room incidents were embarrassing for Nathan, but an even worse fate were the children's specialty shops, which typically didn't have dressing rooms. At these stores, mothers made their children try on clothes right in the aisles, and this frequently happened right in front of a store window facing outside!

Before Great-Grandma finished her stories about Nathan she went in the attic and came back with some of Nathan's childhood clothes that she had stored away long ago with things of her own. The clothes she showed us were all heavily embroidered and fully decorated with lace frills, ribbons, bows and other little feminine touches. It was amazing to see and hold those old-fashioned clothes that once belonged to Nathan.

In my class at school, I caused a great stir when I passed around Nathan's picture in the dress during my report about our family tree. A discussion about Nathan having to wear his dresses and other feminine apparel dominated almost the whole question-and-answer period following my talk.

Lisa T.
Menlo Park, California

From an old publication: "The Piano Lesson." When this boy hasn't practiced his piano, he's put in pink bloomers and teacher gives him her organ lesson!



Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #2 Story #7

The Piano Lesson

Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #2 Story #8

Boy in Training Bra Teased

Some schools have a turnabout day, and for one day a year, students have to attend class in the clothes of the opposite sex. Well, sixth graders at a nearby school had such a day, and the outfits were complete down to underwear — or lingerie in the case of boys! The enclosed picture appeared in our local newspaper under the above headline. Grades one through four took part in the turnabout. A teacher who was interviewed said it fostered understanding between the girls and the boys, who had to attend cheerleading lessons and use dolls to learn how to care for babies. The kids even had to use opposite restrooms!



The caption on the picture in the paper explained that the boy had on a blue skirt and a pink peasant blouse that belonged to his sister. (It's a shame that the picture only shows him from the waist up!) It also explained that he was crying because some eighth grade boys had been teasing him, and one of them had snuck up behind him and snapped the strap of his pink lace training bra, which could be easily seen through his sheer pink blouse!

Ms. Pauletta F.
Mountain View, CA

Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #2
Story #9

Peter's Sundress

What do you do with a boy who, instead of joining the men and doing men's work, insists upon doing women's work around the house with his mother and sisters?

Turn him into a girl that's what! At least, that's what my folks did to one of my brothers!

Of course, in this day of women's liberation, we think it's sexist to define work roles strictly on the basis of male and female, but in 1925, when I grew up, there were hard and fast divisions between what was and what wasn't proper for a man or woman to do. I came from a big farm family. I was the oldest girl with two older brothers, one younger sister and two younger brothers. Peter was the 'baby of the family.' Mom spoiled him. He grew so attached to her that he couldn't bear to be out of her sight.



When Peter was five years old, Dad took him for the first time out to work with his older brothers in the fields. He tried to get him to do little jobs and prepare him to eventually work alongside his older brothers, but it was a disaster as poor Peter just cried and cried until Dad brought him back home to be with Mom and us girls. Periodically, after that, Dad would try to get him to work in the fields, but the result was always the same. The kid would cry until Dad brought him back home.

Once, Dad came home to find Peter wearing a ruffled apron as he helped prepare dinner. Dad didn't say anything about it, but it must have given him an idea because he called Mom into the parlor for a talk. After their discussion, Mom went into my younger sister's closet and got together a bunch of her clothes. Then, they told Peter to go into his bedroom and get undressed. Dad announced that they were turning him into a girl and that he'd have to stay dressed in Kelly Ann's clothes until he was ready to go to work out in the fields with the men. Dad said the only exception would be school where he could wear his regular boys' clothes. When Peter put up a fuss as Mom started to dress him in those clothes, Dad hit him so hard the kid was knocked right off his feet.

And as soon as Peter was completely dressed in Kelly Ann's clothes, he was brought down and introduced to the family as "Prissy Peter." Of course, we all laughed as Dad explained that Peter was being turned into a girl whose name would be "Prissy" because he wanted to work with the girls instead of out in the fields with the men.

