

Petticoat Punishment Quarterly



Adults Only

No. 3
Classic Reprint

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 #3
Story #1

Bob, Charlie
and their famous brother,
Arthur Godfrey

Arthur Godfrey, a famous radio and television personality from the 1930s through the 1960s, was known for his mild-mannered, down home style. Millions of his fans loved him, and he became known as the most trusted man on television, a distinction that made him rich doing product endorsements.

He's pictured here as a child in 1910. He's the oldest boy in each picture. In the top photo, the youngest child (in the middle) is his brother, Charlie. The child on the left in each picture is his brother, Bob. Charlie, about 2, and Bob, about 4, are very femininely dressed with bows on their white fur bonnets, caped coats, and fully fluffed up petticoats.

Even though Arthur is dressed in a boyish fashion with short pants, he is shamelessly exposing a large portion of his pink satin bloomers! How could any boy turn out to be anything but sweet in such pretty clothes?



Bill (standing) and his older brother Todd performing one of their little cross-dressing plays for their mother and her friends at one of her afternoon teas.



Six-year-old Bill, in a peasant dress and blouse, rehearsing a skit with Galea, the boys' Russian nursemaid. His older brother, Todd, is sitting on the floor in back.



Eight-year-old Todd (left) taking the girls' part in his Russian folk dancing class.

Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #3 Story #2

Devils to Angels Todd & Bill Parkensen

Col. Archibald Parkensen, a Great Lakes shipping magnate of immense wealth, had two sons, Todd (born 1926) and William (1927). The boys lived a storybook life, given every toy, game and device that any child could desire. They loved their father and mother, but they didn't see them very often. Their father regularly worked and traveled, and their mother, Agatha, indulged herself in a constant barrage of charity and social functions. In turn, the boys were raised by their nursemaid.

However, Agatha did insist that as often as possible, she, her husband and the children would have Sunday night dinners together. The boys looked forward to these dinners because they for at least for one night each week, they had their parents all to themselves. Hoping to make these dinners into special occasions and therefore tempt their parents to spend more time with them, the boys, with the help of the servants, began performing little skits for their parent's amusement, little entertainments they presented on the fully equipped stage in their mansion's ballroom. The boys imitated the actors and musicians their parents brought in to entertain their guests whenever they had one of their special formal dinners.

From the time they were born, the boys were constantly in the care of females. One of these women, Galena Markov, a Russian nursemaid, took special delight in the boys and had been employed from the time they were born. She was a large woman with full breasts, and both boys suckled her until they were six and seven years old! Since she spent a lot of time with the boys, she taught them about her Russian heritage. She was the inspiration behind their little plays, designing the skits they performed, many of which were based on old Russian folk tales. In these plays, she herself would often play the girls' parts.

The plays became more and more elaborate. Mrs. Stein, Agatha's dressmaker, also became involved. She'd make costumes for these little productions, according to Galena's instructions. As time went on, these costumes accumulated and a whole closet was needed to store them. One day, Galena caught the boys in the big walkin closet, playfully trying on her costumes. She thought it was funny to see Todd wearing a net and satin fairy princess dress and Bill wearing a lacy camisole and ballerina's tutu. The clothes were much too large for the slim little boys, but it was obvious that they were having a great deal of fun wearing them. Galena asked the boys if they liked dressing like that and they both admitted that they loved it. She then told them that for their next play, she'd dress both of them as girls in costumes Mrs. Stein would make to fit them.

Well, Mrs. Stein agreed to make the costumes, but she also secretly reported the news to the boys' mother. Mrs. Parkensen was surprised at the idea, but told the seamstress to go ahead with the costumes. On that following Sunday night, the boys put on their play. It was an original skit created by Galena about two sisters who vied with one another to be the most beautiful and therefore the most loved. The moral of the story was about the importance of being liked for inner beauty not for outward appearance.

Mr. Parkensen was shocked to see his sons outfitted in girls' clothes and flitting around like a couple of sissies. At one point in the program he was ready to jump up and halt the performance, but his wife sensed his actions. She grabbed his arm, pulled him back and whispered for him to remain calm.

Mrs. Parkensen knew they were going to be dressed as girls, but she was shocked because they made such beautiful little females. She had always wanted a daughter, and here, in an instant, she had two of them! After the play, the boys came running off the stage to be complimented and hugged for their fine performance by their mother and (very reluctant) father.

Immediately after that night, Mrs. Parkensen spent more and more time with her sons. She got involved in their weekly little plays and urged them to play girls' parts as much as possible. Throughout the week leading up to each performance, she'd make suggestions to Galena to add more girlish elements to their little stage shows, and she urged Mrs. Stein to make their costumes as feminine as possible. She also loved to be on hand when the boys were fitted for their costumes, and genuinely felt a loss whenever the boys took a time-out to suckle milk from Galena's big breasts. Agatha so envied the nursemaid and wished she had milk in her own breasts so she could share that special closeness with her sweet little boys. Agatha's pride in her newfound little 'daughters' led her to show them off to her friends as she had the boys present their skits at her frequent afternoon teas.

As time went on, Mr. Parkensen became more and more upset with his sons, who were turning more and more into sissies. Eventually, he had enough. He demanded that they stop dressing as girls because they were almost constantly in dresses and other feminine finery. Every time he turned around they were being outfitted or fussed over. Many times they spent days in their girlish costumes as they tirelessly rehearsed their little plays. Archibald's command that the boys stop dressing up led to a major falling out between him and his wife. When he learned that the boys were still being breast-fed, he demanded an end to that too! Mr. and Mrs. Parkensen had grown apart over the years, and but these prohibitions destroyed whatever they had left together.

