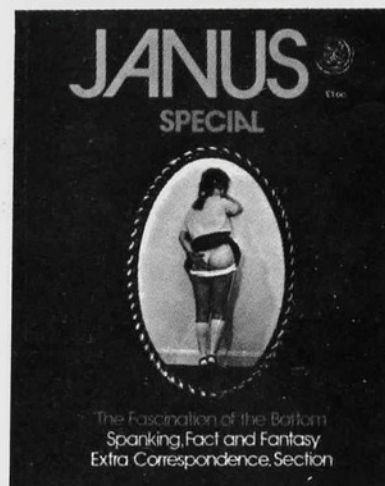
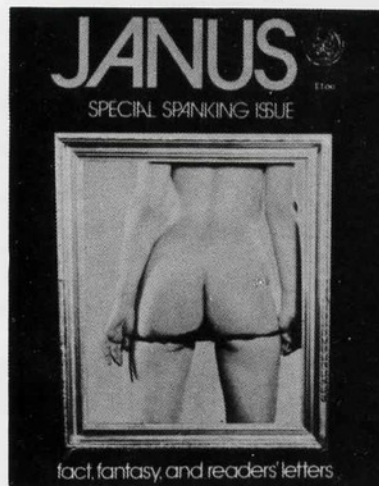
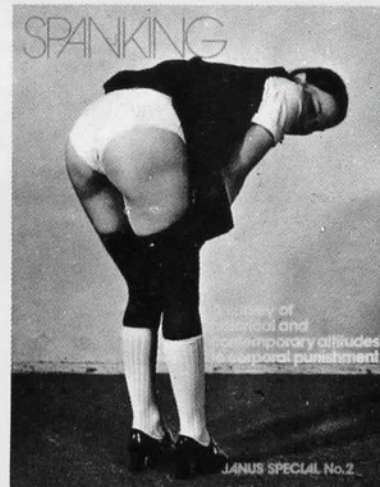
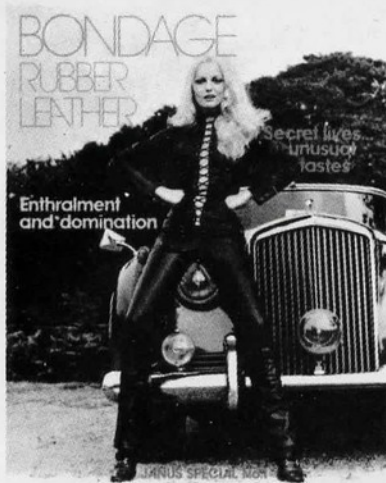


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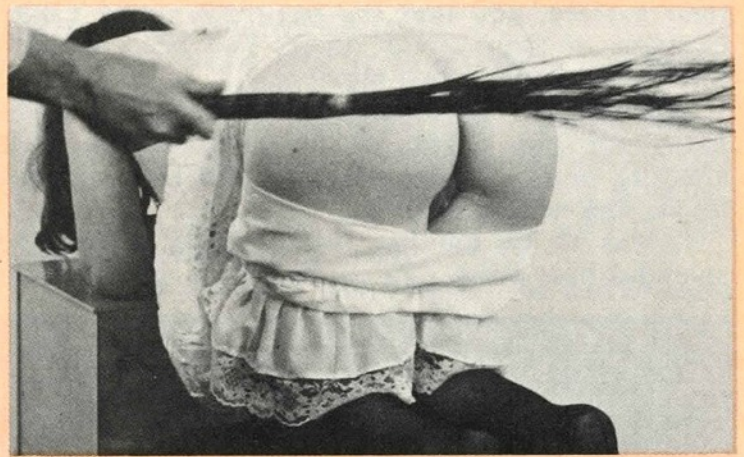
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THE HIDALGO'S DAUGHTER



Don Miguel Isidoro Pascual Maria Carlos y Gaspado de Cuenca walked slowly round the plaza. Beside him, her white hand on his arm, walked his daughter Doña Isabella Maria Concepcion Dolores Vittoria y Gaspado de Cuenca.

She was nineteen, unusually tall for a Spanish girl, and, unusually also, with golden hair.

Greeted by smiles, bows, hats doffed with a flourish and little bobbed curtseys from some of the older women and the children, they walked among their friends, acquaintances, tenants and work people.

The little town in Northern Spain was *en fiesta*. The wedding three days ago of their young King, marred though it had been by the dreadful attempt on his life, was still, by his decree, being celebrated throughout the land.

Beautiful Moorish carpets and tapestries hung from every balcony, religious banners were displayed and everywhere one saw the National flag and red and yellow bunting.

Tonight there was to be dancing in the plaza

and the townsfolk, many in the colourful traditional costumes of the district, were already happily anticipating the gaiety to be added to the traditional evening stroll there.

As, composed and dignified, Don Miguel and Doña Isabella wended their way through the cheerful crowd, returning smiles and salutations, stopping to exchange compliments or to chat with friends, there was yet a hint of restraint, not so much in their manner, which was easy and pleasant as always, but in their bearing. A little more erect, a little stiffer, a little more the look of being 'on parade'.

In spite of this, and of her rank and position, there was no lack of admiring glances at the tall, blonde girl.

The young men removed their hats or caps respectfully to her father but their eyes were on Doña Isabella, wondering what she would be like if they could ever really get to know her.

Even bolder thoughts were in the minds of a group of gay young *caballeros* who followed not many paces behind.

"Magnificent, our Doña Isabella looks in her white gown and *mantilla*," said Carlos.

"Even more magnificent without them," chuckled Pepe.

"Sh!" exclaimed Juan in alarm. "They'll hear you. Don Miguel would have the skin off your back with his riding whip if he heard that."

"He can't hear," said Pepe, but lowered his voice a little, just in case.

"Tell you what, boys. We'll never get the chance to see her without her clothes, but it would be fun if we could see through them!"

"Just as much chance of one as the other," jeered Carlos, "but there's no harm in imagining it."

"I wish I had so good an imagination," said Juan.

If their disrespectful wishes could have been granted, what a shock they would all have got to see that the lovely round bottom under the gown, petticoats, drawers and chemise; the soft, smooth, white curves upon which they were focussing their youthful, lascivious imaginations, were burning red, criss-crossed with angry weals over the whole of their surface, and that the beautiful young Love-Goddess of their erotic fancies had been soundly birched an hour or two previously.

What would have been their reactions? Sympathy for her plight, or an inflaming of their amatory desires? One wonders. But they did not know, and neither shall we.

It was to be another twenty years before the splendid bass voice of Paul Robeson, in 'Ol' Man

River', would use the phrase 'Body all aching and racked with pain', but that would have described Doña Isabella's state as she walked that evening in the plaza.

And the reasons? For those we must go back to the Royal Wedding day when Isabella had been staying in Madrid with her uncle, General Don Pedro, for the great occasion. And to an unguarded exclamation uttered as the bomb fell, overheard by her aunt and reported to her uncle.

The General made searching enquiries, discovered that she had actually associated with the murderer, and sent her home in disgrace, having written a long letter of explanation to her father.

Doña Isabella stood before her father in his morning room. As usual, when at home in the country, Don Miguel wore the grey trousers, black riding boots, white shirt with red string tie, red cummerbund and short grey jacket in which he was accustomed to ride around his estates and in his strict but paternal manner to supervise his *peones*.

The time was four o'clock in the afternoon. Isabella still wore the dark coat and long skirt in which she had travelled all day from Madrid.

She stood with head proudly erect, in silence while her father glanced again through the long letter from her uncle on his desk before him. When he spoke there was a steely note in his voice which she had seldom heard before.

"Have you anything to add to what your uncle says in this letter?" he demanded.

"I am sure Don Pedro has told you the facts as he knows them."

"You knew this — assassin — this anarchist — this Mateo Morral?"

Now she bowed her head, but still she spoke clearly and firmly:

"I knew him. I met him through Don José Nakens who is the editor of a Liberal paper. He seemed to be a gentle man, a scholar. You, father, are a Liberal. You have taught me to be a Liberal . . ."

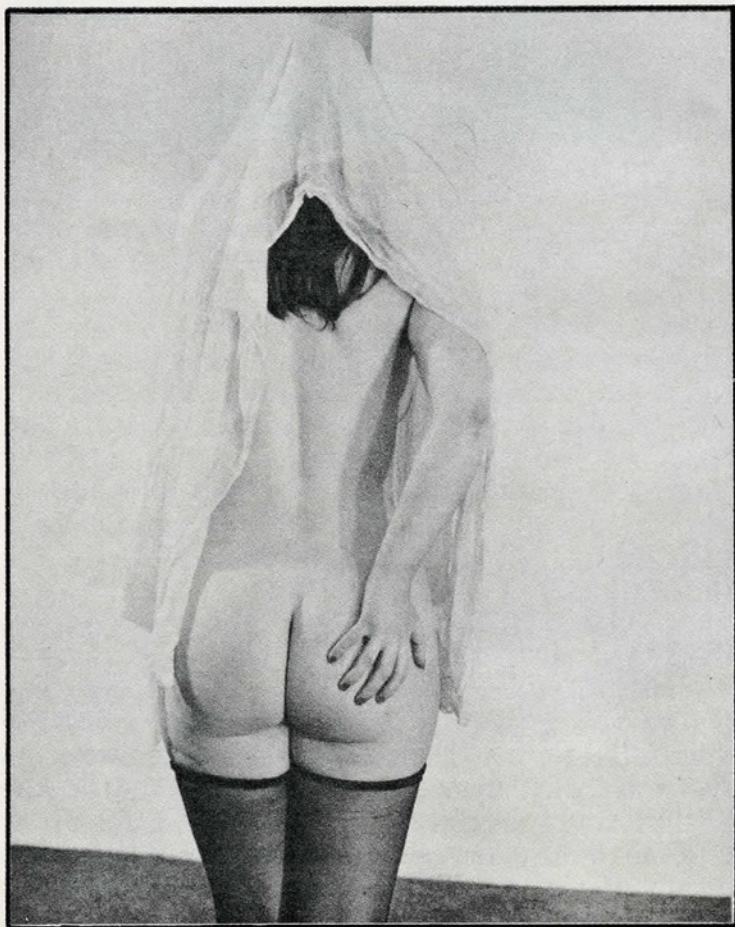
"But not a Republican. Not an anarchist. Not —, he paused and then almost spat the words, "not a murderer — and a regicide."

Doña Isabella raised her head and looked at him steadily.

"No, father. Nobody could be more horrified at what happened. I thought that these were good men, working in their way to make all men free and equal. I was wrong. They were wicked men and their way was wicked. I am to blame for letting them believe that the daughter of a Castilian gentleman and the niece of a Duke and Grandee of Spain could have any sympathy with their plans."

Don Miguel sighed, almost as if to mutter *Mea Culpa*, but he resumed his questioning in as stern a manner as he had started.

Gradually the whole miserable story came out. Isabella tried to conceal nothing and answered



bravely and truthfully. Finally Don Miguel pronounced judgement.

"You have been criminally foolish. You knew these men were anarchists, though I acquit you of any knowledge of their murderous designs. You have been allowed a great deal of freedom here at my request; and, I am bound to say, against his better judgement, my brother, your Uncle Pedro, allowed you much more freedom in Madrid than any young lady of noble birth is usually allowed.

"You have abused that freedom and, what is more, you have deceived those who trusted you. Luckily the only people who know of this are members of our own family, so there will be no public disgrace.

"Your punishment will be a private matter, but to emphasize that there is no breach in our family you will walk with me in the Plaza this evening.

"His Majesty, Don Alphonso, has decreed that the festivities marking his wedding are to continue despite the dastardly attempt on the lives of himself and his bride and the deaths and injuries which it caused.

"You will, therefore wear your finest regional attire and we shall take wine with my friends and the local dignitaries and watch the dancing in the public square from the balcony of the Town Hall.

"I shall expect you to comport yourself with the dignity to which you are born, in spite of all that has happened. You will be ready at six o'clock when the carriage will take us into the town. Go now and make your preparations."

"At six o'clock, father? The festivities will not commence before nine – or even later."

"We have a call to pay first. Do as I say. Go."

In spite of her severe travelling costume Isabella achieved a graceful curtsy to her father and left the room.

At six o'clock Isabella descended the stairs to join her father in the hall. She was magnificently dressed in white. The close white satin bodice accentuated her splendid breasts. High at the neck and long in the sleeves, sumptuously decorated with gold and pearls, it spread from her slender waist into the deep flounces of the ample skirt just revealing the toes of her white buckskin shoes in front, and with the merest hint of a train to touch the ground behind her heels.

Her golden hair was swept back from her forehead and dressed high on top to hold the magnificent comb of mother-of-pearl over which was draped the white lace *mantilla* which had belonged to her grandmother and which now hung in soft and beautiful folds down to her waist.

A chain of gold links around her neck supported a plain gold cross and from her ears hung golden coins left by the Moorish invaders of six hundred years ago.

Don Miguel advanced to offer his arm. By contrast he was much more soberly dressed in the semi-formal evening clothes of the locality: short

black jacket and trousers of fine cloth, black boots of patent leather, pleated white shirt and black tie and broad-brimmed black silk *sombrero*. A servant held his evening cloak of black, lined with red silk.

The open carriage with two handsome bay horses stood at the door and Don Miguel handed his daughter in. Her maid passed a sunshade and a white lambswool shawl to her.

Don Miguel took his seat beside her, his cloak folded on the seat. The groom at the horses' heads stood aside and the coachman set them to a lively trot towards the little town four miles away. At its outskirts the carriage stopped before a great wooden door set in a high wall. Don Miguel alighted immediately.

"Come, daughter!" He offered his hand. "We are come to visit your wise and holy preceptor."

Isabella's eyes sparkled with delight.

"Dear Reverend Mother," she exclaimed. "Thank you father, I shall be so glad to see her."

The sister-portress opened the wicket as they approached and, as they passed into the tree-shaded courtyard of the convent, another nun, with a slight obeisance to Don Miguel said:

"The Reverend Mother is expecting you Señor. Please follow me."

Reverend Mother Maria Felipe was a little woman with twinkling eyes and a ready smile. She was one of those rare people to whom wisdom, learning, piety and compassion give an appearance of agelessness, though not of unworldliness.

A distant cousin of Don Miguel, she had brought considerable wealth to the convent when she entered it with every intention of becoming its head and running it according to her own ideas.

This she had quickly done, and soon attracted many devoted women who wished to work and study under her direction in an age when little true learning was available to women.

They ran a free school for the children of the town and gave private lessons to the oldest daughters of the gentry and bourgeoisie of the district who wished to avail themselves of the excellent education provided: and whose parents were willing to pay for it.

Isabella had been a pupil for two years from the age of fifteen. The rule was strict but administered with love and care.

Don Miguel went on one knee before the Reverend Mother and kissed one of her outstretched hands as to a Bishop. In her turn, Isabella sank to both knees and did the same. The Reverend Mother's status in the Church did not entitle her to these salutes but they were a measure of the love and reverence in which she was held.

She raised Isabella with a hand on each arm and gently kissed her on both cheeks.

Sherry was brought by a maidservant and Don Miguel was given permission to light a cigar.

In this comfortable and peaceful atmosphere the Reverend Mother, quietly and gently, gave Isabella

the most devastating lecture about her behaviour in Madrid and on her mis-use of both the education she had had and of the freedom she had been granted.

Seated with her hands folded in her lap and head bowed, the girl listened with humility as the gentle tones brought home to her, even more than the horror of destruction and death she had witnessed, the enormity of her offences.

"It may even be" concluded the Reverend Mother "that this unhappy man, who has now gone, with all his sins upon him, to face the Great Judge of us all, was encouraged by the approval of a lady of birth and education — your approval, my child — to carry out his shameful deed. You must — as we all must — pray for his soul in Purgatory."

She rose and rang a silver bell which stood upon the table. Two nuns — lay sisters as shown by their habits — answered the summons and stood silently at the door. One was an enormous woman, over six feet high with the broad red face of a peasant, the other shorter, but equally sturdy, the coarse grey habit concealing a solid, powerful frame.

"You will go with the Sisters, my child." said the Reverend Mother.

Isabella rose, made an obeisance, and without a word followed the Sisters from the room. She knew them both and knew the duty they had to perform.

From the Reverend Mother's charming house they went through a narrow door into austere surroundings of the convent proper. Whitewashed walls and flagged floors along the passages led them to a large, bare room with meagre furnishings: a prie-Dieu under a large crucifix on the wall, a small bed or couch in one corner, a tall cupboard and a long wooden chest, and, in the centre of the floor, a long padded bench with a kneeling stool at one end.

Twice before, in her student days, Isabella had visited this room in the company of these two same Sisters, and it was no surprise to her to see the two birch rods which lay, their twigs still glistening from the water in which they had been immersed to make them supple, on the whipping bench. They were, however, longer and bushier than the rods with which she had been punished earlier for neglecting her studies.

The procedure then, she remembered ruefully, had been swift and simple. Kneel on the stool, lay forward along the padded top of the bench where her hands had been firmly held by Sister Ana, kneeling to face her, her dress and petticoats turned up over her back and her drawers lowered to her knees, and a dozen swift and smarting strokes firmly delivered by the muscular Sister Ignacia.

This was followed by a hasty pulling up and re-fastening of her drawers, adjustment of her dress, thanks given to the two Sisters for her well-deserved punishment, and an immediate return to her lessons; which she pursued all the more diligently, reminded at every shift on her chair by her

smarting bottom.

But this was different. Those long, thick rods were not for lazy or disobedient children. They must be what were used to inflict penance on the nuns themselves when the Reverend Mother so ordained.

And she herself was no longer a naughty school-girl but a grown-up young lady who merited the severest punishment!

Each Sister, in turn, took Doña Isabella's hands, kissed her on both cheeks and spoke of their love for her and the benefit she must gain from the punishment they must inflict.

They knew nothing of the reasons for it. It was sufficient that the Reverend Mother had decided that it was necessary, and they were only the humble instruments of her will.

Dutifully, Isabella assured them that she understood and would submit.

When they had undone the long row of tiny buttons down the back of her gown and eased her out of the long, tight sleeves as skillfully as any of her maids, she stepped obediently out of it for one of them to lay it carefully along the whipping bench.

"What," she wondered, "will they do with it when they want to lay me in that position?"

Tapes were loosed and her three flounced and embroidered petticoats were removed and placed on top of the dress. In spite of her apprehension of the punishment to come, Isabella's curiosity grew.

The long tight corset which held her figure from below the breasts to her hips was carefully unfastened from the metal clips down the front, her drawers were pulled down just far enough to enable Sister Ana to reach the bottom clips and then immediately replaced, then the corset pulled out and placed carefully across the foot of the whipping bench so as not to crush the fine materials of her dress and petticoats.

The bodice which restrained her splendid breasts was slipped from her shoulders and she stood, still in virginal white, clad in her chemise, knee-length drawers, white silk stockings and buckskin shoes, and her *mantilla*.

The Sisters, throughout the lengthy process of undressing her had taken pains not to disarrange her careful hairdressing or the beautiful folds of the *mantilla*.

"What now?" Isabella wondered, but was not left in doubt for long. Tall, massive Sister Ana dropped on one knee in front of her, but facing away.

"Give me your wrists, child," she said.

Then Isabella knew how she was to receive her birching. Obediently she put her hands forward over the giant Sister's shoulders, felt her wrists clasped in a grip of iron and, as Ana rose, felt herself lifted from the ground and held helpless over the broad, bent back.

Immediately Sister Ignacia's hands were at the





buttons of her drawers and she felt them being slowly pulled down, held at first in front by the rough material of Ana's habit, until they reached the tight bands above her knees, where Sister Ignacia left them.

Finally her chemise was pulled up and she was naked from waist to knees.

The two big birches had been put on the kneeling stool when her clothes had been disposed on the bench, and now the short, powerfully-built Sister took up one of them and swished it menacingly.

"Pray for forgiveness, my child," said Sister Ignacia softly but clearly, and the birch swished and struck.

A single blow covered nearly the whole of the area of Isabella's bare bottom, the slender twigs of the great bushy birch spreading as they struck her naked flesh.

The supple ends curled around her hip and, as the birch was raised for the next stroke, the delicate white buttocks flamed into a crimson pattern of irregular tracery with tiny red spots down the side of the right cheek where the finest ends of the twigs had wreathed around the soft curve.

Isabella's whole body jerked convulsively against the broad back supporting her, and she cried aloud at the searing pain. This was very far from her schoolgirl whippings. A single stroke was nearly as bad as the whole dozen Sister Ignacia had given her before.

She clenched her teeth and shut her eyes fast, vowing not to make another sound however awful the pain. She was a child no longer and must suffer the punishment she had so richly merited, like the true daughter of a Spanish *Hidalgo*.

Down swept the birch and again her body jerked. A gasp of pain forced itself between her lips but she made no cry. Nor did she during the whole of the flogging which followed.

Gasps came as the descending swish ended abruptly in the *Thwick!* of the rod striking naked flesh and, as the punishment progressed, soft moans as it was raised for the next piercing cut.

Three or four strokes of that wide spreading bundle of birch twigs sufficed to redden and inflame every inch of the soft bare bottom upon which it fell and soon the thin red tracteries merged into a fiery glow and weals of a brighter red stood out from the burning skin.

After six strokes Sister Ignacia moved to the other side and delivered her lashes backhand so as to reach the side of the left cheek with the whippy ends of the twigs, marking it first with the little dots of the thin ends, and then merging these into a complete red patch, so that Isabella's once white curves were blazing red as far as could be seen from side to side and from the base of her spine to the tops of her thighs.

After her third change of position the Sister exchanged her birch, the ends of which were breaking away at every stroke and scattering needle-like bits about the floor.

Six more strokes from either side, the last with as much vigour as the first, completed Isabella's punishment; and the moaning, twitching girl was gently lowered to her feet.

One on each hand, the Sisters half carried her to the bed in the corner where they laid her on her face, her drawers still about her knees and the lovely white lace of the ancient *mantilla* draped over her back almost down to the fiery red weals of her soundly whipped bottom.

"Rest, my child," said one of them, and the Sisters silently left the room.

Only then did Isabella give way to the relief of tears. After the first great paroxysm of sobs, she gradually quietened, a strange peace came over her, and she slipped into a merciful doze.

They let her rest undisturbed for over an hour before the Sisters gently aroused her.

"Come my child. Your father awaits you."

Deftly and unhurriedly they re-dressed her, laving her tear-stained face with cool, damp cloths and giving her slices of lemon and cucumber for her inflamed eyes.

A large glass of the local strong red wine restored her strength a little, and when the last button and hook were fastened and her *mantilla* re-arranged over her back, there was little outward sign of her ordeal.

Again the Sisters kissed her cheeks before they led her back along the cool stone corridors to the Reverend Mother's drawing room.

Painfully she knelt before the Superior.

"I have prayed for forgiveness, Reverend Mother."

"Be sure it will be granted to you, my child," and the frail little nun helped her to her feet. Don Miguel offered his arm

"Come Isabella."

Stiffly and painfully, leaning on her father, she walked across the courtyard, the Reverend Mother accompanying them to the gate, where Isabella bent her head to receive her parting kiss and a murmured blessing.

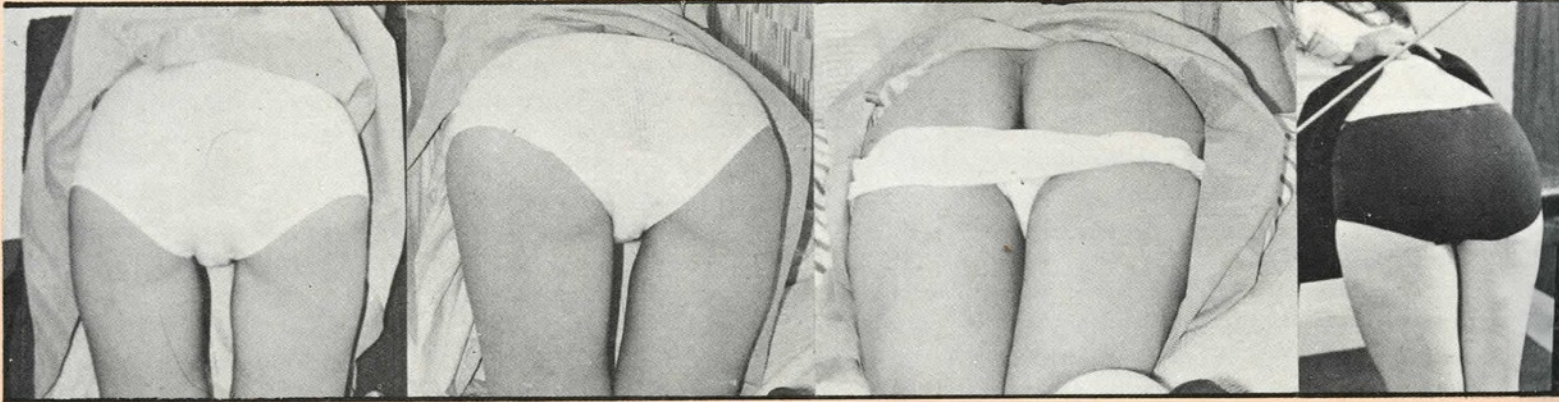
Moments later the carriage was bearing them towards the town.

At ten o'clock that night Doña Isabella, still painfully but rigidly straight-backed, stood beside her father on the balcony of the Town Hall watching the whirling *Jota* danced below in the Square.

Nimble feet, slippers cross-tied around white stockings, darted and flashed to the gay music, coloured short skirts swirled high as the red-capped young men turned their partners, and dancers and audience clapped their hands to the rhythm.

Isabella turned to smile lovingly at her father. Her ordeal was over. She was still a true *Hidalgo's* daughter.

VIVELLE



At first sight there is nothing remarkable about the village of *Jules en Provence*.

