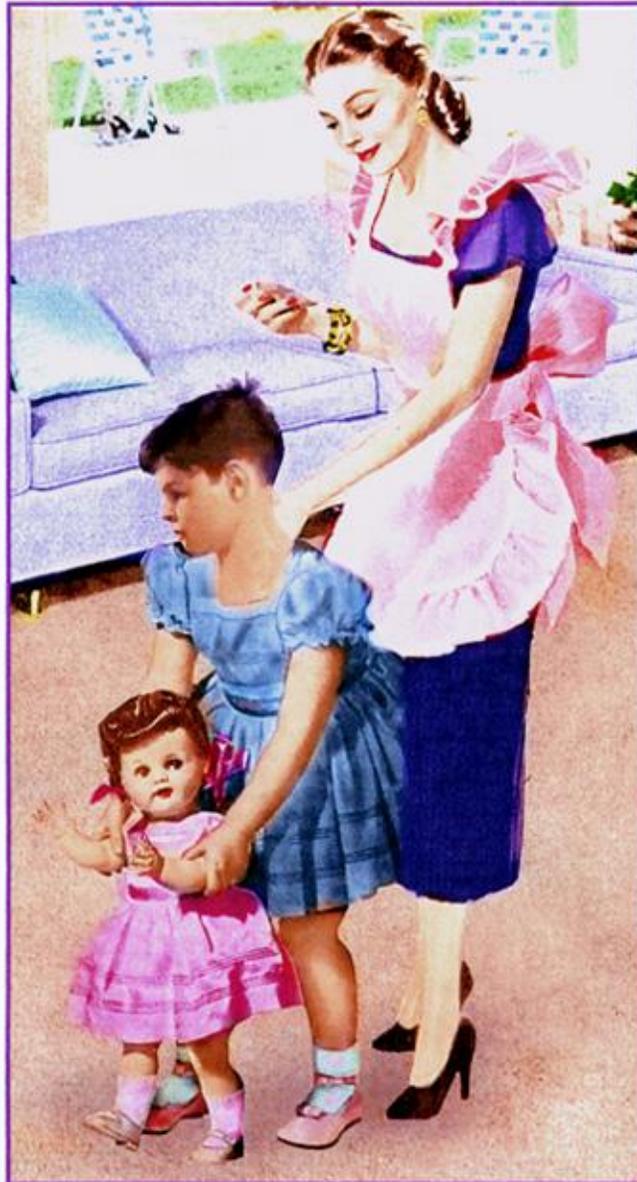


Petticoat Punishment Quarterly



Adults Only

No. 4

Real old-fashioned petticoat punishment stories about both the famous and not-so-famous 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

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION



**Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #4
Story #1**



F.D.R. **Franklin Delano Roosevelt** **32nd President of the United States**

Franklin D. Roosevelt, one of the most respected, beloved and effective of all U.S. presidents, was born of wealthy parents in 1882. The picture on the previous page appeared on the cover of the May 30, 1949, issue of Life magazine, and the pictures on this page appeared inside.

These photos document his preschool years of life in dresses and kilts. The flounced and plumed hat, his lacy full collar, embroidered jacket, petticoat-puffed-up dresses and ruffled bloomer panties are expensive clothes showing that he came from a family of means.

While dressing boys in such sissy fashions was typical during the late 1800s, young Franklin's outfits and his gently curled hair seem to be particularly girlish even for that period of time. Compared to his pictures in dresses, his picture in a kilt and short hair is much more masculine; however, even this outfit sports an excess of fringe, fancy ornamentation and an oversized satin bow as a tie.



Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #4 **Story #2**

Son of Wealthy Industrialist Punished for Peeking

Since you are interested in boys who were punished for misdeeds by being forced into girls' clothes, I thought you'd enjoy this story and these pictures of my nephew, Kevin, the eleven-year-old son of my sister Gladys and her husband, Albert, a wealthy steel magnate. Kevin got his comeuppance for trying to peek up the skirts and dresses of the women and girls at a family wedding.

His peeking episodes had long troubled his mother. At home she had to be constantly mindful of how she was sitting or standing because whenever she relaxed for a moment and let her legs gape open a bit or whenever she bent over in a short skirt, Kevin was usually there crooking his neck and trying to

peek between her legs.

Kevin had two sisters, Michelle, who was three years older than he, and Kimberly, who was one year older. Gladys had the unpleasant chore of protecting her girls from their little brother's nasty habit. She constantly had to remind them to keep their legs together, sit up straight and to be careful when bending over.

To cure him, Gladys had tried punishing her boy in all the usual ways, like sending him to his room, depriving him of television, grounding him and even spanking him on a few occasions, but as Kevin got older, he got worse instead of better.

Then in 1963, at a cousin's wedding (from his father's side of the family), the boy brought upon himself the humiliation of petticoat punishment. Gladys and Albert live in an opulent 27-room mansion in the suburbs of Philadelphia, and they were hosting the wedding in their home. When the bride and groom started opening gifts, Kevin offered to help by bringing them each gift from the table where they had been collected.