Over the next few days, the whole family teased Peter without mercy, but the novelty of seeing him so dressed soon wore off. Dad was the only one determined not to let up. He kept after Mom to find even more girlish clothes for Peter to wear. For example, as it got warmer out, Mom had him wearing just little sundresses. These were so skimpy that they barely covered his hips and his underwear. And with his underwear on display, Dad noticed that Peter wore just plain little-girl, flower-print panties under those short skirts, so he insisted that Mom replace all of Peter's childish panties with the deluxe style, lace-trimmed panties so he'd look like a proper little priss when he bent over and showed off his under panties.

Thoroughly frustrated since Peter wasn't changing his ways, Dad decided to increase the punishment. He notified school that Peter would now be called "Prissy" and begin attending class as a girl. Sure, everyone in our little 47-pupil school already knew that Peter was a sissy, but I was amazed at how all the school officials, teachers, and students took it in stride when Peter started showing up at school in dresses. And by now, Peter had fully accepted his fate, and he looked forward to going to school as a girl. When it came to how others treated Peter, 'ignored' would be a better word than accepted. He didn't have any friends. The only children who even paid attention to him were some of my little sister's friends who used to enjoy bossing him around.

Finally, Dad stopped his campaign to embarrass Peter into boyhood, but the damage had been done. By then Peter was willingly wearing girls' clothes and taking a strong interest in everything feminine. In a small town, there are no secrets, and everyone knew Peter was the town sissy. He was the butt of jokes and probably the most-picked-on person for miles around. An extreme example of what went on happened one summer afternoon. Some of the local high school bullies pushed Peter into the rest room of the Stadium Diner and forced him to pretend to be a girl for a truck driver that was passing through. They collected money from the driver then threatened Peter with a beating unless he delivered.

However, as Peter was in tears and innocently sucking on the man's big cock, the driver pulled up Peter's pale purple mini skirt and started touching his panties. As the man shot round after round of semen into Peter's startled face, he grabbed between Peter's legs and discovered what was in his panties. The startled man began beating on Peter and almost killed him. The restaurant owner called the cops. Soon it was all over town and everyone was saying that Peter was a queer boy and prostituting himself. The ensuing scandal so embarrassed Dad that we had to sell our farm and move out of state. But Dad still couldn't handle it so he gave Peter some money, threw him out of the house and told him never to return. Peter moved to St. Louis where he found work as a waitress.

The picture I am sending shows Peter in 1925 when he was six years old, and wearing one of his flimsy, short sundresses over his little sissy panties. In his arms, he's clutching some of his toys including a little girl's purse and a doll baby. His hair wasn't very long, so as you can see in the photo, Mom had brushed it forward to make it look a little more feminine.

Gabby G.
Great Bend, Kansas



Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #2 Story #10

Victorian Petticoat World

I hope you enjoy the enclosed information about Lytton Strachey-- a sissy boy who made a difference!

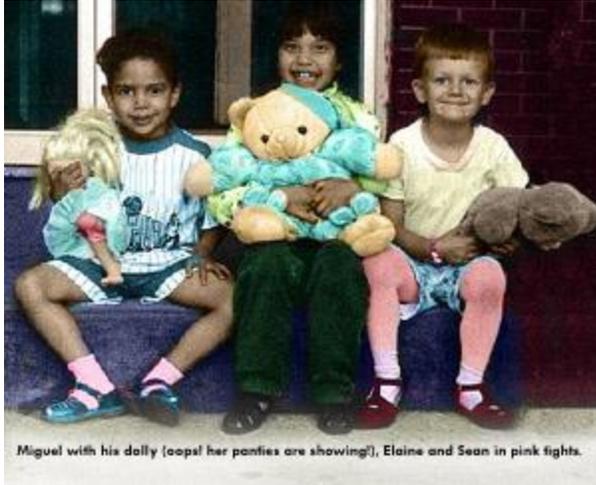
Lytton became a well-known author who excelled in writing reviews, essays, and biographies. He was born in 1880 to a distinguished upper-middle-class English family and brought up during the height of the Victorian era, a time when it was common for young boys to wear smocks, kilts, and dresses as well as bloomers. These clothes were often frilled and very girlish in design; however, Lytton's mother kept him in nothing but the most elaborately girlish and elegant dresses and fancy, frilly bloomers throughout his childhood.

