

# Our Sorority

ISSUE TWENTY FOUR

FEBRUARY 1991

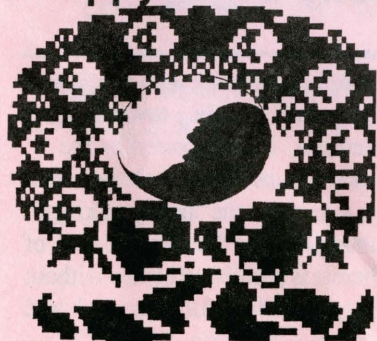
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## Seasons Greetings &

## Happy New Year



## WHILE PUTTING IT TO BED

Free at last! I am no longer a slave to putting together Fantasia Fair. This means that I shall have more time to work on improving *Our Sorority*.

Our Transexual Issue is set for Issue 25 now that we have obtained the information we were looking for. Issue 25 should be out in April. Also, we plan to have Gerri Lee as our April undercover girl. The 1990 Our Sorority Writing Contest Awards will also be announced.

Issue 26 will be our National Events and Groups Issue, which is scheduled for July or August.

Announcing The 1991 Our Sorority Writing Contest. We are offering a \$100 prize for the best entries in Fiction, Non-Fiction, and Poetry.

I guess we can call this our cartoon issue, with over 20 cartoons. We also include two short stories, Chapter 10 of Betty Ann's autobiographical story, a write-up on the University of Minnesota Gender Program, some lovely poems, and much, much more for your reading pleasure.

**BEST WISHES FOR THE NEW YEAR!**



# Our Sorority

## An Outreach Publication

The HUMAN OUTREACH AND ACHIEVEMENT INSTITUTE is a non-profit organization (501-C3) based at Kenmore Station, POB 368, Boston, MA., 02215. Our Sorority is not an organization, it is based at POB 11254, Lincolina Station, Alexandria, VA., 22312.

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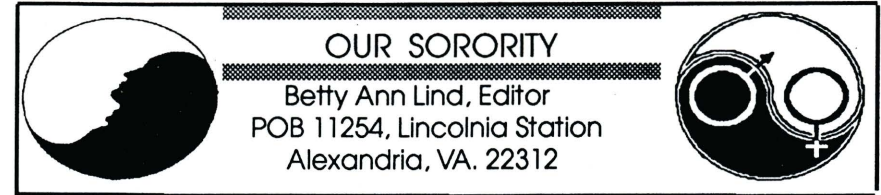
Tell your friends about our publication. And by all means SEND A CONTRIBUTION for your SUBSCRIPTION of \$10.00, please. Make checks payable to the OUR SORORITY. Thank you, YOUR EDITOR.

---

**"A FRIEND IS SOMEONE WHO KNOWS ALL ABOUT YOU AND STILL LOVES YOU." Kelly Digby**

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Our Sorority is dedicated to serving the TV/TS/DRAG community with a policy of fair and equal opportunities to all, and without discriminatory policy towards, race, creed, national origin, sexual being, or sexual preference. It is supported by the Outreach Institute and donations by its readership and friends who truly believe that the best therapy for cross-dressers is to meet others who share the "hobby of kings". Our Sorority is copyrighted, 1990, with the understanding that the republication of names, address, phone numbers, and articles used herein is prohibited by law without the written permission of its publisher and editor, Betty Ann Lind. All inquiries should be sent to: Our Sorority, POB 11254, Lincolina Station, Alexandria, VA 22312.



OUR SORORITY  
Betty Ann Lind, Editor  
POB 11254, Lincolina Station  
Alexandria, VA. 22312

Dearest Reader,

As many of you may be aware, I have had the privilege of running Fantasia Fair for the past five years as its Coordinator. During my stewardship Fantasia Fair has almost tripled in size and revenues. Because of this growth, we have managed to improve the quality of the Fair while managing its cost per day ratio until it is no longer the most expensive event in the country. In fact, recent data shows that its daily cost ratio places it among the lowest costing events in the nation. (See Issue 20 of *Our Sorority* for comparative tables.)

When I took over the task of running Fantasia Fair I merged *Our Sorority* into the Outreach Institute in order to simplify communications to our community. During this period I have shifted from two issues a year to three, and have attempted to establish an accounting system which isolates *Our Sorority* revenues and expenses from those of the Fair and the Institute.

Now, that I no longer run the Fair, this means that *Our Sorority* shall have its own independent checking account to further isolate revenues and expenditures. For this reason we ask our subscribers to please make their subscription checks out to *Our Sorority*.

At present I am considering the following changes:

- Going to four issues a year,
- Maintaining our policies related to the National Events Issue,
- Establishing a standard advertizing rate, and increasing our payment rates to contributing authors.

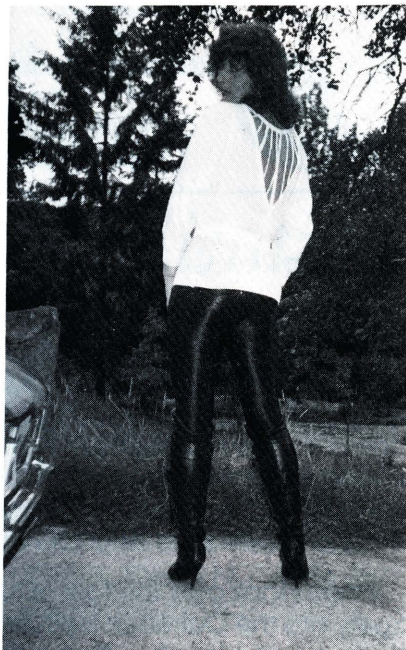
I would like to hear from you any suggestions which might improve *Our Sorority*. Please write,

LOVE,





POLICE CONSTABLE KELLY ON  
WATCH!



I WONDER WHERE STEED IS?



OUR PHAEDRA AS A DOMINATRIX



ANY LANDING YOU CAN WALK AWAY FROM IS  
A GOOD LANDING!

## OUR UNDERCOVER GIRL IS PHAEDRA KELLY

In our last issue we published a short autobiographical sketch sent to us by Phaedra Kelly along with a photo of her as "Batgirl" as our *Undercover Girl*. We received a collection of photographs from her after we went to press, and in all fairness to her we have decided to make her our first official Undercover Girl with this issue.

Along with her pictures she sent a lovely letter in which she noted: the Cocopa Indians mentioned in her autobiographical sketch were Amer/Indians not Asians; she was struggling to raise funds for a mercy mission to Istanbul in January to help the Turkish sisters of Istiklal Cadessi; and, she enclosed several poems.

Here are a few of her lovely photographs.

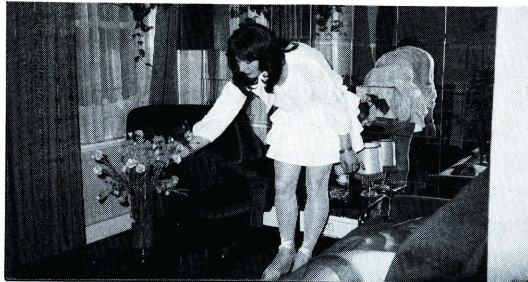


OUR INDIAN MAIDEN IN HER  
BRIDAL SARI

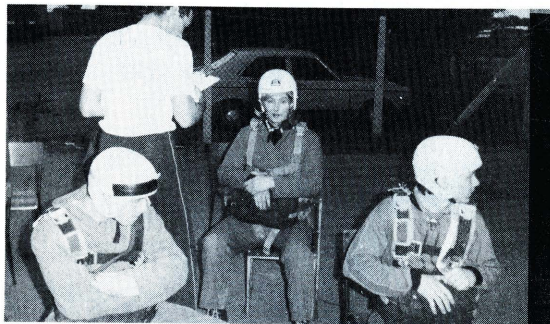


WEARING BELLS AND RIBBONS  
FOR A PORCHESTER BALL IN  
LONDON.





OUR LADY IN WHITE



GETTING READY TO JUMP OUT OF A PERFECTLY GOOD PLANE.



PHAEDRA AS SULKA



A MIRROR ON HARMONY, TWO VIEWS OF PHAEDRA



ON LOCATION IN A TIDAL SEACAVE.  
FRESHWATER BAY, Isle of W.



PROBABLY WAITING FOR THAT RAGGED CASTAWAY ON MONTY PYTHON'S FAVORITE BEACH AT SHELL BAY, DORSET.



OUR LADY AT HOME IN GOLD AND BLACK LACE.

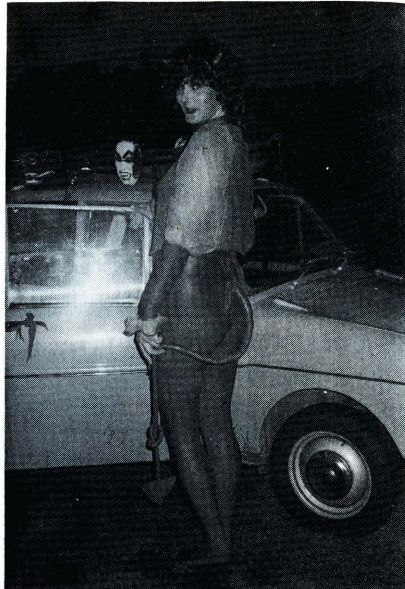


DANCING FOR THE SULTAN





WAITING FOR CONAN THE  
BARBARIAN



RED SHEDEVIL SET, TOTLAND &  
FRESHWATER CARNIVAL



A MIME.



WEARING A RED KAFTAN AT  
HOME



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**Sunday:** Church Program • Farewell Breakfast

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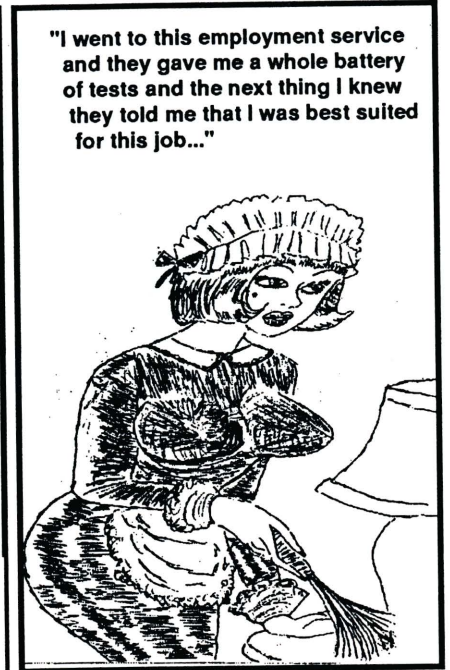
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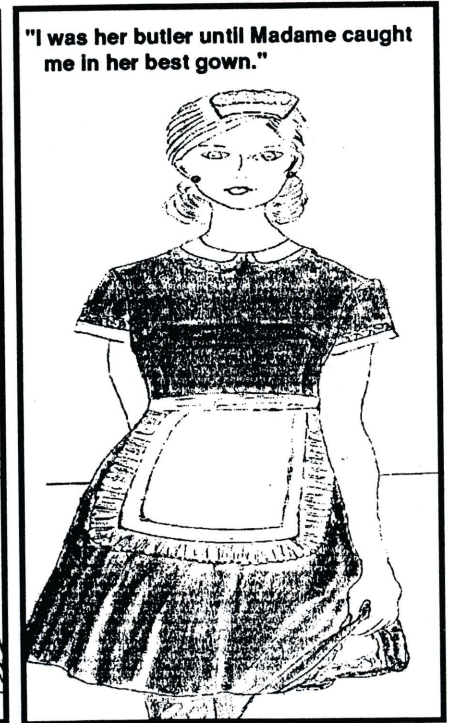




LIFE AMONG THE WORKING GIRLS



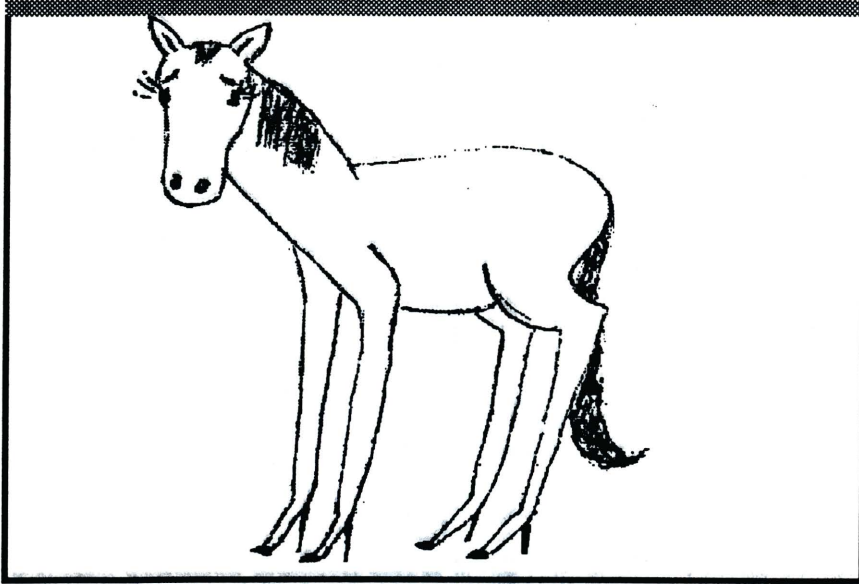
DOMESTIC LIFE





## THE EVOLUTION OF THE HORSE

by BARBARA C.