Gladys thought it was so sweet of her boy to volunteer to help, but that was until she realized that Kevin used it as an opportunity to peek up the girls' skirts since a lot of the little girls (and some of the big ones too) had taken a seat on the floor in front of the bride and groom to see the gifts as they were being unwrapped. Most of the girls were wearing short, full skirts puffed out with big bouffant petticoats, which were in fashion at the time, and since they were sitting on the floor with their legs crossed or folded in front of themselves, those big slips caused their skirts to stick way out and expose a lot of their nylon stocking tops, garter belts and even flashes of their pretty panties.

Gladys first realized what was going on when she noticed Kevin was standing in front of everyone in a trancelike state and time after time had to be urged to bring the next gift. Having an idea as to what was consuming his interest, she walked around to the front of the room and looked at the girls from that point of view. She was amazed to see the mass of upturned skirts, bouncy slips and ruffled party panties on display. She waited a minute and watched. Kevin stood there staring and no one else seemed to notice what he was doing because they were all talking, giggling and paying close attention as each gift was held up for them to see!

Kevin hadn't noticed that his mother was now standing almost directly behind him. She watched in horror as he knocked one of the small gifts off the table. It appeared he had done it on purpose. Then he bent down into a low crouch position to pick it up, but not before getting down really low and turning his head to look directly up the skirt of the little flower girl, his own sister, Kimberly. The skirt of her pink chiffon party dress was sticking almost straight up and her legs were akimbo; she obviously did not realize that her brother was gazing intently at every little ripple and flourish of the shiny pink panty fabric teasingly covering her crotch.

Gladys walked up to Kevin, took him by the ear and marched him up the stairs. Along the way, he struggled and complained. His sisters wondered what was going on and raced up the stairs after them. Everyone else had noticed too and wondered what was happening until some of the guests who had overheard Gladys berate him as "a naughty little boy for peeking up the girls' skirts" spread the word among the other guests. That caused whispers of disgust and little bursts of giggles throughout the crowd.

I was standing to the side, and I had to laugh when someone told me why his mother was so upset with him. But the entire room fell silent when, about twenty minutes later, Kevin, wearing his sister's flower girl dress, was ushered down the stairs by his mother and two sisters. Tears

were streaming down his face as they held him securely between them. Gladys stopped the little procession when they had reached about the fourth or fifth step from the bottom of the stairway.

"May I have your attention, everyone?"

"I'm sorry to tell you that I have a disgusting little pervert for a son. He has this bad habit of looking up girls' skirts. He's old enough to know better. But this is nothing new; he's been doing it for a very long time. Well, we've all had enough, so I thought it was only fitting to punish him in an appropriate manner. As you can see, I made him put on his sister's flower girl dress, figuring that if he was so interested in what little girls' wear, he should learn more about their clothes by wearing them.

"Oh, yes! I had him put on everything that goes with the dress. You can see the shoes, the ankle socks, the . . . "

"And underneath?" someone yelled out from the crowd.

"Of course," Gladys continued, "underneath he's wearing everything little girls wear. After all, that's what he seems to be so interested in! He's got on this beautiful white cancan slip, a lacy pink camisole and lovely matching pink ruffled panties.

"However, now to complete his punishment, I think it is only fitting that we all get a chance to peek up HIS skirt so he'll know how embarrassing it is for girls when someone does that to them!

"Okay, Kevin. Pull up your skirt!"

He fumbled with the skirt but wasn't quick enough for his mother so she grabbed a handful of the fabric and yanked it up.

"Pull up your petticoats too, you miserable little boy. Show everybody what YOU are wearing under YOUR dress today!"

Kevin struggled to pull up his skirt and bunch the slips around his waist.

"I'm, I'm sorry, Mommy!" He pleaded and cried. "I'm sorry. I won't do it any more. Really! I promise. Please. Pl-e-ase, Mommy. Let me change out of these . . . these things!"

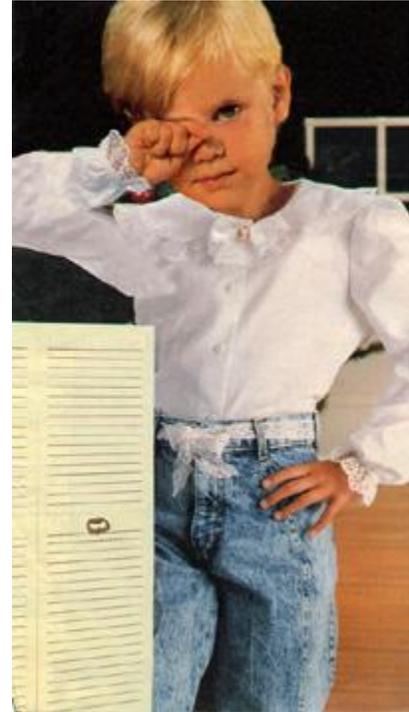
She ignored his pleas and only forced him to pull his skirts and slips up higher, aglow with a faux smile that said, "This ought to teach you a lesson!"

She led him over to a corner of the room and made him stand there. She gave him a little bouquet of flowers and invited everyone to take pictures of him in his pretty dress. He cried and tried every excuse to get his mother to stop his punishment and allow him to get out of the dress, but she just ignored him. A few times when he did get too loud and demanded to be let out of those "terrible sissy clothes," she simply slapped him across the face with a vicious blow and told him she'd let them take pictures up his skirt if he didn't be quiet and take his punishment. He's

pictured here in the pretty little outfit just after his mother had slapped him for complaining that the little pointy shoes hurt his feet.

Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #4
Story #2

**Son of Wealthy Industrialist Punished
for Peeking**
(continued)



The day after this whole event, I went back over to my sister's to help with the cleanup. In addition to me, she had a maid, her close friend Josie, her two daughters and Kevin helping out. Kevin was dressed in his regular clothes, but his face was bright red, surely from a combination of crying, being slapped so many times and having to face all of us after his embarrassing ordeal.

Of course Kevin's punishment was the subject of our conversation as we worked. We talked about it right in front of him much to his further embarrassment.

Gladys admitted, "I had no idea that putting him in a dress and lingerie would be so effective."

"Really scared him, huh?" the maid asked.

"God, yes! He's been the sweetest, quietest, best behaved little thing ever since!"

"I know it scares 'em," Josie interjected. "You should see my neighbor's boy. She makes him wear a dress if he does anything wrong. Seems like he's more in dresses than not."

"Does she make him wear lingerie too?" I asked.

"Sure! She got him slips and panties, nice shoes, hair ribbons, even a bra, the works. I know; I see 'em hanging on the line, and she doesn't have any daughters!"

"What's his name?" Gladys asked.

"Mario. Mario Sorentino, But she calls him 'Maria' when she's got him all gussied up. He's never much of a problem when he's in a dress.

"And when he's not in his dress and she doesn't like the way he's acting, all she has to do is call him 'Maria' and tell him that he must be anxious to put on his girlie clothes because he's acting

naughty. The kid stops whatever he's doing and starts apologizing and begging his mother not to do that to him."

She went on to relate how she first discovered that he was punished that way when she visited her neighbor and saw the boy wearing a Catholic schoolgirls' uniform with a yellow satin ribbon in his short hair.

"He even sleeps in a girls nightgown. They're little baby dolls with lots of lace. I see them on their clothesline all the time right next to his mother's big, waltz-length nighties that aren't half as frilly.

"I think he wears panties all the time too because there's never any boys' underwear on their clothesline."

"Panties, huh?" Gladys mused. "Wearing panties under his boys clothes too, hm-m-m, I like that. If Kevin doesn't straighten up, I'll do that to him too in addition to making him spend a lot of time in dresses."

"Maybe," Josie said as she howled at the thought, "we should get the two of them together, you know, two sissyboys together would have to be a real blast!"

"Great idea," Gladys cheered. "Hey, Kevin, did you hear that? Next time you're naughty, I'll put you in all those pretty things and send you over to play with another boy in dresses. Wouldn't you love that?"

I looked at Kevin. He wasn't crying out loud, but tears flowed down his cheeks. He kept turning away to wipe away the tears and try to hide how upset he was at this line of conversation. Gladys then filled us in on the details of what had happened at the wedding after she took Kevin back upstairs. I'll try to relate it to you as she told us, and I'll tell it to you from her point of view. Here goes:

I must have called Kevin every name in the book and hit him across the face a dozen times. When we got to my bedroom, I hauled him over my lap and spanked the hell out of him. He was pleading and crying, but I wasn't listening. Then all of a sudden I felt something warm against my leg, and I realized that he was pissing his pants while I was whaling the tar out of his butt. Disgusted, I pushed him off my lap and made him strip off his pants and underwear.

All the while he complained that he tried to tell me that he had to go to the bathroom. He hesitated taking off his clothes because his two sisters were standing there watching everything. I just hit him in the face again and told him it would serve him right. He deserved to be embarrassed in front of the girls. Since he had looked up their dresses many times, they should be allowed to see what he looked like under his clothes.

At that Kimberly suggested, "Mom, why don't we make Kevin put on my dress and panties then he can see how it feels when we look up his dress!"

I immediately loved the idea. I told Kimberly to go to her bedroom, change into one of her party dresses and bring back her flower girl dress. Kevin was about her size so I knew it would probably fit him.

"And bring me the slips that go with the dress . . . and a clean chemise and a nice pair panties from your drawer — some of your really pretty ones for him to wear. We want him to remember this lesson for a long, long time."

I made Kevin wash the piss off himself and the rug. I had to wash off my leg and change my slip and dress. I boldly changed right in front of Kevin, but he was so embarrassed by that time that I don't even think he peeked in my direction to watch me. As I finished changing, Kimberly came bounding back into my room with the dress and an armful of frills. When Kevin saw those things, he got very nervous and jumpy. He broke down pleading and crying, begging me not to do it.

But he choked on his words as I took the clothes from her and neatly laid everything out on the bed. As I held up the frilled pink panties, he groaned as if a stake had been driven into his heart. You should have seen the expression on his face. He looked like the model for that famous painting "The Scream"!

I simply told him to be quiet and said, "How many times have I told you how naughty it is to peek up a girl's dress?"

"But don't do this to me, Mom!"

"Quiet! And get out of that shirt!"

Stripped of his long-tailed shirt that had been affording him some modest covering, he tried to shield his nakedness from us, but I cracked him across his tender butt and instructed him to stand still with his arms at his sides.