Mrs. Strachey kept her son's soft brown hair very long, and she often curled it. From his stylishly coifed hair to his ribbon-decorated lingerie, he was not recognizable as a boy. Any princess would have been delighted to have his cherub-like good looks and his extensive and beautiful wardrobe. Even though he was a boy, he was a frail child who was often in poor health; therefore, when he became old enough to go to school, he was sent to Marie Souvestre's School for Girls. Everyone knew he was a boy, but he was accepted amongst the tittering girls in this place of discipline and rigorously high standards. According to a recently published biography on Lytton, this school "held him in check in the uncongenial petticoat world of Victorian schoolrooms."

Lytton is a prime example of the refining effects possible when young boys are brought up in a feminine atmosphere with strict physical and dress discipline. Such conditions curb the "macho" attitude boys naturally develop if left to their own devices. Most of the young males in today's world would benefit greatly from a few years under the refining influence of fancy, feminine clothing.

The enclosed photo is a typical pose of Lytton at the age of three wearing his long hair in stylish soft curls. His queenly looking coattress is made of royal blue velvet with a white rabbit fur front piece. He's also has on thin, pale blue stockings and shiny patent leather slippers with satin bows and gold buckles. A close look at the photograph will reveal a bit of the boy's delicately trimmed, silken bloomers. Some of the pink ribbon and lace can be seen peeping out from beneath his skirts.

Miss Ann M.
Mayfair Park, AZ



Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #2 Story #11

It Didn't Start as a Punishment

To me, little boys in girls' clothes was a very common sight, at least it was when I was growing up in the 1960s. At that time, we lived in a lower-middle income area of Orange County, and in many families, clothes were passed down from older children to their

younger siblings. And if the older child was a girl and the younger child was a boy, many of the girl's clothes were passed on. Just as often boys' clothes were passed on to girls. Yes, the girls' clothes were usually not too obvious, slacks and simple blouses and things like that. Occasionally you did see a boy in a dress, but that was rare once a boy was out of the toddler stage.

But when boys were dressed in the not-so-obvious articles of girls' clothing, and they roughhoused around, sometimes their shirt (or blouse) would get pulled out of their pants (or slacks) and you'd get a glimpse of a girlish undervest or the dainty elastic waist of a pair of nylon panties. As I said, it was a fairly common sight in our neighborhood, and I imagine most everywhere else, so no one real thought much about it.

Such was the case in our family. I am Elaine, the oldest. My brother Sean is two years younger than me, and my brother Miguel is a year young than him. Our family album is loaded with pictures of me and the boys in a variety of gender-mixed outfits. Since I had two brothers, Mother often bought me some boys' clothes, especially play clothes, knowing that eventually they'd be passed onto Sean and Miguel. But I had a lot of regular girls' clothes too and they wore a lot of them. Enclosed is a picture of me in a typical play outfit of green overalls and a light sweatshirt. The shirt was flowered but the pants were rather unisex. Sean is on the right; he's in an old pair of my flowered shorts and a plain beige pullover shirt, but underneath he's wearing pink tights (he always complained of being cold so Mom had him wearing my old tights all the time) plus white ankle socks and my old red sandals. On my other side sits Miguel is in his Little League baseball uniform but on his feet are a pair of my purple ankle socks and a pair of my old bright blue sandals.

Sean and I are holding our Teddy bears, and Miguel clutches his favorite doll; notice the doll's dress is up and her pink panties are on display. When this photo was taken, I know for a fact that both my brothers were wearing silk panties. I know that because that's the only kind of underwear my mom bought. She'd buy girls' panties for me and sometimes they were pass on to the boys, but she bought plenty of new girls' panties for the boys too because they were so much cheaper than boys' underwear. Mom would buy seconds from a local lingerie factory, two dozen at a time in each of our sizes.

It wasn't long after this picture was taken that my brothers started in school. Sean came home after his first day in school to tell us that both the boys and girls teased him about wearing girls' clothes. If I remember, on that day he had on an old pair of my slacks, a sweatshirt and sandals. Underneath he had on some of my old knee socks, a white nylon vest and pale green panties. You had to really look closely to see that any of those things were girls' clothes, but kids are very aware of such things and they picked on him until he was crying. After that, Mom was sensitive to how she dressed him at school. She went right out and bought him some boys' jeans and sneakers, and did her best to make sure at least his outer clothes were from the boys' department. A few times she did have to substitute one of my blouses or a pair of slacks when all his clothes were dirty, but she honestly tried not to let the laundry go that long even though she was holding down two jobs to support us.

It was about that time that Mom started buying boys' clothes for me! As I said, especially my play clothes started coming from the boys' department so she could pass them onto the boys when I outgrew them. It didn't make too much difference to me, but I did develop a greater appreciation of my frilly girly clothes that I got to wear to school, church and for dress-up. Another thing happened too. Mom saw how humiliated Sean had gotten when teased by the other kids. She realized that it would be a way to punish him and his brother when they acted up. At first, she just threatened to make him go out in girlish clothes (since he was still wearing them at home on a regular basis). She also noted that Sean became more and more subdued. In the house, he barely made any trouble or caused any commotion. Miguel followed precisely in his big brother's footsteps.

Threats are one thing, but once a child knows that a parent will not follow through with a threat, they begin to ignore the threat. Well, that point came one Sunday afternoon when Sean and Miguel refused to help with the dinner dishes. They said it was girls' work; they wanted to go outside instead. Mom threatened them, saying she was going to make both of them put on some of my old dressy dresses to go outside in, but they didn't believe her. When they insisted that they wouldn't do the dishes and were going out with their friends (Sean surely had put Miguel up to join him in this showdown), Mom not only stopped them, she smacked their bare behinds red with the fly swatter and forced them into fancy dresses. She wanted to drive the lesson home. Remembering that the humiliating part for them was being seen by their friends, she got me to help and we dragged both of the boys out of the house and down to the park at the end of our street, where they played with their friends.

Both boys were crying their eyes out, but straightened up a bit when Mother told them to act like girls and so the other kids wouldn't notice and they could get back home without being exposed. Well, it was funny to see them trying their best to swish around like prissy girls. Mom and I told them to swing their hips and hold their hands out daintily, but of course, those exaggerated gestures only drew attention to them, and the boys were soon discovered by the kids in the park. After a good bit of razzing, we let the boys run home, but they had to wait on the porch until we got there to unlock the door and let them in.

My brothers are sweet guys to this day, and periodically I like to tease them about those days. I ask them if they still like to dress up in girls' clothes. They insist that they don't, but I've seen

Miguel's wife roll her eyes when confronted with their past. I bet both of them have a stash of girly clothes.

Elaine B.

Evanston, IL



Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #2 Story #12

I Don't Remember!

I know I underwent petticoat punishment during my early years, but I guess I was too young to remember anything about it! I do know that I am a flaming pantywaist of a male these days, so maybe subconsciously it set me on that path.

I know I was subjected to this treatment because I have a number of pictures of me in dresses and all kinds of girls' clothes in our family album. My mother died when I was five and that's when it all stopped. Over the years, my sister and other relatives filled in the blanks for me.

First off, my mother was an anti-masturbation fanatic when it came to young boys. She thought boys of even the youngest age masturbated regularly and she was determined not to have a jerk-off for a son. Sure children, both boys and girls, regularly touch themselves between their legs because it feels good. No one usually has to show them that. They pretty much discover it all by themselves. So when my mother saw me touching myself, complaining that my shorts were too tight, she took one look at me squirming around and thought I was masturbating.

My sister tells me that she berated me the rest of that day and regularly thereafter. I was probably about three years old at the time. Mother went out and had a harness made for me to secure my hands to my waist so I couldn't touch myself, (much like the harness used on the boy in the movie "Mommie Dearest"). The harness was mainly used on me during the night and at naptime so I couldn't masturbate when I was supposed to be sleeping. But she occasionally made me wear it around the house, while watching television and sometimes when we had a baby-sitter taking care of us. At those times, Mom explained in detail to the sitter about my problem of touching myself. Mom didn't spare my feelings by soft peddling details of my supposed problem.

Mom soon came up with the idea of dressing me in girls' clothes because she reasoned the frilly clothes would make me forget I was a boy and forget all about my nasty little boy parts. Besides, she explained to anyone who wanted to hear, girls don't touch themselves. (Like hell they don't!).

Mom bought me an extensive girls' wardrobe of my own even though my sister had a lot of clothes that I could have worn, but mother thought it was more humiliating for me to have my own girlish clothes.

Mom put me in those clothes every day. I complained because she made me stay especially clean and I had to be quiet and gentle when dressed like a girl. She insisted that I act like a girl in every way, including making me take down my panties and sit on the toilet to urinate.

For me it was all very boring. The worst part of her petticoat punishment was the boredom. According to my sister, the teasing and humiliation I suffered at the hands of other kids was a close second, but boredom was the worst part. Mom would make me stay in party-style dresses and sit in the living room for hours while she did her knitting, crocheting or caught up on reading her magazines. During those times, it was common for me to fall asleep sitting in the chair across from her. Enclosed is a photo taken while I was fast asleep in my girlish finery, complete with full cancan petticoats and a darling pink dress.

Glase M.

Liverpool



Adair in the pink and yellow dress, Kay, Joyce, and Gable in the sailor dress.

Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #2 Story #13

Strict Loving Mother

My mother's control over her children, anchored in her strong love for us, was done in her own special, intensely feminine way. Mother had five children: I am Adair and the oldest, my sister Kay is one year younger than me, my brother Gable is two years younger than me and my sister Joyce is five years younger. Years later, when I was in junior high

school, Mother had another daughter, Kristen.

Mother loved us but had little regard for the way boys typically played and acted. My sisters rarely got punished, but my brother and I were always in trouble in her eyes. Her punishments were firm but done in a gentle motherly way. She used petticoat punishment on us and talked us to death much more than she spanked us or punished us physically.

Mother was always well-groomed, soft spoken and never used vulgar language. She worked as a waitress to support us, so until we were all in school, we had a baby-sitter from 6 in the morning until 3 in the afternoon. Mother was very feminine as was Winnie, our baby-sitter during most of those years. Consequently what most irritated both of these women was loud, aggressive and destructive behavior, so my brother and I were always in trouble. As soon as Mother came home, she'd get a report from the baby-sitter as to who had been naughty. After the sitter left, Mother would take the offender up to her bedroom and start the punishment routine. She'd take off her work uniform and teasingly brush her long hair, as she'd lecture whoever had been naughty that day.

More often than not, both my brother and I were sitting in her bedroom getting the third degree for doing typically boyish things like running in the house, yelling too loud, breaking a toy, etc., but the worst offense was fighting with our sisters. Mother felt she had to protect her daughters from us naughty, rough boys. So as soon as we would start fighting with our sisters or if we were guilty of any other major other offense, Mother had authorized Winnie start our punishment. Winnie would make us stop whatever we had been doing, take all of our clothes off, and stand naked in front of our siblings until she got a pair of panties and a dress out of our wardrobe for us to put on. Mother had supplied my brother and me with girls' clothes of our own Mother because I couldn't fit into my little sisters' clothes and because she didn't want dirty little boys wearing anything that belonged to her sweet and clean little daughters. Once Winnie had us so dressed, she'd tell us, "Now, go play nice like the girls."

As I said that was just the start, any additional punishment was delivered by Mother after she got home from work. So when she'd come in the door, she'd see if one or both of us boys were in dresses and immediately know who was in line for punishment. Winnie would give Mother the details of the offence, but Mother also wanted the culprit's version of the story, which she always found fault with. Both Winnie and Mother were clever talkers and could turn anything you said against you. Then in Mother's room, we had to sit on the edge of her bed while she took off her waitress uniform, hung it up, and then pulled her full slip over her head. Her slips were always dripping with wide bands of lace and always pink to match her pink uniform. Then, in just her white garter belt and nylons and pink bra and panties, she'd lecture us while she leisurely brushed out her long hair. Next, she'd get a bowl of water from the bathroom and wash all her makeup off, strip off her bra and panties, get another bowl of clean water, and give herself a sponge bath, all the while continuing to scold and demean us and everything masculine.

Winnie and Mother kept our place clean and orderly, except the beds were never made up in our house. Mother always said she never saw the point of making beds since you mess them up again a few hours later, especially with us kids always taking naps. Mother's bed had satin sheets, so Gable and I had to sit on those slippery, silky sheets in little dresses that were never long enough to cover our panties, as Mother berated us and went through her daily ablutions. I'll never forget how my silky panties tickled my rump against those satin sheets. And watching Mother do a strip tease for us ending with her throwing her bra and panties in our laps added up to a weird, exciting, scary but also strangely pleasurable experience. After working in her bra and panties all day long, the combined fragrance of her heavy, sweet perfume and womanly aromas was intoxicating. It's no wonder both my brother and I would sit there with a firm little erection in our panties.

Mother would then daintily step into a fresh pair of panties and slide on a clean bra. When we were a little older, Mother had us pick out a pair of panties from her drawer and hold them open for her to step into, plus she had us snap close her bra. She did these things innocently, thinking subjecting us to all this femininity would soften us and help make us nice, quiet, sweet children. I don't think it was until I reached puberty and started cumming that she realized there was anything sexual about it. Before that, she just regarded our erections as something that happens to little boys all the time, something that she regarded as disgusting boy behavior, and she let us know it was disgusting.

So we were constantly trying to hide an erection anytime we got one in our panties — which seemed to be almost all the time! Mother would periodically come over to us, lift up our dresses and check to see if we had a hard on. If we did, and we usually did, she'd pinch our penis in our silky panties to make it go away. That would make us cry, plead with her not to hurt our peepee and promise her that it wouldn't happen again, but of course, it did. Even if our erection went down, it returned almost immediately. If our erection wouldn't go down, or if we were in need of a spanking for our bad behavior, Mother would put us over her lap and deliver a dozen or more sharp blows to our pantied butt. Hundreds of times I recall feeling my hard pantied penis rubbing up against her nylon stockings as she spanked me. Her garter belt taps were hard little bumps that hurt my bruised little penis anytime it rubbed up against them. Mother would then lecture us some more as she reapplied her heavy makeup, put on a carefully ironed full slip and a flowered housedress, all a heavy indoctrination into femininity for a young boy. I was entranced, and I know my brother was too.

Mother was very big on panties for us boys. To her, they were the great equalizer. When we were due for punishment and Mother was home, she would reprimand us and then make us ask for punishment. "Mother I've been a bad boy. May I wear my punishment panties and a nice dress so I can learn how to be a nice little boy?" was typical of what she had taught to say at such times. Mother saw panties as a way to tame us, her way of adjusting the behavior pattern of her two little boys.

And for proper attitude adjustment, Mother gave us weekly 'talks.' Usually on Sunday afternoons, following church and lunch, Mother would take all four of us children into the bathroom to give Gable and me a bath as she explained to our sisters that she was washing away all of our bad boy selves so we would be in a proper frame of mind for her instructional talks. She'd pay special attention to our little boy cocks, peeling back the foreskin and showing the girls how to clean every bit of dirt to be found there. As she'd towel us dry, she'd let the girls examine, twist, and pull on our balls and penises as she taught them how to handle a boy's privates.

We'd try our best not to erect during such handling, but sometimes we couldn't help it. Mother would generally just say "naughty, naughty," but we knew erections were cause for punishment and she'd be addressing that problem in her talk to follow. She'd then have the girls powder us, panty us and put us in our robes, which were always frilly, pastel-colored little girl robes. For years, such feminine clothes confused Gable and me because we knew little boys don't wear girls' things, but then again, there was something about it that made us feel good inside and we'd get a hard-on. That would make mother angry with us. It was all so confusing. We tried so hard to please Mother because she was so special to us!

Once we were in her bedroom, she'd conduct a training session. She'd teach the girls how to treat us boys and showed them in detail how to handle us. Even as a toddler, Joyce, my youngest sister at that time, learned how to laugh at us boys in panties and dresses and how to lift up our dresses and spank us with her little baby hands.

Instructions were given to us on the proper way for little boys to wear panties. Mother was very meticulous. She could easily spend an hour just detailing how a boy should put his legs into a

pair of panties and pull them up his legs. She taught us how to correctly adjust our panty leg elastics, front and back, so they would lie flat and be in just the perfect position around our thighs, not too high and not too low. At these times, she'd make us rehearse our lines, asking to be allowed to pick our punishment panties from our own lingerie drawer. She'd often change what we had to say, making us memorize word-for-word various ways for us to beg for panty punishment.

Then she'd move on how to properly position a little boy's naughty peepee in his nice panties. Our penis was always referred to in the negative (nasty, smelly, tiny, funny, naughty, etc.) and panties always in the positive (nice, sweet, frilly, soft, pretty, etc.). But most of her attention focused on how to properly position a penis in panties and how to deal with the ongoing problem of erections and the disgusting way they destroyed the beautiful lines of a well-fitted pair of silky panties. Erections, she always maintained, were naughty, and she would not tolerate them. All erections were to be reported to her immediately! My brother and I had to squeal on ourselves! Whenever he got hard, we had to tell Mother or Winnie or one of our sisters, who would immediately lower our pants or lift our dress and pinch it until it went down! Gable and I soon learned that even when our sister Joyce was just three years old, she could pinch a boy's penis hard enough to make him cry!

Mother's instructions were always given in a firm voice. To us, she was a powerful figure to be admired, adored and obeyed, but her presence was also full of love and caring. Once we did things her way, she showered us with love and attention. What I remember best is how things went once I was able to cum. That whole time period was a turning point. Mother had given birth to Kristen (father uncertain! -- As you might expect, Mother had a real problem with men -- she loved sex with them but hated them as people!) and was in a very loving mood in those days. To both Mother and me, it was a surprise the first time I ejaculated, and I didn't find it that pleasurable because I was so scared of what had happened. My penis ached and it was sore because Kay had just severely pinched it. But that erection soon returned, so I went to Mother's bedroom and began humping my nylon pantied cock up against Mother's satin sheets to ease the pain. I picked up a dirty pair of Mother's panties and sniffed them (another fetish I developed at a young age) as I let out a series of loud moans and exploded. Mother heard the noise and walked in on me.

She immediately gave me the spanking of my life. For the first time she used her bedroom slipper to spank me instead of just her hand. I was confused and had no idea what had happened. Immediately, she sat me on her bed next to the wet stain on her sheets and gave me a talk. She hugged me close, and I can still recall the exact perfume she was wearing at that moment and how smooth and warm the nylon slip she was wearing that day felt against me. As she held me close, her slip got rucked up and I leaned forward to peek up her slip at her panties. For some strange reason, I had to see them at that moment! But when she saw me trying to peek up her slip, she scolded me and said that only naughty little boys did that.

After all these years of seeing her in every stage of dress and undress, it was suddenly naughty for me to do so! I was confused more than ever. But from that point onward, Mother was very careful and controlling of the situations in which I was able to see her in any stage of undress. I hungered constantly to see her without her clothes on. I tried real hard to behave myself, but I

took every opportunity to peek up her dress or down her blouse. Whenever she'd catch me, I'd beg for her forgiveness and promise never to do it again. She'd give me a slipper spanking, hug me to her warm breasts, kiss my forehead, rumple my hair. She'd chide me but also laugh at me as she'd say something like, "Adair honey, go and select a fresh pair of your panties to wear and bring them to me."

I'd do it and then stand before her as she held the panties out for me to step into. After taking her time correctly positioning the panties on my hips, she'd take special care to position my erect penis upright in the panties. She'd stare at my hard pantied cock and I could feel her love. I'd often begin to cry and apologize for the naughtiness of my cock getting hard, but she'd calm me and take me in her arms. Her softness, her quiet reassuring voice, and her hand on my nylon panties snuggled around my little boy penis made me feel safe and comforted. Then, she'd often take me into her bed, safe and warm between the cool satin sheets.

"Adair, Mommie thinks you need a little help."

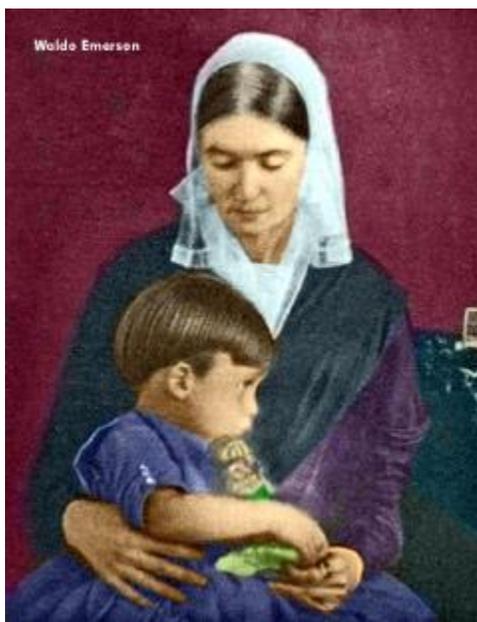
My little penis would get even harder, and I would hope she wouldn't get angry. "Mommie! Mommie! I can't help it!" I'd say, as I'd softly cry. "I, I, my, my little . . . thing is hard. I don't mean to . . ."

"Sh-h-h-h, dear. Mommie is going to make it go away. Now snuggle close to me and take what Mommie is going to give you."

As I'd snuggle up close, she'd ease her breast out of her bra and aim it at my waiting mouth. Her breasts were full of milk because she was nursing our newest little sister. I'd take her elongated nipple and suck her warm, sweet milk into my mouth. I'd feel her cool hand between my legs, trapping my hard little penis, soft and snug in my silky panties as she gently stroked me and I nursed at her breast. I'd soon feel that wonderful feeling no one but mother can make happen within me.

"Good boy, Adair, now slowly, dear . . . suck sweetheart . . . there, there . . . Mommie will make your nasty hard penis go away."

I'd feel myself becoming faint, my warm breath coming quickly . . . Mother's hand then tightened, my penis throbbed in her steady, firm grip, and I'd feel a warm excitement flowing within me . . . and then as Mother held me tightly, it would seep out in drooling little spurts into my pure, clean panties.



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Emerson's Sissy Son

Known as the Sage of Concord, the poet and essayist Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) is one of the giants of American literature. According to a new biography of Emerson, after the devastating death of his first wife, Emerson remarried, and in 1836, his second wife bore him his first son. They named the boy, Waldo.

Young Waldo only lived until the age of six, but during that time he was lovingly cared for by his parents as can be seen in this picture which shows him sporting a short boy's hair cut but playing with his dolly and wearing a cute, flouncy, full-skirted dress puffed out with many layers of petticoats.

The End