### THE TRANSEXUAL PHENOMENON

by Harry Benjamin

The Outreach Institute announces the reprinting of this classic publication on gender issues. This major work on transsexualism, which includes 16 pages of photos associated with important case histories, and the well-known Benjamin Scale of Gender Shift, is available in limited numbers.

The antique cover edition is priced at \$39.95 and the standard edition costs \$35.95. Please add \$3.50 for postage and handling US, or \$7.00 in US Funds outside the US.

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## THE TOPLESS BATHING SUIT

Fiction by Elizabeth Anne Nelson

Janet and Love Leigh Brewster were a brother and sister raised by a loving mother, who sought only to have twin girls. Therefore, we have Love Leigh's quite charming name.

The fact remains that, when Mrs. Brewster was visiting her mother and her husband was far away on a buying trip, the twins were born in the Capitol City emergency room. The doctor attending them looked at one, gave it to the masked nurse, and turned around to adjust the back of his surgical gown before returning to deliver the other baby, who already had been born and now seemingly was held by a different masked nurse. Unwittingly the doctor picked up and inspect the same baby again. Although the routine records showed something else they were both girls according to the birth certificates signed by the doctor.

Mrs. Brewster was absolutely delighted by the mix-up and shared her secret desire for twin girls with her housekeeper, Mrs. Dalton. And so it was that her two *little girls* were raised as twins until that age when school authorities became interested in conducting separate physical fitness programs programs for boys and girls, including swimming in the nude, which for some reason appears to appeal to the physical instructors at Howe Senior High School.

Mrs. Brewster was not particular happy about revealing to the school authorities the stunning fact that Love Leigh, a very popular and highly regarded teenager, was actually a boy. And despite what her husband might have thought, if he knew her deep dark secret, she didn't think much of the idea of having a boy around the house.

Now you might wonder how a father wouldn't know that one of his darling daughters was really a boy. Mrs. Brewster's husband was delighted to have two lovely baby girls and he would do anything for them so long as the two women took care of their immediate needs. So he didn't have a chance to see them naked, nor did he care to.

The two women made it a point to keep the *girls* separate in their own private bedrooms and very properly modest. Any sign of



immodesty or improper behavior resulted in swift punishment until the poor *girls* were totally ashamed of such matters.

Although both of the girls were separately very confused about the whole shameful subject of sex, Janet was naturally more comfortable with the idea that she was a girl. Poor Love Leigh never guessed the truth until he was about ten, after all he was not at all sure if he was really a girl, or what. For evidence did seem to conflict from time to time. But in the third grade he saw a picture book of statues that revealed the awful truth to poor Love Leigh, who cried for hours until his mother explained that he could go on being a girl. Nobody would know if he kept his skirts in order and behaved like a very good girl. But if he was bad, she would make him into a boy!

Love Leigh dreaded the idea that somehow he would have to live as a boy. He shared his secret fears with his somewhat amused sister. And with her help, in the privacy of his room, the twins tried all kinds of ways to make Love Leigh look like a girl. But, all they could do was tape in the awful offending growths between his legs. From then on Love Leigh wore *her* little tape gaff at all times secure in the knowledge that *her* required modesty would not be invaded by *her* mother or Mrs. Dalton.

And so it was, that while Janet exercised the freedom of a tomboy almost to the point of taunting her little *sister*, Love Leigh became more feminine than ever, allowing the women at least one *girl* during Janet's phase.

Love Leigh lived up to *her* name in every way, outshining Janet's beauty and delicate graces. Yet, for some reason Love Leigh retained *her* baby fat padded child's body, despite *her* efforts to diet.

Meanwhile, Janet grew bigger and stronger and more like a tomboy every day until she entered the beginning stages of her secondary characteristics and true femininity. Because of these differences Mrs. Brewster could no longer dress her twins up in look alike teen dresses, and strangers often mistook Love Leigh to be Janet's younger sister.

Which brings us to the point of this story when both of our little girls are awaiting that terrible moment when their last year of school as sisters would arrive. They walked from the junior high school hand-in-hand clutching their diplomas in their white gloved hands as their adoring mother and father kissed them with pride. Their grandparents, aunts and uncles all delighted in how beautifully angelic

the girls looked in their white silk graduation dresses. Of course such fussing with fourteen year old girls isn't really quite grown up, but the girls didn't feel very grown and despite the prospect of a wonderful summer together they knew of the bleak future ahead.

For hours they talked about not going to school anymore, but their mother would hear nothing of it. They suggested moving, but again their mother objected pointing out that their father made such decisions. They wanted to ask father, but again their mother refused saying that she wanted at least one more summer with her lovely daughters. Not wanting to part so soon they agreed with their mother.

Since it was the beginning of summer the girls were talking about their summer clothes as they rested on Janet's bed looking at a teen fashion magazine. Poor Love Leigh was certain that *her* summer clothes would be pretty much what *she* had worn the year before because of *her* lack of growth. So it was only natural that they focused upon Janet's needs. As they searched the magazine they came upon the swim suit pages that included the shocking picture of a girl's back in a topless bathing suit wandering the beaches at Rio.

Love Lee teased his sister about how silly she would look in one of them, flat chest and all.

In laughing fun to cover her injured pride, for this really was a sore point with poor Janet despite her brave attempts to hide her feelings of fear that perhaps she might never have beautiful breasts, Janet pillowed her impertinent playmate as they rolled on the bed like two four year olds until she held Love Leigh down and lifted the baby dolls to point at the smooth chest of her twin.

"And you are bragging," she laughed, squeezing a little nipple in her fingers and seeing that his childish plumpness did create the illusion that he had little breasts.

He giggled saying, "Oh, it isn't so bad for a boy. After all I will be wearing a topless bathing suit next year, even if you don't dare. You play at being tom boy all the time, perhaps you might join me at the beach as a boy. Then you too could wear a topless suit!"

"Well, maybe you do need a bra," she countered cupping a plump little breast and causing him to blush in knowing distress, "that would be really cute on a boy, don't you think?"

Poor Love Leigh fled her room hearing her laughter amongst his tears.



A few days later Love Leigh wrote a letter to a Hollywood catalogue house cited in the fashion magazine that also ran an ad on swim suits and within a week poor Janet received a lovely pink topless bathing suit in the mail that sent her in tears to her mother clutching the suit and telling her of her taunting twin's prank.

Mrs. Brewster told her husband of this awful joke and Love Leigh received a spanking from Mr. Brewster applied to the seat of cotton panties with a ping pong paddle.

But, then Mr. Brewster suggested to his wife that after-all the girls might have hit on a major problem they faced in life. Although he had been fooled into believing that his daughters were well developed by seeing their false filled bras, he knew now that they should go to a doctor to have this matter examined more closely.

In short, no daughter of his was going to be a flat chested if he could help it. His business friends were impressed with his lovely daughters and he had already begun to think about their futures. He approved of their not going steady, but he had an idea that two particularly handsome boys from the best families in town were likely prospects. Although the boys weren't really good enough for such wonderful girls they might improve enough to reach their own parents' present estimation of their worth. Both boys were seniors in high school and he guessed that by the time the girls were ready for marriage the boys would be just about ready also. Their fathers, who had suggested this plot, agreed that their wives thought it a pair of perfect matches. And although this plot might never hatch he wasn't going to marry off two flat chested girls.

Mrs. Brewster was well aware of the reason why little Love Leigh had not developed into a teen age girl. His senior high school entrance physical would come after the end of summer vacation. Hopefully, by then, she would have an explanation for her husband and others as to why she had raised Love Leigh as a girl!

She decided that she would have Dr. Baines, her own gynecologist, examine Janet and complete the high school physical.



Janet and Love Leigh went together to the Howe Hospital Medical Arts Building so that they could go shopping at the nearby City Center Mall afterwards. Entering the first floor waiting room the twins approached the reception counter where a nurse looked up from the appointment calendar to greet them.

"Janet Brewster?" she asked, looking at the two girls, judging that the larger girl dressed in a windbreaker, sweat shirt, and jeans must be Janet; while, the other girl, wearing a white car coat and plaid school dress must be a younger sister. "I am Mrs. Street, Doctor Baines' nurse."

"Yes," Janet answered as she pulled her hands from the windbreaker and removed her high school physical forms from her purse to give them to Mrs. Street with a misceivous smile, "and this is my little sister, Love Leigh."

Love Leigh was about to protest *her* sister's taunting introduction, which had become *her* lot since Janet had grown so much, but the nurse had already taken Janet in charge to lead her to an examining room. When the nurse returned Love Leigh stated, "Janet was just teasing me because of my size. We really are twin sisters."

"I see. Well, just take a seat in the waiting room and we will have your sister examined within the hour," Mrs. Street mused with a shrug, wondering why some little girls persisted in fibbing. Taking Janet's forms to a nearby desk she noted the name of the Brewster family doctor and decided to call him to fill in the patient's medical history just as she noticed another set of forms for a Love Leigh Brewster, which Mrs. Brewster had neglected to take from the school envelop. After calling the family doctor Mrs. Street arose from her desk to go out into the waiting room. "Love Leigh, dearest, I do believe that Doctor Baines can handle your senior high physical today. When we get near the school semester in the Fall his schedule gets quite crowded."

"But," poor Love Leigh was about to protest as the nurse pushed a specimen bottle into *her* hand and showed her the way to a bath room nearby while opening the door to an examining room across the hall and slipping Love Leigh's folder into a rack by the door. "Fill the bottle and place it on the Lazy Susan shelf built into the wall over the toilet and then go to this examination room and strip to your lingerie and stockings. I will be with you in a few minutes."

Nervously Love Leigh completed *his* little chore and undressed in the examination room realizing in fear that discovery was at hand. Sitting down on a straight back chair dressed in a white nylon vest and panty set Love Leigh tried to remain calm while folding childlike hands politely into *his* lap knowing that the smooth white panties hid *his* secret, so far.



Mrs. Street entered the examining room to quickly take charge of Love Leigh's physical. Weight, height, blood pressure, pulse rate, basic blood tests, and chest x-ray were followed by a review of Love Leigh's medical history including some very embarrassing female questions, which Love Leigh managed to answer from *her* knowledge of eight grade sex education for girls. Mrs. Street closed the physical form convinced that Love Leigh was a rather typical preadolescent girl. "Doctor Baines will be here in a minute, dear. When he finishes his examination you can dress and wait for your sister in the waiting room."

"Yes, ma'am," Love Leigh replied taking *her* seat in the straight back chair as the nurse automatically opened the end of the examination couch to pull out the stirrups used for a gynecological exam. Poor Love Leigh swallowed hard and searched through a nearby magazine rack to find a recent fashion magazine.

"Hello, Miss Brewster, I am Dr. Baines," the tall blond man in a white coat announced taking a seat on a nearby stool after accepting Love Leigh's hand shake greeting. "First let me see what Mrs. Street has done so far," he continued with warm smile and a nod as he scanned over the test results. "I think we can say that you are not identical twins?"

"Fraternal. Same time, two different eggs, sir," was *her* response as *she* considered the fact that *her* mother's doctor was a real hunk. Uncertainly she looked at the examination table.

"Not today, Miss Brewster. Just a routine physical," he observed looking up from the paper work wondering at the range of development in teen aged girls. One twin well into puberty and the other not. And the mother was concerned about the most physically mature child. Setting the papers aside he stored the stirrups and examined Love Leigh's eyes, ears, and throat before checking *her* chest and back with his stethoscope.

"Well, no baby this year," he teased helping Love Leigh from the examining table. "You can dress up now and wait for your sister in the lounge. Everything is fine, except for a mild bladder infection. And you do seem to have a hormonal deficiency. I'll give your prescriptions to your sister. One each day and you'll grow up to be a big girl. In a couple of weeks I'll have the complicated lab work back from Capital City. If we have a problem I'll call your mother."

Leaving Love Leigh to dress Dr. Baines went to his office to find Janet sitting in a stuffed chair reviewing a copy of a medical journal.

Continued on Page 23.