Since divorce was not common in those days, they simply went their separate ways. Mr. Parkensen more heavily involved himself in his work. And since her boys were forbidden to wear their girlish clothes, Mrs. Parkensen lost interest in them and became bored and distressed. As a radiantly attractive young woman in desperate need of someone to love and someone to love her, she began to travel frequently where she took up with some of her many admirers, including artists, performers and the avant-garde. But the admirers she sought were other women. She made up her mind that men had no longer had any real place in her life.

Worst of all, the Sunday evening dinners almost completely ceased. The boys, left on their own, became depressed with the lack of attention from their parents. They became spoiled and demanding, running the servants ragged and becoming genuine hellions. Their world came to a screeching halt one day when they decided to play a prank on one of their neighbors, a little girl with two little kittens. The boys hated the kittens because they always came over to their yard and did their duty in the sand box. So the boys caught the two kittens, wrapped them in towels so they wouldn't get scratched, taped the cats tails together then hung the two cats over a clothes line as they yanked the towels away. Of course, the frightened, confused, upside down cats scratched the hell out of one another until one of the cats was dead and the other barely alive. The boys had been caught in the act. The little girl wanted them punished severely.

A conference was assembled with both sets of parents. As news spread about the cat incident, other parents came forward with other complaints about the boys, and those parents were invited

to this get-together because they were demanding that the delinquent boys be suitably punished and prevented from causing anymore harm. The very afternoon of that meeting, the Parkensens learned that their boys, now seven and eight years old, had set fire to a neighbor's shrubbery that had almost spread to that neighbor's house. At the meeting, they were accused of sneaking into other people's yards to terrorize, steal and destroy things at will. The boys were brought in to face the charges; eventually they admitted their guilt. Several of the mothers in attendance recalled seeing those two little boys when they used to dress up like beautiful little girls and put on shows at their mother's teas. They longed for those days when the boys were sweet and innocent.

Over Mr. Parkensen's objections, Agatha took charge, and she and the other parents in attendance decided that the boys should be put back into girls' clothes until they were completely reformed. In fact, Mrs. Parkensen had Galena and two of the maids take the boys out of the room to be immediately transvested. The boys protested because they considered themselves big boys now and too old for all that girlish foolishness, but these strong women made them bow to their feminine authority. About forty-five minutes later, they were marched back into the ballroom to be presented to the assembled guests.

The Parkensen household did a complete about-face. Agatha stayed home to personally supervise the feminization of her sons; the boys fought every attempt to turn them into girls but soon realized that they were no match for these determined women. Mr. Parkensen knew he had to take more of an active part in his sons' lives so he spent more time at home and didn't go against their being feminized. Their pranks had caused major destruction of property and threatened to become increasingly serious, and his business didn't need the negative publicity that he couldn't control a couple of renegade boys.

Galena was a commanding presence and an effective teacher. She even went back to having the boys suckle on her big breasts, but without being continually nursed, her breast milk had dried up. Still she made them suckle her teats since she thought it was a good way to make them close and dependent on her once again. She employed her own version of a reward and punishment system for the boys. Instead of stars or praise like most teachers give, she gave them frilly panties. Each morning the boys were given a plain pair of pink panties to wear. If by noontime, they stayed out of trouble and did well with their studies, Galena masturbated them into their panties until they spasmed. Then the boys were rewarded with more colorful and fancier panties, and if the boys were good all day long, Galena would masturbate them again as they lay in bed in their frilly nighties before going to sleep. But if the boys did poorly, they were given a spanking with a wide, well-oiled leather strap and then provided with babyish white cotton panties to wear.

Of course, the boys had to present their panties for inspection at any time any adult (including maids, butlers, any of the other servants and even guests) told them to lift their skirts. The fancy reward panties were worn only once, and whenever one of the boys was especially good, that pair of panties was hung on the wall in their bedroom, like stars a teacher awarded her students. Before long the walls of their large bedroom was covered with frilly, perfume-scented reward panties, making their bedroom look and smell like a French lingerie shop.

Galena, with Agatha's approval, made the boys join a troop of children that performed Russian folk dances. Of course, the boys had to perform the girls' roles, but were not allowed to wear their hair long or hide their boyhood under a girlish headdress. Instead they had to perform in a skirted folk costume with their natural short hair; furthermore, the boys were always pointed out as boys undergoing punishment to the audience they were appearing before. Afterwards people from the audience loved to corner the boys and check out what they were wearing. They seemed especially eager to know all about their undergarments, and soon each boy would be standing there in tears as a number of women and girls had the boys hold up their skirts so they could touch and tease them about their lingerie. If it was one of those days where one of the boys was in a plain pair of panties because he hadn't been so good and the other was in a fancy pair because he had been very good, the boys had to explain why there were wearing different kinds of panties.