Its ancient church, cottages and little shops are surrounded by well-kept vineyards. Visitors delight in its old world French charm.

It has mercifully escaped many of the advantages of civilization and the villagers have preserved their way of life.

A passable wine and delicate lace are still produced in the traditional manner.

Together with tourism, these ancient industries yield a reasonable income to the village, and the people are content.

It is with one of the old French customs that we are concerned. An indication of its prevalence can be seen in the little village schoolroom.

Doctor Gaspard has taught the village children here for over fifty years. In due course they go to the Lycee in the nearby town.

In pride of place behind the Doctor's desk hangs his famous strap. It is long and jet black, worn smooth from years of contact with the trousered and knickered bottoms of the Doctor's pupils.

There is hardly a single woman or girl in Jules who has not felt the leather across her bottom at some time or another; and the good Doctor is often called upon outside school hours to discipline an obstreperous son or daughter (and even a young wife).

He considers it his duty to be always available for this purpose like a doctor with a universal remedy.

It may be this early childhood experience and its excellent results that account for the villagers' pre-occupation with chastisement — for make no mistake, as many thrashings per head (or bottom) of population are administered

in *Jules en Provence* as in any town in France.

Take, for instance, the Marquis de Jules. He is the young holder of that ancient title, and his aristocratic family once controlled thousands of acres.

He still has a modest chateau and a large vineyard to manage, but the great wealth has gone forever.

In the village, however, his family is as respected as if the revolution had never occurred.

The young Marquis has many problems. One of them is standing in front of him in the sunlit drawing room of his chateau. This is Yvette. She is twenty years old and burning with revolutionary fervour from her student days in Paris.

This is the third time in a month his employees have found the beautiful Yvette trespassing on the estate. She claims his land for the people and proposes the most gruesome fate for the mild-mannered Marquis.

He has tried to reason with this dark-eyed beauty and received only insolence and defiance. His course is now clear. He knows what is expected of him by his family, by the villagers, and by his ancestors whose portraits stare down at him from the walls.

He removes his large family ring and places it on the desk. Yvette tosses her curls in defiance as the young Marquis seizes her wrists and pulls her across his lap.

Yvette resists. She twists and bites and kicks with all her might. The Marquis is astounded at the fury contained in this shapely young body.

Yvette wears the simple cotton dress much favoured by French girls for the summer. As the Marquis fights to control her his hands clasp her slim waist, sun-tanned arms, and pert young breasts without any restraining bra.

DERRIÈRE



He slaps her bottom whenever it presents itself to try to calm her. My goodness, thinks the young aristocrat, how lovely she is!

Eventually the Marquis' superior strength prevails and the delightful rebel is hauled across his knees with both hands held firmly behind her back; legs thrashing the air and screaming every oath she has ever heard.

When Yvette's skirt was pulled up there was revealed a sight that would make any Frenchman's heart beat faster. Bare sun-tanned thighs followed by the softest, firmest, most perfect white bottom ever seen; and then a slim nut-brown waist and expanse of bare back.

Trying vainly to conceal that lovely behind were a pair of white silk knickers, the legs cut at an angle so that the folds were bottom meets thighs were quite bare.

As the girl kicked and twisted so her bottom contorted and the white silk wrinkled and strained between the jostling cheeks.

Now another decision for the Marquis. Should the knickers come down? His eyes wandered for inspiration to the portraits of his ancestors and he recalled an old print in the library which depicted the twelfth Marquis who lived in the eighteenth century.

There was the village market place with a young girl tied high up on a wooden trestle. Her dress and petticoats were ripped away to reveal all her back and bottom and the twelfth Marquis was lashing her all over with a riding whip.

He must be firm? Yvette had done nothing to merit leniency. She should be treated like a naughty little girl.

The thought was the act and in a moment he had inserted his fingers into the knickers on each side of their gusset and drawn them down

Yvette's legs.

Now the smacking started. Yvette fought and struggled like a little tigress, but all to no avail as the Marquis' hand slapped down onto her soft bottom cheeks.

As she fought her lovely behind contorted into dozens of exciting positions and attitudes, and the young aristocrat smacked it all over in every one of those positions.

Yvette's shrieks and the sound of hand meeting bare bottom echoed round the chateau. Young housemaids smiled knowingly at each other. The cook and butler nodded approvingly. The young master was worthy of his noble birth.

Finally, when Yvette's bottom was glowing like a sunset, the Marquis released her and stood her on her feet.

"Reactionary pig!" she screamed through tears of rage and humiliation.

In a moment she was back across the Marquis' knees and his palm smacked full across her upthrust bum. Five . . . ten . . . fifteen more slaps were applied to the young rebel's anatomy.

When Yvette again found herself on her feet she stared defiantly at the young master, but this time her burning rear stilled her tongue. Tears of anger and pain ran down her cheeks. Picking up her knickers she ran to the french windows and paused. When she saw that an escape route lay across the garden she turned to the Marquis.

"*Vive la revolution!*" she sobbed waving her knickers in the absence of a flag.

The Marquis tried to catch her, but Yvette was across the garden and over the wall like a gazelle. The Marquis smiled. It would not be long before she was brought before him again for discipline. Such are the heavy burdens of the

aristocracy.

Another respected resident of *Jules en Provence* is M. Bertrand, proprietor of the general store, town councillor and member of the school board. Now in his fifties and reputedly very rich, M. Bertrand is in every way a leading citizen.

Imagine the surprise when, a year ago, the benign M. Bertrand married the most desirable young female in *Jules en Provence*. For it can be said that Simone Bertrand is France and France is Simone Bertrand.

Those flashing dark eyes, cascading auburn hair, full breasts, slim waist, swaying hips and gorgeous legs have haunted the erotic dreams of every male in Jules.

But, above all, Simone has that air of flirtatious sauciness, that hip-swinging insolence that has given French women that certain reputation throughout the world.

Of course, everybody said that she married the old bachelor for his money. After all, they said, what else could he give the passionate Simone? In fact he had proved very demanding right from the word go on their wedding night.

Now M. Bertrand was a shrewd businessman. He knew how to exploit an asset.

It was no accident that all the goods usually bought by men were kept on the highest shelves. Simone had to fetch them by climbing a little ladder.

Officially the mirrors placed about the floor were for inspecting new shoes. But, as the lovely Simone ascended the steps, what sights were seen in those mirrors. What calves and thighs encased in charcoal grey nylon stockings; what lacy black suspenders; what creamy white flesh above dark stocking tops, and glimpses of curved bottom and saucy knickers!

No wonder M. Bertrand allowed his wife the latest in lingerie. Had not the takings nearly doubled since Simone had taken the first step up that ladder?

The good merchant expected strict obedience and respect from his pert young wife. This was his right and he brooked no nonsense. Of course, with every man in *Jules* lusting after Simone discipline was essential. Simone had to pay the price for flirtations and other misbehaviour once a week.

We call upon M. Bertrand as he is preparing for this task. The shop is closed, the blinds are drawn. He flexes a long thin cane almost bending it in two. In his expert hand it describes whistling arcs through the air.

In a moment he will enter the little parlour at the rear of his shop. He will find his beautiful young wife stripped and submissive. He will then cane her on the naked bottom.

To M. Bertrand this is quite natural. Is it not



one of the rewards of a successful business career? Is it not a pleasure to be savoured in the security of his home, like his best cigars and the rarest vintages of his wine cellar?

"I am ready, Monsieur."

Simone's voice comes seductively from the parlour.

Even after a year of marriage and dozens of canings M. Bertrand is still stunned as he enters the room.

He knows that his wife bends over with legs apart and hands on knees like that just to distract him from his painful task.

Another ploy is the girlish innocence in the pale blue lacy knickers deliberately spread out on the table.

But those white and pastel petticoats heaped up on her back and framing those perfect dark-stockinged legs; and there in the centre the sexiest, most caneable bottom imaginable!

The two creamy cheeks are slightly parted with just a glimpse of dark hairs at the crotch – enough surely to drive any man to distraction.

But Bertrand is not any man! No, first things first.

It is no use Simone looking pleadingly over her shoulder, no use her clenching those satin-soft bottom cheeks.

The storekeeper's cane flashes in the little

parlour and cracks very deliberately across Simone's helpless bottom. The strokes are laid parallel all down the buttocks and never cross each other.

All Simone's entreaties and tears are of no avail. The thin rod delivers its burning message of husbandly disapproval twelve times.

Simone spends the next ten painful minutes standing in the corner and reflecting on her misdeeds.

"Bed," says M. Bertrand.

The full implications of that one little word are obvious from the tone of his voice and the playful slap across Simone's red-striped bottom.

The reader must not gain the impression that only the aristocracy and the business class of *Jules en Provence* chastise the ladies of that fair village.

To take just one example we can call at a cottage on the outskirts at about seven in the evening. The tenant, Jacques, has just arrived home from the railway station where he is the porter, station-master and clerk.

Babette, his wife, is in an awkward mood. Requests for his meal are greeted with an unconcerned pout. As Jacques insists on his food he is invited to cook it himself. The loving husband sees that his wife needs encouragement.

In time-honoured fashion a dress is removed, a white slip is raised and tucked up, and finally a husband draws voluminous pink cotton knickers down to slim ankles and his wife steps out of them.

Now, Babette has a lovely buxom figure with broad hips and a bottom of two perfect hemispheres, but Jacques is small in stature.

When his wife's half-naked body is draped across his lap, the lush curves of her bottom thrust almost into his face. Posed in this way she seems so bare and compliant.

The offering of a bared bottom for thrashing is the most delightful test of female obedience.

Jacques unbuckles his official French Railways issue leather belt; draws it through the waist loops of his uniform trousers; and doubles it over with one end wrapped around his hand.

A double thickness of well worn leather some eighteen inches long is raised above his head. The belt descends and wraps itself around the firm curves of Babette's bottom. She screams and kicks. As the belt flashes up and down the red patches on her bum combine until the whole area is a throbbing angry crimson.

It is too late to plead and beg for mercy although she does so all the same. Jacques works hard. He expects his wife to do the same. Laziness earns the humiliation of a bottom bared by her husband and a dose of the strap.



How she would love to burn that belt of Jacques'! How many times has it left its burning message on her twisting bouncing bottom!

"Now, Madame, you may get up," announces Jacques.

Babette raises herself from her spouse's lap and gingerly massages her behind. She stands in front of him, tearful, with her long dark hair flowing around her bare shoulders, and quite naked from the waist down.

"Now, we shall begin again, *ma chérie*, and unless you want some more," (here he waves the belt still wrapped about his hand) "you'll watch your tongue. Where is my dinner?"

Domestic discipline of this kind occurs so regularly among the villagers that it hardly attracts any attention.

We could visit M. Remy waiting with a cane for his daughter to come home.

We could linger with eighteen year old Theresa as she sits, bare-bottomed, in her bedroom waiting for Mama with the hairbrush.

The three teenaged daughters of the village constable will shortly bend over, stark naked, in a line while their strict father applies his slipper to the virginal bottoms.

But let us leave this for a future visit. We can be sure that there will always be something of interest happening in *Jules en Provence*.



REFLECTIONS OF A SUSPENDER WOMAN

My current boy friend, who is an avid reader of your magazine, has suggested to me that your readers might be interested in a feature by me on my sexual tastes, opinions and interests.

I am taking up his suggestion, somewhat hesitantly, since in my view I am a perfectly normal woman, with nothing unusual to relate.

However, as my boy friend pointed out, there is one respect in which I *am* unusual: the fact that I still wear stockings and suspenders.

I do so, moreover, not only because I find that men find them much sexier than tights, but also because I genuinely prefer wearing them.

While plenty of women of middle-age or over still wear stockings, it is unusual – I think you will agree – for a young woman in her mid-twenties to do so.

I am conscious of being isolated, 'special', and it may interest you to hear the reflections of a woman in this position.

My first pair of sheer nylon stockings and a white, pink-flowered suspender belt are associated in my mind with the first sweet rush of juice to my newly-bushed genitals and budding breasts. This was more than ten years ago – three or four years before the mini-skirt and the arrival of tights.

I was aware, from the first, of how erotic men found them.

I can remember my mother, who had helped me choose them, sending me to my bedroom to put them on; and after I had fumbled with the unfamiliar hooks and eyes and suspender-buttons, I came downstairs, and my father and older brother coaxed me into pulling up my dress to the waist to show off my new possessions.

To me, they were just pretty new clothes, and I can remember my surprise when I saw the expressions on my father's and brother's faces.

I remember my brother laughed at me because, in my ignorance, I had my new pink briefs on *under* my suspenders: I blushed with shame and embarrassment at my stupidity.

He insisted on helping me unfasten the suspenders and thread them under my knickers

and then re-fasten them; and I felt a little thrill of pleasure as his hands passed lightly over my thighs – the first premonition of dozens of wandering hands since!

I noticed that both my brother and my father were much more affectionate towards me after this; and both of them got into the habit of wandering into my bedroom while I was dressing or undressing for an affectionate, innocent family-cuddle.

It didn't take a genius to know that my stockings and suspenders were a strong bait to men, as well as my plumping breasts!

I attended a fairly rough, mixed school where it was impossible to be shy. Being day in and day out with uncouth boys, one could not keep many secrets about one's clothes: not that I altogether wanted to, as I was proud of my stockings and suspenders – they were a sign of my being grown up, so I thought.

I recall many a quick fumble up my skirt in the playground while I pretended to be annoyed; and once, in a game, I was made to pay a forfeit – to stand on my head!

Surrounded by a dozen grinning boys and girls, I did so, and felt my loins tingle with exhibitionistic excitement as my white frilly petticoat and my gym slip fell around my face and fresh air blew against my exposed thighs, black school stockings and navy blue knickers.

There were whoops of delight, and then I was grabbed by many hands.

I was helpless, when grubby hands roamed over my thighs, plucked at my suspenders, and up under my pants.

Though I was a bit frightened and angry, there was no malice in it and there was no point in taking offence. It confirmed in my mind that stockings and suspenders were not simply clothes: they were sexually arousing; and I loved the sexual power of the feeling of my nyloned thighs swishing against each other as I walked.

Soon there were special boy friends, accorded the privilege of wandering up my skirt in the back row of the pictures; and one whom

I even allowed to get his lips down there; but I kept my virginity for a long time.

Anyway, this isn't a history of my life, so I won't bore you with too many details. Sufficient that in the three or four years before tights, I grew to enjoy the idea of wearing stockings and suspenders, and knew when to show them and when not to.

Mini-skirts made it essential to go over to tights; and for a couple of years I abandoned stockings. I felt regretful, but it seemed the only thing to do.

I was re-converted to them by a lover – an older, married man. He was a tutor of mine at commercial college, and somewhat foolishly I became involved with him.

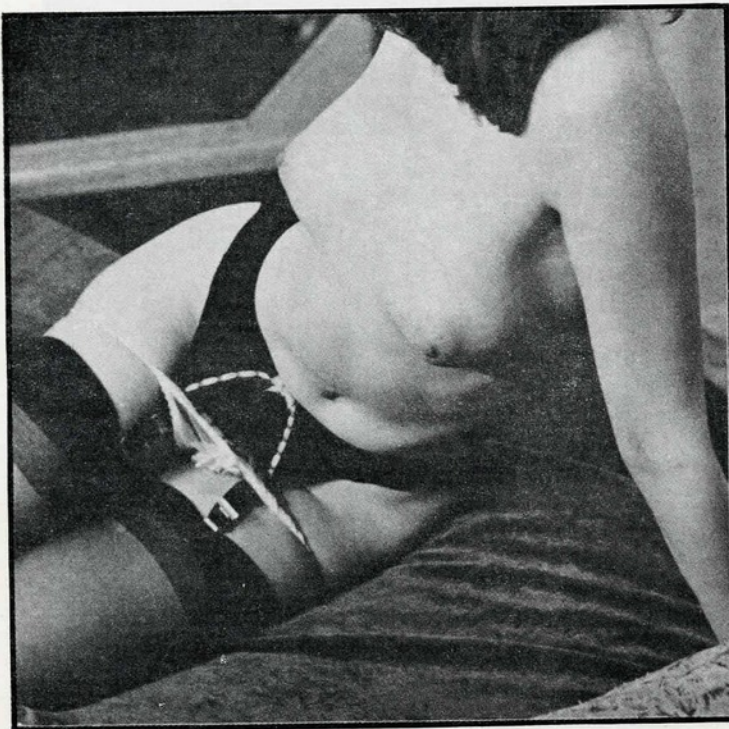
He was very sexy-looking; but when we came to sleep together he was disappointing. My kisses excited him tremendously, but when it came to me taking off my tights I could see him flinch with distaste.

He had told me he suffered greatly from the appearance of tights; as he really loved suspenders and stockings.

He begged me to wear them; but I felt annoyed that he did not – it seemed – love me enough to disregard what I wore.

However, on my twenty-first birthday, after receiving a beautiful present and flowers from him, I decided to give it a go and see if stockings would make a difference to his performance.

I can picture to this day his look of astonished pleasure as he casually dropped his hand on my evening-skirted thigh and felt the hard nugget of a suspender. He was one immediate throbbing erection!



When we danced his hands could not stop themselves feeling for my suspenders under the material of my skirt; and when we got to his car he didn't wait to drive back to my lodgings – it was up with my skirt, off with my pants, and straight in.

He was crammed into me, miles it seems, filling me up; and as we jerked and moaned in ecstatic lust he kept running his hands down my stocking-tops, plucking at the straps of my scarlet belt which I'd hunted for all over London for that day.

I too felt much more sexy and exciting in wearing them again, and from that moment I have worn stockings almost all the time.

Occasionally I wear tights – if I'm likely to be exposing a lot of limb in public and have a very short skirt on. But six days out of seven, it's stockings for me. I'd wear them absolutely *all* the time if more women did the same: I'm not at all prudish about showing a bit of stocking-top; it's just that if I'm climbing steep steps, say, on a blowy day, and I'm the only woman showing bare thighs above stockings, I feel a bit embarrassed at being different. I wonder if some people might think me a bit kinky!

The supreme advantage of stockings, in my view, is that they make you feel deliciously vulnerable. It's lovely knowing that if somebody wants to knock you off all they have to do is reach up under your skirt and there's only a wisp of knickers in their way. Or if they want to put their fingers up you!

Don't get the idea that I'm an easy lay – I'm not. I'm selective. But it's lovely if you're a bit merry and you feel it is a possibility. I enjoy seeing men's eyes pop as they get a quick flash as I cross my legs.

Like the other day, this chap of about thirty in a pub had been giving my legs the eye, and I could see he was wishing that his bird was wearing black stockings like me and not pale wishy-washy tights.

And when I had to step across his legs to get to the toilet, I knew he knew that a few inches from his hand were straining suspenders and bulging thigh flesh and thinly-covered sex; and all he had to do was reach up and he'd be there.

I was all tingly with excitement at *his* excitement; and though nothing happened – and I'd have slapped his face if it had! – it was a moment of lovely sexual pleasure that women in tights don't have.

Perhaps the majority of women don't like to be so aware of their sexuality; don't like to feel all naked and exposed under their skirt. Tights are a means of escaping from their own sexuality, covering up their flesh from toes to waist; and their sex with a double barrier,

including often a thick panty girdle.

True, there's a lot of nudity about; but a woman who is totally nude, or in a bikini, is really much less exposed than one who wears stockings: nudity clothes a woman, but stockings leave her open at the crucial place.

I can think of no other convincing reason why women should wear tights, especially now that skirts are less short.

I've heard other women say tights are more comfortable, but when you press them on this it appears that what they mean by comfort is that they don't have the embarrassment of showing stocking-tops.

As far as genuine comfort is concerned, stockings win the day every time. Women say they don't like being strapped up in a suspender belt; but in my experience a suspender belt is only uncomfortable if you have bought one that is too tight; and even then I would rather have a tight suspender belt on than tights which are too small; and it is extremely difficult to find a pair of tights that really fit. Either they are bagging all over the place – and especially round the ankles – or their crotch is somewhere down around knee level!

In any case, one's bra is fairly tight, even more so than a panty girdle; so the argument about being strapped in and too restrained doesn't hold water unless the woman is prepared to ditch her bra and every other form of control.

Tights have other disadvantages, besides the problems of fit. They get smelly, and they are very hot and muffling, especially in summer. If you hole one leg, you've got to buy a new pair; but if you've got a couple of pairs of stockings of the same colour, you can still use the unholed stocking.

Stockings are easier to wash and dry. They're also easy to pull up discreetly, if they have sagged slightly at the back after sitting; whereas with tights you can't pull them up discreetly – you have to take hold of great handfuls.

Above all, they look awful when one is undressing: the ugly seam, the saggy crotch, the impression of a woman being divided in two.

Undressing for a lover, I always – in my short time of wearing tights – took them off first, or went into the loo to take them off, I was so afraid of putting him off by seeing me in them. Tights, of course, are also less sheer.

All in all, I really do think that unconsciously women wear tights because they are a kind of trousers; liberating them from being aware of what they've got between their legs. They don't want to be aware.

You can tell this by the fact that, in tights,



women don't sit carefully, they are not aware of the need to compose their legs carefully and yet provocatively. Women in tights don't sit sexily.

For example, they don't often tug their skirts down: which is sexy in stockings because a woman is drawing attention to what she's showing.

Hemline-awareness is inbred in me, as a suspender wearer. I know just how much to show.

If, for example, I'm being interviewed for a job and there are women on the interview panel, I'll make damn sure I don't show anything. If I'm being interviewed by a man, I don't show anything till I've summed him up as to whether he's got a sparkle or not – this takes me all of thirty seconds! If he has, I'll give him the odd flash of stocking-top.

In a pub or when drinking with a crowd in a private house, I'll flash my stocking-tops now and then.

If I'm with a lover in private, even if we're not cuddling or anything but just watching the telly, I tend to show a lot; I'm very careless then, I show my thighs and pants most of the time.

With a lover, I'm up to all the tricks of showing off my thighs quite 'innocently'.

For instance, before going out I'll hoist up my skirt to straighten my blouse or sweater, giving him a splendid view of black stockings, black shiny-metalled suspenders; red stretch pants; another little swell of white flesh, and then the suspender-belt panel – to mention one of my typical 'sets'. Or I'll bend over to pick something up, exposing bulging flesh and sleek pantied buttocks.

Stockings are delightful in the petting ritual before intercourse. I've noticed that men tend

to linger more on the thighs when one is wearing stockings – and I like prolonging the exquisite period of moving up towards bed. They're lovely when you're playing around with each other.

Some men like playing around with the straps a bit, or running their hands down under the stocking-tops. Others will concentrate entirely on the flesh. But I've never met a man who doesn't like the framework of elastic, metal and nylon as his hand or his lips get to work on you.

Loveliest of all is when they're feeling you up for the first time – I enjoy the little excited tingle in their fingers as they touch the suspender button and the strap and flesh; and they're waiting to see if you're going to let them go on; and they're kissing you and not looking you in the eyes because they're almost afraid to. That's a marvellous moment.

Probably because I've always had lovers who have enjoyed my underwear, I'm always conscious of having a suspender belt on.

As I sit at a desk now I'm very aware of a panel pressing on my groin, and I would know – even if I had been half asleep when I dressed this morning – that I've got my purple one on, because its panel is much deeper than my other ones; and also the straps are longer.

Undressing for a lover, I can vary it according to his tastes and our mood. Some men like clothes to fly through the air, as it were – they are eager to get down to it and no messing about.

But other times I will tease and prolong, removing my skirt and then smoking a cigarette, my plump thigh-rolls above black stocking-tops just visible beneath my short waist-slip, the top of my suspender belt visible about the slip . . . dragging out each stage of undressing.

When they undress me, I've noticed it's always in the same order of garments: bra, waist-slip, pants, stockings, suspender belt. But some linger a long time over the last stages.

My present boy friend often likes to take my bra off – first pulling the cups down and tonguing my nipples – then he'll lie with me for ages with me semi-nude, alternately tonguing my nipples and nuzzling his tongue under the crotch of my pants – his eyes still open, so he can glimpse my suspended legs thrashing about on the bed.

He likes me to keep my stockings on in bed, sometimes. I enjoy his pleasure at this, even though it slightly reduces my flesh feeling. A man can feel your stockings all smooth and slippery, which unfortunately I can't.

I'm sure even very young men enjoy stockings. After all, they see magazines and

they're bound to associate stockings and suspenders with sexiness. I certainly know that my seventeen year old cousin enjoys my stockings.

He and I have always been very close – he regards me as something between an aunt and a friend.

He hitch-hiked to visit me a short while back; arrived late at night just as I was saying goodnight to my boy friend.

My cousin and I stayed up late talking. He was very confused and unhappy, mixed up in drugs and quarrelling with his parents. He started to cry, and I went across to his chair to put my hand on his shoulder and comfort him. As his crying lessened, he put his hands round my hips and – I don't quite know how it happened – soon his arms were actually round my thighs *under* my skirt.

I felt full of tenderness for him and also my boy friend had made me feel very sexy and not *quite* drained of energy. So I cradled my cousin's head against me, and talked soothingly to him, as his hands wandered up under my skirt, all round my pants and suspenders.

I didn't even stop him when his fingers slipped beneath my knickers and rested against my pubic hair. His unhappiness had turned by magic into sexual excitement and I knew it was doing him good.

Eventually I let him put it inside me. Well, why not? It wasn't as if he was an innocent virgin; he'd had plenty of girls. I must admit I enjoyed his fresh young lust, for a change.

When I was last with my cousin, I heard him say on the phone to his girl friend, "Put your black stockings on". So obviously I've made a convert!

I went out for a drink with him and his girl, and later we shared a taxi home. He sat between us, and we had a rug over us as it was cold. He was feeling up my leg, and I've no doubt that he was also feeling up his girl's on the other side. He looked as if he had come into a fortune!