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ANNOUNCING THE PUBLICATION OF:

## TRANSFORMATIONS

CROSSDRESSERS AND THOSE WHO LOVE THEM

By MARRIETTE PATHY ALLEN

Recently published, this book of photo-graphs and interviews with men who cross-dress focuses on males who depend on feminine imagery to reach full personality expression. It includes sixteen pages of color, 100 black and white images, and 32 interviews. Ari Kane of the Outreach Institute says, "Transformations is a sensitive and empathetic portrayal of men whose lives are involved with this form of expression of the feminine." Professor John Money says of Allen's work, "an absolutely splendid photographic job in capturing moments of truth, esthetic and empathetic, in the lives of men whose destiny is to mime women." Betty Ann Lind says, "Transformations is a lovely collection of excellent photographs interwoven by well chosen understanding words."

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"Oh, Oh! It's one of the guys off my ship trying to pick me up!"

"You're not the first boy to be drafted. Now act like a Man!"

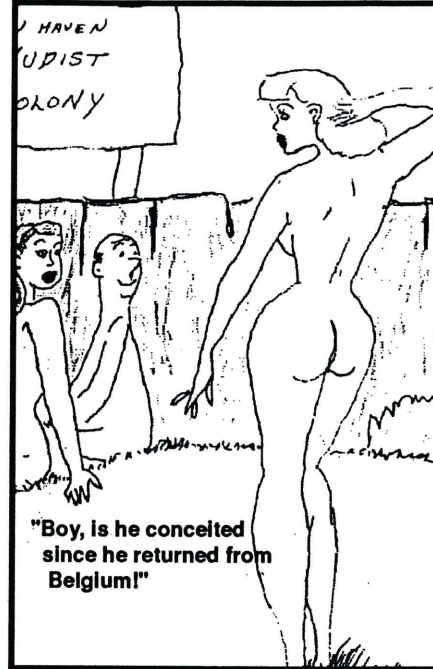
LIFE AMONG THE GIRLS IN UNIFORM



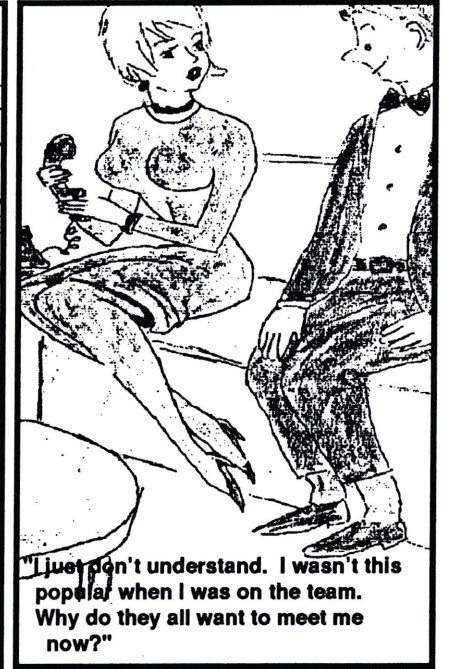
"Well, it's a swell way to combine my hobby with a career."



"Say...George...civies do do something for you! How about a date?"

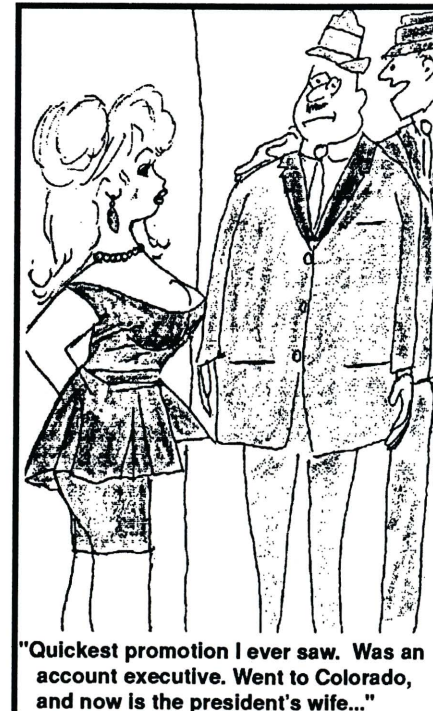


"Boy, is he conceited since he returned from Belgium!"



"I just don't understand. I wasn't this popular when I was on the team. Why do they all want to meet me now?"

LIFE AMONG OUR NEW WOMEN



"Quickest promotion I ever saw. Was an account executive. Went to Colorado, and now is the president's wife..."



"The Japanese operation is really perfect except for one little detail..."



# fem & fashions

## Who is She?

Who is the girl in the Fem-Fashion logo? It could be you! Do you have a fantasy to dress in "silks 'n satin 'n bows?" Muriel can help you fulfill your fantasies and make them a reality.

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She's a warm, caring GG (Genetic Girl), a pioneer in her field with twelve years experience in counseling and image consulting for crossdressers. She believes that both male and female traits and hormones are inherent in all men and women in varying degrees, through birth. To the more sensitive and intelligent of us, especially crossdressers, this poses a problem in our society.

Learn how to accept yourself and channel your energies towards becoming a whole, complete entity; learn to improve your position in private life and occupy a more secure position in society. Become a whole person and enjoy the "Best of Both Worlds."

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"Thinking about going to medical school?" he asked as he took his place behind the office desk.

"Maybe," she acknowledged. "How did my baby sister do?"

"She appears to be a healthy young lady, just like you," he answered opening his prescription pad. "Nothing unusual except a mild bladder infection. I'll know better how you both are when your blood tests come back from Capitol City. Meanwhile I'll give the prescriptions to you." The doctor filled in a prescription forms and gave them to Janet. "This is for her bladder infection, one a day. This is for her hormonal medication, a mild dosage just to help the balance while we let nature take its course. And these are for you. They are a bit more powerful. So just one a day, understand?"

"Oh, yes, doctor," she promised accepting the prescription forms, "Will they really help me to develop, doctor? You know what I mean?"

"Actually they would grow breasts on the *Kids on the Block*," he laughed with a shrug. "You should should have fairly good results in a few weeks if not by the end of summer when you enter senior high school. But, no more than one a day and on the date indicated."

"Yes, doctor," she promised placing the prescription forms in her purse to thank him before she went out into the waiting room to find Love Leigh. "Let's go to the drug store first?"

When they got into the hallway Love Leigh asked, "What are we going to do to my hormone pills?"

"Nothing. Although you might take them to grow up to be a big girl like your sister," she replied to see the hint of anger in Love Leigh's eyes. "Okay," she sighed removing a white slip of paper from her purse to tear it up and toss it into a nearby waste can. "Satisfied?"



Happily Janet returned home to give her mother the pills for Love Leigh's bladder infection while Love Leigh launched into telling all about *her* first visit to a gynecologist while *she* helped to fix dinner. Janet excused herself and took her packages upstairs to the privacy of her room. Once inside her room she slipped Love Leigh's hormone perscription form in her jacket pocket and placed her own pills in her medicine cabinet before returning to her bedroom to see the topless swimming suit on her bed where she had left it the night before.



'Serves, Love Lee right,' she pouted to herself with a giggle of devilish glee.

That night she took her pill and went down to the kitchen to fix a glass of milk, appropriately enough, for her twin with some cookies. Dropping two pills into the milk she quickly returned upstairs and apologized for causing that awful spanking.

Love Leigh laughed and asked her how she liked the topless bathing suit as they sat dressed in nighties on the edge of Love Leigh's bed.

"I am going to wait until I can take you up on your offer of wearing a boy's swim suit if you promise to model the topless one for our girl friends at the end of the summer."

They both laughed at this silly joke while Love Lee drank all of the milk saying that *she* didn't want the cookies since *she* wanted to keep *her* girlish figure causing a delighted Janet to burst into the uncontrollable giggling of a nine year.



And so it was each day that she dropped two pills in Love Leigh's milk whenever she had a chance, delighting in this particular source of hiding the pills. Since she had the two prescriptions she decided she would take Love Leigh's pills and she would give her *sister* her pills.

Now Love Leigh's mother was trying to gain courage to tell her husband the truth about her secret, and Mrs. Dalton warned her that it might be best not to have the poor child attend Howe Senior High because of the terrible impact that such a disclosure might have on his life. Mrs. Dalton suggested that a private school might make things easier on the boy.

But, it was not this disclosure that bothered Love Leigh. He was changing. First he had a rash of pimples like he had had a couple of years before when his body denied the sex he wanted and tried to add the secondary glories of a man. He had to return to using those awful smelling ointments that girls use to hide such blemishes again.

Mr. White, the druggist suggested that a hormonal cream he had was just the thing Love Leigh wanted. In a few days the chemicals merged and the blemishes faded away from Love Leigh's somehow softer and prettier skin. The soft voice that *she* had cultivated to escape the cracking tones of adolescence began to

raise in pitch until the chorale director at church moved Love Leigh from the the contralto section to the soprano section marvelling at the change in teenage voices when nature begins to take hold.

Now really Love Leigh didn't mind this change, for after-all *she* was still delighting in being a girl and *her* new voice did please *her* mother, she really didn't like Love Leigh's half whisper and thought that this new voice was quite an improvement wondering how *she* had trained his vocal cords to display such a perfectly feminine falsetto.

But, what did worry Love Leigh was how the organs so carefully taped away began to shrink away as if by magic until it was no larger than a child's thimble. The hair on *her* head began to become thicker as it grew almost twice as fast as before. And then really strange things began to happen, the waist began to shrink and hips began to broaden while her whole body changed from soft childlike plumpness to all too feminine curves.

But, worst of all *her* breasts ached until *she* all but cried *herself* to sleep. Two little swellings formed where *she* least of all believed it possible and they grew and grew and grew with frightening speed until *she* disgarded foam rubber falsies and had to buy new bras that better held *her* firm upturned beauties. *She* had no idea what was happening to *her* poor body, nor did *she* have any desire to display these changes to *her* sister or *her* mother, even though the women in the house became quite amused over Love Leigh's apparent desires to become a rather prominent sweater girl, a phase that most girls go through at Love Lee's age.

Love Leigh's mother did object to the idea of buying new dresses and things to cover this strange vanity and suggested that perhaps Love Lee was overdoing *her* little charade, causing the bewildered child to run to *her* room in tears past *her* highly amused sister, who heard the whole delicious conversation with secret joy knowing full well by her own body's response to the pills that Love Leigh was not boasting about what *she* didn't have. Indeed Janet believed rightfully that Love Leigh was doing everything in her power to hide their full size and beauty.

Love Leigh's poor mother rushed after the sobbing child to comfort her lovely one knowing, or at least she thought she did, why the child was so unhappy and trying to be so feminine. When she opened the door to Love Leigh's bed room she stared in stunned silence at the beautiful feminine form that stood naked from the waist up before a vanity mirror gazing down at the completeness of *her* shame.



Little tears touched Love Leigh's all too feminine eyes as *her* slender delicate fingers caressed the part of *her* body that now gave *her* responsive sensual joy just as another part had before this strange change.

Silently Mrs. Brewster closed the door and ran to tell the unbelieving Mrs. Dalton the shocking news of Love Leigh's transformation, only to hear Janet's laughing description of how she slipped her little pills into Love Leigh's milk in retaliation for the prank with the topless bathing suit!



Later that day the poor Love Leigh was rushed to Capital City to a very famous woman's doctor, who Dr. Baines recommended when she flatly refused to come to visit him about the problem that seemed to bring her near wild hysterics. She only muttered something about breasts and changes in sex and meaningless ramblings that caused him to question if the hormone pills had hurt Janet in some way, but she laughed nervously saying not half so bad as a ping pong paddle would for the next week or so.

With this cryptic, but intriguing rejoinder, he was just as much in the dark as before. Dr. Baines gave her the name of a woman doctor who knew everything about sex, as Mrs. Brewster had demanded.