The boys were kept in their girls' clothes, twenty-four hours a day, until they were sixteen and seventeen respectively. At that time, they had advanced enough with their schoolwork that they were ready for college; however, neither of them wanted to go away from home and face the outside world. They had by then become their mother's daughters and preferred to stay at home, safe and comfortable. Mrs. Parkensen loved spending time with her boy-daughters, and now that they were older, she got them involved in social and charitable events. Mr. Parkensen had long ago accepted his girlish sons and grew to appreciate the delightful people they turned out to be. The neighborhood knew these girls were really boys, but they didn't mind in the least. The girl-boys were welcomed at all neighborhood functions and local celebrations. The Parkensen boys became very popular as baby-sitters in the neighborhood too. Of course, they didn't need the money, but their mother had encouraged them to find a little work they could do to help them break out of their sheltered life and learn how to deal with the outside world, especially in preparation for that time when their parents were no longer there for them. The boys loved baby-sitting, but it was rumored that whenever they baby-sat for little boys, they liked to play dress up with those little boys and turn them into little girls. Some of the parents objected to that and prohibited them from dressing up their boys, but many other mothers (and even fathers) obviously didn't mind because the Parkensen boys were much in demand to baby-sit boys since some of their sweetness seemed to rub off on their charges. Out of the dozens of little boys the Parkensens baby-sat for over the years, one could only hazard a guess as to how many they started on the road to transvestism!



Adlai Stevenson three years old
with his older sister Elizabeth.

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

Adlai E. Stevenson
Governor
Statesman
Presidential Candidate
and

United States Ambassador to the United Nations

Adlai E. Stevenson, 1900-1964, was a popular governor of Illinois from 1949-1953, the unsuccessful Democratic candidate for president in 1952 and 1956, and US Ambassador to the United Nations during the Kennedy administration and the Cuban Missile Crisis in 1962. An intellectual with a keen sense of humor and Illinois' greatest political asset since Abraham Lincoln, Stevenson spent his early years in fancy, girlish dresses complete with frilly, feminine accessories, as he is pictured here.

While keeping little boys in dresses was a fairly typical practice at the end of the 19th century, by the time Adlai was born, this practice was dying out, and the boys that were kept in dresses, usually wore fairly conservative, plain dresses. But as you can see here, Adlai's dress is much fancier than his sister's, and it includes frilled petticoats, neat little ankle socks and feminine blue slippers with straps that went high around his ankles. His boy-girl medium-length haircut has a soft curl and is puffed up for fullness.



The young boys of a prominent 1930s British family in their normal everyday wear. Notice the littlest boys wear frilly dresses. As the boys grew older, they went onto to girls' kilt and sweater outfits and then onto the traditional male kilt costume. And they all wore petticoats!

Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #3
Story #4



Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #3 Story #5

Learning to Do Your Homework

When I was visiting with my husband's Aunt Millie last year, she innocently asked me if he ever got dressed up in girls' clothes anymore. I admit she caught me off guard. I laughed and asked her what she meant. Since it was obvious that I didn't know what she was talking about, she tried to change the subject, but once the door had been opened, I wasn't going to let it close, even though she acted quite embarrassed and said it wasn't her business to talk about "such things."

I kept pressing for her to explain. Finally, she told me how he had been punished in dresses when he was in the second grade back in 1967. Since everyone in the family knew about it and many of them joked about it over the years, she just assumed I knew all about it. Well, I didn't! Here I was married to this very masculine guy for almost three years, and I knew nothing about it.

Aunt Millie started her story by quoting Mrs. Landola, Tom's second grade teacher, "Okay, boys if you don't do your homework, I'll put you in dresses!"

She loved to point out that all the girls always did their homework, but many of the boys didn't do theirs. She knew the boys loved to run out of school at the end of the day and play until it got dark or was time for supper. And after hours of running, jumping, fighting and everything else boys do, a lot of the them would come home exhausted and not have the energy to do their homework. Mrs. Landola soon realized that her threat about putting boys in dresses was not being taken seriously, so one day she announced to her class that starting the next day, she was going to enforce the rule once and for all.

Well, Tom ignored what she said, but she must have gotten through to the other boys because the next day, all them except Tom had done their homework. As soon as Mrs. Landola found out Tom was without his homework, she marched him out of the room. About ten minutes later, she came back with him in a dress, in fact a complete outfit — saddle shoes, ankle socks — the works! Of course the entire class went into fits of laughter. Children can be vicious and these children were. Even after Mrs. Landola got her class back under control, there were sporadic whispers and bursts of laughter.

At lunchtime, a lot of the children surrounded Tommy and pulled up his dress to see what he was wearing underneath, and they weren't disappointed because they saw he was wearing a ruffled white satin petticoat and some soft silky panties, also in white with cute blue lace all across the front of them. For the rest of the day, Tom had to sit with the girls. He even had to play games with them at recess. Five minutes before school ended, Mrs. Landola let him change back into his regular clothes with a stern warning that he do his homework or he'd end up back in the dress and other things.

Well, Tom went right home and did his homework that day. He wasn't going to be put into a dress again. The next morning just before class started, one of Tom's friends asked him if he had his homework. With a big grin, Tom pulled his homework papers out and proudly waved them in the air, but while Tom wasn't looking, one of the kids stole his homework papers and hid them.

Then in class, when it was time to hand in his homework, he couldn't find them. Crying and pleading that he did have them and someone must have stolen them did not impress Mrs. Landola. She led him out of the room. Minutes later with tears streaming down his face, he was once again back in the classroom in the hated dress.

Well, Tom never again forgot to do his homework that year, however, Mrs. Landola realized that dressing a boy in a dress and other frilly things was a very effective punishment. So she began to use it as her favorite form of discipline for any boy who got out of line or did anything wrong. At least a half dozen times that year, Tom found himself back in the dress and panties, and a couple of those times, Tom's punishment was captured on film. A couple of those pictures are enclosed. One shows him with Mrs. Landola, reciting his lessons before his class. The other shows Tom playing with a dog that happened up on their playground during recess.

Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #3
Story #6

Alger Hiss
Public Official Sentenced as a Spy

McCarthyism, which flourished just after World War II, is one of the most embarrassing periods in our country's history. U.S. Senator Joe McCarthy falsely accused scores of



individuals of being spies and members of the Communist Party.

In 1948, Alger Hiss was president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. After a former Communist accused him of being a spy in one of the most controversial cases of that era, Hiss was convicted and spent four years in prison. The testimony that convicted Hiss many people consider to have been false. Also, recently released Russian cold war documents give no indication that Hiss was a Communist much less a spy. Hiss is pictured here in 1906: a beautiful, happy child wearing a gorgeous lace-trimmed toddler's dress.

Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #3
Story #7

J.I.M. STEWART
Writer and Gentleman

John Innes Mackintosh Stewart, born in the early years of this century and educated at Edinburgh Academy and Oxford became a famous British writer. His works include: Death at the President's Lodging, Mark Lambert's Supper and other novels as well as detective stories, thrillers, short stories, and radio plays for the BBC.

Just to look at this picture of him at age eight in 1910, you know you are looking at a well-behaved young man — and he was! His almost girlish pose with his short kilt and femininely crossed legs gives testimony to the refining effects sissified clothing such as kilts has on a young boy.



Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #3
Story #8

Prim and Proper
Paperboy

Like many other boys in the mid 1940s, John Mueller arose every day at five am, picked up his bundle of the Cleveland Plain Dealer newspapers, folded and delivered them before the start of school. Heralded as a great delivery boy because he got his papers out early and efficiently, John was loved by his customers because he did his job with a bright smile and great enthusiasm.



But twelve-year-old John was a Peeping Tom, and he loved his paper route most of all because it gave him the opportunity to cut through backyards and behind houses, all the while looking for windows to peek in as women and girls lie sleeping and got ready for the day. He was finally caught by one of his regular customers while peeking into a bedroom at the man's two young daughters getting dressed for church. The man collared John and together with his wife and daughters took him home to his parents.

For his punishment, it was decided that John was to be taken back to the scene of his crime, stripped naked of his clothes and made to get dressed for the entertainment of the girls he had spied upon. There was one added difference; John had to dress up in the same clothes that the girls were putting on while he had peeked at them. He thought the punishment was stupid and they were just trying to tease and frighten him. He didn't realize how serious they were until he was standing in that ill-fated bedroom being stripped of his clothes. Immediately, he cried and begged for forgiveness. He resisted but gave into them when he saw his father undo his belt and wrap the end of it around his fist.

"Oh, please, no! I can't wear girls' clothes!"

"You'll not only wear them, you'll model them for us and we're going to take pictures," his mother responded.

"No, please, people will laugh . . . oh, no, I can't wear . . .," John pleaded.

"They're called panties, son. Here, step into them and be quick about it or we'll take you outside just in panties, and your dad will beat the tar out of you!"

Crying even louder while saying he was sorry, he stepped into the peach-colored panties. He shivered as the ticklish lace rode up his trembling legs.

"Don't do this to me! I can't wear these things!"

"As I told you before, they aren't 'things', they're panties. Now call them by their proper name, and stop resisting or Dad will give you the strap! Tell all of us how pretty the panties are, how much you want them and thank us for letting you wear them."

"Oh, Mom!"

"Tell us, now!" she shouted pointing to John's father who had his belt doubled up in his tight fist and swinging it back and forth in anticipation.

"Oh, these, they (sob) . . . these pan--, panties are really nice, and I (sob) want to wear them. Thank you (sob) for letting me wear these, um, ah . . . letting me wear these so nice panties."

And so it went until he was completely dressed in the girls' clothes. Pictures were taken.

Following this humiliation, he was sentenced to spend the week in girls' clothes to impress upon him his wrong. After three days the photos had been developed. His parents displayed the pictures of him in his girlish shame on the mantelpiece in their home. Copies of the pictures were given to the girls who were the victims of his peeking. At school and throughout the neighborhood, the girls showed everyone the pictures and told them the story about the naughty little paperboy who had been caught and was being punished for being a window peeker. They even went to every house on John's paper route and showed the people the pictures and told them the story, warning them to keep their windows shaded from the pervert paperboy.

John is pictured here in one of the girl's "Sunday best" dresses, complete with lingerie and girlish accessories. The pink and purple dress is delicately fashioned of handmade eyelet lace. Through the lace can be seen his satin and lace slip. A big satin hair bow tops off his outfit.



Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #3
Story #9

"I'll make you wear them to school!"

In 1985, a leading women's store decided to highlight pictures of their latest fashions in their holiday catalog with photos of a cupid-like child playing various musical instruments against a streamer and confetti-filled background. After searching for the perfect little cupid, they settled on Mark Comega, a seven-year-old boy from Queens.

On the appointed day, Crystal Comega arrived at the photo shoot with her son ready to be made up and dressed. About an hour later, he emerged. To his mother's amazed eyes, he was dressed more like a ballerina than a cupid. His face was completely made up with foundation, lipstick, mascara and eyeliner. His wardrobe consisted of a short, white chiffon and satin dress decorated with silk bows and ribbons. A pink satin corselet he wore over the dress was drawn tight with satin ribbons. Ballet slippers, secured with more satin ribbons, adorned his feet. Frilly, white satin panties, which could easily be seen through the chiffon dress, completed the girly outfit.