I cannot understand why more men don't insist on their wives or girl friends wearing stockings. Most women deep down love to be commanded.

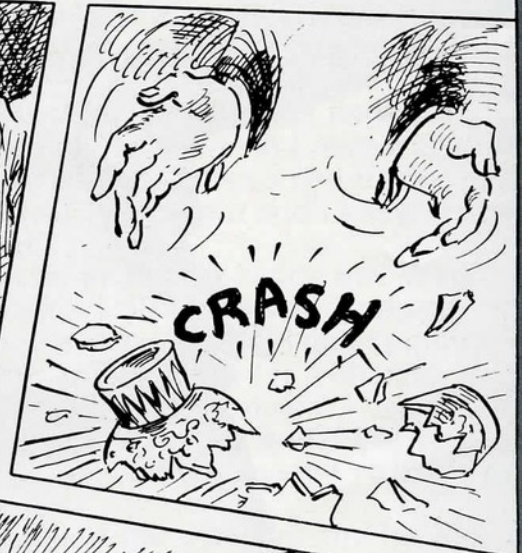
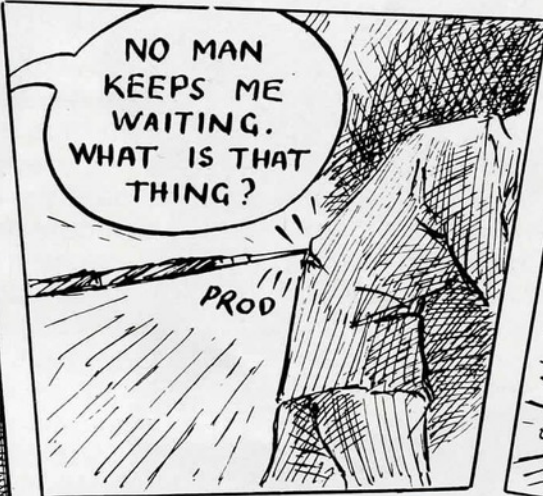
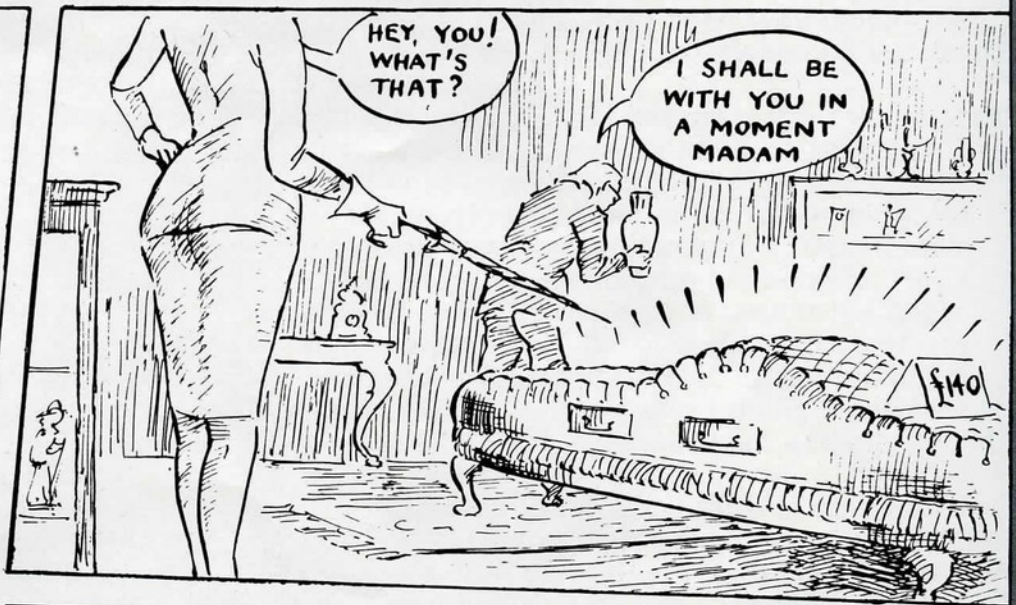
I know that my loins melt when my boy friend, annoyed at my flirting with somebody else, says to me.

'I'm going to take you home and - - - you!'

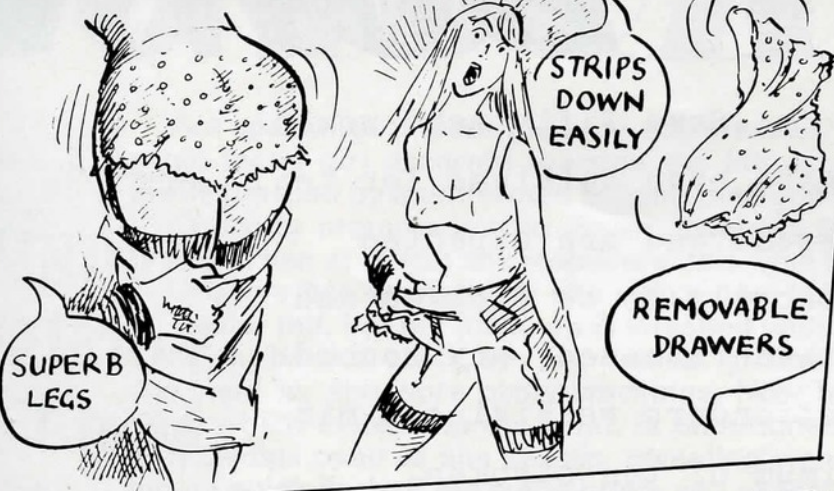
I don't argue; and I think most women, if they were *told* to throw away their useless tights would respond. I would like to think that this article will persuade some men to make the attempt.



How the Past Serves the Present



"NOTE THE SPECIAL FEATURES....."

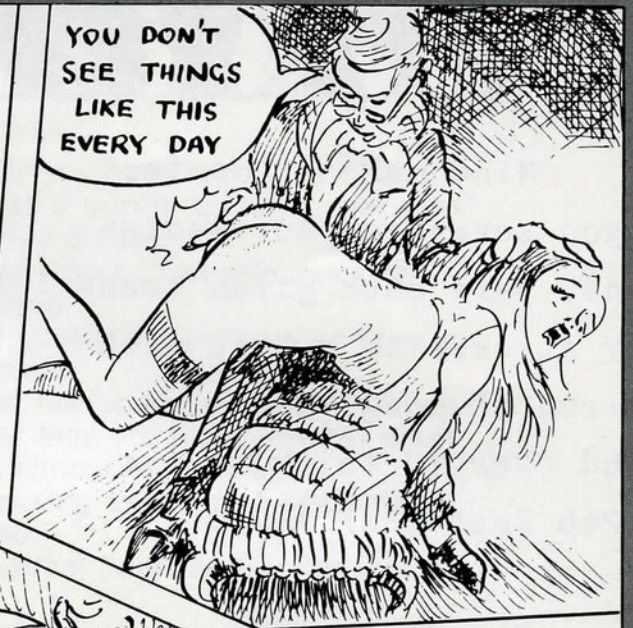


SUPER B LEGS

STRIPS DOWN EASILY

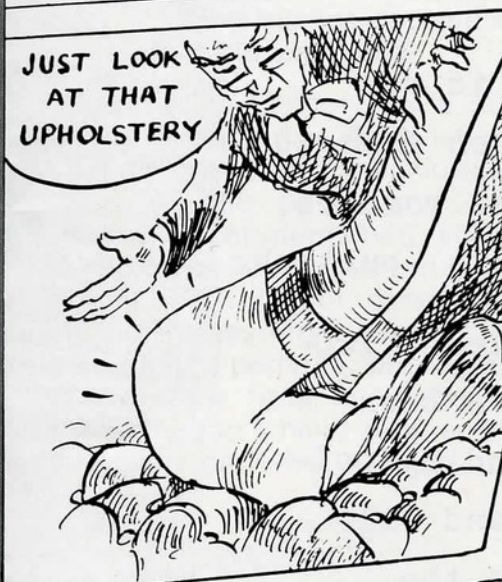
REMOVABLE DRAWERS

YOU DON'T SEE THINGS LIKE THIS EVERY DAY



JUST LOOK AT THAT UPHOLSTERY

WE TRY TO GIVE CUSTOMERS WHAT THEY HAVE BEEN ASKING FOR



WAAHHHAAA YOU JUST WAIT! I'LL TELL MY HUSBAND!



NEXT DAY



YOU TANNED MY WIFE ON A COUCH THING



SHE HASN'T SAT DOWN SINCE



HER BOTTOM'S AS RED AS A BEET

I'LL TAKE IT!



The End

TO YOUR VEST!

Are spankings impossible in to-day's world? If you have seen – as I have – a red-faced girl escorted towards the interior of a public building, her arm firmly grasped by a uniformed official, then you may doubt it.

Curiosity prompts you to linger, awaiting her return. Ten minutes pass – fifteen. Then at length she reappears, this time alone.

Observe her carefully as she walks. Her hair is slightly awry – her face is no longer red, but her make-up is streaked with tears.

If you have a quick eye for details, glance at her open-toed shoes. When she went in, she wore panty-stockings. Now her legs are bare and her short skirt, which fastens up the front, is unbuttoned almost to the waist.

It swings open as she passes, revealing a shocking expanse of white thigh, but no quick flash of the white briefs you expected.

She hurries out and vanishes into the crowd. What happened to her behind that closed door?

I was highly intrigued by a reader's letter in *Spanking Special No. 4*, in which the question was asked: why should spankings be considered a thing of the past? and mentioning that Rhodesian girl students had recently been caned in public, after taking part in a demonstration.

If such an incident occurred, there should surely be interesting eye-witness reports available and even, perhaps, photographs?

At the same time, the news tended to confirm a suspicion I have long entertained – that, quite apart from what may go on (or come off)

in schools and colleges, those in authority often resort to time-honoured methods, even though they are rarely so frank about it as the Rhodesians.

This is not a phenomenon limited to any one race or creed. During fairly extensive travels over the past fifteen years, I have come across some strange stories. Some may well have been sheer fantasy, but not necessarily all.

I have been assured that there is at least one region in which summary arrest and caning on the bare bottom is the fate of any girl foolish enough to let herself be seen in a mini-skirt.

I have encountered two air hostesses who said they were formally "buttocked" in their hotel room for smoking in the street.

There was a suburban railway line where, it was rumoured, girls caught using outdated season tickets were regularly strapped as an alternative to prosecution, and the average office girl preferred to accept – for legal penalties were severe, and even if she had honestly forgotten to buy a new ticket, how could she prove it?

So, with her smart black skirt and nylon slip hiked up, knickers off, and feet planted firmly apart, she put her hands on her knees, and the strap rang across her buttocks.

I do not intend to say where or when these episodes were alleged to take place, for the simple reason that it would only produce hot denials and recriminations.

For somewhat similar reasons, if such things happen, they do not usually come to the public notice. The victim has, as a rule, no option but to go through with it at the time, and nothing to gain by making a fuss afterwards.

The Rhodesian affair brings to my mind a usefully detailed account of the treatment said

MORE BLACKS FLOGGED IN PUBLIC

By Our Staff Correspondent in Johannesburg

At least six more Black people have been publicly flogged in the Ovamboland region of South-West Africa. South African police are holding an estimated 50 more without charge. Some have been detained for up to 10 weeks.

Most of the 120 already known to have been flogged by tribal authorities were first handed over from detention by the police. Tribal authorities said yesterday that the floggings were for "most serious" offences. The men had ignored instructions from tribal chiefs not to hold political meetings.

The Anglican Synod in Johannesburg yesterday called on Mr Vorster, the South African Prime Minister, to stop the beatings.

to have been given to students elsewhere. My informant was a pretty but somewhat earnest-looking girl whom I will call Andrea.

Andrea had been involved in a typically noisy and violent demonstration, as the result of which some thirty or forty girls were taken into custody. They were aged, roughly, from eighteen to twenty-two. All were held for the night at a detention centre and released the following morning – after receiving corporal punishment.

Andrea was, by the way, an overseas student – not that it mattered. No one asked her name or nationality, and she had the feeling that, even if they had, it wouldn't have made any difference.

On arrival at the detention centre, Andrea was promptly escorted downstairs and locked up in a cell. She never found out what happened to the boys – nor, frankly speaking, was I particularly interested to know.

The cell was the usual affair, with a shelf-type bed and a single blanket. As she had it to herself, there was presumably plenty of accommodation. It was closed by a barred gate, so that she could see outside; but the cells were arranged in a staggered system. She could see the gates of those directly opposite, left and right, but could not see into them.

For some hours, nothing more happened. When the overhead light went out, Andrea made the best of a bad job and went to bed. She didn't expect to sleep much, but her exertions during the day had tired her, and she did sleep.

She woke at about 5 a.m., when the light came on again and things started to become interesting. A detail of three officers began their rounds, visiting each cell in turn. None of the girls was brought out. Punishment was administered on the spot.

Andrea had a good idea of what was going on, although she had been told nothing. She lay still, her heart thumping madly and an ache in her throat. One after another, she heard the steel gates open and close – then a short silence, followed by the sound of ten strokes, loud and sharp as a whipcrack, and ten screams. Waiting her turn, she lay with the rough blanket drawn up to her chin, half paralysed with apprehension.

She did not have long to wait. She was the sixth or seventh. The gate opened and the three men came in. Two of them lugged in a small, but heavy-looking block of wood, dumped it beside the bed, and went out again. The third man stayed. He was in shirt sleeves – a biggish man with a blank expression, of whom she afterwards remembered nothing.

For the moment her gaze remained drawn to the block. It was, Andrea said, "something like a bootblack's stand" – a wedge-shaped thing, about a foot high, with a narrow, padded top and handles at the sides for carrying. Except

that it was clearly to be employed for her punishment, she had no idea how it was used.

The man told her to get up. Andrea hesitated a moment. Having nothing else to sleep in, she was in her vest and panties, and as she smilingly admitted: "At that time, I was rather a square."

But there was clearly no choice in the matter, so eventually she threw off the blanket and sat on the edge of the bed.

The man said: "Ten on your naked buttocks. Take off your drawers!"

Andrea scarcely heard him. She was staring, wide-eyed, at the object in his hand. She had vaguely imagined that she would be caned – and, probably, on her panties. Now, in addition to the order to strip, she saw that the man held a short, plaited leather thong, knotted at six intervals.

The order was curtly repeated, and she realised that it was useless to refuse. If he couldn't handle her himself, his two helpers were just outside.

Raising herself a little, she slid her panties down over her knees, dropped them around her ankles, and stayed seated, looking down at the floor and, to her own annoyance, blushing.

This display of feminine modesty drew a stream of coarse remarks from the officer sent to deal with her. Seemingly, he considered it a mere affectation on the part of a riotous student.

Andrea was told to stand straight upright with her back to the gate and her vest pulled up to the waist.

When, unwillingly, she did so, crude comments followed on the length of her pubic hair, the white bikini marks on her thighs, and the plain visibility of her nipples through the thin material of her vest.

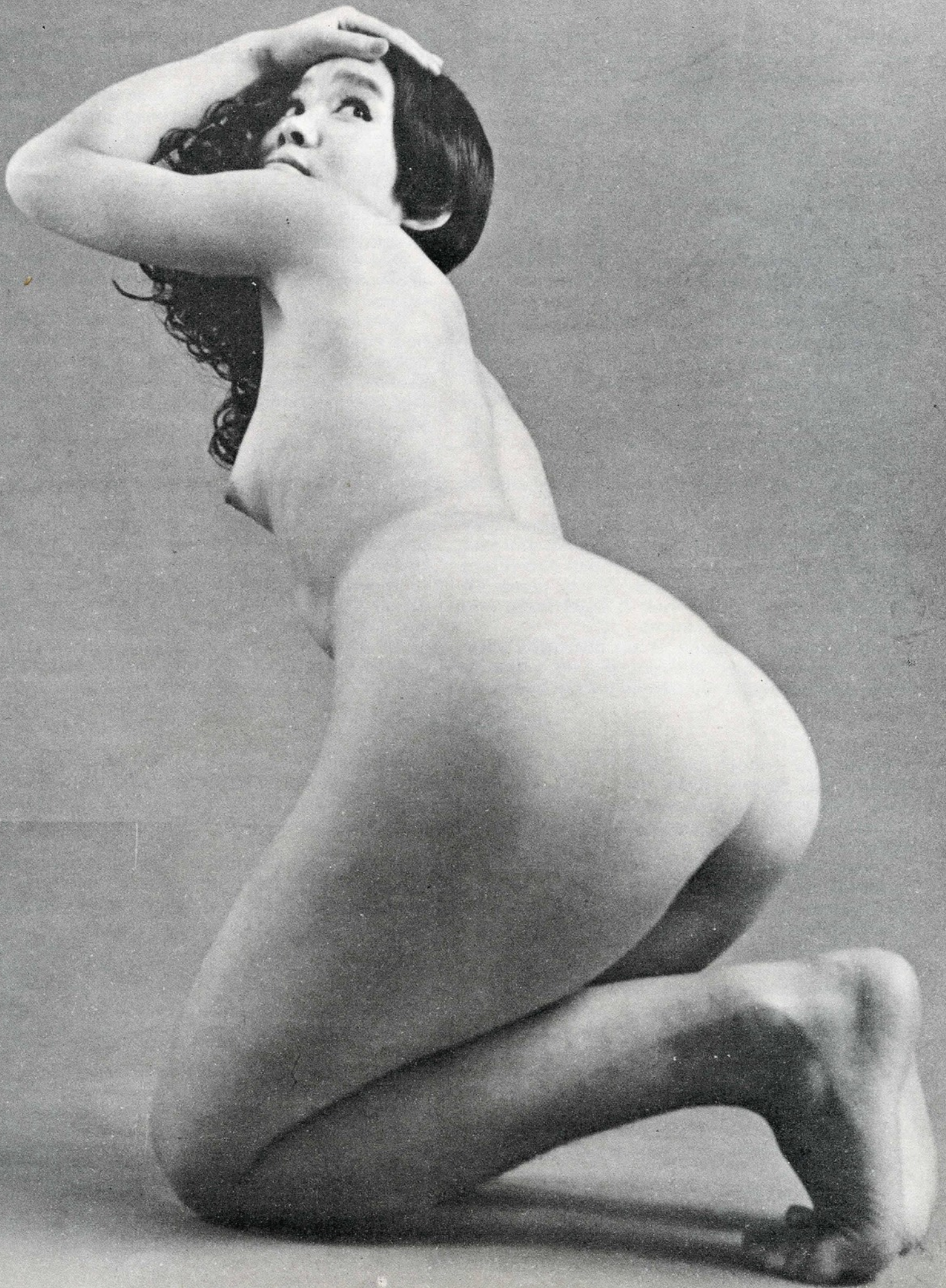
Andrea endured this silently. She said that she saw no point in a resistance which would only result in her being hurt more than necessary. That is logical, but I nevertheless wonder. Along with it, I think, was the wish to show her readiness to "suffer for her beliefs," and the old urge "not to let the side down." Had she been alone in her martyrdom, she might have reacted otherwise.

The man said: "All right – now kneel on the block and stuck out your arse!"

The padded top of the block was just big enough for Andrea to bring her knees and hands together.

Leaning forward, and braced on her arms, she was frankly and repeatedly told to thrust back on her hips and spread out her buttocks to the widest possible extent, exposing both sex and anus.

Finally satisfied that she was in the required position, the man stood beside her, placed his



left hand firmly on the small of her back, and brought the thong smartly across her bottom.

She screamed, naturally. The pain was intense, and by the fourth stroke she was crying. Between each, she was ordered to re-adjust her position for the next.

Later, she estimated that she was on the block for five to ten minutes.

All ten strokes were placed laterally, extending from just above the division of her buttocks to the top of her thighs.

When the punishment was over, she remained lying face down on the bed, still crying; and not even thinking of putting her panties on again, till her release some hours later. She had the bruises for weeks after.

During the next few days, Andrea was able to compare notes with her companions. In every case, the strokes were delivered so forcefully and accurately that the marks of the six knots plainly appeared: three to each side – "like leopard spots."

I asked if all the girls had been punished in the same way.

"Oh, yes!" Andrea said. "Of course, they didn't all wear the same. Some of them still had dresses or slips on, and they just had everything pulled up round their necks. Skirts came off altogether. But they all took it quite bare, and some of them wet themselves . . ."

Did it actually happen? I am not really sure. It is a well-contrived account, but an authority which applies such methods *en masse* must feel

itself in a strong enough position to ignore public opinion. Such authoritative régimes do, of course, exist.

The more usual case is that of the isolated victim who is given the option of spanking when she becomes liable to a more serious, long-term punishment. And she generally takes it.

In this event, the spanking is "by agreement," and she is unlikely to complain afterwards, since complaint could only re-open a matter which she urgently desires to have closed.

It is said, and sounds likely enough, that this is a common way of dealing with teenage shoplifters.

Less commonly, a girl may find herself offered no choice. Subsequent protests will avail her nothing, since everyone concerned will deny everything, and although a doctor could certify that she had been spanked, he could not certify by whom.

In conclusion – I find it hard to believe, though I wish I could! – one particular girl told me that when she and her sister were picked up for speeding on a Continental highway, they were both simply told to go around to the local police post the following morning with no drawers on – and did.

The man at the desk checked their names, and asked them to raise their skirt, to assure himself that instructions had been duly obeyed . . .

At all events, there is one point on which we are all agreed, I'm sure. Wherever we live, it couldn't happen here.



Have you noted for your readers the reports from the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent in South Africa which appeared recently?

These reports describe the hundreds of floggings of men and women in the region of Owambo who were suspected of having anti-apartheid feelings.

Men have been sentenced by the magistrates to fifteen or twenty-one strokes; and five women student teachers of St. Mary's College were sentenced to six strokes each on their bare buttocks. Their crime was using the name *Namimba* instead of South-West Africa!

They were made to bend over before a crowd of two hundred men, women and children. A flogging block was

used and they were beaten with a prickly rod made from a *Makaline palm*. Blood was drawn from their buttocks after one stroke.

After the flogging the men were taken to hospital; the women were cared for by their families and friends.

Any second offenders among the women were sentenced to a flogging in a prison compound before the assembled prisoners. For this it is believed they were stripped, fastened to a whipping triangle and given twelve or fifteen strokes with a *sjambok* made of hide.

These strokes were also applied to the bare back when the buttocks could support no further punishment.

All these floggings were given by men.

The South African government, in answering critics, says the flogging is in accordance with local custom and that minor offences, which formerly carried a mandatory whipping as a punishment, are now at the discretion of local magistrates' courts.

However, these courts still normally award lashes for both adult and juvenile offenders of both sexes. The public nature of these floggings is usually worth the remission of about six strokes.

Boys and girls in mixed classes are still caned on the bare bottom in front of each other in the district mentioned above – which is, I should mention, the size of Ireland!

A.R.
South Africa

THE MORAL STAND OF ALBERT BROWNING

Albert Fitzgerald Browning was not a man to dwell upon the uncertainties of life. His philosophy was always practical.

Experience had taught him regard for the solid, stable, unchanging things of this world: hard work, respect for authority, patriotism, pride in his home, his family; these were the values that governed his life.

He tried to spend a little time every day thinking of these things. His practical mind established clear principles so that they could be applied during the day. He found there was no better time for such reflection than during the half-mile walk to his business establishment each morning.

On one bright Spring morning his thoughts had produced an unusually buoyant Albert Browning. For, he reasoned, was he not privileged to live in

the year of grace 1893, when her Majesty the Queen reigned over the great British Empire, in a country where people knew their station.

As he passed along the busy suburban streets his fellow citizens were going about their daily work. He raised his hat to customers in their carriages. In turn he received the respectful acknowledgements of the lower tradespeople.

When he reached the premises of Browning and Trosset, retail drapers and haberdashers, he paused and surveyed the bright shop window. This was his own little empire.

He had done very well to build such a business from the little shop inherited from his father. He now employed five assistants and two storemen.

He supplied some of the leading citizens of the town and his business was noted for quality,

courtesy and discretion.

The tinkling shop bell announced his arrival.

"Good morning, sir," chorused the shop assistants, the two young ladies adding a curtsy to their greeting.

Casting his eyes over the shop to ascertain that everything that required attention was receiving it, he passed through the departments into his office at the rear.

The morning proceeded smoothly. Mr. Browning spent some time dealing with paper work. He toured the shop speaking to customers and staff, and keeping an experienced eye on everything.

He had just imbibed his morning cup of China tea when there was a quiet knock on the office door.

"Enter," said Mr. Browning and his manager, Mr. Sagforth, came in and closed the door.

"Good chap Sagforth," thought Mr. Browning. "First class manager, very reliable."

"I'm sorry to disturb you, sir, but there is a problem in the shop," said Sagforth.

Mr. Browning knew from the tone of his manager's voice that the matter was serious and he gave his full attention.

"It's Mrs. de Quincy, sir."

Mr. Browning stiffened at the name.

"What has she done so far?" he asked.

"The lady has made a few purchases and charged them. She is now examining the various displays and . . . I regret that the unpleasantness has recurred."

Albert Browning stood up and walked towards the door.

"You will accompany me into the shop, Sagforth. The assistant manager and yourself will observe Mrs. de Quincy and note with the utmost care everything that is done and said. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, sir," replied Mr. Sagforth, "I have alerted Mr. Cummings and he is observing the situation at this moment."

"Good. Let us proceed then and above all do not alarm the other staff or customers."

So saying Mr. Browning strode into the shop. There were only a few customers being attended to.

He saw Mrs. de Quincy at once. Indeed, she would have stood out in any company that Mr. Browning could imagine.

He guessed she was twenty-eight; a beautiful, tall, dignified lady of fashion.