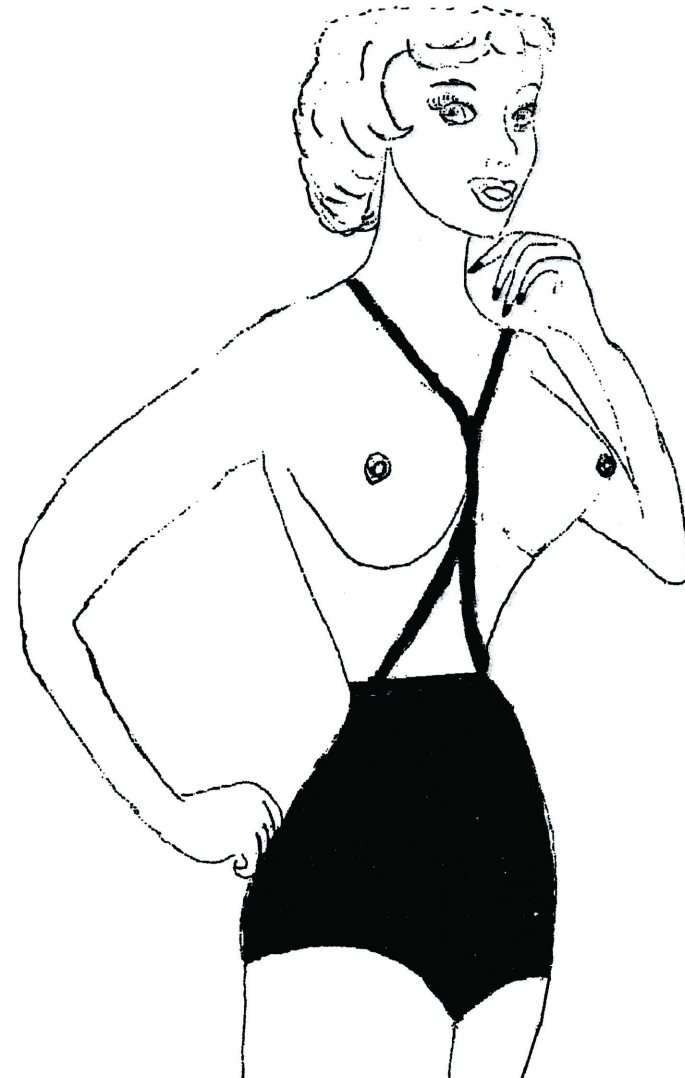
This good doctor looked at Love Leigh ignoring Mrs. Brewster's sobbing story about Janet's awful prank. She had Love Leigh redress after taking some tests and asking *him* how long *he* had been dressed as a girl, when *he* answered all *his* life she nodded with a solemn understanding of *his* declaration that *he* wanted to stay a girl the rest of *his* life. Smilingly she asked *him* to wait outside while she had a chat with *his* mother, and the strangest thing about their conversation was that the doctor talked to *him* just as if *he* were a girl. And Mrs. Brewster tried to correct the doctor several times for this same mistake until the good doctor shrugged and announced that she could hardly refer to Love Leigh as 'it' and certainly no child with such lovely feminine beauty could be called 'he'.

"In fact, Mrs Brewster, I doubt quite seriously if you really understand what has happened to little Love Leigh. A complete imbalance of hormone chemistry has taken place until only the

feminine chemicals remain in control. In short, Love Leigh may have been a boy, but she is a girl now. And I recommend that you seriously consider having the child undergo..."



Needless to say Love Leigh is a rather pretty young lady now, who received a terrible spanking from her rather proud but chagrined father when she wore a pink topless bathing suit to the public beach to settle a bet once made with her sister...







# ESPRIT 91

POB 55874 Seattle WA 98155

With great Northwest pride and enthusiasm - we are pleased to announce that ESPRIT 91 will assemble and unite once again at the Red Lion Bayshore Inn, Port Angeles, Wa.; May 15th - 19th, 1991.

Your exciting weekend has been extended an additional day by popular request and demand. Four nights and five days to totally enjoy your wondrous femme self.

ESPRIT 91 has grown leaps and bounds since last year's original "90 in 90" event. As it will now be co-hosted, sponsored and endorsed by the Cornbury Society(Vancouver), Northwest Gender Alliance(Portland, Or.) along with Emerald City(Seattle). What a winning team !! What a weekend To Be !!

The R.L. Bayshore Inn will be providing it's fantastic rooms, views, sunsets, sunrises, mountains and water. You will be feasting on the famous, fabulous and fattening gourmet food of Haugewood's outstanding restaurant and lounge. The staffs of both were absolutely ecstatic to hear that all their lovely and vivacious girlfriends were returning in 1991 to partake of their most gracious service and attention. And, the very same sensitive security that insured-~~absolutely~~ no problems last year will be present:- maybe even one or two in a dress(?). In one year - we have become their very favorite convention !!

The Empress Hotel will be serving their world reknown High Tea. Your horse and carriage await for you to enjoy the enchanting city of Victoria, B.C. - with sunny warm weather promised. The exceptionally popular Northwest Wine and Cheese Tasting as well as a Las Vegas Night with the most glamorous and gorgous dealers this side of the rockies are planned events. And, get those lovely gowns lurking in the back of the closet or mind out for Sat. night. What about a picnic at Hurricane Ridge high in the glorious Olympic Mts.; a fun day visiting local wineries and antique shops that abound in the area; a visit to the famously restored Victorian Port Townsend or a drive to the ruggedly beautiful and awesome Pacific coastline of the Olympic Peninsula?

The one and only Jim Bridges show will be in full blast with an greatly expanded boutique. Patti Johnson of Patti's Reflections will be dispensing her wonderful charm and image advice; along with a multitude of additional services and classes.

Our very same quality low prices will be in effect again. So - plan your schedule and budget to attend ESPRIT 91 May 15th - 19th, 1991 !! Further details and costs will be forthcoming soon, but, we will be more than happy to take your reservation now along with a \$25.00 deposit.

Surprise and mystery events, guests, speakers and entertainers await you May 15th; including planned activities for all partners. And, once again, the churches of Port Angeles will be open to all of us on Sunday May 19th.

It is time, past due, for old friends to gather together again, and to meet and make many new friends. Come join the party and fun of ESPRIT 91 !!

ESPRIT 91 is reaching out to each and everyone of you - one and all !!

For further information, details or questions - write:

Janice Van Cleve/Michelle Lee, Esprit 91, PO Box 55874, Seattle, Wa., 98155

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"Male?"



"And to think that was once my hobby!"

LIFE AMONG THE WOMEN AT LARGE



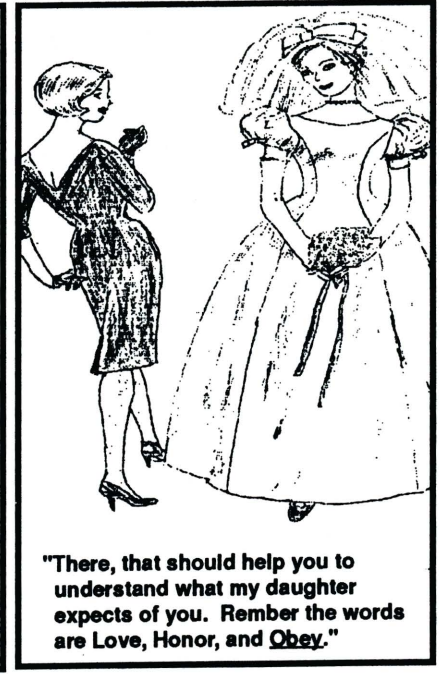
"Madame's exact words were, 'If my nephew wishes to dress as a lady she should be taught to keep lady-like hours.' And this is your first lesson, Mistress!"



"It appears that neither one of us are as we seem."



"And she promised daddy that she would keep me in the style that I have grown accustomed to."

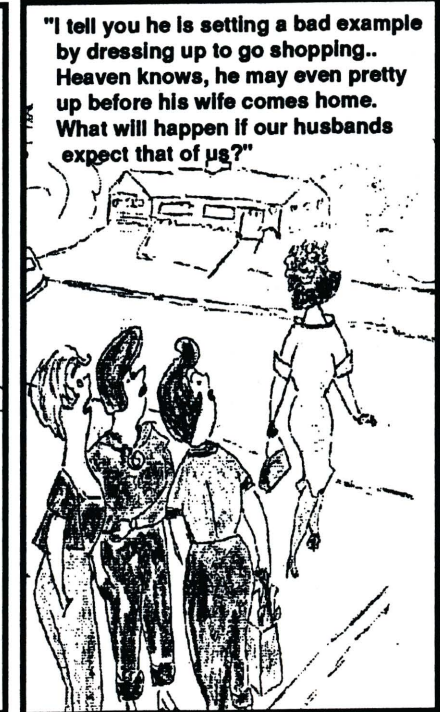


"There, that should help you to understand what my daughter expects of you. Rember the words are Love, Honor, and Obey."

LIFE AMONG THE HOMEMAKERS



"I don't care what the other wives do, Mr. Ace, mine wouldn't understand!"



"I tell you he is setting a bad example by dressing up to go shopping.. Heaven knows, he may even pretty up before his wife comes home. What will happen if our husbands expect that of ug?"



## MAJOR EVENTS

These events are national in scope and each event is set up to provide a varied program for both the novice and advanced cross-dresser. With the exception of the Tri-Ess Convention (for members of Tri-Ess only) these events are open to any & all crossdressers. If you hear of further national events, please contact *Our Sorority*.

### I.F.G.E. FIFTH Annual "Coming Together" Convention

DENVER, COLO.  
April 8-14, 1991  
Write: IFGE, POB 367  
Wayland, Ma., 01778  
(617) 894-8340

### Muriel Olive's The Original Spring 1991 Pocono Fantasy Festival

Near Stroudsburg, PA.  
May 10-12, 1991  
Write: Fem Fashions  
#R 7  
9 West 31st.  
New York, NY., 10001  
(212) 629-5750

### TEXAS "T" PARTY

San Antonio, Texas  
FEB 22-24, 1991  
Write: Boulton & Park Society  
POB 169652  
San Antonio, TX 78280  
(512) 657-2540

### Tiffany's Spring Fling

Provincetown, MA.  
May 28 - June 2, 1991  
Write: Tiffany Club  
POB 2283  
Woburn, MA., 01888-0483  
(508) 358-2305

### Be All You Want To Be Weekend

Cleveland, Oh.  
June 5-9, 1991  
Write: Paradise  
Box 29564  
Parma, Oh. 44129

### "ESPIRIT 91"

Port Angeles, WA.  
May 15th-19th, 1991  
Write: Janice Van Cleve, Espirit 91  
POB 55874  
Seattle, WA 98155

### 17th Annual Fantasia Fair

Provincetown, MA.  
Oct. 18 - 27, 1991  
Write: Fantasia Fair  
POB 368  
Kenmore Sta.  
Boston, MA. 02215

### Tri-Ess National Convention

November, 1991  
Write: Tri-Sigma  
POB 194  
Tulare, CA., 93275

### Paradise In The Poconos

SPRING & FALL  
Write: Creative Design Services  
POB 1263  
King of Prussia, Pa. 19406  
(215) 640-9449

## RELUCTANT PRESS

### UNPUBLISHED FICTION MANUSCRIPTS WANTED

Reluctant Press is interested in paying authors for new original unpublished fiction to add to our list of exciting and erotic reading for crossdressers. We are looking for either short stories or full length novelettes (20,000 to 25,000 words).

For selected manuscripts we will arrange basic copyright in AUTHOR'S NAME and issue a standard contract for publishing rights. We are offering \$2/printed page in published form, or 25 cents per book sold. All manuscripts must be submitted in: a) standard double spaced TYPED ORIGINAL format; or b) IBM DOS ASCII format or (Wordperfect, Wordstar, MS Word, DCA, XyWriter, and Multi-Mate are most preferred) on computer disc in either 5 1/4" or 3 1/2" size.

At this point in time we have focused upon a matrix of plot themes in crossdressing aimed at three *fantasy* "age groups": Adult (*Go-Go Dancer*), Teen-Ager (*Aunty*), and Toddler (*Captive Playmates*). In our write-up promo on the back of each book we try to let the reader know which type of "age group" book he is getting as well as the gist of the plot. By-in-large the first eight books have been "transsexual" in orientation. *Taming A Sexist* is our first transvestite book.

The term "erotic" is used rather than "pornographic" because we prefer plots where human sexuality is an integral part of the plot, and not added as gratuitous sex to beef up a poor story.

It is our hope to expand the focus of crossdressing books from their central and certainly main plot theme into other fiction genre such as *westerns*, *mysteries*, *gothics*, *science fiction*, *fantasy*, *adventure* and of course *romance*. *Wilyi* is the first of these efforts.

All manuscripts should be mailed to Reluctant Press, POB 11936, Lincolnia Station, Alexandria, VA, 22312. Manuscripts without return self addressed and stamped envelopes will not be returned to author.



## YOUNG ADULT TITLES

### PLAYMATES



### NEW!

**PLAYMATES**, by Elizabeth Anne Nelson.  
**NEW THIS MONTH**

How two youths discover that it is up to adults to pick their Playmates. Pat had found a new home unaware that he was about to become One of the Girls. When Hazel came to live with his aunt he had not been told that she had ALittle Misunderstanding.

**IT'S IN THE BAG**, By Elizabeth Anne Nelson

When little Jack Lee ran away from his aunt and uncle, he thought he would escape old fashioned pinafores and serving as their maid. Jack made his way by hitch-hiking to a mountain cabin where he met Sandra, who stole his bag of cameras and money leaving for him her things. In her bag he found a fate he dreaded more than pinafore punishment.