Crystal was shocked but also delighted with the sissified appearance of her son in the dress. During the shoot, Mark was obviously very self-conscious about his appearance. It took the photographer more than twice as much time as planned to get Mark to pose in satisfactory fashion because he was quite sullen and barely smiled. And periodically, a tear of embarrassment rolled down his cheek and his makeup had to be repaired. His mother had to threaten him with having to wear those clothes to school to get him to cooperate with the photographer.

Following the session, the wardrobe lady told Crystal that Mark could keep the clothes. Crystal was delighted, but Mark objected saying that he'd never wear such sissy clothes again. Mark's behavior so upset Crystal that she made him keep on the clothes for their trip home. She told him that she was going to make him model them for his sister and father. Furthermore, she threatened to show him off to his boyfriends in his new outfit if he didn't immediately stop protesting and starting doing what she told him to do. Mark quieted down, and with tears streaking his face, followed his mother out of the studio.



Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #3 **Story #10**

Wartime Boy-Girl Conversion Doctor

As war approaches, many mothers with sons wish they were daughters instead. This was especially true in Europe between the two World Wars. Many mothers could not forget the horror and devastation the First World War had brought. They had lost their sons. And some of them could see the same thing about to happen again as World War II approached. Hildegard von Metternik was one of those women. She had lost two sons in World War I. Her only remaining child, a daughter named Olga, had gotten married to a young man who was also a soldier. He survived the war but returned home combat weary, disfigured and without his right hand. But he had fathered a son before he had gone off to war, and Olga, with help from her mother and sisters, raised her son Otto. Since Otto spent his early years almost entirely in the company of women, he grew up to be a gentle and sensitive child.

Following the war, Hildegard had a premonition that another massive war was only a matter of time. She conveyed her feelings to her daughter and son-in-law. They agreed that she was

probably right. They also agreed that they didn't want young Otto to be exposed to such brutality. They considered leaving their homeland but realized that was impossible due to their particular circumstances.

Then one day, Grandmother Hildegard came home with the answer. She often commiserated with other women who had lost sons in the war. Through them she heard about a service being provided by a certain unnamed doctor who took pity on them and was willing to convert their male offspring from boys into girls and thus spare them the possibility of losing their sons and grandsons to war.

When they told young Otto about the horrors of war and the possibility of being turned into a girl to save him from that terror, the boy agreed that it was a good idea. And he liked the idea of becoming a girl. He even admitted that he always loved wearing dresses when he played house with the little girls who lived next door to them. Otto cried and admitted that he most feared the pain involved in the removal of his sex organs, but his father, who was still very bitter from the war and whose missing hand was a constant reminder of the pain of war, convinced him that the pain of the operation would be nothing compared to what he would face in a war.

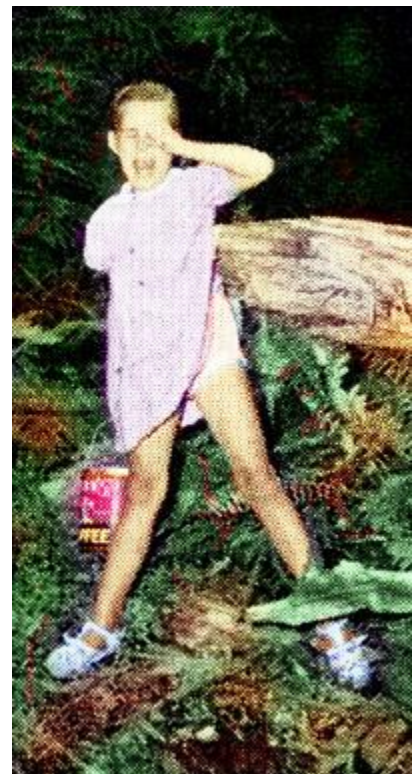
While he was in the hospital, Grandma paid off officials to have his birth certificate and other records changed. She also bought new bedroom furnishings and clothes for her new granddaughter. Then, less than three weeks after he went into the hospital, Otto emerged as a girl, a fräulein they renamed Hilde, after his grandmother. He's pictured here just after arriving home with his grandmother in his flippy short dress, strap shoes and ankle socks. A band of flowers had been

Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #3 **Story #11**

Big Boys Don't Cry

Back in the sixties, when my son Dan was ten years old, he went on a camping trip with his father and his twelve-year-old sister, Kelly. All of them had been looking forward to the trip for so long that I was sure that they'd have a great time. I stayed behind to make Christmas ornaments, a hobby I had turned into a part-time business. The ornaments I handmade by weaving together colorful strips of paper, then dipping them in paraffin and sprinkling glitter on the hot wax. Christmas was less than two months away, and I already had large orders from a couple of the craft shops I regularly supplied.

Well, I don't know exactly what happened on their trip to start it all, but for some reason, Dan became very frightened out in the woods. He didn't like handling the worms to bait his fishing hooks, refused to touch the fish and take the hooks out of the



mouths of the ones he did catch, and jumped every time a strange noise was heard in the distance. Alvin, my husband laughed at him and called him a sissy. In fact, he pointed to Kelly and told him she was braver and more of a boy than he was.