Blushing like a red rose in full bloom, he groaned and cried as I made him step into the frilly panties.

"You deserve to be treated like this," I said as I slid the panties up his thin thighs and into place way up around his tiny waist. The panties were a little large on him and he looked almost babyish as they enveloped the lower two-thirds of his body.

He cried out loud as I slid the chemise over his head and had fun neatly tucking its lacy hem down into his panty waistband.

"Panties, pretty panties look good on you," I said. "They're so soft and so pretty . . . I bet you really love wearing these nice panties!"

Defeated, the poor kid turned into a mass of jelly, sinking to his feet in shame, but I pulled him up and made him sit on the edge of the bed. After a moment's rest, I gathered up the crinolines and threaded them over his head. He didn't resist as I pulled him to his feet once again and slid

the petticoats into position over his hips.

By this time the girls were laughing and howling in a whirlwind of delight. Michelle tends to be the quiet one, and she had been quiet almost since the start of this whole episode. Kimberly is the noisy one. She let loose a constant stream of laughter and girlish gibberish. Kimberly was thoroughly enjoying seeing her little brother get his due.

"Kevin, this serves you right!" Michelle interrupted. "Mother, I never told you about this, but about two weeks ago, Kevin . . ."

But before she could continue, Kevin screamed out, "Mom! Don't listen to her. She's going to tell you lies. Lies! I've never done anything to her. Don't listen . . ."

I shut him up with a whack on the mouth.

"Now let your sister speak," I said. "Why would she want to lie about you?"

He started to make an attempt to answer my question, but I held up my hand like I was ready to hit him again and he knew I didn't want to hear anything he had to say.

Michelle continued, "Mom, do you remember, the time about two weeks ago when I told you I thought it was a good idea to wash out all of my lingerie so everything was fresh? And I also offered to wash out all of Kimberly's things at the same time? Well, I did that because I had caught Kevin going through Kimberly's drawers. I think he was, I mean, I know he was trying on some of her lingerie because they were all messed up and two pairs of her panties were on the floor all stretched out of shape. He swore he wasn't putting any of her things on, but when I came in on him, he was standing naked in front of her dresser digging through her things. I think if I had been a minute sooner or later I would have caught him actually trying her things on. That's why I wanted to wash all my things out just so I could wash all her things out too and make sure none of his little boy dirt was on her lingerie.

"I didn't tell Kimberly at the time because she's so little. I thought it would upset her too much, and I didn't tell you because Kevin promised me that he was just curious and would never do anything like that again.

"Moreover, I got him to promise to stop trying to look up our skirts. I told him if I caught him at it again, I'd tell you all about catching him in Kimberly's panty drawer. So that's why I'm telling you now. You do have to admit that over the last couple of weeks, at least until today, he's been very good around the house about not peeking at us. I think I made the right decision in keeping it a secret because he has been good."

"Well, maybe he has been good recently," I said, "but that's all out the window now. What he did today — staring up all those girls' dresses to see their slips and panties and things — well, that did it.

"Now what you tell me just adds more to the case. I think we really have a very perverted little boy here. He's hooked on girls' lingerie as no pantywaist I have ever heard of. I think it'll be off to the doctor's this week to find out what's wrong with him."

Throughout our conversation, I continued dressing him. At one point, Kimberly had to go back to her room to fetch some ankle socks and dress slippers. I finally fluffed up the dress and dropped it over his head. As it settled into place, all of us oohed and ahhed. He was a very pretty little girl with short hair. He looked better as a girl than as a frail, worthless little boy. None of us said anything. I think everything had been said already! So I simply tied the sash of the dress into a big bow, fluffed up his blonde hair, forced little white gloves over his hands, shoved the bouquet of flowers into his fist and started for the door.

He resisted, but at a nod from me the girls grabbed his arms and we were on our way down the stairs for his grand entrance.

So that's exactly how she described every moment of the transformation to me. I hope you enjoyed it. Kevin did find himself in dresses, petticoats and panties a number of times after that for various misdeeds. And, yes, he did end up spending a few petticoat punishment afternoons with "Maria," who is two years younger than Kevin and a spectacularly beautiful little dolly boy. I am passing on to you a picture of him in one of his punishment outfits. His mother calls this his "sissyboy outfit" because he is allowed to wear jeans — but they are girls' fly-front jeans. With them, he has to wear a belt made out of a ribbon of lace, a real frilly white blouse, shiny white patent leather strap shoes, and, of course, underneath — satin panties and a baby girl training bra! You can even see a bit of his training bra shining through his blouse!

Gladys still has many more pictures of Kevin in femmy things from those years, and I think I can get more pictures of Maria so I'll write to you again with details of those episodes and send more pics.

Enjoy!
Lucy D.

Cherry Hill, NJ

Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #4 Story #3

Reforming a Pantywaist Bully

For three weeks during the summer of 1955, I stayed with my aunt Dolly and cousin Peter in Brooklyn while my parents went on a European trip. I was ten years old at the time



and Peter was about seven.

Just a few days after I arrived Peter and I were putting together a jigsaw puzzle on the living room floor when one of the neighbor women came to the door and complained to my aunt that Peter had gotten into a fight with her six-year-old daughter and threw her down into a mud puddle and ruined her good clothes. Aunt Dolly didn't ask Peter for an explanation, even though he complained that the girl had started the fight. Instead, Auntie simply pointed to the bedroom. Peter started to cry immediately but also jumped up and ran into the bedroom. Through the thin walls, I could hear Auntie talking as Peter continued to cry and plead his case. Eventually, I could hear the sounds of his getting a spanking. Minutes later they reemerged.

I was shocked to see Peter wearing a very girlish smock. It had an embroidered, flowered trim around the neck, arms and hem. It was short on him, extending only down to the bottom of his butt. On his feet were turned-down, lace-trimmed ankle socks and a pair of strappy girls' sandals. With his typical 1950s butch haircut and exposed, long legs, he looked very funny.

I was laughing hysterically inside, but I felt the seriousness of the moment and struggled to keep my laughter to myself. He couldn't keep from rubbing his hands over his butt through the thin smock. But I couldn't hold back my laughter any longer as I watched him writhing in pain from the spanking. He vigorously rubbed his bottom causing his smock to ride up, giving me little peeks at the pink panties he was wearing underneath. I had never dreamed of such a thing! A boy in girls' clothes, even pink panties! And those panties were as girlish as you could get — full-fashioned, silky panties with some matching lace and a wide ruffle going around the leg openings.

Auntie made him stand in the corner. He continued trying to rub the pain away, and I continued to laugh at him. I thought Auntie might get mad at me for laughing, but instead, she told me it was okay. She added that my laughing at him added to his embarrassment and therefore added to his punishment.

When Peter complained that he had to go to the bathroom, Auntie insisted that he stay standing in the corner without complaining. But Peter must have had to go pretty badly because he couldn't hold it any longer and peed himself right in his panties as he stood there. That made Auntie angry. She got a belt from her bedroom, pulled him over her knee and strapped him on his wet pantied behind right in front of me. Then she made him clean up his mess and wash himself off in the bathroom. She took his wet panties, opened the window which overlooked their backyard and attached his piss-stained panties to the wooden windowsill with some thumb tacks. She put Peter into a fresh pair of panties, some satin-looking yellow ones and made him sit on the ledge of the open window. She pulled out a sign from behind the couch that she had made (and probably used many times before because it was old and hackneyed). She showed it to me. The sign read "Pantywaist Peter Lives Here."

Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #4
Story #3

Reforming a Pantywaist Bully
(continued)

I blushed after reading it, but she just laughed then put the sign in the window over Peter's head for all the neighbors to see. Peter had to sit on that window sill with his little yellow panties peeking out from the hem of his girlish smock as his pissy pink panties dangled from the edge of the sill and danced in the soft breeze. While Peter was undergoing his punishment, Auntie invited me into his bedroom. She showed me that she had stacks of girls' clothes for Peter because he was a sissy and got into trouble frequently.

She explained that none of the boys in the neighborhood would have anything to do with him so he had to play with the little girls. However, he was bigger than most of the girls and frequently bullied them. But whenever he got caught being nasty to the girls, Auntie would make him undergo petticoat punishment, dress him up in one of his sissy outfits and put him on display in the window.

As she explained all this she said it was time to do a wash of Peter's lingerie. She emptied his laundry hamper and sorted out a stack of panties, slips, chemises and even two training bras! The bras really made me giggle. I didn't even own a bra, and here was my little boy cousin with his own bras!

Well, we washed out his laundry by hand and then hung it up to dry on a clothesline which was attached to a pulley system just outside her side window. Anyone who knew Auntie knew that lingerie belonged to Peter because she didn't have a daughter and they were much too small to be hers.

Auntie explained that Peter spent a lot of time in his girlish punishment clothes, especially during the summer when he had a lot of time on his hands and seemed to get into trouble almost daily. As we hung up the wash, I got a good view out the window from the back of their second floor apartment. All of the buildings were built fairly close together, their backs facing each other. Behind each building was a small back yard. There must have been windows from at least a hundred different apartments which had a good view of the back of Auntie's apartment. I realized that Peter sitting in that window could be seen by anyone who looked out their back window or anyone in the backyard of those buildings.

While we were putting up the wash on the clothesline, some of the kids playing behind the buildings looked up at Peter and called him names. Periodically, someone would look out their



back window, notice Peter and either laugh at him or shout something at him. One old man said, "Dolly, I see your little sissy has been naughty again." An old lady said, "Your boy's got prettier panties than my two granddaughters." It was obvious that everyone in the neighborhood knew Peter regularly had to endure petticoat punishment.

For the rest of the time I was there -- it seemed like every day or two -- Peter ended up in his girlish punishment clothes, usually with a spanking or strapping added and a few times he had to display himself in the window or sit on the stoop out front, where not just neighbors but strangers and people passing in cars could see him too. After all that, I wasn't too surprised when Auntie told me that she made Peter wear girls' vests and panties all the time, even when he was not being punished for a specific offence. She thoroughly believed that his lacy lingerie helped to keep him quiet and well-mannered. She said she was convinced that without them he would be totally unmanageable.

Auntie also told me that Peter had to attend Sunday school in a dress. This he did every week, a continuing punishment stemming from an incident in which he had the audacity to fight with a girl right in church. Auntie said she as well as the minister and his Sunday school teacher had watched in horror as he attacked the girl, kicking, biting, scratching and pulling her hair, fighting just like a prissy girl. They decided that making him dress like a prim and proper little girl just might make him much more tractable. That following weekend I first saw him dressed to the nines for church. I stared in disbelief. He was completely decked out in a full-skirted dress puffed up with a mass of petticoats. On his feet were bright white ankle socks and a new pair of Mary Janes. He even had to wear white gloves!

I'll never forget my memories of Peter in his pretty little dress!

M.L.
Upstate New York





Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #4 Story #4

British School Discipline

Richard was fourteen years old in 1985 when these snaps were taken of him undergoing gymslip punishment at Bessemer, the strict, all-boys school he attended near Salisbury, England. For any behavior considered unmanly, the school's headmaster believed in demoting the offender to what was considered "second-class status" and dressing him like a girl, complete with the appropriate accessories. And since the headmaster designated a wide range of conduct "unmanly," gymslips, dresses and petticoats were frequently employed to discipline any wayward boy. Furthermore, the culprit was forced to pose for snapshots in his sissy attire, and these snaps were sent to the offender's parents as well as printed in the school's monthly newspaper.

The pictures on this page show Richard enduring the punishment after he was caught cheating on a test. His outfit consisted of a girls' gymslip and included a white blouse, tie and dark knee socks. The entire ensemble was one of the regulation uniforms from St. Frances, the girls' school located across the road from Bessemer.

At the time of his punishment, Richard was allowed to keep his boyish brogues because he was a big boy and they didn't have a pair of girls' shoes large enough to fit him. However, the headmaster did caution Richard that the next time, he would have to wear an even more humiliating outfit of girls' clothes, including some nice little girls' shoes that he would have on hand for the occasion.

While petticoat punishment was a frequent practice at the school, it was unusual for one boy to have to endure it more than once or twice within any particular school year. Indeed, the majority of boys so feared this punishment that they never did anything to merit such treatment.

Richard proved to be the exception. Less than a week after his first punishment, he was again required to dress in shameful girls' clothing, this time for mimicking his Latin teacher while the man was out of the classroom. The headmaster's punishment was simple: Since Richard was so good at impersonating his teacher, he could work on imitating a well-behaved little girl, and this time, his costume was even more embarrassing than the gymslip. It was a peasant-type gingham dress with big, elbow-length, puffy sleeves and a lacy square collar. His every movement created a whooshing sound because underneath the full, mini-length skirt he had to wear a rustling satin slip which constantly rubbed up against his satin bloomer panties.

The office secretary supplied him with white ankle socks and fluffed up his hair into a girlish style, which she topped off with a big white satin bow. Since he had been put back into girls' clothes so quickly, the headmaster had not yet acquired girls' shoes in Richard's size so the boy had to serve his penance in stocking feet. The outfit was completed with a huge sign that he had to wear around his neck that read, "I am a cissy." Richard was sentenced to spend the lunch hour standing in front of the dining hall with his skirt pulled up to expose the satin bloomer panties for all the boys to see. Needless to say, he stayed out of trouble for the rest of the year.



Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #4
Story #5

Not Good Enough to Be a Boy

As a child growing up in the 1950s, I was subjected to petticoat punishment on several occasions. However, the first several times I wore a dress was not for punishment but when I was between the ages of four and seven during dress-up play with my two girl cousins. I've enclosed

a picture my mother took of me while I was in my cousin's skirt and blouse, helping Auntie out in the kitchen.

Then one day I rebelled. I told them I didn't want to dress up like a sissy girl anymore. Well, I was on the wrong side of both my mother and auntie that day and that was all they needed. They showed me who was in charge by forcing me to put on lingerie and a dress then and there. Then they commanded me to be good like a nice little girl and play with my cousins. I had to stay so dressed until it was time to go home. Since I had quieted down and played nice with the girls all day long, Mom remarked that it was a good punishment for me.

Auntie told Mom that she could keep the clothes I was wearing to use whenever I needed to be tamed down for a while. Mom thanked her, and I was taken home still wearing the dress, a slip and some of my cousin's soft purple panties. I remember riding home, being very self-conscious because it was the first time I was outside so dressed, knowing full well that as a boy I wasn't supposed to act like a sissy. I dreaded that my friends or our neighbors would see me, but no one did. I was constantly reminded of the fact that I was wearing girls' clothes because the hem of the skirt and the lace on my panties tickled my legs even as I sat perfectly still during the ride home.

Once inside the house, Dad saw what I was wearing and really teased me. His jibes caused me to cry. He was angry that I couldn't take "a little ribbing" and threatened to make me wear dresses all the time if I didn't stop crying and be quiet so he could watch Gunsmoke, his favorite television show. His threats only made me cry more.

After that, every once in a while, Mom would get out those clothes and make me wear them when I was bad. I always remember them as being so embarrassing because everyone let me know that boys weren't supposed to be weak like girls and wear such sissy clothes.

Whenever I was so punished, I'd generally hide in my room so no one would see me. That suited my mother fine because she was an alcoholic and frequently drank too much during the day and fell asleep on the living room couch. So when she knew she was going to be out of it for a while, she'd get me all prettied up, tell me to run up to my room and stay there until she came to get me. That was usually hours later, sometimes way into the night. She'd bang open my door, belch and find me sitting in the dark or asleep on my unmade bed. She'd probably feel a little guilty about neglecting me because regardless of the hour, she'd drag me down to the kitchen and open a can of something for me to eat. Mom got away with treating me this way because Dad was a cross-country trucker and was home on the average less than one week each month.

Staying in my room spared me embarrassment, and that worked as long as I was home alone with just my parents, but if we had company, they'd forced me (Dad especially liked to do this) to come out and model my girlie clothes for their guests. Most of the people who saw me were family friends, neighbors and relatives, but at times I was exposed to strangers too. One fall day a Fuller Brush salesman came to the door. Mom was in one of her pissy moods. She invited him in and presented me to him. He thought I was a girl and said I was really cute even though I had very short hair. That's when Mom told him that I was a boy.

The man laughed real loud. He asked me all kinds of questions about why I was dressed that way. I had to explain that I was being punished. And when he asked if I wore "girls' things" underneath, I wanted to die of embarrassment. I was too humiliated to answer, so Mom insisted that I raise my skirts and show him my ruffled panties. While he laughed like a jolly Santa Claus, Mom made me spin around and around with my skirts up about my waist. Periodically after that, I'd be petticoated, but then, for some reason I don't know, Mom stopped dressing me in girls' clothes for punishment.



Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #4 Story #5

Not Good Enough to Be a Boy (continued)

Then when I was ten years old, two of my friends and I got into trouble at school. We spied on the girls while they were changing clothes for gym class. We couldn't resist making jokes about the developing girls. We made a little too much noise and gave ourselves away. When we heard someone coming, my two friends were lucky enough to get away, but I was caught and taken to the principal's office. Since I refused to tattle on my friends, I was severely punished. Our burly old lesbian gym teacher (we always had a woman gym teacher in grade school) was assigned to give me ten cracks of the paddle on my bare butt. After that, the principal called my mom and I had to stay after school and write lines until she showed up to get me.

While the principal and the gym teacher were talking to Mom about how I should be punished, I broke into tears when Mom suggested I should be dressed as a girl and made to attend all the girls' classes to be teased by the girls I had watched undressing. I could only groan and stare at the floor as Mom explained that she always use to punish me in girls' clothes when I was

younger and it was a very effective way of controlling me. My principal and the gym teacher loved the idea.

That night Mom went to my aunt's and borrowed some of my cousins' clothes. She explained to them right in front of me what she needed the clothes for. They all laughed at me and thought it was fun to hold clothes up to me to see if they'd fit. Thank goodness that she didn't have enough time to make me try the clothes on because Dad was home and she had to get back to fix dinner, but she did promise them that she'd dress me up on the weekend and they could all come over and I would put on a fashion show for them.

Mom woke me up early the next day, dressed me in spanking new beribboned white panties, a crisp pink slip, lacy vest, simple two-toned blue cotton dress, anklets, and blue strap shoes. She personally took me to school. I spent that day sitting on the girls' side during class, playing with the girls at recess, and even taking gym class with them. No, I didn't get to go into the girls' locker room and change clothes with them. The gym teacher simply gave me a gym frock and waited outside the boys' locker room while I changed into it.

I had to take home economics with the girls too. That teacher, Mrs. Perez, really didn't like me. She made me answer every question and do every demonstration. When I didn't know the answer (and I never knew the answer since I didn't know anything about any of that stuff), she laughed at me and encouraged all the girls to tease me. She even had her Brownie camera in school that day. She took the enclosed picture as I was trying to learn how to cook a batch of cupcakes.

Throughout my school years, I never lived it down. It was the one incident, more than any other incident in my childhood, which shaped me for life, except that now, I love to wear frilly girls' clothes and love to be humiliated while wearing them!



Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #4 Story #6

Using Petticoats to Tame Young Boys is Nothing New

Charles I was king of England, Ireland and Scotland from 1625 until he was beheaded in 1649. Shown in this painting are two of his many children, Princess Mary and her younger brother, Prince James, who was born in 1633.

The young prince is wearing a floor-length dress with lace and frills and certainly tiers of petticoats underneath. His hair is femininely dressed and his gentle, pleasant demeanor is reflected in the calm expression on his pretty face.

Keeping boys gentle, submissive and in their place through the use of feminine dress has been going on for a long time!



Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #4 Story #7

If You're a Sissy, Just Admit It!

As Dave turned the corner, Butch Rollins screamed, "There's the sissy, guys! Get him!"

Dave started running. He ran like a girl, taking short strides with his toes pointed outward. He had to get home before they caught up with him or they'd wrestle him to the ground, hit him until he cried and make him admit that he was "a sissy." It happen almost every day as he walked home from school.

Dave knew he was a sissy. His mother, father, sisters, brothers, even his relatives and next door neighbors had been calling him a sissy for as long as he could remember. So what if he was artistic and liked to draw pictures of fashion models in pretty clothes. So what if he liked the company of girls rather than playing rough games with the boys. So what if dressed up on Halloween like a ballerina or a fairy princess. So what if he tried to join the Girl Scouts and liked to practice cheers with the cheerleaders. He wasn't hurting anyone, so why did some people make him feel as if he were doing something bad?

He wished there was another way home, but there wasn't. He lived in an enclosed housing development at the end of a cul-de-sac, and Butch and his friends would hide in waiting on the corner of his street until he appeared. Then the race was on. Every day, the same thing all over again.

On one particular day as Dave ran, his heavy arithmetic book slipped out of his hand. By the time he stopped to pick it up, Butch and his gang had caught up with him. Moments later, they were holding him to the ground and beating on him until he told them he was a sissy! Before they let him up, Butch sat on his chest and told him that they wouldn't beat him up anymore if he walked home from school everyday wearing a dress. All the boys cheered at that and encouraged him to do it, promising that they'd leave him alone if he dressed like the sissy everyone knew he was.

Dave's nose was bleeding profusely, but no serious damage had been done. At home, as his mother cleaned him up as he told her what Butch had said. Just then, Allison, the head cheerleader and one of his few friends, came over to get him for practice. She listened as he told

her what Butch had said. In a very matter-of-fact way, she suggested that he should dress as a girl each day for his walk home from school. She even suggested that he could change at her house since she lived near school. It would be easy for him to stop there each day to change before his walk home.

Dave was reluctant, wondering what everyone would think of his walking around town in a dress, but Allison told him that people couldn't say anything any worse about him than the things they were already saying! His mother agreed, and when they both told him they would help him pick out clothes as well as support his right to be the sissy that everyone said he was, he gave in. He admitted that he'd love to dress in pretty girls' clothes every day. That was something he dreamed of doing. And now that the town bully decreed that he should dress that way to spare himself from a daily beating, he had a legitimate reason for doing publicly what he secretly yearned to do.

After school the next day, Dave changed clothes at Allison's house. He didn't just wear a dress. He wore a garter belt, nylons, fancy panties and even a padded bra that pushed out the front of his dress to movie star proportions! Butch and the boys kept their word!



Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #4 Story #8

Sissyboy Shopping

Every major city has stores that cater to transvestites, drag queens and fetishists of all sorts. Some of these businesses cater exclusively to a particular group, and others feature such specialities as an add-on to their regular business. Many of these stores operate rather clandestinely, especially those selling fetish gear on the side. In recent years, especially in larger cities, a few such stores operate openly and even advertise their fetish wares in avant-garde publications. Fetish stores are usually sensitive to the neighborhood in which they are located; and therefore, their show windows and signage tend to be quite conservative.

Engrid's on Milwaukee Avenue in Chicago, which operated from the mid 1960s until the late 1970s, was one of the most open and interesting of these speciality shops. Engrid's was a women's dress shop specializing in custom-made outfits from original designs, the majority being dressy dresses for women, intended for evening wear.

However, the store also catered to a select group of sissyboys! Lisa, the store's owner boldly had a small but directly worded sign prominently displayed in her front window which stated, "We specialize in made-to-order dresses for sissyboys and boys undergoing petticoat punishment. Ask for Lisa. Also a complete selection of frilly rhumba panties and old-fashioned satin lingerie for boys."

You can't get any more direct than that!



Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #4 Story #8

Sissyboy Shopping (continued)

One of our readers happened to be visiting Chicago in the mid 1970s and noticed the sign in the window. He visited the store, spoke with Lisa and ordered a custom-made dress for himself to be sent to his home when it was completed. A few other customers came into the store while he was picking out a design and being measured.

One of those customers was a woman who brought in her son, a boy of about twelve whose name was Neal. At times, she called him "Neally." He seemed like an average kid. Nothing was unusual in the way he dressed since he simply wore jeans, tennis shoes and a T-shirt. But he was

very nervous, cowering up to his mother and trying to hide behind her to shield himself as much as possible from view of the other customers, especially when his mother said in a loud voice that they were there for a final fitting.

Lisa got a garment bag from the rear of the store and directed them to a changing room. Moments later, the kid reluctantly came out of the room wearing an overly fancy white satin and lace-frilled party dress. Lisa, speaking to him in a loud, stern voice (as compared to the sweet dulcet tones she used to address the kid's mother), told the boy to stop whining, then directed him to walk up and down the aisle of the small store to see how the dress hung on his thin body. Between talking with and waiting on other customers, she made him stand by the window in the sunlight so she could see better while she pinned up the hem of the kid's dress and made other adjustments.

Our reader marveled at the whole experience because it was just like a fantasy story one reads in a transvestite novel. After dawdling around in the store as long as reasonably possible because he was so enjoying the scene, he left and went to his car for his camera and took these pictures. He got a good picture of the front of the store with its unique sign. He patiently waited trying to discreetly get a picture of the boy inside being fitted in the dress. He was about to give up when for some reason, the woman had directed Neal to walk up and down again, and in the process, he came close to the front window, and our reader was able to catch him on film. Until he had the picture developed, he wondered if it would come out, since the sun was so bright and there was a lot of reflection on the window. Well, that picture did come out very nicely, as you can see above.

The end of Petticoat Punishment #4