**CAPTIVE PLAYMATES** by Elizabeth Anne Nelson

Pat was a little man with a great fortune and a two timing wife, who he believed planned to murder him. He sought to escape his fate until he was arrested by the police for drunken driving and man-slaughter. Then he needed her help and was willing to do anything to escape only to discover that she had planned a future for him as a toddler behind playpen bars.

**AUNTY** by Elizabeth Anne Nelson

Evelyn and Beverley had each graduated from high school and they did not want to go to college like their aunts had wanted. Aunt Helena offered Evelyn a new car. While he dreams of a new car Aunt Helena Picks A School for Evelyn. Beverley wanted his aunt to buy him a garage; but, she decided what he really needed was a proper Duenna.

**FAIRIES** by Elizabeth Anne Nelson

It is hard to imagine three youths who would be more insulted by being called Fairies. Dale escaped home to become a Flower Child, but he hitch-hiked into fairy land. John was reluctant to enter a contest reserved only for talented musical children; however Mrs Worth suggested a perfect Composition for A Minor. Aunt Lena left her daughters in charge of Rachel with orders that he be treated as one of the family, and Aunt Lena's Daughters Are Obedient to the point where he enters a fairyland created by the girls just for him.

### Future Perfect



### NEW!

### STEROID



### DANCER



## NEW WOMAN TITLES

**Future Perfect**, by Olivia Evans, tells us about "The Visitor", from the future who cures poor Sam of his transvestism, even if he isn't one. Our other young man discovers the truth about "Services Incorporated". **NEW!**

**STEROID** By Liz Jamesguard

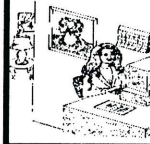
Two young men hear of a new steroid capable of turning athletes into super jocks. With money in hand they sneak into night to buy the wonder drug. Share their surprise when they discover what the steroid was really designed to do!

**GO-GO DANCER** by Elizabeth Anne Nelson

Joyce knew that the girls attending the Elite School for Secretaries would be in class when he broke into their dormitory. If he had known what the students planned to do to him when they found him trembling in their closet he would have screamed for the police!

## NEW WOMAN TITLES

### ONE DAY



**ONE DAY** by LIZ JAMESGUARD

We couldn't argue with a computer. It was perfectly reasonable. "Think about it, Tim. This would be an opportunity to show Monica how you would like her to be, and Monica would do the reverse. Now, I'm not proposing that you have to conform to each other's ideal, but information is the keystone to problem resolution." "Wait," I decided. "This is crazy." Tim didn't believe that his computer could patch up a lover's quarrel by having him switch places with Monica for just One Day. But, what if it would not switch them back again? Why did it want him trapped in a woman's body?

### Vacation's End



**VACATION'S END** by Elizabeth Anne Nelson

This year my prep school graduating class planned a vacation tour of Europe. And, I had been accepted by Old Ivy. But...Aunt Soule had other plans. "When Mrs Lumas wrote that she needed a young man to do some handi-work I thought of you...I wrote her that I was going to send you there for the summer to work...If you don't go I will cut your funds." And that is why I was sent to Edgemont College for Young Ladies until vacation's end....

### LADY



**LADY** by Elizabeth Anne Nelson

Mrs Sarah Dexter was not pleased to learn that her son brought his male lover home as his wife. But she decided to teach THE FAIRY BRIDE ....Now our hero was certain that she did not have A CERTAIN IMAGE to be a top executive. But, his competitor had a different image in mind for him...And the mystery was: Who wanted to make Joyce into the LADY OF THE HOUSE? .

### WILYI



**WILYI** by Elizabeth Anne Nelson

Young Lieutenant Jean de Marc dreamed of glory and honours. Fate placed him the hands of a slave caravan where he hid among their women learning the strangest drills ever taught a soldier and he wondered why he was being trained to be a Wilyi, a love slave to belly dance for the pleasures of men.

### PLIGHT



**Plight** by Elizabeth Anne Nelson

Bob had no idea what Roger had in mind when he entered his bedroom, but he even had less of an idea what his aunt planned to do when she caught them in a very awkward situation!

### MaidForSex



**MAID FOR SEX** by Elizabeth Anne Nelson Hazel escaped the police by ducking into John Bently's car only to discover himself forced into the sexy uniforms once worn by Tina, Mrs Bently's former maid. Mrs Bently had hoped that Tina would tempt John away from his 'gay' ways; but, the wanton girl had just ran away with John's most recent lover, Mark, instead. This time Mrs Bently decided to change her son in stages by making Hazel a Maid for Sex. Then Mark's cousin arrived to answer to Mrs Bently's prayers. The perfect woman to domesticate Hazel and become John's wife. How can Hazel escape?

### COMPLETE



**COMPLETE** by Elizabeth Anne Nelson

Most young women have been told by some matron that they are not complete as women until they have a baby. Three men discover that they are about to be complete. Mark at his Baby Shower, Max find out he is about to be a Bosom Buddy when he is arrested for prostitution. And poor Lithia knew that she had many babies, She just couldn't remember it happening because she was Aunt Barbara's Patient.



## QUARTETTE



NEW!

## FULL SPECTRUM TV STORIES

**QUARTETTE**, by Elizabeth Anne Nelson. The initiate was a youth whose fraternity stunt consisted of pledging a sorority, at least that was what he thought. Our next youth avoids a life sentence only to be Reformed by petticoats. He thought that he was drafted, but the major had made him a WAC. He was the man of the house until they made him into Our New Maid. NEW!

**CELESTE** by ELIZABETH ANNE NELSON

It starts on a stormy fall night when five crossdressers and a mysterious stranger began the seven tales of Celeste.

**MOON QUEEN** by Elizabeth Anne Nelson

Celeste begins our five tales with her prophetic tale: The Legend of the Berdache. See the Moon Queen's magic in the tale of A Daughter; Witness the creation of The Passionate One; A wife's plan for Domestication; And, how a cheating husband is taught With Loving Care.

**TRAPPED BY SKIRTS** by Cynthia Leigh

Four lovely tales about men trapped by skirts. Little Peter found the perfect spot to look up under skirts to find out that IT'S A HABIT. JAN, MY LOVE was looking far and wide for a mistress only to find her close at hand. Cindi RESCUED Tommi to discover lesbian love. PHYLE & LAYNE discover love.

## Feminine Surrender



NEW!

## TV STORIES

**Feminine Surrender**, by Rachel Vargas, introduces us to two young men who are destined for petticoats. In "Married Life" it is his fiancée who determines that she would rather have a pretty little homemaker of her own. And "In Training" two strong willed women decide that if their young man is to be a secretary he should be trained perfectly for the position.

**MY LITTLE HOMEMAKER** by Elizabeth Anne Nelson As June Turner explained to Mrs. Lurd, Carol wanted to please his wife, June, but the ladies of the Brair Village Ladies Club took him to be a retarded child! How can lovely Carol convince the ladies that he should be accepted for membership?

**TAMING A SEXIST** by Elizabeth Anne Nelson C. Robert Perry was a male chauvinist, who enjoyed letting every one in the bar know what he thought about modern feminism. At that very same bar a Mrs Van Meer was lamenting the fact that her two former marriages were a mistake because society simply did not prepare husbands for professional women like it did wives for men. What she wanted was a home-maker such as the "good old fashioned girl, like the girl daddy had." "Why if conditions were right most men might accept the idea of being a homemaker," Mrs Knox observed. "Good, then I'll take him," Mrs Van Meer replied pointing at C. Robert Perry!

**ANGELO'S BARGAIN** by Elizabeth Anne Nelson He had proposed marriage to Helene De LaVerga. Yet, how could he avoid such a marriage? He needed money, and Helene was his golden goose. Such a monstrosity should be grateful to have a man. For marriage was to be a sound business deal between them. Little did he know that he has bargained for a life in petticoats among the Amazons!

**SEAMEN'S DELIGHT** by Elizabeth Anne Nelson Dale Belle was to serve as a steward aboard the Crystal Belle, to make a man of him. But, his new uniform was right out of a south sea island movie, and he was to be the sexy island maiden! And this was just the first step in making him into the Seamen's Delight!

**MALE LESBIANS OF CLUB LESBOS** by Dani Come with us to a world where Lesbos is not a Greek island, but a lesbian night club. Here lesbian dominants are attended by submissive slaves, both male and female, dressed in bizarre ultra feminine clothes designed to attract male lust as the ultimate sex objects to totally humiliate the wearers; who are identified with cute little dolly names like Sissy Dani, Busty Barbie, and Teasing Tammy to remind them of their existence as mere sexual toys reserved only for the pleasures of their mistresses.

## NEW BOOKS From Reluctant Press

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Varga  
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ELIZABETH ANNE NELSON  
Presents!

A New Author!  
Olivia  
Evans  
Presents!

### PLAYMATES QUARTETTE



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STORIES

SPECTRUM  
TV TALES

## ALL NEW STORIES

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TV STORIES

## FUTURE PERFECT



NEW WOMAN  
STORIES

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**TO ERATO, MUSE OF LOVE POETRY AND MIMICRY**


---

**DESIRE FOR THE DIMINUTIVE**

by Suzanne Bishop

*I long to be a poetess, long-haired and oracular,  
or an aviatrix, short-haired, pert and bold.*

*I'd love to be the heroine of a Gothic melodrama,  
or a waitress pouring coffee in a roadside diner.*

*I long for the diminutive to be applicable to me,  
the "ess", the "ix", the "ine" that signal femininity.*

*Agreed, these usages are old-fashioned, sexist, out of date,  
and much to be condemned. Its the reality behind them  
that I would possess— —  
the differences, vital differences, between a woman and a man.*

*It's life-creating and life sustaining that I long to be,  
a well, a moon, a flowering vine, fruitful, fecund, free  
of the madness of testosterone and its wild demands.*

*I'm a circle, not a line; I dance, I do not march.*

*I should be rapt in the female rhythm that nurtures and preserves,  
a captive of life's cycle, swayed by hidden tides,  
giving and receiving, needing to succor need,  
always undiminished...*




---

**CANDLE**  
 by Shelagh Hayes
 

---

*candle  
while your  
soft light  
brightens  
half a man,  
His dark side  
dances  
with the shadows on the wall.*




---

**REPLY TO CANDLE**  
 by SRT (his girlfriend)
 

---

Under the wig - and the make-up  
(a mask only if you make it one.)  
Under the skirt & the elegant stockings  
And even under the bra - that is - bigger -  
than - mine - you - bitch -  
Is the same person I like in sneakers  
and an old jacket.  
Perhaps more frolicsome in freedom.  
Understand? I don't try - Besides  
I hate panty-hose. I experience!  
We all fly in our own way - better to  
do your flying, before your dying.  
And when your shadow gets lonely  
in its dark dance,  
Cover it in sequins, silk & satin  
that shimmers & shines  
Blow out the candle and dance in  
your own light -  
Take flight! -



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## A GIRL NAMED JULIE

Fiction by Glenda Rene Jones

The semester was coming to a close and this semester was special. Six hours of special topics, finish my thesis in the summer and I would graduate in August. I was looking forward to my Master's Degree. I built a high speed link between a Mac and a PS/2. If I could make it work properly, I would have them talking at a high rate of speed with only a couple hundred dollars worth of hardware and some software. My last report for the semester was written. One final and then I had a couple of weeks off before the summer project.

I just bought a pink nylon/rayon/poly nightgown. I liked the way it felt on my body. I had some pink satin high heeled slippers on as well. I ran my hands over my legs and wished idly that some girl was doing this same thing to me.

I decided to hell with it for that evening. There was a lecture on time series analysis that evening and I decided to go. I had the rest of the weekend to get any work done. Time series analysis interested me very much. Although traditionally used in the social sciences and financial arenas, I had a novel idea for using it in communication theory.

At the lecture, I ran into a girl by the name of Julie. She was a business major just finishing up her senior year. We started talking and she finally asked, "Can I buy you a cup of coffee after the lecture?"

"Yeah, have you tried the Amaretto Columbian at Scotties?"

We seemed to hit it right off. I sure did like her. She was about five nine with short light brown hair. Very much into assertiveness. Told me that night that she turned off a lot of guys by her forwardness. I liked her the way she was.

About eleven p.m., in the coffee house, Mary the neighborhood cop wandered in along with her partner Tom. Mary had taken a math class from me. She covered the university district which had some real rough elements. Mary had a good cop personality in that she could handle most situations which came up.

She was normally very outgoing. Tonight she seemed different.

"Mary, over here, someone I want you to meet and would like to buy you a cup of coffee.

"Hi Bob, guess I am not at my best tonight."

I introduced Julie and Mary introduced Tom. They sat down.

Mary remarked, "Found a 20 year old coed tonight. Raped and murdered. This is hard on me and it's my line of work. I hate to think about her family."

"Oh God," said Julie. "Do you think it is the same guy who killed the girl last month?"

"Same pattern. If I get my hands on that son of a bitch..."

"Mary, when you catch him," I interjected, with a gentle pat on her shoulder, "you will handle him the way an excellent cop would handle him. Because that is what you are."

"I sure hope so," Mary responded thoughtfully as she ordered her coffee. "I also hope that the next girl he meets has a black belt."



Final week came and went and Julie came over to my apartment for coffee. I cleaned up the apartment, put the dirty laundry in the hamper and made the bed. Everything was put away, at least that was what I thought.

We talked well into the night. She was a real intellectual with almost a four point average. Even though she was a business major, she had taken a lot of math. Not the so-called *business math* which primarily teaches you how to use Lotus 1-2-3, but real math like calculus and statistics. She excused herself to go to the bathroom. When she returned, she had a funny look on her face, but I didn't think too much about it.

When we parted she and I held each other. Her firm petite breasts pushed into my body and I felt her muscular legs against mine. We kissed and she turned me on like crazy. She lived only a few blocks away so I followed her home and saw her in before returning.

On our next date I went over to her apartment.



Her roommate Barb said, "hi", on her way out for a date. Barb was a senior in business also, but had worked her way through college as a beautician and cosmetologist.

Julie was a good cook and fixed some great spaghetti with Italian sausage. We sipped on a bottle of Chianti as we talked. We held each other and the feelings of passion were mutual.

"Into silkies?" she asked.

"Well, ah yeah."

"Thought you might be."

We retired to the bedroom. She took off my shirt and undershirt and played with my nipples. I took off her blouse and her red satin camisole underneath. I kissed her lovely little breasts. She then produced a gold satin nightgown trimmed with black. She took off the rest of her clothes and slipped into the gown.

"Here try this on," she urged, handing me a black polyester satin night shirt. "It's Barb's, but we trade clothes around all the time."

It felt wonderful against my skin.

She lit some incense and drew me to her on the bed. She was an absolute delight in bed. We held each other for several minutes and ran our hands over each other. We had a wonderful night of love.

"How do I stack up against your other girlfriend?" she asked quite casually as we snuggled close.

Taken back by her comment I replied, "What other girlfriend?"

"The one whose pantyhose were hanging up in the bathroom. By the way, she and I wear the same size. Maybe I can borrow from her once in a while."

"Well, uh, yeah, her. Just a friend."

She kissed me and held me. "Are we talking about another side of Robert? Perhaps Robertta?"

I tried to stammer out an answer. Finally I looked at her and said, "Well, yeah. I like to crossdress part of the time."

"Can I meet my new sister? Are you going to introduce us?" Julie suggested with a twinkle in her eye.

I was overcome with her by now. That wonderful feeling of falling in love. She accepted me and she wanted to meet Robertta. Wow!



For our next date Julie came over to my apartment. I thought I looked good. I had on a red and black print polyester satin dress, black patent pumps and a gold necklace.

"How do I look?" I asked with some pride after Julie arrived.

She looked me over carefully. "Well honey, 'fraid I would read you a block away on a dark and stormy night."

I was crushed and Julie realized it.

"Bob," she said ever so softly, "I hurt you and I am sorry. Do you want to be my sister part of the time?"

"Yes," I answered very timidly.

"Then you can't take criticism personally. If we go out as Julie and Bob, I want to be proud to introduce you as my guy. If we go out as Julie and Robertta, I don't want something out of a cheap drag bar. I want a sharp looking lady. Barb and I will give you the works. For now let's see how Robertta cooks."

I was a good cook and we had some steaks, veggies and a bottle of wine. I began to feel quite close to Julie. She was a wonderful friend, companion and lover. This time she borrowed one of my nightgowns and I wore my black satin one. We made love again.

Afterward she said, "I want to look over Robertta's wardrobe."

She looked at each garment.

"You need to throw half this stuff away. In this you would look like a scarecrow," she observed, tossing aside a dress. Almost to herself she mused aloud, "You would look cute in this," holding a light pink polyester blouse up to me. "I like this black quilted taffeta skirt too."

I was flattered by her fussing over me.

"Bring these over tomorrow afternoon. Send them to the cleaners first. There is an 'in by nine out by twelve' around the



corner. The shoes you have on are fine. Do you have any decent jewelry?"

I shrugged, "A little bit."

To which she responded, "No problem, Barb and I can loan you some," and as an afterthought, "I like this slip. Bring it too. It will show some lace when we are dancing and your skirt flares out."



I dropped over at one.

Barb, Julie and I went to brunch at a neighborhood soup and sandwich shop. With my jeans, sneakers, and my light blue T shirt with the caption, "*I'm fine, you'll have to try me sometime*", I was dressed just like one of the guys. We chatted until about 3 with some of the local people.

The talk of the neighborhood was the serial killer.

After brunch we went back to the apartment, where the transformation began.

Julie gave me some explicit instructions about what body hair to shave off during my shower.. After the shower she lent me a blue satin robe and I put on my pink satin panties under the robe.

Barb was good at her craft as she showed me how to put up my hair, since it was long enough to begin with and a wig was unnecessary. Once mine was finished she did Julie's hair.

As Julie was putting up Barb's hair she handed me some pink nail polish. "Several light coats sweetheart. Don't over do it."

Julie was very flat hiped and had a padded girdle she sometimes wore. She loaned it to me along with a padded bra which I put on before I donned my pink satin slip with the wide lace on the bottom. Julie and Barb by this time had their slips on as well. Julie had on some black textured hose and a pair of patent heels with an ankle strap. Barb had on a sexy black bra and a red satin half slip with some white hose and red patent heels.

Barb went to work on my face. She sold Merle Norman stuff and had quite a collection of cosmetics. She also worked with some of the female impersonators at a local club and she knew all the tricks of the trade for making up a male.

She started with a light coat of Recover brand cream to hide my beard shadow. This was followed by a makeup base, contour shadings, eye shadow, and a touch of blush.

*'Wow, this Robertta was going to be a neat looking lady.'* I thought as I put on my black seamed hose and my patent heels. The blouse and skirt went well together. I borrowed a necklace and a couple of bracelets from Julie while Barb tied a scarf around my neck to complete my feminine image. With my black patent purse, I was ready to go.

Barb had on a rust colored cocktail dress with a low cut neck.

"Now that is how I want my sister to look when we go out," Julie exclaimed approvingly, giving me a little peck on my cheek as I saw that she had on a light blue blouse with puffy sleeves and a dark blue flowered silky skirt.

When we walked out of the apartment the building maintenance man looked us over with masculine interest and said, "Good afternoon ladies."

We went to a local club. It was gay sort of, more like Bohemian. Many of the local artists and writers frequented it. They didn't care much what you wore. You might see anything.

The club had a limited menu, but what they did have was good. So we ordered a light supper. As we ate we listened to a bass, piano, and guitar group followed by some typical female impersonator shows.

When I had to go to the bathroom Julie's reminder was simple and to the point, "The lady's room dummy."

When I returned Julie gave a high sign to someone as the little combo began to play dance music for the after dinner crowd..

"Oh Marjorie," Julie called, "I want you to meet Robertta."

Marjorie was the manager of the club. She took an immediate interest in me while her sharp eyes studied my features. "He looks great." Turning to me she said, "would you like to act in some shows?"

Although I was disappointed over being 'read' so quickly I was flattered by her offer and told her I would certainly think it over.

After the manager withdrew for business I danced with both Julie and Barb.



Jim dropped in. He was a friend of Barb's. He insisted that Robertta dance one with him. A gal asked me to dance and ran her hand down the front of my blouse.

"You look pretty," she giggled.

Getting read that way wasn't all that unpleasant.

I returned to our table. "Where's Barb?" I asked.

"Went out to the car for something," Jim replied.

On an impulse I went out to the parking lot. At first there was nothing unusual and then I heard a muffled scream. A guy had just hit Barb hard in the mouth and was about to drag her into a car.

"Hey, you SOB, let her go!" I yelled forgetting how I was dressed as I ran towards them.

"You brassy bitch," he cried turning from the struggling Barb to see me. "I'll get you, no bitch talks that way to me."

He started for me and I gave him a focused kick with my pointed toed shoe right into his groin. He reeled in pain and started after me as I then kicked off my high heels for better traction and ran behind a car hoping to lure him away from Barb.

Suddenly there was a light on the guy!

"Police. Freeze," Mary shouted with Tom standing close by.

"She hurt me, she hurt me! Girls always want to hurt me! She hurt me!" He collapsed into a fetal ball crying like a baby.

"You slobbering maggot, you give me one bit of trouble and this girl is going to hurt you a hell of a lot more," Mary warned pulling his arms behind his back and deftly cuffing him with her handcuffs.

"Mary we need an ambulance pronto," I cried out seeing that Barb was bleeding a lot around her face.

After Mary called in to report help arrived quickly and Barb was off to the hospital followed by a very worried Jim.

Mary finally took a good look at me as Tom read the rapist his rights. She looked and looked again. Finally she recognized me! "Oh shit Bob, you look like a prostitute after a bar room brawl. Are you okay?"

"Yeah, scared more than anything else. You guys sure showed up at the right time," I replied as I rounded up my shoes trying not to think about being caught dressed in women's clothing.

"We might have driven on by if we hadn't seen you two scuffling," Tom added pushing their prisoner into the back seat of the police car. "We owe you one."

"One thing for sure, you guys are real heroes now. Bet the mayor gives you a commendation. The neighborhood will sure breathe a lot easier now," I suggested looking down to see that my pretty hose were now torn with runs.

"That's the way it will read," Mary agreed with a laugh and the rapist was off to the police station in their care leaving me to sigh in relief.

Julie came and suggested that after I cleaned up in the club that we go to the hospital to see how Barb was. Barb was shaken up, but okay. Jim was totally devastated that he had let her venture out to the parking lot alone. We stayed for an hour or so until we knew she was okay.

Julie and I then went over to my apartment.

I kicked off my shoes and relaxed.

"Aha," Julie said, kicking her shoes off too. "I have a sister in the making after all."

I took off the blouse and skirt. Julie and I held each other in our slippers.

"I love you," she said, "You were a real hero tonight."

"I love you too darling, but I was sure glad that Mary and Tom showed up when they did." We snuggled real close in bed. I stroked Julie's hair and we drifted off to sleep in each other's arms.

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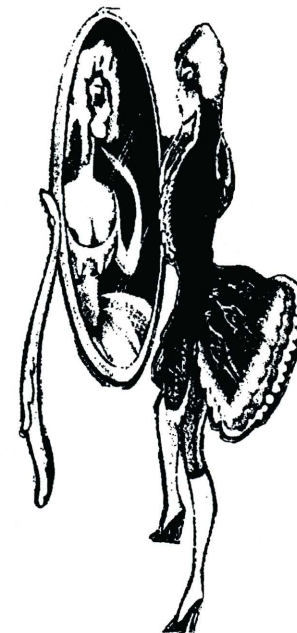
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## GENDER DYSPHORIA PROGRAM UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

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### About the Program

The Gender Dysphoria Program serves those who experience a conflict between their biological sex and their gender identity. Gender Dysphoria refers to feelings of discomfort with one's biological sex.

After a comprehensive evaluation, the feelings of discomfort are explored. These feelings of discomfort may be related to a history of abuse, sexual compulsivity, sexual orientation conflict, and family-of-origin issues. These feelings may also be unrelated to the aforementioned issues and may simply reflect a conflict between one's gender identity and biological sex. After clarification of the gender dysphoric feelings, the emphasis shifts to the management of these feelings.

Integration of cross-gender feelings may mean understanding the source of these feelings and living with this conflict more easily. For others, it may mean living part- or full time in the role of the other sex without medical interventions. And, others may find hormonal or surgical sex-reassignment as the best option to resolve their gender identity conflict.

Besides providing information and support, the role of the therapist is to facilitate the process in which the client chooses the option most suitable for him/her. The format is primarily group therapy; however, in addition, family, couple, and individual therapy may be indicated.

### Comprehensive Evaluation

Evaluation usually consists of three one-hour interview sessions and administration of a battery of psychological tests. A physical examination or a psychiatric consultation might be included. Following the interview and scoring of the tests, cases are discussed in a meeting of the multidisciplinary staff of the program of the Program in Human Sexuality. A primary therapist is assigned and a treatment plan is developed.

### Children and Adolescents

The Program provides evaluation and treatment for children and adolescents who experience discomfort with sex roles and expectations, or who express a wish or a belief to be a member of the other sex.

### Physical Health Care

The Program provides complete physical health care for gender dysphoric individuals including a physical evaluation and ongoing prescription of appropriate medication and hormones.

### Gender Dysphoria Seminar

In this educational seminar, issues regarding sexual identity development, gender dysphoria, and sex reassignment are discussed. This seminar is designed for clients presenting with gender dysphoria, and their partners, family, and friends. Besides providing information, the goal of the seminar is to discuss feelings, attitudes, and values regarding gender non-conformity.

### Gender Identity Therapy Group

The Gender Identity Therapy Group is designed to explore cross-gender feelings. The group provides the opportunity to identify with others who are in various stages of identity management including transition to a desired gender role. Goals include understanding cross-gender feelings in the context of one's individual history, exploring ways to integrate these feelings that may or may not involve making a role transition, evaluating whether sex-reassessment is the option of choice, and improving social support. The group meets for one and one-half hours, twice a month.

### Gender Dysphoria Therapy Group

The Gender Dysphoria Therapy Group is designed for those who have chosen the option to address their gender conflict without hormonal or surgical sex-reassignment. Goals include support for gender non-conformity, coping with ambivalence or changing gender feelings, and addressing issues like shame and low self-esteem. The group meets for two hours every month.

### Gender Identity Consolidation Group

The Gender Identity Consolidation Group is designed for those who have been approved for, or have completed, surgical sex-reassignment. This group provides continuing care and support in living in the acquired gender role. Among the issues addressed are: fear



and anxiety about the upcoming irreversible step of sex-reassignment surgery, feelings of grief over the losses and sacrifices that accompanied the process of sex reassignment, disappointment about expectations not being met, relationships with family and friends, establishing and maintaining intimate relationships, and sexual functioning and satisfaction. The group meets for two hours every month.

### Gender Committee

The Gender Committee is comprised of psychologists and physicians specialized in the areas of human sexuality and gender dysphoria. The Committee meets monthly to review individuals for 1) a general review of treatment progress, 2) hormonal sex-reassignment, and 3) surgical sex reassignment. Appearance before the Committee is scheduled at the request of the individual with the approval of the primary therapist. Recommendations for hormonal and surgical sex-reassignment are based on the Standards of Care for the Treatment of Transsexualism as defined by the Harry Benjamin International Gender Dysphoria Association

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## MANY LITTLE KINDNESSES



by Betty Ann Lind

### CHAPTER 10

I awoke to the rolling sound of thunder followed by the splattering of rain against the windows which were being shook by the winds outside as swaying tree branches clutched like hands reaching out towards my toddler crib. About me I could smell a mixture of free ozone, rose scented deoderizer and freshly starched sheets.

It took me a moment or two to realize where I was as I stretched out in the toddler bed and studied the white painted safety rail by my side. I was in the old nursery room of my Great Aunt Katherine's home, where I was to be exiled until mother could come back to claim me.

I remembered my great aunt's suggestion that I could spend the summer as a girl with her.

This was followed by a hot bath prepared by a Miss Powers, her downstairs maid, who took complete charge of helping me to prepare for bed. In the process I learned that she: had two younger sisters; was aware of my approaching "girlhood" tomorrow; and, after helping me into pajamas, put up my hair into winding rollers for corkscrew curls covered by a cloth hair net wrapped turbin style. The toddler fuzzy pink flannel pajamas were coverall styled, with stocking bottoms complete with padded soles. The sleeves ended in mittens. And it buttoned down the back. All I needed was a little hood with rabbit ears and I could go out for "trick or treat" as a bunny!

And here I was, sometime that night, listening to the creaking house battered by a Spring thunderstorm driven by strong winds from Lake Michigan. Following my natural urges, I managed to crawl around the safety rail and stand up by the bed. Walking in padded feet I could feel the cold from the wooden floor of the room as I realized that the heat was off. Using my padded hands it took some time to turn the door knob.

In my half asleep state I wondered at why adults made clothes so difficult for "toddlers". I tried the door to my right in the little lounge, which led to my bathroom, to discover that it was stuck!

The opposite door opened out into a dark hallway. Remembering the guest washroom next to the dining room on the first floor of the great house, I made my way trying not to think about my urgency or the *haunted house* movies I had seen, because my great aunt's house certainly could be used as a location for such a movie.

At the doorway that separated the second floor of the service floor from the main house there was a pitch black stairwell that led down to the kitchen. Somewhere down at the bottom of the stairs I could hear a woman singing and the sound of pots and pans being shifted about.

Considering the fact that trying to undo my back flap with mittened hands was going to be a real chore I decided to find out who was singing in the kitchen.

A blinding flash of lightening came from a nearby window to light up the stairway. Locating the side railing I slowly made my way down the stairs to hear the sound of thunder as another lightening flash lite the stairwell and I reached the kitchen door knob.

"Who's that," a woman's voice demanded in surprised tones as I stepped into the kitchen to see a large matron armed with a butcher knife. Her brown hair was wrapped up in night braids like a crown on her head. She was dressed in a quilted blue satin dressing gown, to match her dark blue eyes, that stared at me in surprise changing into amusement. "Ah, you must be our little boy-girl. Where are you going so early in the morning?"

"I couldn't get into my bathroom, ma'am." I looked about the huge kitchen thinking that my great aunt could run a small restaurant from here. The kitchen was rich with the smells of cleaning compounds mingled with fresh brewing coffee. I showed her my mittens. "I could use some help."

"That is understandable. Who put you up in that outfit?" she laughed, taking me by the hand to remove one of the mittens and then the other before opening a nearby door that revealed a servant wash room.

"Miss Powers, ma'am," I responded as I worked the flap buttons.



"I think that suit was made to be worn with diapering," she noted rather matter-of-factly from the kitchen, as I realized that in all probability she was right. "Do you need any more help?"

"No, ma'am."

"I am your great aunt's housekeeper, Mrs. Wallinski," she stated returning to her work. "You may call me, Franciszka. Would you like a little hot chocolate?"

"I don't think so. What time is it, ma'am?"

"About four thirty. Can you tell time?" she asked a bit surprised. "I thought that you were only five?"

"Five going on six," I insisted stepping from the wash room. "I learned how to tell time by going to movies. You need to know when a movie is going to start. And when to go home."

"I see," she mused uncertainly only to shrug. "Can I help put you back to bed?"

"No ma'am, I think I can find my way back, thank you."

"I can believe that," she laughed as I returned to the stairway.



The morning sun awoke me with its bright glare and welcome warmth just as the door opened into my nursery room to reveal Miss Powers dressed in a white shirtwaist styled uniform like a nurse's uniform complete with white utility hose and white low heeled shoes.

"Ah, our little angel is awake," she exclaimed in those enthusiastic tones one step above baby talk that adults used in talking to very little children. "Would you like to go chair-chair?"

She helped to remove my bed covers and lowered the youth guard rail by pressing a release by the head board. Without pause she lifted me from the bed and set about to undress me as I stood before her in realization that she had actually scanned the bed sheets to determine if I had an *accident*. "I am to be your nurse maid or nanny this summer. Isn't that wonderful news, Miss Betty, dearest? You're going to be my little baby girl."

"I'm five years old going on six. I'm not a baby," I stated noting an amused smile touch her lips while she finished undressing me as if to prove that whatever I may think she was in charge of my privacy.

"Of course, darling," she countered taking me by the bathroom door which she opened noticing that I no longer was wearing my mittens. They were dangling by little cords to the cuffs of my pajamas. "Who helped you with your mittens, Miss Betty?"

I thought about the name I had heard the night before. "I think that her name was Mrs. Wallinski. I couldn't get into my bathroom so I went downstairs to the kitchen. And she helped me."

"My, my, I shall have to keep my eyes on you," she sighed arranging the toilet seat for me to sit on it. "Little girls sit on the toilet," she mused aloud. "If I ever catch you standing like a naughty boy I shall spank you until you have a very hard time to sit anywhere."

I could believe that. Sitting down before her I realized that she fully intended to watch over me while she arranged a pink box on the floor before the sink and fussed with a tube of tooth paste and a little pink tooth brush.

"When you are finished, Miss Betty," she observed. "You will wash your hands and face. Then we will brush your pretty white teeth."

It was clear I had moved backwards in time. Except in movies and seeing uniformed women taking care of small children I had no real contact with a *nursemaid*. "What do you do?"

"Well, I supervise your manners. For instance, a polite little girl addresses adults by their proper name. To you, Miss Betty, I am Miss Powers, or nanny," she countered. "You are aware of the fact that your great aunt expects you to be a perfect little girl, or you shall be turned back into a nasty little boy."

I had considered my great aunt's *game plan* during the moments of quiet before sleep the night before. It was something like my experience at the boarding farm where they stuffed me with sweat potatoes until I no longer refused to eat them. In that situation I almost died. Now I was to be *stuffed* with sugar and spice until I yelled, "uncle!" Oh, well, I wanted to play the game.

"I am to be in complete charge of you from morning until night," Miss Powers went on while I completed my toilet and stepped upon the pink box to wash-up. "I will supervise your morning rituals, pick the pretty clothes you will wear each day, dress you. Feed you. Take you to and from summer play school. Prepare you for late afternoon and dinner. Supervise your bedtime play. And put you to bed after you have said your little prayers. And at all times I will be responsible for your conduct and punishment if you are naughty."



Now, the *play school* was news to me. "Play school, Miss Powers?"

"Yes, dearest. During weekdays you will be going to a kindergarten," she responded leading me by the hand back into the nursery room.

In the dazzling light of the morning sun I could better study my nursery bedroom. It was a long narrow room with a high ceiling designed to help cool the room in the summer. At the narrow end by the head of the bed there was a window. The wallpaper was pastel pink with brightly colored Mother Goose figures as the pattern. The wood floor had a great oval red and white patterned hook rug between the white colonial style youth bed with a night stand and a matching bureau. The bureau was centered in the wall opposite of the bed between two windows. The white trimmed windows had simple white lace curtains. At the foot of the bed was an empty open white wooden toy chest. Beyond the toy chest was the other narrow wall with one door leading into a sitting room and the other door opening from a closet. Between the two doors was an empty open bookcase like white wooden storage cabinet.

In my imagination I could see that the open space from the foot of the bed to the narrow wall was probably a play area because another matching red and white hook rug in the shape of a square served as a sort of play mat.

While I considered this Miss Powers helped me into my regular under wear, white knee highs and oxfords, and white sailor suit before she took a comb to my hair once the turbin was removed. Soon the rollers were gone and my head was a mass of dangling golden curls in the fashion of Shirley Temple's classic style.

"Your great aunt plans to take you shopping after breakfast," Miss Powers stated enthusiastically in her child directed tones as I wondered about what I must look like half way between, with boy's clothes and what was obviously a girl's hairstyle! "While she is helping you to pick out your pretty new clothes I shall be unpacking from storage her daughters' toys and things that you might use."

My great aunt's daughters were as old as my mother. I could not picture what kind of toys a girl from so long ago might play with, and what kind of condition they might be in. But, I could see that it would be a waste of money to buy me new toys just for the summer. Which set me to think about my birthday.

I knew it would be soon...

To me the year was still divided into winter and summer with a brown wet season with burning leaves between them. Winter came and went with storms and icy weather. Summer came just as suddenly with green grass and leaves, and pretty flowers and fruit trees; only to vanish into the dreary brown wet season. Winter had Christmas and Summer had my birthday. My birthday was coming...

Then I would be six. Old enough to go to school. I wondered what that would be like? Would it be like kindergarten?

"Do you day dream much," her voice asked causing me to realise that she had my hand and was about to lead me down to breakfast.

"No, ma'am," I managed causing her to laugh.

"Miss Powers, or nanny," she urged, taking my light blue middie jacket from the closet along with a girl's white straw wide brimmed hat similar to an old fashioned sailor hat. About the crown was a red satin ribbon streamer to match my sailor scarf. She lead me from the nursery room to enter the little sitting room that was between my room and another bedroom with the bathroom in between. "When you need me at night to go chair chair, dearest, I shall be in that bedroom across from your's. Close at hand."

"Yes, nanny."

Turning left we retraced the route I had taken the night before into the service hall and then down the back stairs to the kitchen which was now in full swing. Here I was introduced to Mrs. Gunther, my great aunt's cook, who was married to the gardner. But, I was not allowed to be underfoot as Miss Powers led the way to a little servant's dining room where I found myself in a toddler chair with a white ruffled bib in place while she supervised my eating as she ate her own breakfast.

"Your great aunt eats breakfast alone so that she can catch up on work. You will have breakfast and lunch with me where I can supervise your manners, unless you are having lunch at play school. We shall eat supper with your great aunt when it pleases her," Miss Powers stated. "Which does remind me. I noticed that you did not curtsy when you were introduced to Mrs. Gunther. You do know how to curtsy?"

"Not really well, nanny," I responded remembering my let's pretend as a maid in Mrs. Costello's house.



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I knew that some girls still curtsied, for I had seen them do it. In the late Victorian Age the *Rules of Curtsy* were drummed into the heads of every young girl and maid servant as a way to delineate station as well as proper etiquette. But, due to the influence of newspaper columns on "Modern Manners" that emphasized *casual or natural* manners for our democratic society the curtsy was fading out of fashion for girls, especially those over twelve, as a rigorous practice in manners. (It is interesting to note the surprised protests caused in 1966 by Marjabelle Young and Ann Buchwald in *White Gloves and Party Manners*, when they recommended that girls under twelve be required to curtsy during introductions.)

"By the time summer is over I am certain that you will have had your fill of curtsying," she promised with a little laugh. "Then, I presume that you do not know when a little girl curtsies?"

"When introduced, nanny," I ventured wondering what I really was getting myself into as she launched into her rules for curtsying.

"A little girl is expected to stand up and curtsy when an adult enters a room. If she is standing she is expected to curtsy when she wishes to speak or leave the room, always remembering that a child is to be seen and not heard. When seated she raises her hand for permission to speak or leave the room. She curtsies when she is introduced to someone. When your great aunt or another adult asks you to do something you will curtsy to show that you understand and will do what they ask. For now, that includes me or any of the other servants. When you reach your teens you would not be expected to curtsy for staff. And you will curtsy when you are dismissed or permitted to leave a room by an adult." Miss Powers studied me for a moment in silence. "There is something very charming about a little girl doing a curtsy in public. We most certainly do not plan to allow you to miss that experience in fine manners."



So it was that I greeted my great aunt with a curtsy using the hem of my coat as a skirt to her complete satisfaction that I was beginning to learn, what she expected I would soon tire of, being a perfect little girl. After tucking the skirt of my coat I sat on the seat by her side in her car as we made our way back towards the City.

"Do you like Miss Powers, Betty Ann," my great aunt asked after a long period of silence as her deep blue eyes studied me thoughtfully.

"I think so, ma'am. Although she does tend to think I am a bit of a baby," I responded considering that it might help to gain a little freedom from the constant attention I was receiving.



"Boys do have more freedom to roam and face the challenges of the outside world. I spoke to the woman who took care of you. A Mrs. Rose. I could hardly believe her stories about your freedoms as a boy. Be certain that from now on, you will find your world far more limited to the proper boundaries of a little girl. That is Miss Powers' responsibility." She looked out of the car window. "Of course, as a boy you would be permitted more freedom. Perhaps allowed to cross the street with permission to play with a neighborhood boy your own age. But, nothing like the past. You are much too young for that, no matter how bright or adventurous you may be."

It was clear that she was no Mrs. Rose. The idea that if I were to live with my great aunt as a boy I would have to ask permission to cross a street seemed silly to me, based upon my past experiences of roaming half a city since I was four years old. And as a girl I would be lucky not to be led by the hand from room to room!

Suddenly we were in front of Boston's Department Store where my great aunt instructed her chauffeur to drop us off and pick us up in two hours. Hand in hand she led me through the store past the mass of customers wandering about causing me to think that all were staring at the little boy/girl. But, in reality they were most likely staring at my most beautiful blonde great aunt.

Leaving the elevator we found ourselves in the less crowded area of the children's department as we made our way towards a little girls' fashion world and a matron dressed in basic black wearing pearls, who studied me with amused interest.

"Mrs. Pulinski, my grand nephew has decided that he would like to be a little girl, called Betty Ann, this summer. To state the matter as quickly, and as simply as possible," my great aunt announced reading the sales lady's name tag while she released my hand feeling my surprised tension at her blunt announcement. Opening her purse she took a piece of paper from it. "I discussed this with a friend of mine, who teaches home economics, and she recommended to me this list of things for the child."

"Yes, ma'am," the sales lady noted taking my chagrin in stride as she examined the list as if she attended little boy/girls all the time.

"Isn't that true, Betty Ann," my great aunt continued to see my nod of agreement. "Well I do think you should ask her to help you to pick out your clothes. But, I do intend that you pick what you want to wear from her selection with the understanding that you will wear whatever you pick, no matter how bad your choice may appear to you later. This the only way to acquire taste."

If my great aunt had intended to shame me into fleeing in red faced terror over being exposed so, she was certainly appeared to be making such an effort. However, I had already considered the possibility, and no matter how embarrassing this game of her's was to be, I intended to make it through. But, in retrospect, I must admit that she was not trying to humiliate me, she was just stating the facts of the situation.

It was my problem, not her's.

It took me a moment to consider the implications of her words. She actually was allowing me to pick my own summer wardrobe! As my eyes looked about at the dresses in a nearby rack I realized that I had better get my wits about me or I could get stuck with some awful things. I knew that some of my former playmates lived in dread of their mother's choices for suitable wear. I tried to think of all the things we talked about and what they wanted to wear.

"Well, dearest?" my great aunt asked watching me with interest as if to see if I would chicken out now.

"Mrs., ah..." I started uncertainly.

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"You can call me Sarah, Betty," the matron responded thoughtfully to smile brightly as I actually curtsied much to my great aunt's astonishment.

"Sarah, would you help me to pick out my clothes?" I asked with the knowledge that I did need her help.

"Very well," my great aunt announced without expression as she moved on towards a rack of party dresses, "I leave her in your capable hands."

"Where do we start, ma'am?"

"Do you have other sailor suits as pretty as the one you have on now, with a middy blouse?" Sarah asked casually.

"A light blue one," I responded wondering why women seemed set on putting me into sailor suits.

"I think that we will start with two little pleated skirts. A white one for the blouse you have and a light blue one for the other blouse. Do you know that you can mix and match blouses and skirts by wearing the blue blouse with the white skirt and so on?" she noted taking a little light blue pleated skirt from a rack to show it to me. "is this about the right color, Betty?"

"I think so," I replied finding myself caught up in her idea seeing that two skirts could give me four separate outfits to wear. Next came a blouse and I found a little rose puff sleeve blouse with a lace jabot like Alice, one of my past playmates, had. I could pick four summer dresses, but I found an outfit with a navy blue cotton flare skirt, white shirt blouse, and bolero vest and asked my great aunt if I could have it for one of the dresses explaining how I could add it to my other skirts and blouses in mix and match causing her to approve. Soon I had three pretty summer dresses, a pink sweater, a light summer coat, two pretty hats and one pair of white party gloves, three pairs of shoes, a yellow rain coat with a pair of white rubber rain boots, three slippers, three sets of underwear, two nightgowns, a robe and slippers, and ten pairs of anklets and stockings. I soon myself trying on everything to be certain that nothing was tight and that I could grow a bit, hopefully, during the summer and still be able to wear my new things.

The only item in my new wardrobe that I really didn't like were my panties. Because I was a boy in skirts my great aunt had some concern about the fit of panties and it was Sarah's suggestion that I wear trainers which looked like regular panties, but were something else. The inner panty liner was absorbant cotton flannel, over this

there was a thin rubber liner covered by a cotton or rayon panty fabric. They were designed for little girls who might have a little accident on their way to the bathroom. Despite my feelings of embarrassment I must confess that they were full enough and tight enough to leave me smooth in case my panty was seen. I think I would have given up in this day and age, for nowadays trainers are little more than absorbant liners covered by a diaper plastic coating!

I decided that my basic outfit for the day would be a pair of black patent leather baby dolls, white anklets, a white panty and vest set, a full skirted slip, my white blouse with the lacy jabot, and the blue bolero vest and skirt set.

The mirror proclaimed that I was most certainly a girl as the great aunt looked on and Sarah straightened my skirt with a nod of approving satisfaction. I was absolutely thrilled and delighted in curtsying towards my image to catch a glimpse of lacy slip as I dipped.

"Now, Mrs. Pulinski, I have selected two lawn dresses and a party dress for her to wear," my great aunt said leading the sales lady away from my enchanted mirror to talk to her in private while I decided that my wardrobe was just simply perfect. In a few minutes I began to wonder where they had gone and set out to find them to discover my aunt with another clerk, who was busy assembling our packages.

Soon we were joined by Mrs. Pulinski, who placed three large white boxes by my pile of things and arranged the bill for payment while making arrangements for a porter to take my new things to the main entrance where my great aunt's chauffer could take charge of them.

After a curtsied goodbye to our sales lady I floated in joy by my great aunt not caring who saw how very pretty I was. Our trip to the toy department on the same floor only added to my happiness as I heard my great aunt suggest that maybe I would like to have a dolly all my own.

Despite my pleas she would not go the price of a wonderous walker doll the size of a typical two year old dressed in a pink silk party dress that caught my total adoration the moment I saw her. So I had to settle for a lifelike baby wetting doll complete with her own bottle and diaper change. Not wanting to hide my doll in wrapping paper I clutched her in my arms as we walked through the store thinking of my hours of play with the other girls. I now was



a *mommy* and had my own little dolly so that I no longer had to play at being a part of some other girl's let's pretend family. Sarah, was all mine, named in thanks to the nice sales lady, who had transformed a boy/girl into a pretty girl.

A few moments later we were driven to the Bismark Hotel where we sat in the front dining room while my great aunt and our chauffeur shared a silver pot of hot coffee; and, I and my dolly very carefully *divided* the specialty of the hotel baker, a Bismark. This rather large warm cake dough bun was rolled in fine sugar and filled with a rich strawberry jam. As a boy I would have gobbled it in total grubby joy. But, I can still remember that sudden awareness that the sugar powder or jam might stain my beautiful dress, and my fastidious care to use my napkin as a bib while I actually used a knife and fork to eat it in little pieces as my amused great aunt watched.

As I sat there I began to realize why she had come here, and the true nature of my future ordeals as a girl. From time to time a friend of her's would appear to greet her, most often in High German. And after a few words I found myself curtsying to an introduction, and if it was a woman friend this greeting would be followed with a dutiful hug and kiss. And when the meeting was over there would be much fussing over her adorable grand niece and another hug and kiss. As a boy I dreaded such fussings and invasion of my privacy. But, as a girl I adored being the center of their attention for a brief often flattering moment and I was happy to thank them with a feminine hug and kiss as was my duty.

But, soon we were on our way home where Miss Powers took charge of me, waiting just long enough for me to thank my great aunt with a hug and kiss for my lovely clothes and dolly before I curtsied my withdrawal, before she took me by the hand to my nursery as I clutched my dolly with the other.

I entered the nursery to discover that it had been transformed.

Pink polished cotton drapes adorned the windows to match a similar bedspread. In the center of the pillow roll was a large teddy bear. On the night stand there was a pink shaded lamp with a clown that had a little red nose that served as a night lamp. By the front window there was a little crib just perfect for my little dolly. On top of my bureau there were three little French dolls. The toy chest was closed and on the floor in front of it there was a huge Victorian doll house almost as tall as I was. Nearby was a folding table with two chairs. On the shelves of the open cabinet I saw some game boxes, a complete tea set with china and silverware, various

readers and nursery books, crayons and a collection of partially used coloring books from the turn of the century.

Seeing Miss Powers' expectant smile I quickly took the clue and thanked her with a hug and kiss.

"Did you have a nice time with your great aunt?" she asked as she set about to unpack the packages the chauffeur had placed upon my bed as I explored the mysteries of my doll house after putting Sarah to bed. She continued her unpacking while I told her all about our buying trip as I noted that the house had three floors and an attic complete with a little trap door.

In with the doll furniture in the various rooms I discovered a complete little family with a mother and father doll as well as a little girl and boy doll, and a baby in the nursery room. I had never seen anything like this lovely house, and now it was mine to play with.

"I think that you had better wash up and change. Your great aunt will be expecting us to join her," Miss Powers announced after I told her about what I had learned about mix and match.

"Why, nanny?" I asked a bit disappointed over the fact that I had not yet had a chance to explore the rest of my new toys and not at all sure why I should have to change because I was wearing my favorite dress.

"Each afternoon during the week it is her habit to come home from work to change and entertain her business clients, friends, or relatives at tea. It is mainly a social hour, but sometimes she wraps up business deals," Miss Powers stated hanging up one of the summer dresses in the closet. "She will expect you to attend since you are a member of the family."

"What am I suppose to do?" I asked uncertainly trying to picture a little girl surrounded by adults talking about business and such. The image didn't fit. I would be happier playing in my room, that I was certain of.

"You are suppose to be a perfect young lady. A jewel of the household, princess," she said with amused delight as she opened one of the large white boxes with a pleased smile. "I shall be with you to help you. I am certain that you will be quite happy to please your great aunt, won't you, dearest?"

"Yes, nanny," I sighed wondering what they had in mind as I watched her part the tissue paper wrapping of the box....

To be continued...





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