That first night, just to rub it in, Alvin told the kids scary stories just before bedtime. That sent Dan over the edge. He cried and begged to go back home. Dan wouldn't stop crying, so my husband decided to teach him a lesson by making him wear some of his sister's clothes. Gleefully, Kelly came up with a short cotton dress and some fluffy pink panties with a lot of ruffles around the legs for Dan to wear. He spent the weekend in that dress plus a few changes of panties.

During those three days, it seems like Danny was constantly crossing his father with the result that he was repeatedly given a spanking, and after one of those spankings, Kelly took a picture of him. I've enclosed it here. Danny, as you can see, is crying his eyes out. His dress is still rucked up on the side from being spanked, exposing the ruffly brief-style panties covering his stinging butt.

When they came home on Sunday, I was most surprised to see Danny running in the door because he was still in the dress. He ran up to his room. I followed to see what was going on. Between streams of tears, he tried to tell me the story. I offered to help him off with the dress, but he told me that his father commanded that he stay in it for the rest of the day. Then he started crying all over again as he said that his father told him he might make him wear girls' clothes permanently.

Of course, he didn't, but Alvin made him sit on our front porch steps in that dress. Many of the neighborhood kids came by, and they really teased him something terrible. That evening, Danny was allowed to take off the emasculating dress but made him put on a fancy yellow babydoll nightie over his panties to sleep in, so he "could dream about trying to be a real boy," my husband said. Alvin had me hang the dress in my son's closet. Danny watched in horror. Then I went to Kelly's room, took a stack of her panties (she had a lot of panties so she had some to spare) and put them in Danny's dresser drawer as he lie huddled under the covers to hide his girly nightie. When he asked me what I was doing, I explained to him that his father told me put the panties in his drawer "so they would be ready for the next time he acted like a sissy." After that, Danny was forever earmarked as a sissy in our neighborhood. He didn't get punished in dresses and panties a lot after that, but there were a good dozen such occasions over the years. And I knew Danny was both upset and curious about the panties in his dresser. I could tell because the panties were always in some sort of disarray when I checked on them.

One big benefit of all of this is that Danny started coming home from school as soon as classes were out, and then he staying inside the house a lot. The kids teasing was just too much for him. Bored with television and with little else to do, he started to help me make my Christmas ornaments. He became very good at it, and he really helped me build my business. Now today, he works full-time with me. And he wears girly panties all the time. It took a long time for him to admit that he learned to like wearing silky panties, and he cried horribly when I finally made him admit it. He wanted to wear panties all the time, and even dresses once in a while. I told him it was fine with me, but he'd have to ask his father if it was OK with him, and ask his sister if he

could get any dresses and things she'd be willing to share with him. Well, that whole scene was something special. A boy down on his knees asking his sister for her clothes to wear and begging his father forgiveness for not living up to be the son he supposed to be, was a priceless moment that I will always remember.



Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #3 **Story #12**

Caught in the Act

What I don't understand about boys is if they want to do things like trying on girls' clothes, why don't they just ask us? I mean. I would have been glad to dress my brother up as a girl if he just would have asked me.

But instead of asking me, he used to sneak around and get into my things. Many times I noticed my dresser drawers all messed up and things rearranged in my closet. I know he was doing it, but I could never catch him.

Then one day while I was at the beach, Mom came home to find him trying on my things and prancing around in front of my cheval mirror. She thought fast and got her flash camera before confronting him and got an adorable shot of him trying on one of my big floppy sun hats with one of my old pink dresses. He also had on one of my slippers, ankle socks, waist high panties, even a training bra — the works!

Mom gave him one hell of a strapping that day and made him keep those things on until I got home with my girlfriends.

He never forgot how we all ganged up on him and made fun of him that day. Mom let us have our way with him. She even encouraged us to feel his little penis through his panties and pinch his nipples through his satin beginner bra.

Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #3 **Story #13**

The Result of Misbehavin' in Miss Justine's Class



The sad, tear-stained faces of these two chaps say it all. The picture comes from a scrapbook belonging to Miss Justine Navarro, who taught in an elementary school in Scranton, Pennsylvania, from 1897 until 1934. Throughout all those years of teaching, she collected an extensive range of pictures and mementos that were long forgotten until after her death, and they were only recently discovered by the people who bought her house and found these treasures in two forlorn trunks in the attic.

Miss Justine also kept a diary, and according to her entries, she used petticoat punishment on her naughty boy students for years. She referred to it as "dress up punishment" or "clothing correction." According to her diary, at the beginning of each school year, she'd get the girls to bring in clothes they had outgrown or no longer wanted for use when punishing the boys. The girls delighted in bringing in their fanciest dresses and frilliest underwear.

One of the annual highlights of the first week of school in Miss Justine's class was the day she showed the students everything collected for use as punishment clothing. Each of the girls who had donated something got to describe it in detail. The giggling girls took this opportunity to emphasize the frills, decoration and femininity of each garment, and the presentations brought a lot of laughs (from the girls) and a lot of embarrassed looks (from the boys), especially when the girls would suggest that a particular dress, pair of bloomers or fancy petticoat would look good on one particular boy or another.

Then each girl was assigned a boy, and that girl was in charge of assembling and marking clothes that would fit that boy so they were ready in case they were needed. The boys dreaded this part the most because they had to stand still at the front of the room as each girl held up various garments to the boy's body to check for fit.

This photo from Miss Justine's collection is simply marked "John Simington, 3rd grade. Russell Rutledge, 5th grade. Strapping 10 licks and dress up punishment for teasing girls. September 20, 1908."



Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #3

Story #14

"Boys! I want those slips showing!"

"Remember, I don't care where you are going or who is going to see you. Keep those slips of yours showing!"

"Proper little girls keep their slips neatly tucked under their skirts, but you're just queer little sissyboys, and sissyboys should always have a bit of their petticoats on display!"

"But . . . but, Grandmama," Georgie protested, "when the Dawson boys see us in the park, they'll chase us and try to beat us up."

"Nonsense! If you're nice and just mind your own business . . . "

Little Paul was on the verge of tears, "They're so big and mean . . . "

"How dare you interrupt me! Do you want me to send the two of you to the park in your flower girl dresses?"

"Then those nasty little boys will be able to see your training bras too. That'll give them something to talk about."

"Well, what do you think of that?"

"No, please, Grandmama," Georgie pleaded. "Mommy tells us she can even see our bras through these blouses because they're so thin."

"Well, maybe so."

"But what the hell, you're just a couple of sissyboys anyway. Everyone knows that. It shouldn't be a surprise to anyone that you're wearing brassieres. Besides they help you to stand up nice and straight."

Before leaving the house, Grandmama snapped her fingers. Each boy jumped to attention and swiftly hoisted his skirt and petticoats all the way up to his chin for panty inspection.

Georgie was in yellow panties with pink roses and pink satin bows all across the front. Paul was in pale purple panties with little pink elephants embroidered on the front with some crisp, scratchy lace running around the leg openings.

"Real nice," Grandmama said as she ran her hands all over the fronts and backs of those panties, checking the fit and teasing the boys with her sensuous fingers through the sleek fabric. When she cupped each boy's scrotum and massaged them within the silky panties, both boys wavered as their knees weakened. They had to hold onto each other to maintain their balance as the convulsions of little boy orgasms swept through their feminized bodies. It wouldn't be too many years before the boys would be producing cum and soiling their pretty panties in this daily ritual, but for now it got the boys to blindly give into their grandmother's commands, no matter how embarrassing or debasing those commands might be.



Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #3
Story #15

Mother-In-Law Feminizer

Two summers ago, at thirty-eight years of age, I wasn't aware that something called petticoat punishment existed. To show you how naive I was, I actually thought I had invented something new when I decided to humiliate and punish my son, Peter, by making him wear some of his sister Karen's clothes. I originally got the idea after seeing how outraged he got when I told him I couldn't afford to buy him a new bicycle and he'd have to use his sister's, which she was willing to pass onto him. Just the thought of using something made for a girl so upset him that he became terribly verbally abusive toward me. I was amazed at his reaction -- a girl's bike -- what's the big deal? I don't even know where the thought came from, but out of the blue, I threatened to dress him like a girl for talking to me that way. He blew up, became even more abusive and threw a statue made by his grandmother and broke it. I obviously had struck a chord. I realized that dressing him like a girl was something he greatly feared and anything that he was so afraid of would surely be an effective punishment. When I told my husband about my idea, Joe was taken aback, but said Peter did need to be punished for his actions.

Joe knocked me for a loop when he told me that his mother had done that to him once and that one time was enough to never cross her again. No wonder my husband was such a sweetie -- especially when his mother was around -- he purred up to her like a loving little kitten.

Remembering the horror of his own experience, he hesitated but eventually agreed with my plan to punish our son.

Joe helped me that first time I petticoated Peter. My husband is a longshoreman. He's big and strong so Peter didn't fight us when his father stood there and commanded him to let us put him in the clothes Karen and I had picked out. I don't think anyone else noticed it, but I saw a tear in my husband's eye while we were fixing up our son. I suppose Joe recalled his own horrific time in skirts. I let Karen's dress him since it was her clothes Peter would be wearing, and all the while she had the most devilish grin and smirky attitude I had even seen on her. She was loving it!

Peter protested every minute of the way, but in the end, he was one pitiful sight standing there in a short A-line skirt and cardigan. Underneath he had on silk panties in pink and a light blue taffeta full slip that Karen never wore because it rustled so much the noise embarrassed her to wear it. It was perfect for punishing our little Peter. A nice length of pink lace on the hem of that slip made him look particularly girlish as it stuck out quite a bit from beneath the skirt. To see my boy trying to hold down his mini skirt so his slip and panties wouldn't show is a sight I'll never forget. From the instant I had him in lingerie and skirts he fell right apart. He followed me around like a lost little puppy, hiding behind my skirts and dreading that anyone would see him. Whenever I spoke, he'd snap to attention and do anything I asked.

Well, I was so enthralled with the results of this form of punishment that I had a great desire to show him off to others, but he was so good that after the prescribed 24 hours of punishment (he slept that night in one of Karen's flowered nightgowns!), I let him return to his regular clothes.

But the issue with the bike still wasn't resolved. Two days later he started pestering me once again. When I told him he'd have to use Karen's old bike at least until I could save up the money, he got abusive once again. So before he got out of hand, I made him get back into some of Karen's clothes. This time I put him in a green formal gown that Karen had worn as a bridesmaid. I took a nice picture of Peter as I taught him how to hook up nylons to his garter belt. He was terrified people would see the picture, but I assured him that it wouldn't be if he minded me.