Her long dark hair was swept up in the bouffant style and crowned with a bonnet of pink silk roses. Her long satin gown hugged her slim figure at the bust and waist, and swept over her hips down to the floor.

Without question she was one of the handsomest women Mr. Browning had seen.

Mr. Browning strolled slowly after the lady keep-

ing her fully in view at all times.

Mrs. de Quincy appeared to be browsing amongst the displays. She lifted a pair of satin gloves from a stand and felt the quality. Her hand seemed about to replace them on the counter when a deft movement swept the gloves into her little handbag and she passed on.

Mr. Browning, his manager and the assistant manager followed the lady's progress. A length of lace, a small jewel box, two carved hair combs and some satin ribbon were secreted in her bag.

Mr. de Quincy then picked up her purchases from the assistant who had been wrapping them, walked to the door which was opened by the same assistant and she stepped into the street.

Sagforth and Cummings watched carefully through the window as their employer followed the lady into the street. They watched the brief conversation as he invited Mrs. de Quincy to return to the shop. They noted the slight colour rising in the lady's cheeks, the air of irritation in the raised chin.

"Please be seated Mrs. de Quincy," said Mr. Browning.

He and the lady were now in his private office with Mr. Sagforth and Mr. Cummings standing near the door.

This was a most disagreeable task for the proprietor. The lady was asked whether she had paid for everything she had purchased. She replied that of course she had, all purchases had been charged to her husband's account as usual.

Mr. Browning had to ask her to empty her handbag. Despite her resentment Mr. Browning insisted and the various articles were removed and set out on his desk.

He asked to see the receipts for the lace, jewel box and other items produced. She pretended to rummage in her gown and handbag with no result.

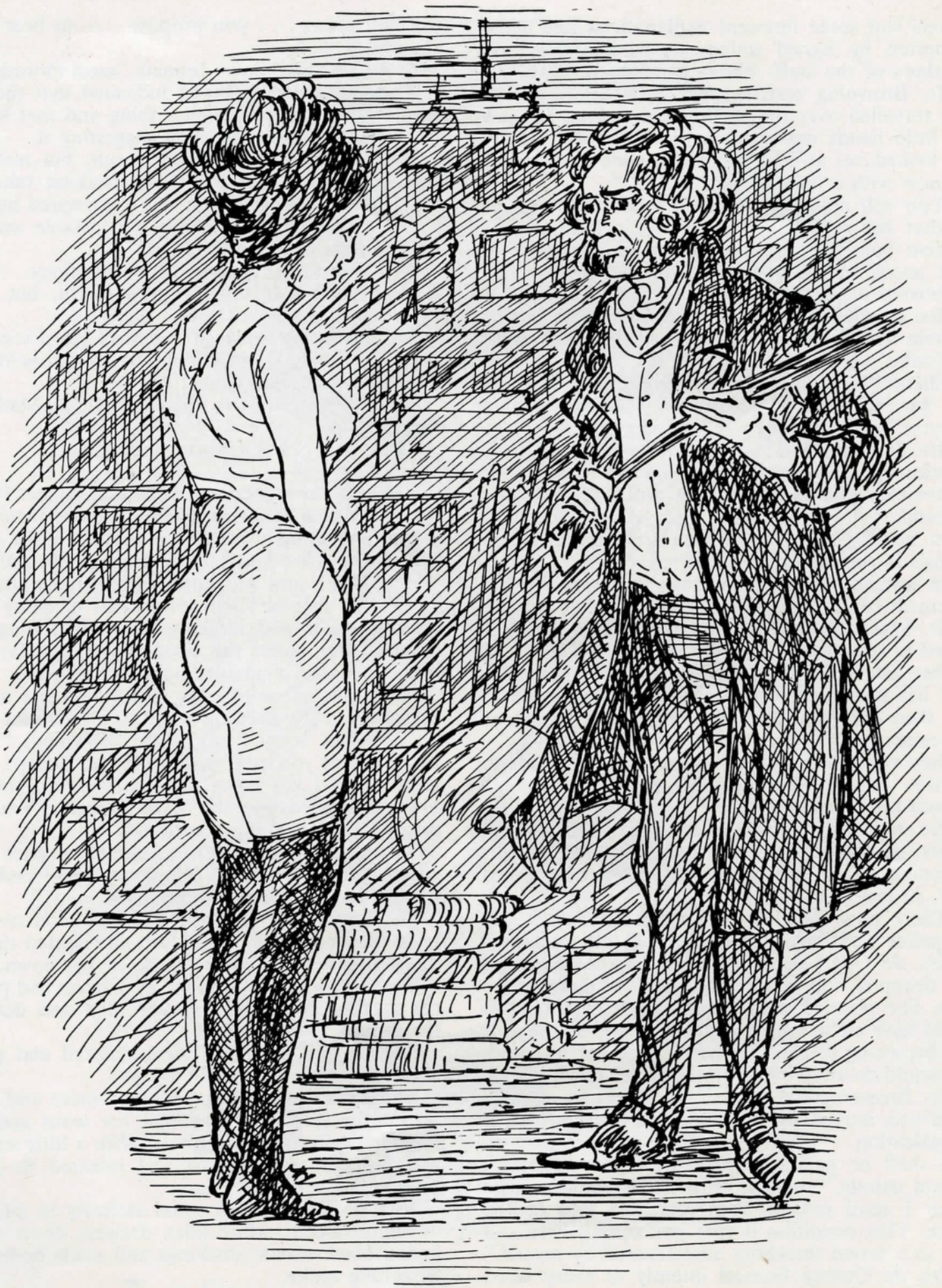
After some protest Mrs. de Quincy finally agreed that she had not paid for or charged the articles she had removed from her bag.

"Obviously you realise, Mr. Browning, that this was merely an oversight. A moment of absent-mindedness. Remember I am a valued customer here and I shall tolerate no insolence from a tradesman."

Mrs. de Quincy looked at him with proud, smouldering brown eyes.

Mr. Browning remained perfectly calm and returned her glance. The lady's long lashes closed over her eyes and her head dropped slightly before that gaze. He unlocked a small drawer in his desk and removed some papers.

"Madam, I have here a list of articles that you have been seen to remove from these premises without permission or payment in the course of the past two months. The date and time of each incident and the value of the items taken are stated. I took no action until today in the hope that your



"A THRASHING YOU'LL NEVER FORGET"

actions had some innocent explanation. The list is supported by signed statements from myself and members of the staff. Please examine the list."

Mr. Browning watched her lovely face as her eyes travelled over the writing and figures. He saw her little hands nervously twist the paper. Finally she looked up at him, eyes still wide and proud, but now with a trace of fear.

"You will note that the total value of the goods on that list is £59. 17. 2. If we include today's incident you, Madam, have stolen or attempted to steal goods to the value of £75. 14. 0. from this establishment. Do you agree?"

Mrs. de Quincy sank into her chair with shame at these words: "I . . . I'll pay for them now, its all a mistake . . ."

"Silence!" snapped the tradesman. Mr. Sagforth and Mr. Cummings, please wait outside until I call you."

Mrs. de Quincy had lost her self-possession. Under questioning she admitted that she did it solely for excitement; she lived such a dull life with her husband.

On hearing such things Mr. Browning clenched his fists in suppressed anger.

He watched as Mrs. de Quincy wrote out a full statement confessing to the thefts.

Mr. Sagforth and Mr. Cummings were then admitted to the office.

They listened as Mrs. de Quincy, blushing madly, read her statement; they watched as she signed it, and then they and Mr. Browning each signed as witnesses.

They were then warned by her employer not to mention one word about this matter to anyone without his permission.

The employees then returned to the shop.

Mrs. de Quincy sat silent and wide-eyed as Mr. Browning paced slowly up and down behind his desk. At last he spoke:

"There now remains nothing to do but to call the police and have you committed into custody."

Mrs. de Quincy's face went red, then white, her jaw dropped and those large eyes brimmed with tears. She pleaded with the draper. Her entreaties would have melted many a stoney heart. She begged Mr. Browning to consider her family, her husband. She would do anything to atone for her misdeeds.

Mr. Browning listened to her pleas in silence. If he was moved by them his face certainly gave no indication.

"I shall be perfectly frank with you, Madam," he said calmly, "there is only one condition under which I shall refrain from reporting you to the police. That condition is that you submit here and now to a sound thrashing administered by myself."

Mrs. de Quincy listened intently to every word out of desire for an escape from her predicament. At first she could not give any meaning to what she heard.

"You mean . . . you propose . . . to beat me?" she said.

"I do," replied the tradesman, "most thoroughly."

The tirade that followed indicated that the lady would never agree to such a thing and that he was an impudent rogue for even suggesting it.

Mr. Browning noted every insult, but made no reply. He unhooked the shop speaking tube and blew down it. When the manager answered he said:

"Sagforth, please summon a constable and say that we have caught a thief . . ."

"No! Please no," gasped Mrs. de Quincy.

"Disregard that instruction Sagforth, but stand by for further orders."

Mr. Browning replaced the tube. He placed his hands on the desk and leaned heavily across looking directly at Mrs. de Quincy.

"Will you submit to a sound thrashing, Madam?" he said.

"Yes, yes . . . I will," came the reply.

"This is our stockroom, Mrs. de Quincy. It is at the back of the premises. We shall not be disturbed."

Mr. Browning ushered the lady into the room, locked the door and put the key in his waistcoat pocket. The room was large and all the walls were lined with shelves filled with goods of every kind. Packing cases and larger stock were arranged in orderly piles about the floor. Two large fanlights in the roof shed a subdued light on the scene.

"Can one of your sales ladies help me to . . . undress. I really need my maid . . ." she said shyly.

"No, I'm sorry," said Mr. Browning, "I can assist you or you must manage alone. You no doubt realise that I am going to birch you. The birch is always applied on the bare bottom. You will arrange your clothing accordingly."

Mrs. de Quincy stood in a large clear space in the centre of the room. A chair was provided. Her bonnet was unpinned and removed.

Self-consciously the lady swept a hand over the back of her hair as Mr. Browning released the row of little fastenings at the back of her gown.

She pulled her arms out of the sleeves and pushed the rustling material over her hips and down to the ground.

Several fine petticoats were lowered and placed with her gown.

Mr. Browning approached once more and deftly untied the laces that encircled her waist and kept the whalebone corset in place. With a little struggle the garment pulled apart and released its lovely burden.

Mrs. de Quincy now stood stoically to attention in white bodice, while linen drawers down to her knees, black elastic stockings and ankle boots. Mr. Browning spoke.

"Being a gentleman I shall leave you while you adjust your more intimate garments. When I return I shall expect your drawers to be removed and



THE STOCKROOM REVERBERATED WITH THE
SWISHING OF THE BIRCH

your posterior to be quite naked. Though I do not insist, I consider that the removal of your bodice and the baring of breasts to be a sign of contrition for a woman in your position."

Mr. Browning then walked to the far end of the stockroom and started to rummage among some boxes.

He soon appeared with an armful of birching rods. There was a steady demand for them in the district and he always kept a good stock.

He examined each rod in turn. Finally he selected a model some three feet in length, slender and solid.

The draper returned to the centre of the room bearing the rod. The sun gleamed through the fanlight. The rays gently high-lighted the contours of Mrs. de Quincy's body.

She stood with head bowed and feet together. Her drawers were draped over the chair and her hands were modestly crossed in front so that Mr. Browning saw the slim waist swell into broad hips, followed by the undulating curves of black-stockinged legs.

Mr. Browning walked slowly round the still figure. He paused to study the back view. There was the flash of white bodice and the dazzle of shadowy black stockings on shapely legs.

Yet his eyes were drawn to the prominent and perfect form of this woman's bottom: two perfect creamy cheeks swelling from the slim waist. As he watched the bottom cheeks pressed together as though they were aware of intruding eyes and sought to hide their intimate secrets.

Mr. Browning faced his customer holding the birch in his right hand and gently tapping it against his outstretched left palm.

"What is your full name?" he asked.

"Mary Abigail Rosamund Victoria de Quincy," she replied.

"You are the wife of the Hon. William James de Quincy, Justice of the Peace, town councillor and director of many important companies?"

"I am," she replied.

"Do you realise, Madam, what you have done? In order to gratify some devil-sent impulse you have become a common thief. But for my regard for your husband, your family and the social class whose standards I strive at all times to uphold you would now be in custody. You would be tried in open court. The publicity would ruin your husband and disgrace your family forever."

Mrs. de Quincy's head sank lower and a tear of shame rolled down her lovely cheek.

"One would expect women of the lower classes to be tempted into crime. But for you there is no excuse. Your high status makes your crime a thousand times worse. What punishment is adequate for a wicked woman like you? I can only hope that mortification of the flesh will bring you to your senses."

Mr. Browning was now walking slowly up and

down in front of the trembling, bare-bottomed female, swinging the birch behind his back. He continued:

"I cannot regard you as a lady of high station. You stand before me a self-confessed sneak thief. Very well, madam. I shall do everything in my power to save what is left of your morals. I give you my word, this day you shall have a thrashing you will never forget!"

The large roll of stair carpet four feet wide was ideal for Mr. Browning's purpose. It was soft but firm. Mrs. de Quincy's body curved gently over its surface with her knees supported on a small bench.

Mr. Browning had followed a well established procedure. He had reproved the beautiful culprit at length while she stood bare-bottomed in front of him. Then the bottom had to be warmed in preparation for the birch.

The modestly crossed hands in front of her had been slapped away revealing a triangle of dark hair.

The draper had taken her round the waist and bent her warm body forward. His hand then slapped her soft bottom cheeks until they shuddered with movement and blushed pink.

A few minutes of this treatment and Mrs. de Quincy's bottom was ready for the birch.

Mr. Browning bent her further over and examined her behind closely.

His hand was placed on the middle of each thigh and slowly drawn upwards along the corresponding buttock.

He lifted and squeezed each bottom cheek noting its texture and firmness at each point. He now knew exactly how to assault his target for the maximum effect.

In time-honoured fashion she had walked before him to the improvised birching bench. She looked like a queen on her way to the scaffold, apart from her bare behind.

Mr. Browning could not help contrasting this lovely thief with the last female he had thrashed over the carpet (for he was a great believer in the rod).

That was Elizabeth Morton. She was quite useless as a shop assistant and he had to dismiss her. He had placed her in service with one of his customers.

To obtain the reference Miss Morton had to agree to have the birch put across her bottom in order, in Mr. Browning's words, to improve her demeanour.

He recalled the girl's long golden hair flowing down her bare back. And that plump little bottom. When the time came to mount the carpet for her birching she had burst into tears and buried her face in her hands. Mr. Browning had taken her by the ear and led her across to the roll of carpet.

His hand still felt the tingle as it slapped en-

couragement at every faltering step into the girl's jiggling bottom.

"Your thrashing will now commence. You may make as much noise as you wish. Nobody will hear you."

So saying Mr. Browning placed the last twelve inches on the top of the lady's bottom.

Keeping his eyes fixed on the selected spot his arm was drawn back. The birch hissed through the air in a flashing semi-circle until it collided at full speed with the target.

Mrs. de Quincy's scream seemed to rattle every tin and box in the room. She slid to the floor with hands clutching the long red patch on her bottom.

The second stroke sent the lady rolling over on the carpet with legs kicking and hands rubbing furiously at her scalding rear.

"This will not do," said Mr. Browning. "We have hardly started and you seem incapable of self-control. I regret I shall have to tie you down."

In a few minutes Mr. Brown had passed a length of thick silk cord under the roll of carpet, looping it around her knees and tied her hands with the two ends. She was now secured quite helplessly across the carpet.

With slow precision Mr. Browning proceeded to birch the lady's bottom. For twenty minutes the stock room reverberated with the swishing of the twigs, screams of anguish and strangled sobs.

For the young Mrs. de Quincy those twenty minutes were to change everything.

Her husband had always been indulgent with her. She longed for excitement. This was why she started shop-lifting. The feeling of *secrecy and wickedness* if gave her was intoxicating. Even being caught was thrilling in a way.

Mr. Browning's lecture had given her a strange feeling of devilment — what an abandoned creature she was! How dangerously she was living!

Even undressing in that strange stockroom in front of the fatherly Mr. Browning seemed part of the adventure.

When the birch lashed across her bottom for the first time all these daydreams vanished. Her whole body was concentrated in a band of burning heat across her bottom. She never dreamed anything could hurt so much.

She had felt her hands pulled away and her body pushed back across the roll of carpet. She was aware of the soft deep pile pushing into her flesh.

Then lights burst before her eyes and her body erupted in pain as sharp twigs again found their mark. She felt herself rolling about trying to escape that pain.

Then she could not move her arms and legs. They were secured with cords. Her sobbing screams and kicking lower legs did not ease the throbbing pain round her hips.

Mrs. de Quincy lost all sense of time. Days weeks, months were meaningless. There was *only*

the jarring, searing pains that flashed through her body and the periods in between.

She could hear the silence retreat as the swelling birch started its journey. Her body quivered as that sound grew to a roar.

She heard distinctly the indescribable sound as the twigs landed and spread out over her bare flesh. Then the fiery pain spread through her and tormented her very soul.

She only lived for the intervals between those strokes.

Her world consisted of an assortment of minutely observed tins and packets around the floor and within her field of vision. She had time to read the labels. She knew each packet and bottle intimately.

Then these images would dissolve in a flashing red glare of pain. Tears flowed over her little world and washed it away.

Gradually the boxes and tins would come back into focus as the throbbing heat in her behind ebbed slightly. There seemed an eternity to observe it all again.

Then came the next stroke.

She forgot everything else in the world. This torment was the only reality. Would it go on forever?

Mr. Browning stepped back and laid aside the birch. Several of the twigs had broken off and lay about the floor. His forehead gleamed with little beads of perspiration.

Mrs. de Quincy lay before him. Her wild kicking had loosened her bonds and she now lay with her legs wide apart.

The combs holding her long dark hair had fallen out and the silken tresses cascaded over her shoulders and tear-streaked face.

The thin bodice covering her upper body had been partly pulled away and a bare pink-nippled breast was exposed.

From the slim waist to the top of her satin-gartered, thigh-high stockings her body was a bright painful red with blotches of dark scarlet on the buttocks and thighs. The bottom still twitched and wriggled, but otherwise the lady lay quietly as though beyond pain and tears.

Mr. Browning untied her bonds and gently lifted the little thief off her bed of torment. She could not stand upright, but seemed to fold up at every movement of her tormented body.

The bodice fell away completely and revealed her two beautiful young breasts each with an erect shining nipple.

Mr. Browning said he would leave her to dress and to compose herself. He would return in thirty minutes.

When the draper again entered the stockroom his naughty customer was reasonably attired in her gown and bonnet.

He noted that the corset and drawers were carried in paper bag.

The bonnet concealed the hastily arranged hair, but the red-rimmed eyes and tear-streaked cheeks were evidence of what had taken place.

"A carriage awaits you at the side door and will convey you to your home," said Mr. Browning. "But there is one other matter before you leave."

Mr. Browning handed her a long thin package wrapped discreetly in brown paper.

"I have charged this item to your account and the receipt is inside."

Mrs. de Quincy silently accepted the package and looked pleadingly at the stern draper.

"The parcel contains one of our best quality birch rods and a short tract dealing with its care and use."

Mrs. de Quincy's lovely mouth dropped open with dismay and tears again started in her eyes.

"From this date forth you will call here on the first and the third Thursday in each month. You will ask for me personally and we shall retire to this room. You, Madam, will then stand in a good light. You will remove your gown, and other garments, bend over and pull down your unmention-

ables to your knees. I shall then examine your bare bottom. I expect on every occasion to see the unmistakable signs of a sound birching having been applied to your person by your husband. If for any reason he has failed in this duty I personally shall remedy the omission."

Mr. Browning indicated the roll of carpet and Mrs. de Quincy shivered. He continued:

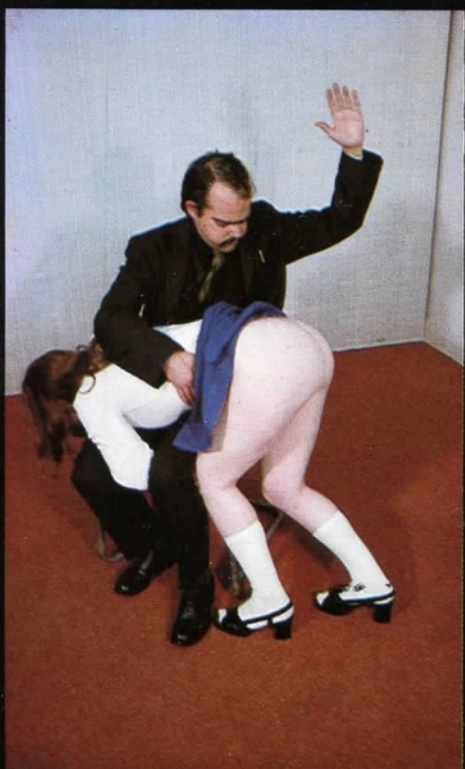
"Any failure on your part to comply with these instructions will oblige me to deliver your signed confession to the police and to lay formal charges against you. It is my hope that this procedure will in the course of time cure you of your nefarious inclinations. I shall expect your first visit two weeks from today. And now, good morning, Madam."

Mr. Browning was thoughtful as he locked the lady's confession in the office safe. How much society depended upon the strong moral standards of men like himself.

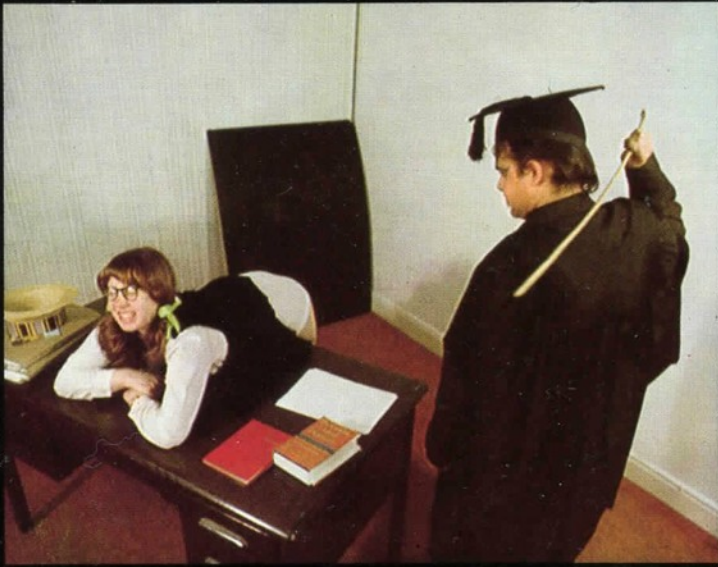
He strode confidently into his shop to continue the good work.

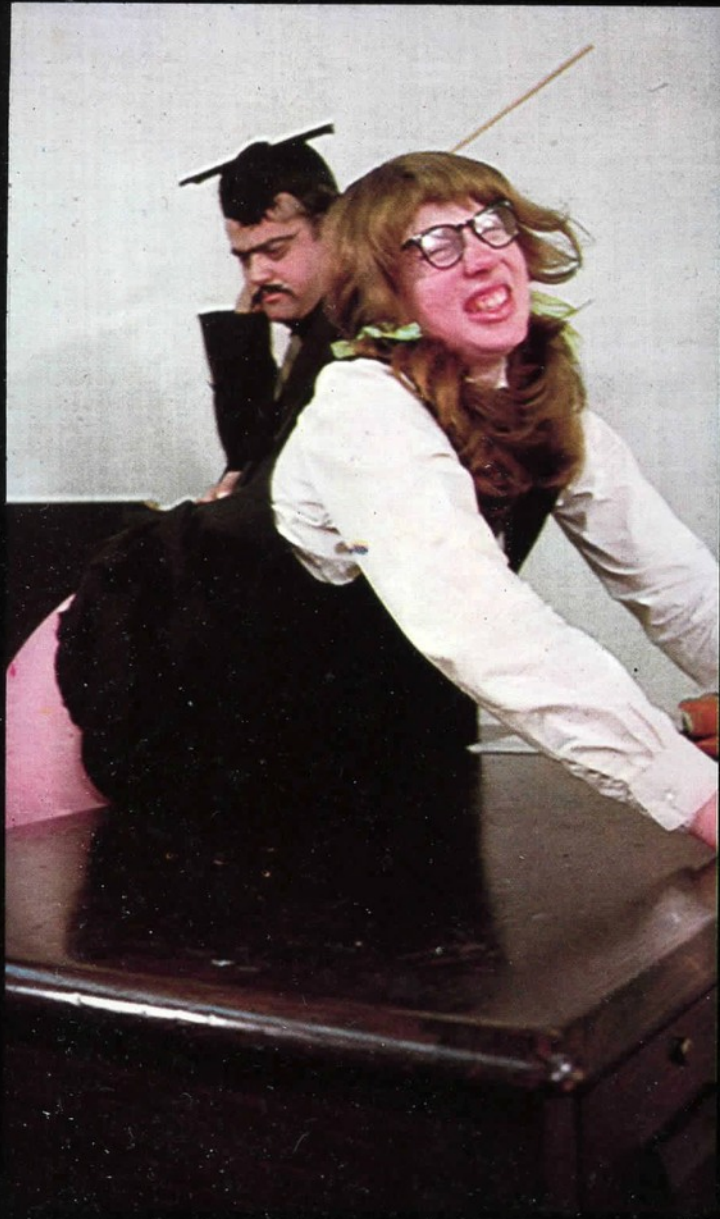
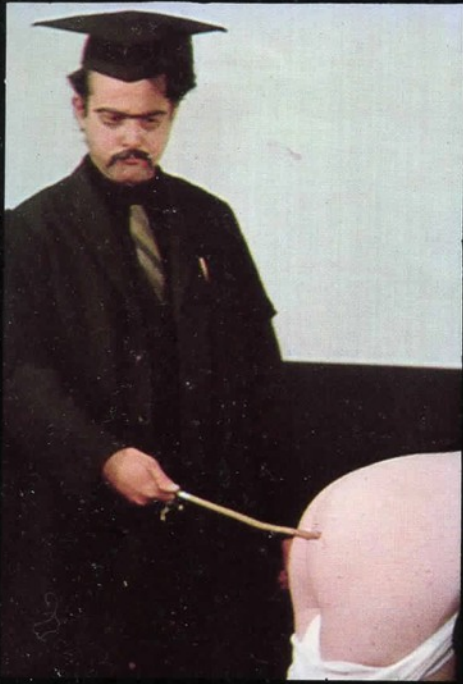


**Two of the most evocative phrases of the "Spanker" are:~
"A GOOD SOUND SPANKING"**



& "SIX OF THE BEST"







SPEAKING OF WORDS...

Actions speak louder than words. Chastisement seems an obvious example of the truth of this statement. Yet how fascinating and emotive is the vocabulary which has grown up around the everyday act of warming a bottom.

Do we realise how dependent we are on the time-honoured phrases, the vocal inflexions and coy innuendos that accompany the application of hand to bottom? The reader is invited to spend a little time exploring this subject.

Let us take two typical examples of dialogue. In both cases a young lady is informed of a man's intention to cane or spank her. The exchanges during punishment are also given. Relax and read these passages. Let the words flow and allow the mind to develop its images quite naturally.

Example One

A headmaster is about to deal with a senior girl pupil who has been sent to his study for serious misbehaviour.

Head: "This is the last straw, young lady. I have been far too lenient with you. You have had every chance, but you continue to defy me. You are letting down the whole school. Well, what have you to say?"

Girl: "Nothing, sir. I'm sorry, sir."

Head: "I'm sorry too. Well, I'm obliged to give you a taste of what we call the 'final deterrent.' Do you know what this is?"

Girl: "Oh no . . . not the cane!"

Head: "Yes the cane. It's only used as a last resort. I shall cane you here and now. You know what to do."

Girl: "What . . . sir?"

Head: "Skirt up and bend over my desk. Now I'm going to give you six of the very best. One!" *(Thwack!)*

Girl: "Ahhhh!"

Head: "Two." *(Thwack!)*

Girl: "Ow!"

Head: "Three." *(Thwack!)*

Girl: "Owww!"

Head: "Four." *(Thwack!)*

Girl: "Ow! Please sir . . . I promise I'll never never do it again. Ow!"

Head: "Bend over and stay there. Five." *(Thwack!)*

Girl: "Ahhhh! No, please . . . please sir."

Head: "Six." *(Thwack!)*

"That will do. Stand up. I hope that will be a lesson you won't forget. If you cause any more trouble you'll get the stick again. But next time a mistress will give it to you on the bare behind. Do you understand?"

Girl: "Yes . . . sir."

Head: "Now compose yourself and return to your class."

Example Two

George confronts his wife, Sharon, in the kitchen.

George: "Er, darling, I think you have behaved very badly for some time and that I should do something about it."

Sharon: "And what exactly are you going to do?"

George: "I think you should be . . . punished."

Sharon: "Punished!"

George: "Yes. I thought I'd give you a good . . . spanking . . . on your bottom."

Sharon: "On my bott . . . ! You!"

(Sharon points at George and laughs uncontrollably)

Sharon: "Well, husband dear, you'll want to do this properly. Sit down there. That's right, in the big chair."

"Now, let's see . . . you'll want this skirt off, won't you. There we are, I'll put it on the chair."

"Now, I'll pull up my sweater. My knickers are thin and tight, but of course they must come down. You want to smack my bum and nothing but my bum. Right! Here they come . . . all the way down to my knees.

"Now I'll unclip my suspenders and push my stockings down a bit. There we are George, your wife's bare bottom, nothing hidden from waist to knees, back and front. You can see everything.

"Look, I'll bend over and push out my bum for you, so you can see. There now, I dare you to smack me, I just dare you to lay one little finger on me. Go on, I dare you. I dare you!"

(George slaps the nude bottom as hard as he can. Sharon is knocked off balance and plunges forward. She is caught by George and hauled across his knees. His speech now keeps time with his hand as it slaps Sharon's seat.)

George: "So . . . taunt . . . me . . . would . . . you. Well . . . I'll . . . show . . . you . . . I'll . . . give . . . you . . . a . . . hiding . . . you . . . won't forget . . . I'll . . . smack . . . your bottom . . . until . . . you . . . can't . . . sit . . . down . . . for . . . a . . . week . . . You naughty . . . naughty . . . naughty . . . girl!"

We can now leave George and Sharon as we have sufficient material for our enquiry.

Consider the first of the above passages. What pictures were produced in the mind by this short dialogue?

We might have seen a nubile eighteen year old blonde in gym slip and white blouse.

Certainly there was a broad girlish bottom with dark blue knickers stretched tight across the cheeks; or perhaps the knickers were bottle green or even white.

Did the light from a window pick out the two curves of the buttocks and the shallow depression where knickers bridge the hidden valley between?

Did you notice that when the girl bent over her spreading hips caused the waistband of her knickers to form a broad downward curve at the back which plunged to reveal the top of her bottom cleft?

Did the behind jump as flashing bamboo cracked down and bounced off? How did the girl look as she listened to the headmaster with her hands clasped against a stinging bottom?

Now consider Example Two:

Do you see George as a quiet, modest sort of chap, not easily galvanised into action?

Was Sharon a striking brunette with a lovely buxom figure; and did your eyes travel over her large breasts pushing out a pale blue sweater, her slim waist, broad hips and long black-

stockinged legs?

Are you with George as he sits in his kitchen?

Do you see Sharon's skirt disappear and come face to face with a broad warm behind, every detail of which is outlined by wide-legged, floral patterned nylon knickers?

Are you watching as the waistband of her pants descends horizontally down the bottom cheeks and the shadowy cleft comes inch by inch into view?

And as this saucy young wife defies her husband is your field of vision completely filled by pinky-white bottom cheeks thrust up into your face?

Are you now looking down on the bottom that fills George's lap? Is your hand beginning to sting as it slaps glowing colour into the soft warm flesh. Are you smacking the cheeks alternately or just laying into her for all you are worth? Are there beads of perspiration on your brow?

Study the effect of reading these passages aloud. How do you sound as the headmaster?

A tape recorder can be very useful for such research; and if you are lucky you may be able to act out the scenes with an accommodating female.

Having given some practical examples of the imaginative power of words, let us proceed to an analysis in depth.

Human beings are unique in their capacity to communicate with words.

We can wonder at our ability to produce the vast range of sounds that make up language. Just as remarkable is the ability to represent such sounds with the written word.

Of course, a word can only refer to a more fundamental experience, particularly to vision. But we can only see things as part of our total living experience.

For instance, a man may love or hate the colour red. If he hates it, the sight of a red object is both a visual and an emotional (hateful) experience. If he loves the colour its observation gives rise to pleasurable emotion.

We can all give examples of the emotive power of words. This feature of language is fully exploited by actors and politicians.

With this in mind we ask the reader for his reactions to the word 'bottom'.

A quite ordinary word that occurs frequently in everyday language. Yet to the reader there is surely a universe of meaning in that arrangement of six letters.

Each individual's subconscious will be stirred. Childhood experiences may be recalled. Thousands of photographs, hundreds of books, millions of lines of prose will be brought to mind.

The exact reaction of each person will be

unique and entirely personal. His experiences and memories constitute his very own meaning for this word.

In one sense we all know the definition of the word, and yet its meaning is different for every single one of us.

For some 'bottom' may have little erotic significance. Say it a thousand times and they will remain unmoved.

But you may be sure they all have words that set the pulse racing and electrify the memory cells.

A sensitive chord may be touched by bum, rear, arse, derriere, behind, botty, seat, end, BTM, sitting cushions, buttocks, or even (for the medical men) *gluteus maximus*.

The effect of single words may be startling, but when they are grouped into phrases and sentences their power is multiplied. Just as we develop personal attachments to certain words, so all of us have phrases which seem to be our very own.

If a strict mother always said, "I'm going to smack your bottom," the sentence may be fondly remembered by the recipient of the punishment throughout his life. This early connection of a phrase with an experience is the key to the power of words.



The reader may be moved by one of the following:

"I shall give you a smacked bottom."

"You're going to have your bottom smacked."

"I'm going to give you a good smacking on the bare bottom."

"I'm going to take down your pants and smack your bottom."

"I shall spank your bare bottom."

"You'll be spanked on the bare."

"I'll tan your bare behind."

"I'll pay you!"

Every reader could probably recall such phrases used by a mother, aunt, or teacher and, in due course, spoken by him to a wife, girlfriend or secretary.

In such recollections the exact wording is essential as the smallest variation detracts from the full flavour of remembered incidents.

What a range of language we have inherited.

"Take your knickers off."

"Lower your pants and bent over."

"Bare your bottom."

American are said to threaten their womenfolk with a 'blistered butt'.

For the lovers of cliches there is:

"This is going to hurt me more than it hurts you."

If that is the case he is not doing it properly!

Even the poets have contributed with gems such as:

"It can't be helped,

It must be done,

So down with your pants,

And up with your bum."

Not worthy of the Immortal Bard perhaps, but it has a certain atmosphere.

It seems a pity that this great wealth of material has not attracted the professional talkers. How would the actresses of our day speak the above phrases? Which well known female would you like to hear speak the words:

"I shall take down your pants and smack your bare bottom until you can't sit down for a week."

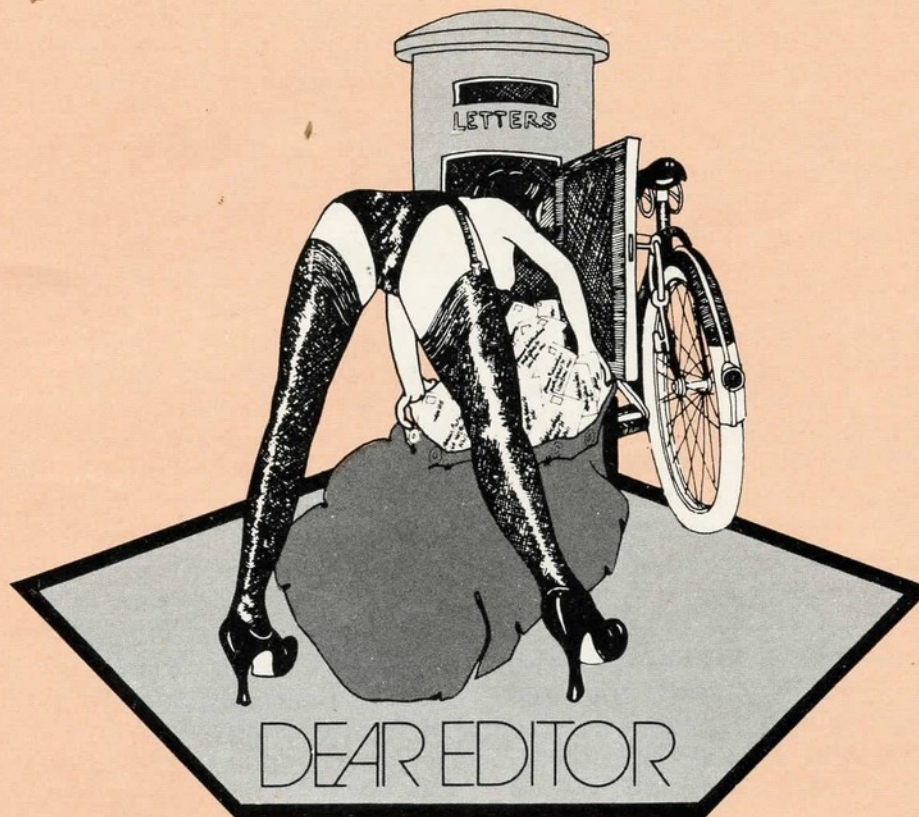
What depths of feeling would be conveyed by a leading actor to the dialogue that accompanies the pulling down of silky knickers and the smacking of a satin smooth girlish bottom.

Dare we, in these permissive times, look forward to dramatic interpretations of bottom smackings? Who will write, perform and record the first spanking play?

Regrettably we come to the end of this very brief survey.

The great power of words is that they refer direct to our most private and personally unique experiences.

They act as labels in the vast filing system of the brain. To know this helps us to understand our own emotions and reactions.



THE SWISH OF THE KILT

Thanks a million for your magazine and especially for the *Spanking Specials*. Next to the real thing, I love to read about spanking and your pictures and photos are marvellous.

My interest in spanking goes way back and I remember that even before I was old enough to go to school I used to play 'schools' and 'mothers and fathers' with Rose, the girl next door, who was a few years older than I – I seem to have spent most of the time across her lap getting my bottom smacked.

When I started masturbating I used to strip and lie across my bed and smack my bottom with my hand, a strap or a switch while I masturbated.

I was sixteen when I got my first taste of a spanking by the opposite sex. Being of Scottish descent, I sometimes wore the kilt, and one evening a young

woman in her twenties who was visiting us made a few ribald comments about what was worn beneath a kilt and then said that if she caught me on my own wearing one she would pull it up and give my bare bottom a good spanking.

Although she was laughing when she said this, I felt that she might possibly mean it and the thought of being spanked by her gave me an erection.

Joan – which was the young girl's name – ran a hairdressing *salon* locally and I knew that on Thursday afternoons, early closing day, she was usually alone in the *salon* doing the books.

The following Thursday after school I changed into my kilt and went to see her. She let me into her *salon*, laughed when she saw what I was wearing and asked whether I had thought she was joking when

she said she would spank me on my bare bottom. I replied that that was just what I had come to find out.

She seemed to make up her mind then, and took me into an inner cubicle well away from the window. She sat down; drew me unresisting across her lap and pulled my kilt up over my back. Of course, I was not wearing any under-pants.

That was the beginning of my first real spanking. Her palm smacked resoundingly on my upturned bottom cheeks and the sound was very loud within the confines of the cubicle.

She soon had me squirming and gasping as my bottom smarted and before she was done tears came to my eyes and I pleaded with her to stop. When at last she let me up I rubbed my burning buttocks

and she took me in her arms and cuddled me.

Finding me aroused, she caressed me until I forgot my smarting bottom, kissed her and felt her big breasts while she expertly manipulated me to complete satisfaction.

She asked if I would like to come back the following Thursday; and when I eagerly agreed, she laughed and said I need not bother wearing the kilt.

Every Thursday after that I went to the *salon* immediately after school. Once in the cubicle I would strip naked and receive a spanking. This was followed by a petting session; and after the third Thursday, at my request, Joan herself

stripped to spank me.

Just after my seventeenth birthday Joan let me make love to her; but a few months later she became engaged to be married and our Thursday sessions stopped.

Since then I have been spanked by several women and have spanked quite a few myself, but I only do so if my partner agrees. When I am without a partner for a long period I spank myself. I find that a plastic carpet-beater makes a good instrument.

Fortunately, for the last few years I have had an accommodating secretary, a buxom young girl with a firm plump bottom who not only thorough-

ly enjoys spanking me but having aroused herself by blistering my bottom allows me to spank her and usually achieves orgasm herself before giving me oral relief.

Some years ago I had a delightful interlude with a young woman who owned two real birch rods; and having tasted the extra special delights of birching I wonder that more of your correspondents do not try this in preference to the cane, which is a far more painful instrument.

Long may you flourish and more *Spanking Specials* please.

R.J.M.
Middlesborough



STRAPPING GIRLS

I am in my early fifties and work for three days a week as a typist in an office in the centre of Bristol and for the first time I have just read a copy of your magazine.

It so happened that the copy which was circulating in the office was the *Spanking Special*. I read it with great interest and I am prompted to tell you of my experiences as a schoolgirl many years ago.

I am going back now to the late thirties when I was a teenager at a select girls' school on the South Coast. It was a school which girls attended between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. There were about a hundred of us on the roll and the school buildings were two large old houses.

Punishment for minor offences was always dealt with by the Housemistress in her study after evening prep and the girls concerned reported there at 8.30 p.m. All the girls, usually three or four, were called in together, their offences detailed together with the punishment they were to receive.

The punishment always consisted of a stated number of strokes with a leather strap on the culprit's knicker-clad bottom. The strap itself was of pliable leather, about three inches in width and about nine inches in length with a rounded rubber handle of about six inches.

Each girl in turn placed herself over the back of a low armchair, legs together, toes just touching the floor and hands clasping the arms of the chair.

The Housemistress then raised and tucked up the skirt, exposing the girl's taut regulation knickers. The number of strokes varied from four to twelve, and they were administered slowly and on each buttock alternately.

The girls were punished in



the order of the number of strokes they were to receive – the smallest number first.

My first experience of this was after I had been at the school for about four months. I was sixteen years of age and for bad work and sullenness in the classroom I was to receive six strokes. This meant that two girls were to be punished before me; and one, who was awarded six strokes, after me.

As I watched the other two girls receive their punishment I could feel the flesh of my bottom creep and by the time that I placed myself in position I was trembling.

I felt the Housemistress raise and tuck in my skirt and then rest the strap against my right buttock as she measured her distance.

She gave me two light preparatory taps and then the first stroke landed across the centre of my right cheek! I remember I gasped aloud and thrust my smarting buttock upwards as the sting gradually spread. I was determined not to cry out as each of the girls before me had, and I gripped the arms of the chair as tightly as I could.

After what seemed an age I felt two light taps on my left buttock and then the second stroke descended in the centre of that cheek. Again I gasped and thrust my buttocks upwards.

Now both of my cheeks were glowing and trembling as I wriggled and squirmed. The next two strokes landed a little higher on each buttock in turn, and the last two a little lower

so that the whole area of each had been covered by the six strokes.

I know that I wriggled and squirmed in a most undignified manner throughout my punishment and that my bottom was still sore a day or two afterwards, but all the girls accepted this sort of punishment as a matter of routine.

I suppose that in my two years at the school I was spanked on seven or eight occasions. The maximum number I received was ten strokes. I always wriggled and squirmed and tossed and twisted my stinging bottom about, but I never wept.

More serious offences were dealt with by the Headmistress in her study, where all spankings were delivered in exactly the same way, but on the bare bottom. I received only one of these – six strokes – for smoking in the village on a Saturday afternoon.

I remember watching my friend, who also received six strokes, lower her knickers to half-way down her thighs before bending over. The Head then raised her skirt and exposed the two white buttocks that were soon to become alive as they blushed under the stinging strokes of the strap.

I did not cry out on this occasion but I know my poor bottom trembled, jumped and twisted violently throughout the spanking – I have never smoked since, but I didn't resent the punishment and it did me no harm.

I should like to make one suggestion for your next issue: I think it is interesting to read detailed accounts of the feelings of the victim during the course of the spanking – the effect of each stroke and the suspense between them. Could you find space for such accounts?

E.P. (Mrs.)
Bristol

GIRLS' PRISON PUNISHMENT

Your second *Spanking Special* issue is even better than the first, from its delightful pinkish-warmed bottom on the cover to the readers' letters at the end. I am not surprised you have decided to produce a third spanking number in November. My magazine supplier informs me that your first spanking issue many times outsold the *Knickers* and *Bondage* issues put together.

Your centre spread is delightful, too; and knicker fans must be enraptured by the schoolgirl's tight white panties. I was even more pleased to note 'teacher' bending the cane almost double, as I disapprove of the more solid, unbending (and less stingy) canes which are sometimes believed – wrongly – to be capable of a more severe thrashing.

The birch was well featured, and although I enjoyed Mrs. J.F.'s contribution, that strap is not a Scots' tawse, although I believe it would suffice nicely to impart a moderate strapping.

One of your correspondents wonders why so many articles on Corporal Punishment dwell on the past. This is quite true, but easy to understand as formerly it was easier to obtain pictures and drawings from institutions where thrashings were accepted as a normal and everyday procedure and they were never bothered by activities like those of our present day reformers.

In the *Observer* of Sunday, the 19th of August, 1973, there was a picture of a newspaper correspondent on the *Nigerian Observer* displaying his flogged back after receiving twenty-four strokes of the whip for writing an article criticising education and teachers in his country.

Some weeks ago the same

paper carried a paragraph objecting to a fourteen year old boy in a British protectorate – the Adaman Islands – being punished in prison by being made to break heavy stones in the boiling sun.

The official explanation is that the corporal punishment advocated had already proved insufficient and that the boy had recently undergone three sessions of C.P.; first receiving twelve strokes of the penal cane, then a further twelve strokes and, for a third offence, twenty strokes of the birch.

Another of your correspondents is correct in his belief that inmates of both sexes are still whipped with a leather strap in some American states and he may have read of this during the recent Arkansas prison scandal.

This mainly concerned the deaths and unrecorded burials of prison inmates, so that the whippings paled into insignificance by comparison; but books dealing with the matter include pictures showing the paddle – three inches long, four inches broad and as thick as a harness trace – in regular use; and sometimes the girls and women were not whipped in the female section by women guards but were put over the trestle used for offending male prisoners and severely flogged by men.

America is a vast country and nothing coming from there causes very much surprise, but during the Arkansas revelations I was regularly visiting the States and many of the thousands of pulp crime magazines featured articles by released prisoners.

Accordingly, I have decided to write to you the following in story form, though I assure you that nothing but authenticated fact is used throughout. It should be remembered that Americans have less patience with 'female cons' and in view

of the wave of serious crimes – one murder every three minutes – most citizens tend to advocate even harsher methods and reformers are not a vociferous body.

The words of the county judge were still ringing in her ears:

“You will serve two to five years on a State Corrective Farm,” when the prison bus entered the barbed-wire compound, miles from the State Highway.

The officers threw open the locked compartment and harshly ordered:

“Out at the double, girls, and let’s get you enrolled in your finishing school.”

Aged between fifteen and nineteen, they had been convicted of offences in different towns of this Southern State and right now Sue certainly regretted that her hitching rides had taken her hundreds of miles south and not, as she had intended, to the swinging West coast.

Mostly though, she cursed being apprehended by the Law after she had done her last mugging to obtain a few dollars for a meal and a bed.

Reception proved a chastening experience. She was not allowed to talk to her fellow ‘new fish’; her clothes were confiscated; then she was showered in water which was too hot, then too cold; fumigated; given a rough medical examination; closely questioned about illnesses, venereal diseases, her sex life – ‘you’d better tell the truth here if you know what’s good for you’ – and finally issued with cotton panties, a plain bra, slip and a prison dress.

The prisoners were then told to line up to meet the Chief Matron.

The lecture given by the

Matron droned on: do your time according to the rules as posted or make life tough for yourself.

Not only were the staff to be obeyed instantly, but also the ‘trusties’, who were distinguished by their wearing nylons and dresses altered to fit tightly and attractively.

The girls were then assigned to ‘cottages’; introduced to their particular hut leader or trusty; and then ordered to go on a tour of inspection, memorising the many rules as they went.

Finally, the small party crossed to a windowless brick building and entered, passing through a door marked: Waiting Room.

The girl who had taken charge, a gum-chewing blonde with a Jayne Mansfield figure, said:

“O.K. girls, now I know what you are thinking. Some of you are going to break out to go back to the men in your life. Some of you are damned if you intend to obey the rules; and

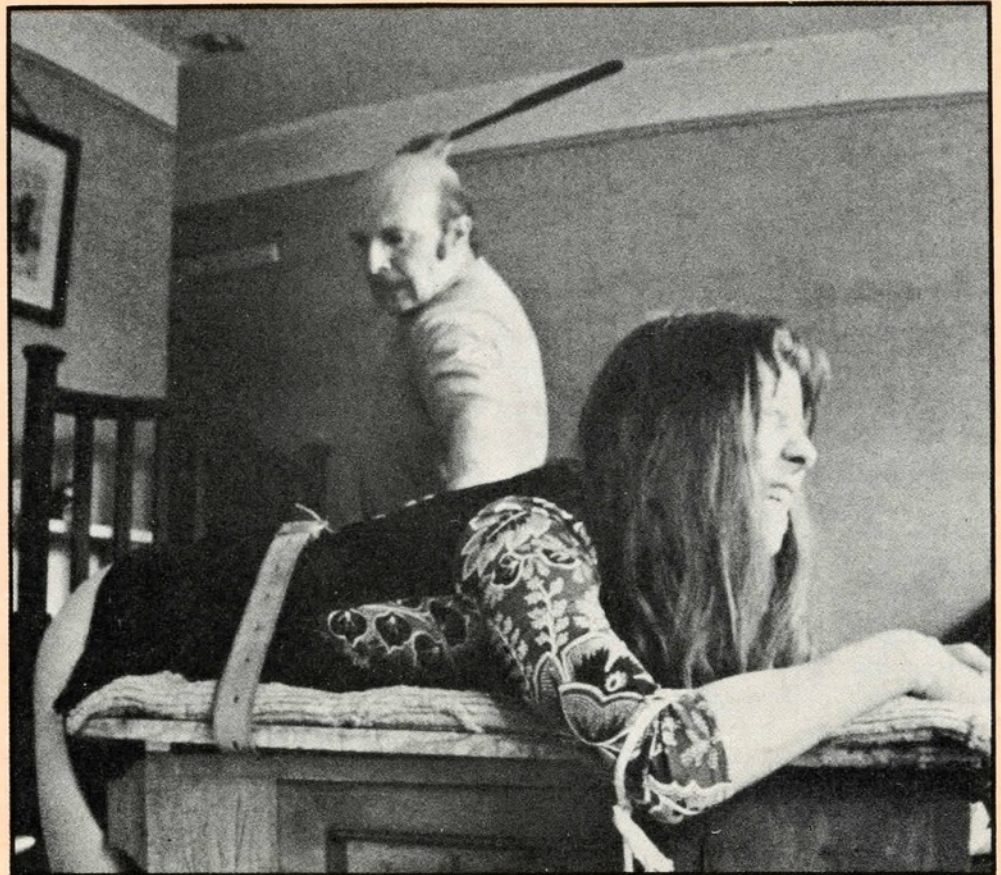
some of you will be intent on squealing about some of the things you see to try to curry favour with the matrons.

“I’ll give you some good advice now. The trusties run this reformatory, and don’t ever doubt that for one moment or you’ll find yourself here to be punished. How? Well, I’ll not keep you in suspense.

“If you go ‘on report’ you can go to solitary and one meal a day; and believe me, every day seems like a month locked in the dark without your clothes and with only one blanket, no pillow and a board for a bed.

“Or you may think you are lucky and get a choice: ‘Task or Leather.’ This means you can try to work it off by doing fifty per cent more than your work allocation in the fields, laundry or kitchen for several days; but I don’t advise it because it can’t be done, so you still come here for leather. Know what I mean? No? Then I’ll show you.”

She opened another door and ushered Sue and the other girls into what looked like a small



gymnasium, until they realised that the vaulting horse and low benches had buckles strategically placed which were not unrelated to a rack of paddles and specially cut straps, switches and whips on the wall.

"That's right, girls. Might as well know now that you'll be entertained here from time to time: just how often depends on you.

"Any girl who is naughty will report here and go over the horse with her bare ass in the air. Then she'll learn what a flogged bum feels like. Usually twenty to thirty strokes, nice and slowly, laid on so you have time to appreciate each one. Hell, don't look petrified, girls! It won't kill you, and you go right back forgiven and almost as good as new."

The trusty – "Call me Mistress Francis" – began to take down a paddle, then replaced it and instead selected one of the narrower straps.

"Know what this is? It's a tawse, specially thonged at the business end to do justice to a nice, firm bum.

"You," she said, pointing at Sue. "I'll bet you've got a beauty there. Let's see it."

"No, never. Leave me alone," said Sue, backing away.

"You've forgotten all you were told already," said the trusty. "O.K. You'll learn, but good."

Then she left, locking in the girls, who could not appreciate that this was a situation contrived to drive home the cardinal rule of obeying all orders.

Within five minutes the trusty returned with two matrons who listened to a pack of lies about Sue's threatening violence and ordered:

"Right, we'll teach you where you are with a few striking arguments."

Calling on the assistance of two of the bigger girls, the matron had Sue buckled over

a trestle. She was mortified as first her dress was roughly pulled up and then her panties pulled down.

"Because she's new, we'll let her off with a warning punishment this time," said the matron. "We'll use the medium paddle."

The other matron, called on to be the executioner, now took down a twenty-six inch length of three inch wide leather attached to a short handle and ran it through her fingers.

"How many, Chief?"

"Twelve really hot ones."

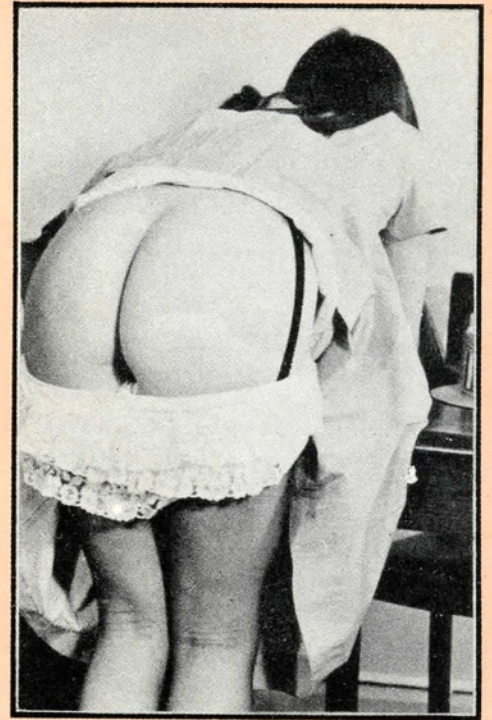
The punishment that followed was exemplary and certainly made the 'new fish' resolve without exception to play ball: which meant, in the case of the prettier girls, being nice and loving to the trustees; and in the case of the not so attractive, doing all the chores for their superiors – both day and night.

As the trusty had said, the whipping did not kill Sue, and in some ways she was lucky to have got over her first dose of the strap so soon as all the prisoners were closely watched until an excuse could be found or manufactured for punishment: then they would be 'on report', and inevitably a severe strapping would follow.

Sometimes the beating would take place privately in the matron's office with the girl bent over a desk, chair or settee.

Sometimes it would take place before all the girls in the hut with the offender held down naked over the end of her bed – there was never any lack of willing helpers – and if a girl resisted strongly she might be overcome by force of numbers and strung up, suspended by her wrists above her head, and the punishment increased.

This happened to Sue when she refused a butch lesbian



trusty's repugnant advances and had to endure twelve strokes with the heavy tawse on her bare bottom and twenty with the heavy paddle, evenly distributed from her shoulder blades down her back, across her contracting bottom cheeks and across the back of her thighs.

But the human being is a resilient, adaptable creature; and as she was seen to toe the line and curb her impetuous reactions, Sue gradually began to appreciate the system and the friendship of many whom she would formerly have not considered her type.

After the initial shocks and hardships of the first six months, she began to work at being accepted by authority and actually courted the praises of the staff for her part in maintaining good order.

Then came the day when she was promoted from doing physical labour to administrative duties and was responsible for keeping records, including the offences of those on report and the punishments inflicted. She found herself defending the procedure to girls who awaited the dispensation of justice by the matrons, and she

found herself giving words of slight consolation:

"Well, it don't kill you to have the leather lash your bare behind and, anyway, we've all had it – and it's your own fault, isn't it?"

Then one day she felt it incumbent on herself to ask her chief for an interview at which she confessed to having slipped into the next bed when she heard the girl's masturbatory groans on the previous evening, and to have said:

"Relax honey, let me do it to you."

Even more surprising was her insistence that the offence, which the matron said was understandable and would be forgiven, should be punished in the usual way.

Realising the masochistic guilt feeling the girl had, the matron agreed; and Sue quickly bared her bottom, knelt on the couch and thrust up the resilient globes for twelve strokes of the slim hickory switch, after which she thanked her punisher and entered the punishment on her own record.

Shortly after that she was invited to become a trusty, which gave her the sensuous pleasure of putting on delightful undies for the first time in many months. A few days later she administered, under the Matron's supervision, three whippings to girls 'on report'.

The first was a slim fifteen year old who had stabbed another inmate. She got twenty strokes of a heavy leather paddle.

The second was to a nineteen year old with a reluctance to be co-operative with her trusty – a dozen with a short, three-tailed whip.

And to the third, a 'new fish' who had refused an order, twelve strokes of a heavy tawse, followed by six cuts with a willow switch.

During this last, slowly administered, whipping, two

things happened to broaden Sue's experience. First, the offender, after three strokes of a two-thonged tawse, released her bladder; and, secondly, during the switching, Sue experienced a most delightful orgasm.

Sue is now a masseuse in a first-class establishment catering for women and among her clientele are many who stipulate that they wish to have Sue because she understands them so well.

She also spans beautifully, especially when the client graduates from the hand treatment to one of those solid leather paddles or split-tailed straps; to say nothing of the swishy and tingly little birch rod which Sue uses to seek out those hidden intimate recesses in the buttocks region.

Occasionally Sue is visited by her former Chief Matron, but on these occasions it is she who receives the scalding lashes of the pliable leather. A necessary prelude to the re-enactment of other pleasures of an all-female society!

B.G.
Truro

HEADMASTER'S DAUGHTER DISCIPLINED

I have read your publication since its inception and have found your *Spanking Specials* excellent. To help swell the contents of your next issue I felt the following true incident might be of interest.

I attended a well-known Public School in the late 40's where the cane was in use frequently. The Headmaster had an attractive, if rather haughty, daughter, occasionally seen by the boarding boys.

One summer I was prevented from going on holiday because I was recovering from chickenpox and was confined to my dormitory.

The usual sound of approaching footsteps between

my dormitory and the next one made me look through the glass door one evening. Unseen, I watched the Headmaster open a door and, when his daughter went in, he followed her, carrying two canes in his hand.

The glass in the doors was frosted except for the top panes, and as soon as he had shut the opposite door I slipped across the corridor and listened.

"I warned you what would happen the next time I heard you had lost your temper, didn't I, Anne?" said the Headmaster.

By standing on tiptoe I could just glimpse what was happening in the room. Anne nodded in answer to her father's question.

"I am not paying for a private tutor during the holidays so that you can throw ink-wells at him," concluded the Head, "so I hope that this thrashing will be a good lesson which does not need to be repeated. Bend over the end of the bed!"

He pointed at the bed with its foot facing the door, and with some hesitation, she obeyed. The metal frame had several parallel bars and she gripped the second one from the top.

"That's not low enough, Anne," her father said sharply, pointing to the fourth one down.

She had a bit of a struggle getting her arms between frame and mattress, but when she had her behind stretched so that her skirt rode up well over her thighs.

The Headmaster removed his jacket and rolled up his right shirt sleeve. Then, bending slightly, he lifted her skirt over her back and grasped the elastic band of her dark knickers and lowered them below her knees.

"Oh, Dad, not bare, please!" she cried out, starting to rise as she looked round.

"Keep bent over or you'll only get a more severe caning," he answered, pressing the small of her back in emphasis.

He turned and picked up both canes, swishing them vertically once or twice. Her buttock cheeks clenched at each *swish*.

The Headmaster positioned himself and swung almost parallel with the ground, not with any apparent force, but the whippiness of the canes and his wrist action had more effect than a harder stroke delivered from above.

The two weals which appeared coupled with the stifled scream from Anne were clear evidence of his effectiveness.

Seven times the two canes were laid across her buttocks, travelling systematically across her bare skin. The first four from the middle of her behind to the crease between thighs and buttocks, the second four from thighs up to the middle again so that the last pair of weals almost exactly coincided with the first.

I have never witnessed a girl getting caned before or since, nor have I heard of the use of two canes.

L.R.
Essex



BETTER THAN BIRCHING?

Thank you for your *Spanking Special No. 4*, which I have just received. I would like to add my comments on the *Spanking Specials* so far.

The cover of your *Spanking Special No. 1* must have been suggested by a psychologist. The word 'spanking' in capital letters over the picture of the school-girl type with the lovely rounded bottom was a real winner. I am sure she was mentally spanked, caned, strapped or birched by every girl-spanking enthusiast who saw her, and she must have sold many copies on sight.

Page 34 I liked very much, probably because I love to see a girl being birched. Also because the girl's genitals are showing, which emphasised the connection between sex and spanking.

The girl on page 48 looks very apprehensive. With a bottom like that, just made for the birch, I am not surprised. Also her unusual knickers add interest to the scene. I think the type of knickers worn can

make a picture, such as those on pages 32 and 77. Those bloomers make what is really a quite ordinary set very exciting.

Page 8 featuring Victorian drawers is probably the best in the book. No action granted, but so much suggested. The girl being made to take the birch with which she is going to be punished at the moment when she knocks on the school master or mistress's door is great (I'm sure you employ a psychologist) and that other gorgeous photo of drawers down and birch marks on her bottom is wonderful.

On page 71 there is the blonde school girl. They are very good caning photos but I would have preferred to see her face. The real pleasure, to me at least, is to see her howling or shrieking under punishment, as, for example, on pages 47 and 50.

Page 64 is very good. The young, pretty-looking model could indeed be a school girl and the bottom two photos show how much the cane is

hurting by her expression. The cartoon pages of pages 54 and 55 are very good, but I would have liked them a larger size.

Spanking Special No. 4, in my opinion, is not as good as *No. 2*. There seem to be too many beautiful bare bottoms not being spanked. Just not enough strap, cane or birch in sight!

There are, of course, some very good things. The girl on the cover, for instance. Her bottom seems to be inviting a spanking and her slightly red cheeks suggest someone has had that pleasure (probably the psychologist).

Those Victorian drawers on page 9 do something for me. Also the well-striped bottom on page 15 is a very good photo. The best is on page No. 4.

I realise it is legally easier to publish cartoons of more advanced types of Corporal Punishment, so I would request more of them. The one you show is of a Victorian birching at its painful best.

The colour photos on page No. 43 are good and clear, but I would have liked the cane marks shown. Pages 56 and 59, showing canings on navy-blue knickers, are good photos but, as usual, I would like to see the face. The picture on page No. 78 shows a pair of very exciting bloomers.

Page 82 with the reader's photos is very good. This is something you might be able to expand on. According to your readers' letters, plenty of them spank their wives, girl friends and daughters. Photos would be most enjoyable. How about a competition?

I have one suggestion that I think is very important. It may seem a trifle but it annoys me every time I look at it so it may have the same effect on at least some of your other readers. In *No. 2* on pages 54 and 55, and in *No. 4* on pages 28 and 29, you have two car-

toon strips obviously drawn by the same artist — a very good artist, too. The only trouble is that he or she is not reproduced large enough. I think the cartoons should have been printed large enough to cover the whole two pages instead of just the bottom, as now.

I hope I have not bored you too much. I would not presume to tell you what and how you should present your magazine, but I know that you like to hear from readers.

L.A.M.
Battersea

CANADIAN CANING

The enclosed pictures were taken by the young lady I visit on an average of once every three weeks all year long.

Although her real name is not Betty I will refer to her as Miss Betty, a form of address she insists on.

Although I am not truly a transvestite I do enjoy the feel of many materials normally worn by women next to my skin.

As soon as I arrive for a visit with Miss Betty she leads me to her bedroom where she has put on her bed anything she wishes, me to wear. On my most recent visit she had laid out a yellow nylon shortie nightie and black sheer panty hose.

Once I had stripped and put on the required clothing Miss Betty produced her recent acquisition of a colour Polaroid camera with a flash attachment.

I wasn't at all keen on her taking pictures of me as I was afraid they might fall into the wrong hands; but Miss Betty assured me that she would destroy any in which one could see who the subject might be.

We took many photos during our session together and I have selected four to send you which form part of a sequence.

The first picture was taken when I had just finished dress-



ing and Miss Betty had me assume one of the more common poses that we used; especially when she wished to cane me.

The second picture was taken after I had received my first correction, a caning of six delivered over the panty hose.

Even though the marks made by the caning were clearly visible through the panty hose Miss Betty made me roll them down so that she could take a picture of me with my bottom bare.

Some time later she had reason to give me another punishment, and this time she decided on six more strokes with the cane to be given on my bare bottom.

The last picture of the set was taken after I had received this second caning.

P.H.
Montreal

BOYS BIRCHED

The week before last in our local paper was an article which began:

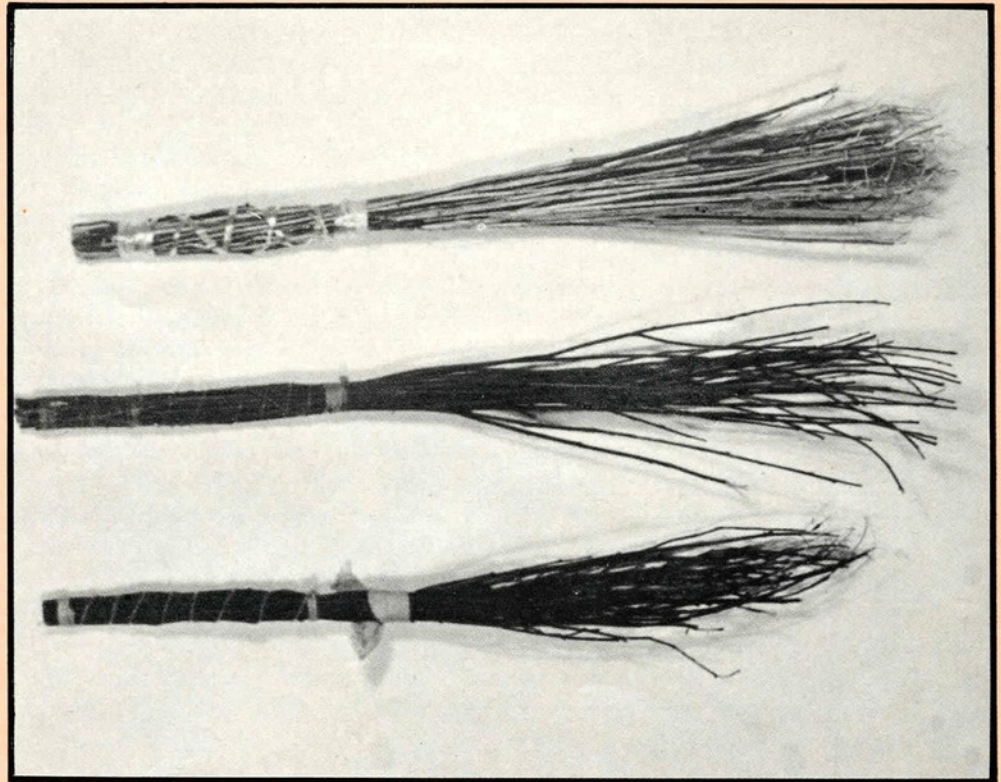
"A smack in the eye for caning – if you have strolled past Dartford Borough Council's eye-catching display window in the High Street recently you will have noticed among the exhibits a birch once used for punishing school boys. Did you like what you saw? One glimpse of that vicious bundle of rods with which twelve year olds were flogged at one time should be enough to convert even the most ardent advocate of Corporal Punishment. Just a glimpse of it as we walk by gives us the shudders."

I was very interested so I went along to see it. It was part of a small display showing police equipment of about one hundred years ago and there were not one but two birch rods. One was labelled for use on boys of ten years of age and the other for those of sixteen.

I had never seen a birch rod before, and they consisted of a bundle of twigs of uniform length, like those that birch brooms for sweeping the leaves off lawns were made of, but without the wooden handle.

The first foot or so of the bundle was bound together to form the handle, and the rest of the rod was also tied up with string. I had never thought of it before but it seems obvious that the business end has to be tied up to protect the twigs and make storage easier. I presume that this string was removed immediately before use to allow the twigs to spread out.

When I looked at the smaller birch, which was about two feet long including the handle, I could not understand the fuss in the local paper, as it looked so light that it would hardly hurt even a ten year old school



boy unduly. I am sure that the cane that the Headmaster of my junior school of 1938 kept for the bottoms of ten and eleven year old boys in the top class was a much bigger and more frightening weapon than this little birch rod. Most of us then had a job to keep back a few tears when we had to bend over a desk.

The other birch for sixteen year old boys was a bigger one about three feet long and I can imagine that it would really sting. It gave me a funny feeling in my tummy just looking at it and wondering what it would feel like if it was laid across my own bare bottom.

While I am on the subject I see that in the *Daily Telegraph* dated 28/7/73 that two boys sentenced in Guernsey for a rather bestial offence were sentenced to the birch.

One of the boys, aged eighteen, got twelve strokes, which were administered in Guernsey Prison after a medical examination; and the younger boy, aged fourteen, was sentenced to four strokes, against which he is appealing, but I have not yet seen any report of the outcome of his appeal.

I feel, myself, that this boy should have taken his four cuts and got it over with as I am sure that not knowing the outcome of his appeal must be far worse than receiving the punishment.

Changing the subject slightly I also see in my paper on the 11/8/73 that in South Africa ninety-four African students were sent to prison for a year, and a further twenty-two were each sentenced to eight cuts with a light cane.

Do any of your correspondents have any first-hand experiences of this type of punishment in South Africa and does it also mean that heavier canes are sometimes used?

It would be interesting to know if the twenty-two sentenced had to line up and touch their toes in turn, like boys at school, or if they each had separate appointments.

I believe I have also read in the past of young British sailors being sentenced to the same punishment while in South Africa and Singapore. Has any reader been on the receiving end?

E.K.
Dartford.

TUTORIAL CORRECTION

I was educated at a private boys' boarding school in the North of England.

The cane was the school's main form of discipline and the routine was a fairly standard one. Teachers reported offences or poor work in what was known as the Report Book. Three appearances in the book automatically meant a caning, though you could get one for just one entry in the book if the Head thought you deserved it.

Naturally, a pupil got caned twice a term on an average, which I suppose wasn't too bad. However, that wasn't the only way you could get a licking at my school.

Those who needed extra tuition were the real unfortunates. I fell into this unhappy category and I had to report to my special tutor on two evenings each week.

A special tutor was allowed to administer punishment himself without reference to the Head!

My tutor was the daughter of the Headmaster who, like her father, was a staunch believer in the benefits to be derived from a sound beating. My extra coaching took place on Monday and Thursday, and each session lasted for one and a half hours.

Mistakes and punishment were closely related. Two mistakes earned one stroke of the strap, applied there and then, with me bending over the desk and Miss James applying the thick two and a half foot strap to my tightly-trousered backside.

Once you had had six the strap was put away. Mistakes were still totalled up, however, to determine the number of strokes of the cane to be applied after the evening meal. If the total was uneven it was left to the tutor's discretion

whether to count up or down.

I was a luckless lad at school and a keen lack of interest in schoolwork usually ensured that my bottom, already stinging from the strap, would be decorated with a few stripes from my tutor's cane.

These whackings were usually given with little or no fuss, and 7.30 in the evening was the standard time to report to the small flat at the top of one of the big old Victorian houses which made up the school. The routine was almost boringly repetitive.

On my knock, I would be admitted by a sharp:

"Come in!"

Miss James would be seated at her desk marking books. Without a word she would get up, go to the cupboard and take out a cane.

Without further preamble she would order me to drop my trousers and bend over the arm of the chair. Taking her position she would say how many strokes it was to be. Then, slowly and very effectively, she would cane my thinly covered bottom. When the last stroke fell, she would tell me to go and that was that.

I would leave, smarting and stinging. That was the normal course of events, but there were exceptions.

The first time was when my special tutorial lesson was changed from Monday to Tuesday.

The lesson didn't go well for me and six with the strap were followed by ten additional marks, five strokes, and I thought Miss James told me to report to her room at 7.30 as usual for my punishment.

I tapped on her door at the appointed time but, instead of the usual call to enter, the door was opened by my tutor, looking even more attractive than normal because of the bright casual clothes she was wearing instead of the conservative and darker kind she wore in school.

She seemed puzzled by my presence for a moment, then she remembered and opened the door fully to allow me in. Two steps in and I froze. There in the room were three of her friends, one of whom was even sitting in the chair which I had so often to bend over.

"Come on. Don't stand there all night, boy!"

My arms were grabbed and I was pulled into the room.

I knew all three girls. They were regular visitors to the school and often played tennis in the summer when we lads would gather at various vantage points to see their pretty white knickers as they played.

I had never met them face to face and under these circumstances I was totally at a loss.

They looked at me with a mixture of interest and puzzlement. In explanation my tutor told them that I was one of the boys who had earned himself a little punishment and that's what I was going to get.

She had gone to the cupboard and my stomach was in knots, my mouth had gone dry and my head was in a whirl. I heard the familiar dry rattle as she selected a cane, one of the longest.

I could see when she turned to face the room that all eyes were on her. The girl who was sitting in the chair gasped:

"A cane!"

The girl who was nearest to me stood up:

"I think we'd better be on our way," she said.

"Nonsense!" said my tutor. "Sit down, love; this won't take long. How many strokes have you earned, boy?"

"Five, Miss," I managed to croak out.

It was very clear that she meant to go ahead as she was now rolling up the sleeve of her blouse.

"I'll deal with you in there," she snapped, pointing to the door of her bedroom with the tip of the cane.

My relief was enormous when I realized that at least my punishment was not to be carried out in front of the young ladies present, and I hurried into the room my tutor indicated.

I left behind an animated conversation which I could hear:

"... but my darling I thought canes and the like went out with the Dark Ages."

Miss James explained that this was not the case at all, and a good beating was the only way to discipline boys or girls as far as she was concerned.

I turned my attention to the room. I'd never been in Miss James' bedroom before and I was unprepared for the intimate atmosphere the soft seat and lacy furnishings produced.

I looked about and was further disturbed by a pile of clothes which lay untidily over a barrel chair. They were the clothes my tutor had worn that day in school. There was a green pleated skirt and I could see the sleeve of her grey blouse. A frilly underskirt was also visible.

My excitement mounted as I recognized straps that belonged to a suspender belt, and others which were part of a bra. On top was the last garment to be discarded – a well-worn pair of white nylon panties. Her stockings were draped over the back of the chair.

After what seemed an age, she came in swishing that wretched cane.

"Now," she said, looking round; "I wonder what we can use?"

Her eyes lit on the chair and throwing the cane on the bed she pulled it into the middle of the room.

In the dressing table mirror I saw that the bedroom door stood wide open; but she moved in front of me and undid my belt.

As her hand pushed down my zip it touched the erection

of mine which had been building up. She gripped it and her lips tightened into a hard line which I knew meant trouble.

"I could have you expelled for this," she said.

"Please Miss, I'm sorry," I moaned.

"Well, we shall soon see in a moment! Bend over the back of that chair!" and she retrieved the cane from the bed while I did as I was ordered.

Her clothes were still on the seat and my position forced my face right into the middle of the panties lying there whose pungent odour filled my whole being.

She was tapping my tensed bottom:

"You earned five, but I shall give you six for disturbing my evening and that of my friends. Six as hard as I can manage: Understand!"

The sweeping swish and the *whack* of the cane's impact merged into an experience of pure pain. The second had equally devastating results. As I got ready for the third she

said:

"Stick your naughty bottom further out!"

I thrust it up as hard as I could for three or four more strokes, but again she was not satisfied.

"Look here, boy, don't get difficult with me. If you don't know how to bend over properly to be caned, I can soon teach you. I'll have you here every night until you do learn!"

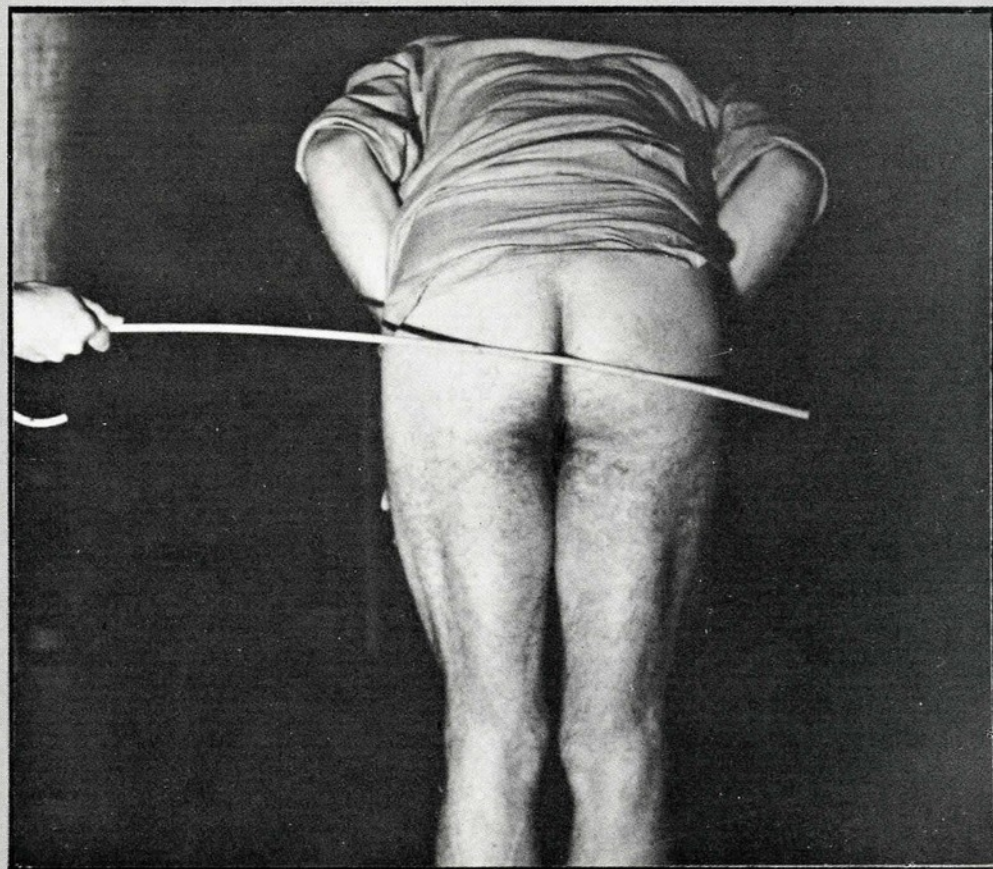
I bent my knees and pushed back with all my might to take the last two strokes, both of which had me howling. My tears were staining those delectable panties!

She was a little out of breath as she finished: but she panted:

"I hope that hurt as much as I intended and that the punishment will do you good. If it doesn't, I shall happily arrange a repeat performance for you."

There were other occasions as well; but perhaps I can tell you about them another time!

A.D.
Birmingham







SUSPECTED LESBIAN PUNISHED

My husband introduced me to your periodical and thinks you may be interested in my school experiences.

Twelve years ago my family decided to return to this country from Rhodesia. I was then nearly seventeen years old and my parents thought it would be a good idea for me to spend at least a year at a boarding school to polish up my education.

Eventually Daddy chose a school in the West Country. My first shock came when I attended the interview. I discovered all the girls, including the seniors, wore very short gym slips with three-quarter length socks.

Later, when I went to the outfitters for my complete uniform, the shop assistant used a twelve inch rule to measure my gym slip from its top to my knee cap.

You can imagine what a freak I looked as I was five feet ten inches tall, with a thirty-eight inch bust. Every time I walked my navy school knickers were on full display. Before coming to England I had practically lived in jeans!

My first few weeks at the school were pure hell. I rebell-

ed against all the petty restrictions imposed on us – such as a ban on radios (I loved pop music) and lights out by 9.30 p.m.

The Games Mistress was a freedom-of-body fanatic. This meant that whenever we did P.T. or played hockey we were only allowed to wear a vest and knickers. Every time I ran around my boobs would be bouncing all over the place.

Some of the local lads had quite an eyeful down at the playing fields!

My first encounter with the Head-Mistress came after I had been at the school for six weeks.

One of the girls who was my friend and who shared my dormitory was very upset one day when she received a letter from her boy friend telling her that their big romance was all over.

I heard her crying in her bed and I suggested that she came into my bed for me to comfort her. As we snuggled up together the Duty Mistress unexpectedly came in. She nearly exploded when she saw us and said she would report us to the Head-Mistress.

Next morning, after prayers,

we were told to go to the Head's study. After keeping us waiting for nearly half-an-hour, she appeared looking very stern.

She gave us a lengthy lecture and warned us that if we were ever found in bed together again it would mean instant expulsion. However, on this occasion, she would let us off with a severe caning.

I had never been caned before in my life and I had no idea what to expect. She ordered us to remove our gym slips and knickers; then she went to her cupboard and produced a long whippy cane.

I was terrified. I shall never forget standing there, practically in the nude, praying that some miracle would happen.

My heart sank even further when she turned to me and said:

"Right, you first! Bend over this chair holding each arm!"

"My God," I thought. "What a big target my bottom must make!"

I stayed in this position for what seemed ages waiting for the first stroke to land.

To my surprise I felt her hand feeling first one cheek and then the other; and I swear I felt her fingers trail between my legs. I confirmed later that this happened to my friend as well.

When the first stroke fell right across the centre of my bottom, I nearly fainted. The pain was unbearable. The second and third strokes fell in almost the same spot. The fourth and fifth strokes were lower down my bottom.

When the final stroke landed across the top of my thighs I let out one almighty yell and leaped to my feet. The whole of my rear felt like a red hot furnace.

Through my tears I could see my friend waiting. She was deathly pale and already sobbing. Eventually she received an identical punishment to my-

self.

We were allowed to spend the rest of the morning in the sick bay, but it was several days before the pain totally disappeared.

This was the first of several encounters I had with our Head Mistress. I will write and tell you about these at some later date.

M.W. (Mrs.)
Watford

PARENT'S PREFERENCE

May I congratulate you on the continuing excellence of your magazine and more particularly on that of the two *Spanking Specials*. My only criticism is the reduction of the number of readers' letters in the second one.

As an only child, educated in a public school, I had very little contact with girls until the outbreak of the War in 1939 when I was sent away to stay with relatives in a safe area.

It was a pleasant surprise to find that my cousins, the elder my own age and her young sister, despite being mere girls, were very good fun.

It was an excess of high spirits one afternoon that led to a large flower vase being shattered. This brought my aunt on the scene and she said that her husband would deal with the matter that evening. As we tidied the room the girls were sure they were to be caned, but that I might be let off as I was a visitor.

Later that evening my uncle told us that because of the closeness of our ages I was to receive the same punishment as Pamela who was sixteen years old. We had to change into our pyjamas and wait outside his study.

I was not unduly worried about the punishment as I was no stranger to the cane and felt that as my punishment was to be the same as Pamela's that

it would be an inferior discipline.

The younger girl went into the study first while Pamela and I waited outside. Suddenly there came an unmistakable *swish! crack!*... followed quite rapidly by the sound of three further strokes and a couple of agonised yelps.

The door opened and a tearful Jane came scuttling out, her hands clutched frantically to her bottom.

The door closed behind Pamela. This time there came the sound of six strokes with a noticeably longer pause between them and, towards the end, just one sharp cry of pain.

As she re-appeared, Pamela was dry-eyed but grimacing, walking stiffly and her hands were tightly clenched at her sides.

By this time my earlier complacency had begun to wane. It was not helped by the sight of the cane in my uncle's hand as I entered the room. It bore a resemblance to the very punishing stick favoured by my Housemaster at school.

I was told to bend over the back of a leather armchair. The cane swished down and I felt its supple length curve round my bottom; then the sudden



snatching pain that burned and mounted as each stroke added its quota to the fiery whole.

I was given a good six, the best I ever had, and my illusions regarding the punishment of girls had been woefully shattered.

During my stay with these relatives I shared another and more severe punishment with Pamela. It was fully three weeks before the marks of our canings, particularly where the strokes had over-layed, finally faded and disappeared.

Shortly after returning to my own school, air-raid shelters had been built, and I was appointed a school prefect. In this capacity I had my first experience of administering rather than receiving the cane, learning, under strict supervision, to 'temper justice with mercy', not only with regard to the number of strokes, but also the choice of cane, depending on the misconduct and age of the culprit.

I left school at eighteen and joined the Army. This broadened my social contacts considerably, and I discovered in general conversation that our form of discipline was far from unique and was quite frequently the punishment meted out for unpunctuality.

After I had been commis-

sioned, I was awaiting a posting to my regiment overseas and had only supernumary duties to perform so I spent most of my spare time in the company of a young lady of eighteen whose charm had captivated me.

We had gone out for a walk and a quiet drink one evening when we met some friends. We were invited to the house of one of them and an impromptu party developed.

I noticed the time and asked Sheila – which was the girl's name – whether I should take her home or telephone her mother; but she shrugged her shoulders and said that it would probably be all right.

It was a little after midnight when we arrived at her home, and I was expecting the customary cup of coffee, good-night kiss and cuddle; but, as she put her key in the lock, her angry mother opened the door and ushered us into the hall, proceeding to berate me for bringing her daughter home so late.

Sheila came to my defence, saying that I had offered to bring her home, and that her lateness was entirely her own fault.

Her mother accepted this explanation and apologised to me, but added that as it was so late and she wished to speak to her daughter, perhaps I would excuse her for not offering me coffee, and so she bade me goodnight.

Sensing a certain amount of tension I made my farewell and asked Sheila to meet me for morning coffee in the town. She nodded uncertainly, and said that she would – if she could.

When she arrived at our rendezvous she was carrying a shopping basket and appeared a little flustered. After ordering, I asked her if she had been in much trouble with her mother after I had left.

She blushed and, shifting



uncomfortably, whispered:

"Yes, I had the cane," and added, as it was Saturday morning, "and I'm not allowed out again this weekend. I'm supposed to be shopping now."

Some friends of ours joined us then, so Sheila hurriedly drank her coffee and excused herself, asking me to telephone that afternoon.

I called in the afternoon to learn that she was still confined to the house, but I was allowed to come round to keep her company.

When I arrived she told me that she had been given eight strokes and despite her pleadings for extra ones in lieu her mother had remained adamant regarding her house restriction. Her mother was much stricter than her father.

When Sheila and her older

sister, Christine, were young they had been spanked by their mother, either with the hand or with a light Scottish tawse.

One day they had been particularly naughty and were sent to their rooms for a strapping. Sheila had obediently, albeit reluctantly, lowered her knickers and gone across her mother's lap for the tawse.

However, when it was Christine's turn, she refused and, breaking away, locked herself in the lavatory. She refused to come out and stayed there until her father came home and then she emerged, saying she was far too old to have her bare bottom punished.

Her father agreed that she was far too old for her mother to struggle with, but thought he could manage!

Both girls were ordered to

the living room where their father was waiting with a punishment cane, and after a few remarks concerning obedience and respect, Christine was told to bend over.

She pleaded tearfully to be excused, or to be allowed to have her strapping instead, but her father forced her to bend over and gave her six sharp strokes across her knickered bottom. Sheila escaped this time, but it was not long before she was similarly punished.

Just after Sheila's fourteenth birthday they both lied to evade punishment and when this deception was discovered they were told they would suffer severely.

This time they were ordered to change into pyjamas and come down to the dining room. When they entered they saw that a low-backed chair had been reversed and placed against the side of the dining table.

After a few words concerning the gravity of their offence, their father produced a new and considerably longer cane.

Sheila was punished first. Kneeling on the upholstered seat of the chair she was made to bend forward and grasp the farther edge of the table. Her pyjama clad bottom was then treated to six unhurried strokes, the full effect of the cane being felt each time.

She ran sobbing from the room, and a few minutes later was joined by a similarly punished and equally tearful sister.

Before this delightful relationship was broken by my being posted to my regiment, I was careful to ensure that Sheila was not punished again for lateness, but I did discover that her bottom was not averse to a little playful spanking.

There was, however, one further incident. We had been to the cinema, with maternal permission to exceed the ten o'clock curfew; and as we entered the house we heard the

end of a telephone conversation. Sheila's mother was saying:

"No, Christine, certainly not! You will come straight home."

Sheila and I had our usual cup of coffee and a little canoodle, and in due course made our way towards the front door for the final good-night kiss.

As we passed the dining room, Sheila disengaged herself and peeped through the door. She beckoned me over and, opening the door a little wider, whispered:

"Chrissie's going to catch it!"

In the shaft of light from the hall, lying on the polished surface of the table, was a long, slim, root-handled *nilgherri* cane!

In many homes parental authority was reinforced by a similar use of C.P.; and in this respect it appeared that girls were punished more frequently than boys and certainly to a much later age.

This incidence of parental and perhaps other forms of domestic discipline was undoubtedly influenced not only by the prevailing moral codes but also by the availability of the instruments of correction.

It was not uncommon in earlier days to find two or three supple canes among the display of walking sticks in a tobacconist's shop.

In my home town, in a leatherware shop behind the section dealing with saddlery and riding equipment, there was an awesome selection of crook-handled and straight canes in a variety of lengths and thicknesses. There were also three-tailed Scottish tawses, graded by length and weight.

I hope that many more of your readers will write of their experiences and give their views on this subject.

H.A.
Surrey

DUTCH DISCIPLINARIAN

Your articles about spanking in your last *Special* were very interesting and I should like to add a few comments to them.

Though the education in Holland is in general not strict I am a firm believer in Corporal Punishment and the use of the hand to chastise. I was brought up very strictly and believe that this is a good thing. I should like to tell you something about my experiences.

When I was a boy I had to obey immediately. At home there were very strict rules, and on the table there was always a leather strap (in your journal you call these straps a tawse).

For minor faults this strap was used on my hands or on my behind. At dinner I was not allowed to speak but only to answer questions directly addressed to me. If I did not, then the strap was used immediately.

For really serious punishments I had to go to my father's room where I would have to undress completely. I would then take the cane to my father, who would say:

"Bottom up!"

I had to stand with my feet wide apart and before a small table. I then bent over and was not allowed to move my arms or legs. If I did so, I got another spanking.

I received many blows and I had to count them. The pain was awful and I remember now how they used to sting.

I would get the strokes on the buttocks and I was not allowed to cry or make any sound except soft weeping.

Of course the cane left marks and when it was all over my father would make me stand in the corner at attention. Having to face the wall and not be allowed to move or rub my bottom just after a spanking was almost as bad as the actual beating itself.

The whole education was hard but good. I always had to sleep in the nude and in the morning I had to stand before my bed – nude, of course – to do my exercises and then take a cold shower.

When I came home from school, I changed into gym shorts and a shirt, without any underwear. Before dinner I changed into long trousers and a white shirt and tie.

The meal was at seven o'clock precisely; and three minutes before I had to stand behind my chair and could only sit down after my parents were seated. If I was ever late home I got a very hard spanking.

Now I know that this is good for children. My wife was also very strictly educated. We have two daughters, aged ten and seventeen years respectively, and we punish them in the old way.

If you like I will send you another letter to tell of their discipline.

J. van B.
The Hague

SCHOOLMISTRESS STRAPS PUPILS

Thank you for your *Spanking Specials Nos. 2 and 4*. They are the best I have ever read and I look forward to the next issue.

What memories they brought back of the 20's and 30's, when spanking was part and parcel of family life; when it was the accepted thing that the bare bottoms of school friends, both boys and girls, were smacked by hand, strap or slipper by mother or father whenever it was deserved!

In schools the cane was used on boys and girls – generally on the hands. In private schools, however, there were exceptions.

At the convent not far from where I lived the girls in class were caned on the seat of their knickers with three to six

strokes; but if they were sent to the Reverend Mother's study, it was a case of taking their knickers down and getting six with a strap on the bare bottom.

The convent was a fee paying school which took girls from the age of twelve until they were sixteen. A similar system existed at an equivalent boys' school.

As my father spent a great deal of time at sea, it was my mother who used to spank me. In those days boys wore short, lined trousers until they left school at fourteen or sixteen, and when I misbehaved my mother unfastened my trousers – unless it was bed time, when I just undressed – pulled them down, put me across her lap, turned back my shirt and then soundly smacked my bottom. Of course, I yelled at the time but I soon got over the pain.

When I was twelve I went to a Grammar School where there were boys' and girls' classes separately. There were, however, some mixed classes in that the girls sat in one group and the boys in another.

When the boys were punished they were caned on the hands; while the girls got impositions and detentions. It was known, however, that some of the girls were caned by the female staff after school.

It was about three-quarters through my second year that I started dodging the homework set by one of the lady teachers who took us in several different subjects.

I started in quite a small way; but it grew and soon, with various excuses, I was avoiding a good deal of homework. I told my mother, who hadn't spanked me for several months, that no homework was being given.

Then one Friday when I got home after playing football, washed, and had eaten my tea, my mother told me that she had had a visit from the teacher,

Miss Lewis. I knew I had been found out and denied nothing.

My mother gave me a long lecture and told me that I was to go to Miss Lewis, who had a flat nearby, apologise, and accept her punishment.

I reached Miss Lewis's flat at about half-past seven. Another talking-to followed, and then Miss Lewis gave me a choice: either be reported to the Headmaster, with the possibility of being expelled, or be punished by her.

I agreed to accept her punishment; so she told me she would give me twelve strokes of the cane across my bottom, six then and the remaining six in a week's time.

Accordingly, I took off my jacket, removed my trousers and bent over the arm of an upholstered chair. I took up my position with my bottom well up in the air. Miss Lewis turned back my shirt tail to bare my bottom and then *swish* – the first stroke was a really stinging one.

I yelled: it was worse than any hand smacking, which had been my only previous experience. I couldn't move because she had one hand pressing in the small of my back as I received the six strokes.

I was in tears, my bottom very sore, and after resting a while I went home; but not before Miss Lewis had reminded me that I was to come again the next Friday and commented that she hoped I wouldn't make such a fuss when she caned me next time!

When I got home I had to tell my mother what had happened and then I went up to bed. While I was undressing, my mother inspected my bottom, told me it was no more than I deserved and that she, herself, would punish me on Sunday.

From Friday to Sunday I wondered what my mother would do. I didn't think she would give me a hand smacking, and I had never seen a

cane in the house, but I did remember she had once showed me an old leather razor strap and remarked that it was just the thing to spank me with.

Finally, Sunday afternoon came. My mother told me to go upstairs, take off my shirt and trousers, and then call her.

Standing in my vest, I called her, and she came into the bedroom carrying the razor strap. A pillow was placed on the edge of the bed and I had to bend over it.

My bottom was well exposed and, remembering Miss Lewis's remarks about making a fuss, I gritted my teeth as the first strokes of the strap fell across my bare flesh.

I received twelve strokes and it was impossible not to cry out, but I took them better than those from Miss Lewis's cane.

That evening my mother remarked that she thought it was a mistake to have stopped

spanking me as it seemed obvious that at least while I was still at school a spanking from time to time was a good thing.

For minor faults, she decided, she would hand smack my bottom; but for more serious offences she would use the strap.

I found out that at least two other boys and six girls suffered Miss Lewis's attentions. In fact the girls were quite frequent visitors to her flat.

I hope this letter will be of interest, and may I add that I welcomed the photos in a recent issue of your periodical of a wife spanking her husband. More of these would be appreciated.

One further thing: is it possible to obtain films of spanking? I'm sure readers would be interested.

A.S.J.B.
Herts.

CORRECTIVE TRAINING FOR SHARON

The letters in your magazine on spanking intrigue me, for I came across this practice late in life, judging by the experiences of others; and then only through my wife's desire to have her bottom smacked.

We both enjoyed the letters in No. 12, *He Spanks - She Spanks - You Will Be Caned*, and the prize letter. My wife expressed similar comments over a case reported in recent newspaper issues about a café proprietor who caned his sixteen year old assistants.

My wife became so involved and affected by this news item that she wanted twelve strokes on the spot to relieve her tensions, urging me to bare her bottom for the treatment.

For me the real pleasure arises from seeing her enjoying herself, for I do not enjoy hurting her.

It was fun easing down her tight jeans and tugging her tiny white briefs clear of the curvaceous area they covered; but having got that far, and with my wife, Sharon, in a very attractive position for love-making over the arm of the settee, revealing all that I find the most exciting features of any woman between her chubby thighs, I would have preferred gratifying my feelings by giving her my own rod instead of the cane.

However, one has to keep one's wife happy and fulfill her wishes first.

We had been married two years before this spanking urge of hers was revealed. Sharon was then twenty-two and I was twenty-four. Both of us had sexual experience before marriage and we had sexual relations while we were engaged, but this was all perfectly normal and we enjoyed plenty of sex.

The only clue to any oddity in Sharon's behaviour had been



her frequent desire to lie face down or kneel over pillows for the sexual act so that I could take her from the rear. She found this position most exciting and liked me to fondle her breasts and lower belly while mounted.

Then we went to a holiday camp and met Ivy and Hugh. They were older than we were, but they latched on to us during the two weeks we were there. Hugh is a steel erector and his physique appealed to Sharon. We all clowned about on the beach in swim suits and she loved him mauling her about.

Over drinks one evening Hugh and Ivy admitted they went in for swapping and talked about sex. Ivy described their interest as being *Swingers* and suggested their way of life added zest to marriage.

In bed that night I was making love to Sharon when she joked that Hugh, in his swim trunks, certainly had a fine pair of swingers and added that he had plenty of equipment to impress the girls.

I asked her why she was thinking of him while we were having sex and wanted to know if she fancied him. She just purred and whispered:

"I bet that lot feels good between your thighs!"

Later, as we lay cuddling, I asked her if she would like to try him, for I knew I would enjoy laying Ivy.

Sharon needed a little more pressure but by the time we met the other two the next morning she had agreed to a swap. I mentioned this to Hugh over breakfast and he was delighted.

That morning he fawned over my wife so much it was like a couple of animals cavorting in the Zoo, and later Ivy and Hugh suggested a swap before lunch.

We split up. I went to Ivy's chalet and Hugh went to mine.

Ivy peeled her swim suit off immediately we were alone with a professional flourish

which proved she was used to being nude in front of men and cuddled up to me, at the same time pulling my trunks down.

We were hitting the sack in a few minutes and I admit it was very exciting having a different partner. I thought about Sharon only when Ivy got her mouth over my organ after we had finished. She said I had been too quick for her and she wanted it again.

The four of us met for lunch, fully dressed, although Hugh and I had to return to our own chalets to get our clothes.

Sharon was in her undies when I returned and seemed a little quiet although she said it had been a wonderful experience.

That evening we went to the dance and had drinks and Hugh wanted to swap for the night. I looked at Sharon and she nodded agreement. Hugh teased her:

"You know what that means, poppet . . . I warned you!" but she only laughed.

I noticed he took one of his rubber beach shoes when he went to our chalet for the night and wondered what he wanted it for, but nobody told me.

It was not until the next night when I was in bed with my own wife and she began kissing my organ and closing her mouth over me that I realised that Hugh had taught her this refinement in love-making. When I broached the subject she said:

"He made me . . . he had me kneeling over him and he whacked my bottom with his beach shoe until I went the whole way . . . haven't you noticed the bruises on me?"

She turned so I could see the discoloured area on both cheeks. It was not so noticeable that it appeared painful, more like one's behind looks after sitting on a hard surface for a long time, but as it had happened twenty-four hours before and she had been in the

sea a lot that day, it must have hurt when given.

She admitted that he had wanted the same thing at the morning session and had put her over his knee and tanned her with his hand until she kissed him down there. He had warned her then that next time he would want it properly to the point of ejaculation but she had replied:

"Not on your life!"

But after they had parted she thought a lot about it, and how masterful he had been, and she admitted she was curious before they even got going to see what a spanking with the rubber shoe was like; then, during love-making, he had made her straddle him so he could whack her bottom and had then demanded complete satisfaction.

My concern that Hugh had chastised my wife was overshadowed by the joy that she was now willing to perform fellatio for me; and as her passion was at its peak that night I thought the swapping game was a good way of having one's wife trained in things she had not done before.

We swapped three more nights after that, not in succession, and I heard Hugh ask Sharon if he needed to bring the slipper to get obedience:

"Yes, please," she laughed.

I began wondering what else he planned teaching her, never dreaming she was enjoying being beaten. But when the holiday was over and they talked of meeting for dates in the future, which was agreed even though they lived in Durham and we in London, Hugh joked to Sharon:

"If you visit us I've got a nice springy cane just made for a bottom like yours."

Life returned to normal, Sharon to her job, I to mine, and love-making when we felt like it, which with my wife means four or five times a week. Her habit is to get into

bed naked and purr:

"Don't put your pyjama pants on tonight, Pete," which is her way of saying she wants sex.

Once in a while she mentioned Hugh and wished he lived nearer but she never complained of the pleasure we gave each other.

Then, one evening as we undressed, she studied her bottom in the mirror, pulling her briefs tight between the cheeks, and said:

"I've got a pretty bottom; don't you think so? Wouldn't you like to smack it?"

I put her over my lap, or rather she crawled over it, and I pulled her knickers down but I was loth to give her tender cheeks more than a light hand-slapping for she was wriggling as though it hurt like blazes.

After a bit I eased up and we made love but she was a bit peevish and when I asked why, she told me I was not as masterful as Hugh and that he would have tanned her until she begged him to stop and then he would have given her more. I replied that I did not to hurt her. She answered:

"It isn't hurting me really; I like it. Hugh used to make me climax with that slipper and he once kept at it until I had a second one. He wouldn't take no for an answer when I pleaded I couldn't do it again . . . and then you can guess what he wanted in return from me!"

She got out of bed, handed me her hairbrush and said:

"Here, use this: it won't hurt your hand so much."

That time I kept it up until she asked me to stop and next morning as she put her clean briefs on I saw she was still red.

After that those hairbrush spankings were demanded a couple of times or more a week before sex.

A little later Hugh sent us some photos of himself and Ivy taken at a swap party. My

wife began asking if we could find a couple to swap with for some added fun.

It was easy meeting people through advertisements and we swapped with about seven couples up to Christmas. Sharon even posed nude for one man so we had prints of her to send to others who were interested.

Sharon favoured a particular couple because the fellow chastised her with a strap, although by the sounds of her yelling and the marks she had after every meeting, I often felt like leaving my partner to go to Sharon's rescue.

Ivy and Hugh invited us to spend Christmas with them and that was when Sharon got three spankings; for she agreed to it each time Hugh wanted to whack her. I witnessed the second with Ivy, who was well used to her husband's habits.

The other two occasions took place in a bedroom with only Sharon and Hugh present.

On the second evening we had been drinking and larking about when Hugh teased Sharon that he thought she deserved the cane again. We were all dressed, for sex was indulged in only when we went to bed. In fact, apart from the fact that we exchanged wives at night, the rest of the time we behaved normally. Sharon stuck her tongue out at Hugh's comment and he went for the cane.

When he returned, Sharon laughed that she had not meant it; but he adopted an authoritative attitude and ordered her to bend over with her hands on a coffee table.

I know now that part of my wife's excitement is achieved by showing her bottom off — a form of exhibitionism, in fact — and that, I suppose, was why she adopted the position he ordered because both Ivy and I were looking on.

It is also part of a masochist's make-up to prove just

how much punishment she can take, especially to an audience; and when Hugh threw the dress up over Sharon's back and tucked her slip under, she remained passive while he turned down her knickers and tights.

I gaped at the weals she had from the night before, but I did not intervene. Hugh made her bend lower and lower and told her to part her feet to the extent that her tights at her calves permitted so that her genitalia were exposed. Then he said:

"Now keep still, poppet; twelve of the best if you're a good girl but more if you try to get up!"

Then he gave her a sharp *whack* and slowly dealt the others. Sharon remained still apart from wriggling her bottom from side to side, which I suspect she did more to tease him than because it was hurting too much, and when it was over she was smiling and he said:

"Up to bed!" leaving Ivy and me to amuse ourselves.

When we returned home Sharon wanted to purchase a cane, finding some magic quality in this instrument surpassing all others; and when we inserted our one and only advertisement in a contact magazine she wanted the words: 'Masterful man sought by submissive wife,' included in it.

As I said at the beginning, my enjoyment comes from knowing my wife is gaining stimulation, but it is not possible to indulge in this behaviour without feeling some erotic compulsions, even when they only stem from seeing that part of a girl which is both sensuous and normally well concealed and, as a woman is as much entitled to her sexual pleasures as a man, I see little harm in these practices.

P.R.
London



RAISED SKIRT MOVIES

I have just read the last issue of your magazine and would like to congratulate you on yet another fine issue. I am not, unfortunately, a regular reader as domestic circumstances preclude this.

The photograph on page fifty-five is superb. Well worth the cover price alone in my opinion. It's a pity that only half a page was allowed for this exquisite shot, however.

Turning to page forty-five, I now quote:

"... as she turns somersaults and reveals all she's got on with such candour and freshness and flirtatiousness," (hear, hear, encore!).

The writer was discussing gym slips but surely the above quotation applies whatever form of everyday apparel is worn by the performer?

I do not understand why it seems to be impossible to purchase cine films depicting such activities as somersaults, handstands, cartwheels, and so on, when one can purchase films dealing in graphic detail with practically every other facet of life one might wish to observe.

On making enquiries all one is offered are the 'British Standard Striptease' films which, frankly, I find rather clinical and unexciting. How I envy our American cousins with their 'Raised Skirt Movies.'

Why is there this distinct difference between the U.S.A. and Great Britain? If such films are commercially viable there, then surely they would be a commercial proposition here as well? I cannot think there is such a marked difference in sexual predilection as to account for this difference in marketing policy.

An excellent article in a previous issue touched on this subject and the author seemed as puzzled as I am about this anomaly. After all, watching

girls on windy days, or playing in the playground is surely the introduction for most people to the exciting world of love and sex, albeit at a very tender age.

Consider, if you will for a moment, the erotic connotations of a girl in everyday clothes: i.e. pleated skirt, knickers, stockings, suspender belt, performing minor gymnastic manoeuvres such as I have mentioned above; or a slow motion study of a girl on a trampoline! Surely such a film would be more appealing to many people because it is reminiscent of their early voyeuristic experiences? Such a film leaves far more to the imagination than a B.S.S. film.

Perhaps an investigation into the non-availability of 'Raised Skirt Movies' in this country would make an interesting article.

I am aware that this letter is on a very tame subject compared to some matters about which your other correspondents wax lyrical, but I have a definite interest in this topic and if this letter is printed I would be most pleased.

R.D.
Middlesex

CANING CONNOISSEUR

I must write to congratulate you on the new *Spanking Special* issue. It was superb, wonderful. Words fail me! Never have I seen so many beautiful bare bottoms in one magazine.

May I suggest for future editions some illustrated extracts from other classic novels and books on Corporal punishment: for example *Cult of Pain*, where the naughty young girls wore drawers split right down the bottom crease and were made to hold and pull apart these immodest garments for punishment.

There still seems to be some difference of opinion in which is the best – or worst! – instru-

ment of correction: cane or birch. I don't think the birch compares with the cane, although the rough twigs will draw blood from a delicate boy's bottom or, of course, a girl's. Also there is not the bruising, biting cut of a well-delivered stroke of a cane.

When one realises how beautifully soft and smooth is the flesh of a woman's bare bottom, one can hardly imagine the effect of a severely applied cane would create. Remember that even a finger pressed against a girl or woman's bare flesh will cause a bruise; so unless one was very angry it would be unwise to apply the cane too severely across a wife or daughter's bared behind.

I.S.
Bristol

SURPRISED BY FRIEND'S MOTHER

A recent letter in your magazine was for me a very interesting one because it brought back memories of a similar nature. It all took place in 1946 when I was fifteen. The circumstances were as follows:

A friend of mine had a sister who was sixteen years old and still at High School. Their house was only a two bedroomed one. One was used by their mother – her husband had been killed in the war – and they had to share the other.

Most nights my friend's sister would undress in the bathroom; but if he was asleep, or pretended to be, she would undress in the bedroom itself.

He would tell me in fine detail all about this: the noise the clothes made as she took them off, what she looked like in underwear, which was usually her light blue silk school knickers.

I used to get very worked up about this and normally masturbated that very same night at the thought of it.

One day I was looking out of my bedroom window. I saw my



friend's mother was hanging washing on the line and, as it was a little windy, her skirt was billowing about. Several times I caught a glimpse of her knicker legs as her skirt blew up.

There were three pairs of my friend's sister's school knickers and four pairs of his mother's directoires hanging on the line. I played with myself at the sight of the knickers blowing in the wind and flapping about.

I often wished I could feel these knickers, on or off, and then one day my chance came.

My friend's mother was going to take him and his sister to an aunt's home about seventy miles away and, as she was staying the night as well, she asked me if I would take the key and feed their cat for them.

I said I would, all shaky and trembling inside!

It was at seven o'clock that evening when I went in to feed their pet. No sooner had I done that than I found myself going up the stairs to the bedroom of the mother: who, by the way, was only thirty-seven.

I carefully drew the curtains and opened the drawer of her dressing table. There were her knickers: pink, blue and yellow and all silky and shiny. I felt terribly excited and when I touched them I thought I would die with agitation.

I had started out just to touch them but now that I was there I had an uncontrollable urge to dress up in her clothes. I found a suspender belt, stockings, underskirt, knickers, and a bra which I filled with a pair of knickers rolled into a ball. When I had done this I put on the suspender belt and stockings.

By this time I had an erection and when the knickers slid up my legs I nearly had an ejaculation on the spot but managed to contain myself.

Next I put on the long underskirt. I stood and gazed at myself in the mirror. The bulge at the front caused by my erection looked marvellous.

Having gone so far, I thought: why not find some of my friend's sister's knickers, the ones I had so often had fantasies about? I went into the next room and in the dresser there I found some of the silky treasures. The very feel of them almost made me ejaculate, but again I held myself back.

I had taken some of the knickers with me into the mother's bedroom, intent on a long masturbatory session, when I heard the front door slam and footsteps on the stairs.

As the mother wasn't supposed to be coming back until the next day, I was quite frightened. I was even more surprised, however, when the bedroom door opened and in walked my friend's mother. All I could think of to say was:

"But you're not due back until tomorrow!"

"Obviously you thought so!" she said, staring at my erection inside her knickers.

"I'm glad I caught you," she

continued. "My late husband liked to dress up like that, too; and we played for long sessions at a time. It's been four years since I've had any sex fun and it looks as if you're a big boy. Either you agree or I tell your parents."

I agreed. In the circumstances, I had no real choice.

"Undress me," she ordered and I obeyed.

Her long dress came off first; then her long silky underskirt. The sight of her in her bra, stockings and beautiful pink directoire knickers was incredibly stimulating to me.

"Take off my bra and knickers!"

Her breasts were firm and had large, erect nipples.

"Now take off the knickers you're wearing," she said, "and fetch me the suitcase from off the wardrobe."

From the case she took two pairs of knickers. They looked the same as the ones we'd taken off but I soon found out that they were quite different. Her pair had an open gusset and my pair had a hole at the front for my genitals.

I put these knickers on and was then told to lie on the bed with my underskirt raised. From another drawer was taken a tube of cream which she said was a local anaesthetic. This was rubbed all over my penis and testicles; and, after about ten minutes, when the cream had all soaked in, my friend's mother mounted me – my very first time with a woman!

After about eighteen minutes of working herself off on me the effects of the cream began to wear off. I thought I was going to explode! I have never had such a satisfying orgasm since!

We never repeated the act; but my fascination with knickers has never waned to this day and I indulge my fantasies – and sometimes activities – whenever possible. P.M.

Middlesborough



WET FRENCH KNICKERS

I am, and always have been, very much a leg and undies man. It surprises me, therefore, how little mention is made in your columns of the delightful garment known as 'cami-knickers.' A bra was seldom worn with these; so no matter where one attacked, whether it was under the skirt or down inside the front of the dress, the pleasures awaiting one's wandering hand were delightful.

Cami-knickers were put on over the head and fastened by two little buttons under the crotch. There was also a special quick-release job with press studs in place of buttons.

In either case the pleasure of seeing them undone, or undoing them oneself, was delicious.

To watch a longish dress gradually raised past the stocking tops and suspenders, and finally held on the hips while the cami-knicks were set free was out of this world.

Two separate pairs of cami-knickers, worn by two differ-

ent girls of my acquaintance, were particularly memorable.

Pat had a skin-tight black lace pair that took a great deal of love-play to undo.

The other pair were owned by Barbara, and were loose fitting and made of pink satin edged with coffee-coloured lace.

Another type of undies seldom mentioned was the 'matching set' consisting of vest, French knickers and petticoat. They were nearly always made of satin and edged with lace.

I remember my sister-in-law wearing such a set. My wife and I had had a small dinner party and afterwards with coffee and drinks a certain amount of ragging took place.

I picked up several pieces of ice from the drinks' tray and thrust my hand inside the front of Clare's – my sister-in-law – dress. I ran my hand, still holding the ice, all over her breasts. She wriggled and squirmed but seemed to enjoy

the experience thoroughly.

In the end the bits of ice escaped from my hand and Clare jumped up and raised her skirts. She held her dress and petticoat above her waist and then pulled the vest out from inside her girdle.

She seemed to take an extra long time to find each piece of ice, meanwhile giving us all a glorious view of pink satin knickers, lace-trimmed suspenders, and – as worn in those days – silk stockings.

Ice down the front of a girl's dress often made her squirm so much that she gave everyone present an extensive stocking display in her efforts to avoid the teasing. However, I have often found ice to be greatly enjoyed, both by the victim and the onlookers.

On another occasion, Barbara, whom I have mentioned earlier, was wearing a jumper and skirt and sitting on the arm of my chair during a drinking session. I started slipping pieces of ice inside her waistband and she pretended not to take the slightest notice so I continued while she chatted with the other people present.

On the next occasion I was alone with her, I put ice cubes in her roll-on and stocking-tops and had two pieces left over. I asked her what I should do with them and she picked them up and put them into her own bra.

On the final occasion, I had gone to great pains to fill her clothes up with ice – but that was not enough! She asked me to put some inside her. She spread her legs open and I obeyed her. Even this didn't wholly satisfy her, and I had to use two more pieces of ice before she was content.

It was fascinating to watch the ice gradually melt and soak her clothes – especially to feel her panties getting wetter all the time!

I have met quite a few

women who liked to feel ice on their breasts, but they were never the ones who liked to get their clothes wet.

Conversely, the ones who loved a soaking in public never enjoyed an icing-up in private. Barbara, however, was such a one.

The first hint she gave me was on a lovely sunny day in February at Brighton. She was wearing a grey flannel suit, tan stockings and high-heeled shoes.

We leaned over the balustrade on the promenade, then she suggested that we went down to the beach. We stood by the edge of the surf for a few minutes watching the sea.

Barbara wondered out loud how cold the water was and calmly followed a little wave down as it receded, squelching in the water-laden shingle as she walked. She stooped and put her hand in the water at the same time the next wave was approaching.

It broke over her shoes and stockings and splashed up inside her skirt. She came running out and all she said was that it was lovely and warm.

We both paddled for a minute before she admitted that she adored wet clothes so we made a date to come again and get thoroughly wet. She had a jealous husband so care and thought had to be taken.

Barbara always wore a suspender belt and French knickers when we were out together. I was, therefore, very surprised when on the next occasion we started to play in the sea to find that she was wearing cami-knickers and a roll-on.

When I asked her why the change of undies, she answered that she thought they would stay wet longer! After that she got a thorough soaking – she was wearing the same suit and shoes as before – and quite calmly walked back to my car completely drenched. She seemed to enjoy having

passers-by see her that way.

We then drove out of Brighton to the Downs where we hung her suit on some bushes to dry while I warmed her up in the car in her undies.

Some walkers later passed by, saw the suit on the bush, then the delightful undies that Barbara wore – and there was nothing she could do about it – and they certainly had a good look.

Do they also have memories? I wonder!

C.E.M.
London

OPPORTUNITY LOST

Congratulations on your fine *Spanking Special No. 2*. I particularly liked the colour of the magazine. For the first time I could clearly observe the fact that the young lady had actually been spanked. The buttock cheeks that had partially escaped the protective cover of her white panties looked quite sore!

I have seen very few realistic colour photographs illustrating young ladies being spanked. In every instance their bared bottoms are exactly the same colour as the rest of their bodies although their faces express pain.

Now and again I have seen colour shots of ladies with whip and cane marks across their buttocks but somehow these seem unreal.

Nearly every article I have read on the subject of spanking soon gets round to describing buttocks changing colour after a few spans have been delivered.

On the cover of a magazine I saw recently is a rather blurred colour shot of a lady held by a man with his hand round her neck while his other hand is spanking her bare bottom.

I am sure this shot is from a sex exploitation film called *Turn Me On*, but the interest-

ing point is that the bare bottom being spanked is showing signs of changing colour. What chances have your magazine of obtaining stills from this film and if possible publishing a colour print of this spanking scene that is not blurred?

I wonder if any other of your readers were as disappointed as I was several weeks ago by a television film about a railway. I have forgotten the title of the film but it was made in Czechoslovakia and had subtitles.

During this film the guard, who rather fancies his chances with the fair sex, has his chair pulled from under him while rocking backwards and forwards on two legs of the chair. The culprit was his young lady secretary who was obviously feeling rather bored.

The guard picked himself up and started chasing the young lady, the sub-title stating that she was going to be spanked when he caught her. The film showed him chasing and eventually catching her.

The next shot was of the guard holding the young lady, face downwards on the floor. The guard's hand was seen to move up her legs and when it reached the hem of her dress he gripped it and raised it up to her waist. This action caused viewers to catch sight of her bottom encased in knickers.

Now for the spanking, I thought – but no! The next shot was of the guard pulling down the knickers, revealing a shapelessly bottom that was now completely bare. I thought that this must be the spanking scene. No one who had threatened a spanking could resist the chance to warm the buttocks that were now on view.

What a disappointment it was when the guard reached for a rubber stamp off the desk and stamped the girl's bottom with it!

J.B.
Warwickshire

A PRESENT FROM BOGNOR

When my wife and myself were in Bognor Regis last year, my wife went into a shop to buy some souvenirs while I waited outside. When she came out she remarked that she would love to give me a caning! I was astounded and asked her what on earth had come over her.

She replied that the shop she had just been in had a number of teachers' canes hanging up, priced at forty-five pence, and seeing them made her feel excited and reminded her of her schooldays.

I told her that if she wanted to buy a cane, she could; but if I was caned she would get a dose as well.

She went back into the shop and bought two canes which the assistant wrapped in brown paper. It was the middle of the afternoon and my wife suggested that we returned to our hotel to try out our new purchases.

The moment we were in our hotel room, my wife undid the brown paper wrappings and asked who was going to receive the first strokes.

I stripped off and touched my toes and my wife landed a stinging stroke on my buttocks and said I was going to get some more until marks appeared.

I had seven before she finished; and she could hardly speak with excitement. I gave her some strokes myself which made her squirm.

When we got home after our holidays I suggested that any love canings we had would sound well on the tape recorder. My wife agreed enthusiastically with this.

When she is due for a caning I swish the cane down near the tape recorder and the second stroke lands on her. I do this while she receives six strokes and her cries come out on the tape very clearly.

It is then my turn to be caned; and my wife insists that I yell out after every stroke as this sounds better on the tape recorder. She also likes to

know that I can feel the cane properly.

When we have caned each other we make love and cuddle up to each other for at least an hour. My wife often remarks that if she had not gone into that shop our love life would not be as perfect as it is now!

I once asked her if she had ever been caned at school. She told me that she was often called out for playing about and given six strokes on her hands in front of her class.

She found that about five minutes after receiving her punishment she became really excited.

She told me that she tried once to trip up her mistress and was taken to the Headmistress for a lecture and punishment. She was given three hard strokes on each hand and afterwards she had to go to the toilet to masturbate herself.

I have shown this letter to my wife and after reading it she tells me it has made her so excited that I will have to give her a few gentle strokes.

J.L.
Glastonbury





SCHOOLMISTRESS USES SLIPPER

Oh to be your Editor!

Seriously, the second edition of your *Spanking Special* is even better than the first. That double-paged colour centre spread is really something. Perhaps a little more action and more blush to the young lady's bottom would make it perfect.

By the way, are you the spanking schoolmistress? My wife thinks you could be. Anyway, my wife and I, both in our sixties, agree that we never had schoolmistresses like that in our schooldays. Just old frumps who tightened the seat of your knickers or trousers as the case may be and welted your backside with a heavy ruler.

In her last year at school – you left school at fourteen in those days – my wife did get a bare-bottomed slippering across her Headmistresses' lap because she called another girl a "bloody little bitch!" Tut, tut! Of course, the girl – the other one, I mean – did get a clout on the head from my wife with one of the afore-mentioned rulers, to add insult to injury, so to speak.

About the promised next *Spanking Special*: my wife suggests you show some school boys getting their bottoms warmed. That, she would like to see!

R.W.
Surrey

FRENCH SPANKING

I have just purchased *Spanking Special No. 4* and, in response to your appeal, I have no hesitation in telling you that after all the work you have done, the results were certainly well worth it.

You have produced a second real winner for Spanking fans. To help towards the promised new edition in November I enclose an account of the circumstances which led to my interest in the subject, and although many years have elapsed, my interest is still very great.

If you find the story sufficiently interesting to include in the special issue, go right ahead and use it.

L.P.A.
Essex

SCHOOL BEATING

I have read the correspondence columns in your excellent magazine and I think you may be interested in an experience I had at school which for me, and probably for others, still remains an erotic experience – although it was not meant to be.

I was sixteen at the time and I was caught smoking in the cycle shed; which was particularly serious as the shed was near inflammable material about which the whole school had been warned.

I was sent for discipline to the Senior Master, and had been caned on previous occasions, but on this particular occasion neither the Senior Master nor the Headmaster were available so I was taken to the Headmistress, who was a spinsterish woman of about forty, a bit stout, fairly tall and very serious. She always dressed very soberly and was extremely career minded.

She informed me she was going to cane me, which rather surprised me as I thought she might be rather more lenient than that. She was, I discovered, more strict than the male

staff.

All canings were given over the underpants of a boy, or the knickers if the culprit were a girl. Under the teacher's command I took down my trousers and removed my blazer.

I stood in front of her desk, legs together, and having done this I was horrified to feel her insert her thumbs in the waistband of my pants and pull them down to my knees.

Bottoms were only bared at this school for the most serious offences and I was trembling with fear as to what lay in store for me.

I was told to bend over and then my shirt and vest were pulled right up to bare my bottom completely.

I was ordered to adjust my position so that my bottom was more upturned to her by arching my back and bending my torso over her low desk.

She caned me with absolute precision, giving me eight strokes as hard as possible on the lower half of my bottom, and with two strokes just under the cheeks almost on my upper thighs, pausing almost twenty seconds between each stroke to let the pain sink in.

Of course, I was aching with desire as I had had virtually no sexual experience by that age. I think that nearly drove me mad with excitement.

I could not sit down properly for about two days afterwards and towards the end of my school career only received two more canings from her, each one filling me with new sexual feelings.

I found that other boys had received such canings also, but were rather too embarrassed to talk very much about it although I heard the occasional snippet of information which turned me on.

Would other readers be interested in relating their similar experiences?

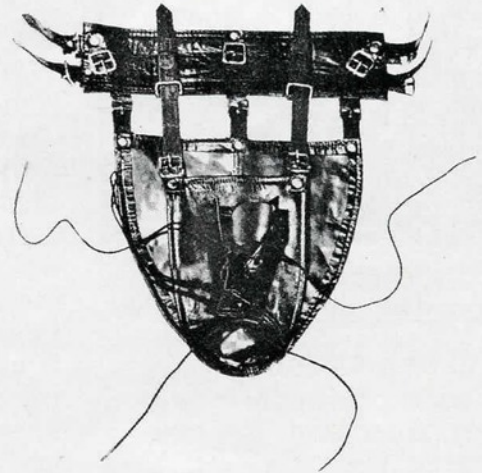
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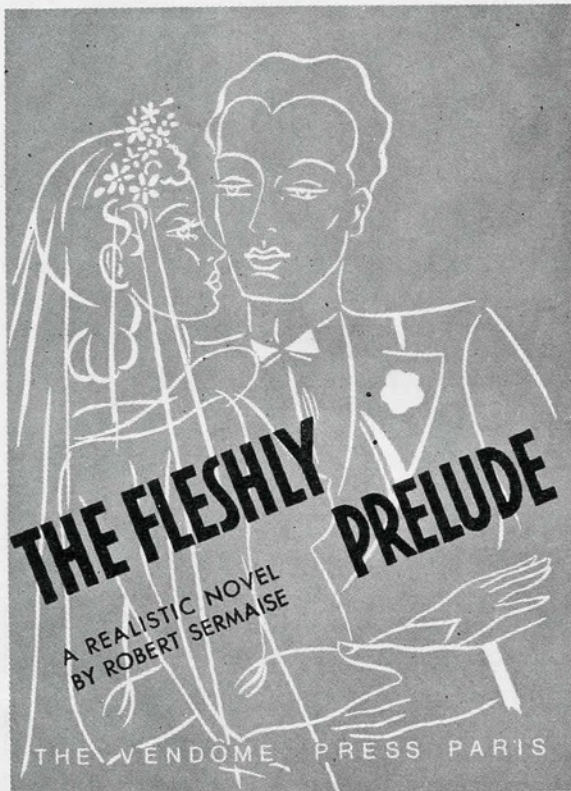


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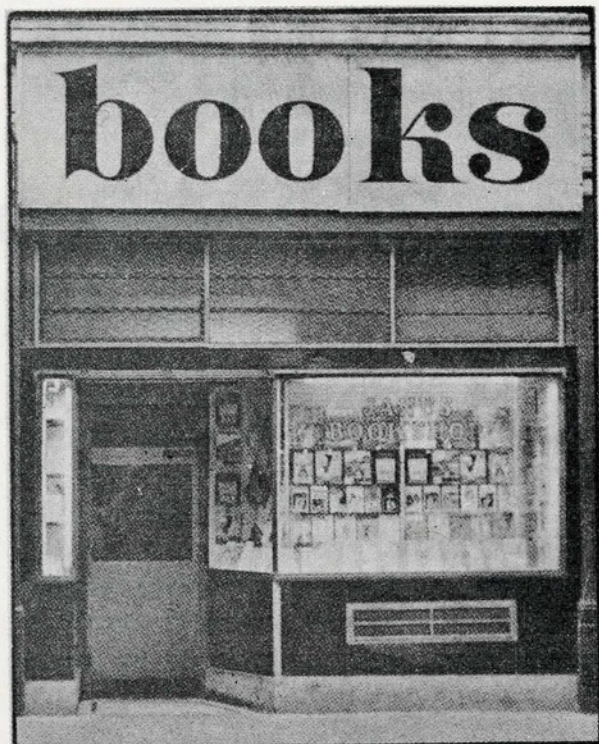
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