That same day, Louise, my mother-in-law, came over to help me install some new drapes in our living room. Peter wanted to hide when he heard her arrive, but I wouldn't let him. She took one look at my prettified boy and laughed herself hysterical. And it didn't take her long to get his skirts up so she could get a look at the white slip and ribbon panties he was wearing underneath. At the sight of his darling baby blue nylon panties with the little buttercup appliques, I thought she'd die of delight. She couldn't resist touching the smooth panties and asking him how it felt to wear something so nice and silky. The poor boy was red with embarrassment as she touched up his penis and told him it was "just a wee small one like you father's!"

Once she calmed down, Louise told me how she made her son, my husband Joe, spend a day in dresses when he was a kid. That had happened only once, confirming what Joe had told me. Peter looked on in amazement as he heard that about his father. Once had been enough for Joe, but Louise told me that when she was a girl, all the time she used to make her brother dress up in

her things to make him do whatever she wanted him to do. I was stunned. I still thought I had thought up something new, and here she was telling me that she had done it fifty years earlier! She also explained that punishing boys in such a fashion was not all that uncommon, especially when she was young. In those days she said, many mothers dressed their young sons in somewhat feminine fashion, especially on dress-up occasions.

The drapes needed some adjustments so she had to take them back to her house to work on them. I suggested that Peter and I go with her, realizing the trip outside would "do Peter some good!"

Louise wholeheartedly agreed, and minutes later we were dragging one thoroughly shocked boy out to the car. He tried to resist but he had a hard enough of a time just keeping down his skirt with a firm wind blowing. We had the same problem getting him out of the car at her place, even though I told him if he just acted like a girl and didn't make a fuss no one would notice he wasn't a girl (even though I did nothing to disguise his short hair or tell him that he looked totally out of place on a weekday afternoon dressed in a formal dress even if he had been a girl). A few passersby did take notice of him, but I don't think they realized they were looking at a boy in a dress. But as far as Peter was concerned, he certainly thought they figured it out, and so it had the same effect as if his disguise had been pierced!

Once we were at Linda's house, she set aside the drapes and began hauling out old photo albums to show us just how sweetly her brother was dressed at times. One of the photos of her brother Raymond taken in 1935 is enclosed. She was nine years old and dressed in a ruffled party dress with a low-slung waist. She said it was considered an old-fashioned style even at that time, but they had wealthy relatives who had passed on expensive, handmade clothes to them, and her mother made her wear them even though many of them were out of style.

Poor Raymond, just seven at the time, was a sight. He had an elaborately tailored, military-style jacket with fancy cuffs and brass buttons along with a pleated kilt, argyle knee socks, thin slippers, and a big tam with feathers and long ribbons trailing behind. This Scottish kilt outfit was very girlish to say the least, especially with his long hair which had been neatly coiled into long sausage curls.

I couldn't believe that long hair! Linda explained that their mother had kept his hair long since he was an infant. She loved setting and curling it. It seemed like she fussed with it for hours every day. Those curls were very popular for girls, but she couldn't resist having him wear them even though he was a boy. She insisted on it because she said his hair was so exceptionally fine and beautiful.

She also explained that both of them also wore underwear passed on from their girl cousins, beautifully made items of silk, trimmed with tiers of ribbons and lace. In those days, it was not unusual for boys to wear fancy, silken chemises and panties like their sisters. Linda said back in the twenties and thirties, such underwear for boys was even advertised in the Sears mail order catalog. Shortly after that picture was taken, Raymond had his hair cut and he was allowed to dress in more typical boys clothes for school. He had already been held back a year because he had a serious bout with scarlet fever and had developed some complications.

Linda said she always remembered how sweet Raymond was all the years he had been forced to wear sissy little outfits like the kilts in the picture. She said there was a distinct change in him the minute he started dressing in trousers and other more boyish clothes. That gave her the idea to force him to wear some of her clothes as a way of getting him to mind her when they were home alone and she was put in charge of him. She said it started with just a bow in his hair, then she put him in an apron to do housework. Eventually, she had him in lingerie and dresses. She really enjoyed doing that to him. She thought it was funny the way he looked in her clothes, especially since he was then wearing his hair very short.

All the while we were talking, my little Peter was quietly sitting on the sofa, just listening to her and grimacing as he looked at the photos of his petticoat-trained uncle. I had never been especially close with my mother-in-law; however, this whole incident drew us together like a magnet. We were very like-minded on this petticoat punishment thing, and I was delightfully looking forward to doing more.

After we returned home and hung the drapes, I announced that Peter would have to continue his punishment the next day after school because he had sassed me when I told him that he was going to have to stay in his girlie outfit that day until his sister came home from cheerleading practice. I told Peter if he acted up again, I'd make him wear Karen's cheerleading outfit and have her bring the squad to our house so he could practice cheers with them. You should have seen the look on Peter's face when I told him that!

I loved Mom's idea of keeping a photographic record of him in his petticoated condition, so since then I've taken dozens of photos of him dressed up in different outfits. Two of them are enclosed. In the first one, he's wearing his sister's bridesmaid dress that I already described, and in the other he's in his special "sissy" outfit. It's simply one of his pullover knit shirts with some lace trim I had sewn onto the hem. With it he wears a fabulous old-fashioned pair of bloomers I had gotten from Linda. (I put him into four pairs of his sister's nylon panties underneath the bloomers first to keep his erecting penis held down and his front girlishly smooth.) The old bloomers are made from real silk in a deep rose color with tiers of ruffles and fine Irish handmade lace trim.

I hope you enjoy these pics!

The End of Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #3