



Reluctant Press

Martha Jane

Jane Young



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

A 'YOUNG ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Martha Jane

By Jane Young

My name is Martha Jane Higgins. I have been wealthy since the death of my parents many, many years ago. I inherited nearly a quarter of a million dollars as a result of the death of my paternal grandfather, my mother and my father all before I was ten years old. Since then strategic investments have made me extremely wealthy. The investment company, I created when I became twenty-one years of age has had the responsibility to look after my financial affairs. The success of the professionals I have employed has made me more money than I can ever use. Therefore, I am in the process of creating a charitable trust. The Investment Company's handling of my financial affairs, has given me the freedom to enjoy myself during my adulthood as a teacher at a school for girls. Financial difficulties however, have forced the school, situated on Long Island to close its doors and sell the facility. I have purchased the facility, through usage of a hidden development company of mine. I intend to convert as many of the existing buildings as possible into apartments. The remainder of the schools acreage will be developed, including much open space for the tenants. Most of the facilities including the stables, indoor and outdoor swimming pools, gymnasiums, etc. will become a club, which will also include a new golf course. Enough of my pontificating, I believe you will be more interested in how I arrived at this stage of my life. What I am about to tell you may be quite a surprise. Remember not to be judgmental, for what you see is not always what it appears to be.

The Beginning

My father was an only child. His parents died before I was born. Dad inherited the money, which was held in trust for me at the local bank, after his death. Dad met Mom after WWII and they were married in 1947. All was not perfect, since my maternal Grandma (my only living grandparent) thought Mom had married beneath her station in life. Mom's family was extremely wealthy at that time. When I became twenty-one years old, I was given access to the papers filed in court, on my behalf by Dad's attorney. I learned by extrapolating grandma's share of my great-grandfather's estate, that Mom's family had about one hundred and ten million dollars.

I was born in 1948 and was named 'George' after my paternal grandfather. My name was changed to Martha Jane years later. Details about that will follow. However to continue, my maternal great-grandfather was so pleased that a boy had been born in my generation, that he added a codicil to his will which gave two percent of his estate to each of his great-grandchildren, two older girls and me. This infuriated Grandma, since none of great-grandfather's grandchildren were named in the will or codicil.

Great-grandfather owned a brewery, which was bought out by a larger brewer in the late 1950's. The brewery had been in the family about eighty-five years. During 'prohibition' the brewery remained intact. A small addition was built nearby which housed mixing tanks, which were used to make 'soda pop'. This was piped into the bottling works of the brewery. Great-grandfather was thus able to keep his people employed and the facility in good repair until the repeal of 'prohibition.' Then another bottling facility was built and both businesses prospered. As I stated earlier, the brewery was sold and also the 'soda pop' factory. These sales made the family mucho dinero.

Shortly after I was born great-grandfather died. His estate was divided with three shares of two percent each and the remaining ninety-four percent divided into five equal shares including one for Grandma.

At this time Dad did not understand Grandma's rage at the settlement of her father's estate.

I was born in Manhattan but my parents soon purchased a home in a commuter town in New Jersey. Dad worked as a junior executive in a Manhattan Insurance Company Office.

When I was two and a half years old my mother and a potential sibling died during the birthing process. With Mom dead, Grandma concocted a scheme to steal my two-percent and my second cousins four-percent share of the brewery. Dad was unaware of the plan since he received checks in my name regularly for my share of the profits. The scheme worked thus. The check that each of us kids received had a note attached which implied this was a share of the profit. However, a small print hidden footnote attached to the company's un-audited state-

ment showed in reality, that a portion of the check was a return of equity. Second, since each of us kids was not contributing to the running of the brewery each of our shares of the profits was charged with the costs of one employee. This was illegal but not noticed by Dad or the other parents since each check arrived on time and seemed to be all the money that was expected.

I grew up in an environment with a neighbor as a baby-sitter five days a week with schoolgirls as sitters at other times when necessary. When I was five years old Dad met my stepmother when she graduated from high school and began working in his office. They soon married and this infuriated Grandma again. Grandma had two nieces who she thought would be better wives for Dad and this would rescue me from my lower class existence and elevate Dad to a marginally acceptable social level. After this second marriage, meetings between Grandma and Dad were few and strained.

Since I had a new mother, still a teenager herself, Dad hired a woman, Mrs. Boll, to come in five days a week to help Mom with me and as a house keeper. Our life continued rather normal 'upper middle class' until I was nearly ten years old. In March of that year after a violent automobile accident I was left as an orphan. Until the funeral was over, Mrs. Boll stayed with me. Then at a meeting in Dad's attorney office, my future was determined until a judge awarded my permanent custody. Dad was an only child and Grandma refused to look after me, thus denying Mom's siblings the ability to accept me into their homes, without gaining her wrath on themselves.

Therefore, with court approval, I and fifty-dollars a week from my inheritance was placed in the care of my stepmother's oldest sister. In addition an added stipend was made available to purchase clothes as needed. Aunt Ellen and Uncle Bill were chosen because they lived not far from our home and therefore, I could continue attending the same school until the end of the current term.

At the time this was going on, a search for a relative to assume my guardianship was undertaken by Dad's attorney under the direction of the court. As a result of this search, Martha Jane Higgins emerged as the leading candidate to raise me. Aunt Martha was my Dad's aunt and my great-aunt. Aunt Martha was only about fifteen years older than Dad was. Although I would not have been placed in the custody of a single woman and a woman of her age, the court determined, that she was an acceptable candidate since she was family and I would be around other young children even though 99 percent would be girls.

I arrived at Aunt Ellen's and was quickly brought down to the reality of middle class life. I had cousins, Janice, age eleven, Billy, age eight, Tommy, age six, Barbara, age four and Anne, age twenty-one months. Most of my clothes were given to Billy and his clothes were passed on to Tommy. Aunt Ellen was granted money to buy new clothes for me. This however turned out not to be in the cards.

Since Billy helped his Dad with the yard chores, I was assigned to help Janice with the inside chores. When I complained the third time that I didn't want girl's chores, I was escorted into Janice and Barbara's room where I was stripped of my clothes and put into one of Janice's outgrown dresses as Aunt Ellen said, now you're a girl, get on with your chores. My chores consisted of watching, bathing, diapering and feeding Anne, in addition some food preparation and general house cleaning. I also slept on a youth mattress lying on the floor in the baby's room.

Aunt Ellen used my clothing stipend to buy 'undies' and other clothes for Janice. Janice's used panties and under-vests were passed to me and my under-clothes were passed to Billy. I was provided one boy's outfit to be used for school. However I was dressed in hand me down girls items at all other times. I was embarrassed when I was sent to the grocery store for milk or bread. I gradually became inured to the teasing I faced whenever I was observed by a non-family member. I was trying to fit in to my temporary family for I didn't have any desire to move to another new home with someone I didn't know after the school year ended. I had no desire to continue my girlish existence but had no alternative at that time. I was extremely uneasy about my impending relocation and a new guardian.

Bradbury Academy

After I was awarded to Aunt Martha for my temporary guardianship, Aunt Martha and Dr. Allen, the headmistress of the Bradbury Academy, had discussions pertaining to my future. My temporary custody was to be for one year unless the judge modified the terms and conditions of the guardianship agreement. Although I was unaware of these discussions until I went away to college.

It was decided after multiple discussions that since they didn't have an accurate read on my academic proficiency, that I should repeat the fourth grade, which I had just completed, when my education continued with the fall term. I was to be a full time day student at 'The Brad.' A full time day student was a pupil who attended all classes and activities of 'The Brad', while living at home. My home was to be in an apartment with Aunt Martha on the school campus. A part time day student was a pupil who only took 1 or 2 classes. These part time students generally attended the public school nearby and came onto the campus for instrument, voice or dance classes at the end of their public school day. All day pupils were required to follow all the rules and regulations of 'The Brad.' Thus I along with the other day pupils was required to wear pleated blue shorts and short sleeve blouse for the summer session and the pleated blue jumper with a long sleeved white blouse for the fall and spring terms. The blouses were trimmed with lace down each side of the button closures, the sleeve cuffs and the soft collar. The collar, when closed as required by school regulations, was dressed with a red ribbon tied in a bow.

I was to have my feminine life begun by Aunt Ellen continued throughout the summer. It was hoped that with the summer under my belt, so to speak, I would

have an easier time accepting the life of a schoolgirl while being accepted by my fellow pupils. To make all this happen without complications the school's faculty and other staff, the doctor as well as shop owners and sales assistants were recruited to help convince me that this was the proper style of life for me.

They all played their parts so that by the time I started summer school, I had accepted that I might in fact become a girl in the future. Therefore I wore all girlish attire while accepting the fact that I was in the least expected to be a sissy. I am not sure how much was told to Jennifer McIntyre, however I believe she was told that I was a tomboy, even though I never got her to admit any knowledge of the plans for my future.

New Home

Time passed and the end of the school year was approaching and I was becoming more nervous about my unknown future. Although I was not treated very nicely, I would have accepted my pseudo 'girlhood' as an alternative to the unknown, which I assumed would be worse than remaining here where I at least had friends in my class at school. I wasn't treated badly; it's just that I was made to wear girl's clothes.

When the school year ended I awaited the impending arrival of Aunt Martha and my departure from New Jersey and subsequent relocation to Long Island where she taught school and was an assistant head-mistress at Bradbury Academy (A School for Girls). Aunt Martha upon her arrival, without looking for explanations of my feminine attire and not waiting for a bag to be packed for me, removed me from the household, which I was becoming accustomed to thinking of as home. After walking and riding public transit, we were standing at the gate of Bradbury Academy, which I learned was to be my new home. I questioned Aunt Martha about my position at a girl's school. I learned that if I wanted to attend 'The Brad' as the girls referred to the school, it could be arranged. However, a nice public school was within an easy walk of 'The Brad'. Aunt Martha's apartment and my new home were located within the campus.

We wended our way along a path to the administration building, which we entered. We went to Aunt Martha's office. The two secretaries in the common area between Aunt Martha's office and Dr. Allen's office paid no attention to me. I wondered if they were used to seeing sissies, or if they were so well trained that they accepted anything that happened at Bradbury Academy. Possibly they didn't see me.

I was curious as to why we were in the office rather than at Aunt Martha's apartment. I was told to sit and wait until summoned. Aunt Martha walked across the common area, knocked on Dr. Allen's door, was bidden to enter and disappeared behind the closing door. I sat twiddling my thumbs wondering what was happening.

After what seemed to be an eternity to me but which was more than likely closer to ten-minutes, one of the secretaries approached me and said "George, you are to go into Dr. Allen's office." She took my trembling hand, led me across the common area, opened the door and told me to enter. She closed the door and disappeared.

Aunt Martha said, "Dr. Catharine Allen, may I present my ward, George Higgins." Dr. Allen beckoned me to her side. We shook hands and Dr. Allen told me to sit in the chair on the opposite side of the desk from where she was sitting. I sat down as directed, but I immediately arose, when I heard "Stand up, Child. Your Aunt Ellen didn't seem to teach you anything while you were in her care. When you sit Dear, take your hands and smooth your skirt and sit down slowly keeping your legs together. You do not plop as you did just now."

"Yes ma'am," I replied.

Aunt Martha and Dr. Allen then began a discussion about my need to learn manners, poise and deportment in general. Finally it was decided I should attend summer school and camp at 'The Brad'. A total of about 90 boys, girls and children would attend. I asked what the difference was between children and boys and girls. I learned that boys and girls were in grades 7 to 12 while children were in grades 1 to 7. The overlap was handled on a case by case basis, which was generally determined by observed maturity and deportment. For the summer school and camp all 13 year olds without a history at 'The Brad' were enrolled as children until they proved by act that they should be treated either as a boy or as a girl. Since I had good grades at my school I was to be enrolled in a spelling class and a physical education class. Each class would meet 6 days a week for a double period with a five-minute break in the middle of the period.

During the eight-week session, which would begin in twelve days, the mornings are devoted to school activities and the afternoons are devoted to camping activities. The spelling class would be composed of pupils of all ages; however, there were only children in my class. We generally had to teach ourselves our assigned words, however the older children had to assist the younger ones. As I wrote my word lists day after day, my penmanship started to improve as a result of an occasional whack of a ruler across my knuckles. I was not singled out for this treatment, since all the children received similar treatment from time to time. We were taught old-fashioned penmanship, which meant to use your entire arm from the elbow to the fingers. I considered our penmanship to be very 'girlish'. However, since I wasn't the only male child being so taught, Aunt Martha would only say to me that is proper penmanship and I must learn it. My other class, physical education, was okay and I liked it except that all children and girls in the class had to wear 'Bloomers.' I was in that class since, the faculty really didn't have a good read on any of my academic needs and PE would fill the remainder of my class time.

To continue my introduction to 'The Brad', Aunt Martha mentioned she wished to take me to our apartment and strip me of my clothes and wash them and try to get them dried and pressed before supper since I possessed no other clothes. Dr. Allen suggested she would check the lost and found department to see if some-

thing I could wear until my clothes could be made presentable. I wanted to complain that I didn't wish to continue wearing girl's clothes, only to be quieted by a stare by Aunt Martha. Although not saying a word, Aunt Martha's expression said, you must wear whatever clothes, I decide you should wear. Dr. Allen's expression echoed Aunt Martha's expression. I knew better than to say anything, so I remained quiet. I slumped in my seat and was brought to a proper position with the admonition, "Sit up straight George. If you persist in slouching, we have remedial methods to teach you proper posture."

I sat quietly while Dr. Allen and Aunt Martha chatted about other matters, which didn't concern me. I mused that I knew my life here would be one of misery with "don't this, do that..." I wished I were back with Aunt Ellen and Uncle Bill. I was aware that this was not about to happen and I must adjust to my new home. Aunt Martha finished her conversation with Dr. Allen and whispered to me to stand and tell Dr. Allen how glad I am to have met her and will see her soon. I was corrected again as I failed to curtsy as we departed. I asked Aunt Martha why I must curtsy only to be informed that, it was a way to show polite approval by a child wearing a dress. When I was wearing trousers, I could bow to show approval.

We walked to my new home. This was the first time I lived in an apartment since I was an infant in Manhattan. My room was not large and was rather feminine and was decorated by 'The Brad' from their storeroom. It contained a small desk, a single bed, a dresser and a vanity. Aunt Martha added the trimmings herself, and they were feminine. When I questioned the décor, I was informed that occasionally when a young child got homesick, the child stayed here until she or he learned that their parents loved them and sent them here to be educated because of that deep abiding love. Aunt Martha told me to get undressed and come to the bathroom.

Aunt Martha told me I should have a long soothing bath while she would wash and hang up to dry, the clothes I arrived in. Since this was all I possessed, I had no alternative and was soon standing in the bathtub. I slowly turned in a complete circle as Aunt Martha informed me this would be a weekly occurrence to check me for bruises, cuts or other marks which might need medical attention. Then I sat down in the warm water to which were added bathing salts which I learned had a lilac scent. It was soothing as I lay there waiting for permission to get out. It seemed like forever, but was probably only ten or fifteen minutes. I stood up and was patted dry by Aunt Martha as the tub drained. Then I stood as I was dusted with a scented talcum powder.

I was soon clad in one of Aunt Martha's nightgowns. It covered my nakedness and felt like no other item of clothing I had ever worn. I learned it was nylon-satin. As Aunt Martha and I walked into the living room, I was informed that I should pick up my skirt so I wouldn't trip over it. Our conversation then returned to the rules and regulations that I must follow in addition to the rules and regulations of 'The Brad', which I was to be enrolled in to begin on the Monday after next Monday. I also learned that I would go shopping in the morning, with Aunt Martha to start the process of replacing my clothes given to my step-cousins by Aunt Ellen.

At this time Dr. Allen entered with a bag containing clothes she had obtained from the supplies of the lost and found goods. The items selected were from the boxes, which were to be donated to 'The Salvation Army' clothing crusade. Dr. Allen began unpacking her tote. I was appalled as she extracted item after item of children's clothing. I looked at each item and identified it as being an item of girl's clothing, which I had hoped to leave behind with my move to Aunt Martha's.

I was presented with 2 pairs of plain cotton panties with matching under-vests, a cotton slip, a petticoat, 2 pairs of white anklets, a short sleeve blouse with ribbon tie and a pair of pleated knee length shorts. The blouse had a lace trimmed ruffle down the front with lace around the collar and sleeves. The shorts had sufficient pleats around each leg that when viewed from over twenty feet it appeared that the wearer was clad in a skirt. I was soon to learn that this was the attire worn by the girls and children of 'The Brad' for the summer school portion of each 'school/camp' day.

Dr. Allen said, "Take your new clothes to your room, George and get out of the gown you are wearing. Put on these clothes, Dear and we can all go to lunch."

I knew better than to say anything. I excused myself and reluctantly went to my room. While I was poking in putting on another outfit of girl's clothes, Aunt Martha and Dr. Allen were discussing me and I was soon to learn of the fate awaiting me. As I was dressing I learned these shorts didn't have any pockets and fastened with a zipper and a single button in the center of the back. The older boys (not all-male children) were allowed to wear this same uniform if their parents wished or they could wear rather plainer shorts and a necktie in lieu of the ribbon tie.

I returned to the living room, my clothes were checked for fit. Dr. Allen asked where my ribbon tie was. I excused myself and reluctantly returned to my room and found the despised girl's blouse trim. I was beckoned by Dr. Allen, who closed the top button of my blouse, lifted the collar, placed the ribbon tie around my neck, folded the collar down again and tied a bow in the ribbon now about my neck.

As Aunt Martha and I walked to the dining hall for breakfast the next day, I was told that after we ate, we would be traveling to Dabner's Department Store, where a start would be undertaken in rebuilding my wardrobe. I was looking forward to getting some boy clothes, which I had been deprived of during the preceding 3 months except for school attendance. We walked down the cafeteria line and selected our food, which was placed on a metal tray. When we walked toward the table's area to enjoy our breakfast, I was told Aunt Martha would dine with the faculty I should join a girl about my age sitting at a table about twenty-five feet away from the faculty area.

I walked up to the table where a young girl my age sat alone. I asked if I might join her for breakfast. Jennifer 'Jenny' McIntyre introduced herself as the daugh-

ter of Marie and William McIntyre. Her father was a lawyer in town and her mother was a history teacher here at 'The Brad.' Since her mother was a teacher here they lived in another apartment building on campus. I introduced myself as 'George', however Jenny called me 'Georgia.' Jenny asked why I was wearing a school uniform when school wasn't in session. I informed her that when I arrived yesterday I had only the clothes on my back and this outfit was borrowed from the 'lost and found' until my clothes could be replaced. I explained the replacement was to begin later this morning. Jenny explained that she and her mother ate breakfast and lunch in the school cafeteria, but her mother generally cooked dinner for them in their apartment about 4 times a week.

I explained that I would be living on campus with Aunt Martha as my guardian since I was an orphan. Jenny who didn't or wouldn't recognize me as a boy insisted that I buy some cute outfits at 'Dabner's' as well as other local stores. She insisted that I purchase a two piece swim suit to wear before summer school began and after it ended because during the organized school swim lessons and play time only one piece swim wear was acceptable for children. Jenny also informed me where they have nice sun-dresses and cute dress-up dresses for girls our age. Jenny said she was glad to have another girl to play with but she had to go to the dentist just now.

After breakfast was completed I was introduced to Miss Edith Primm, who was an English teacher here at 'The Brad'. Miss Primm was going to go to Jones Beach for a day of sunning and working on her tan on Thursday. I was invited to go along, if Aunt Martha agreed. Aunt Martha agreed I could go, if I was willing to do everything Miss Primm requested. I readily agreed without understanding what I was getting myself into.

"George, you will wear a one-piece swimsuit under your slip and dress," Miss Primm stated. "After our day of fun, you will of course put on proper undies, your dress, gloves and a hat. We will plan to be back on campus in time for our evening meal."

I tried to question my clothes, but Aunt Martha informed me, those were the rules that applied to all children, who departed the school for an extended period of time in the company of a school employee not a parent or guardian. I questioned my described girlish attire and I was informed, I would be wearing a proper child's outfit, which would bring honor to our school. I wasn't sure I wanted to go with Miss Primm, however I was informed it was a good idea for me to get out and would allow Aunt Martha to handle the details of my enrollment in 'The Brad' summer school and camp. The others in attendance agreed, it was a good idea and I was destined to spend a day with someone else I don't know and might not really enjoy spending time with, however I was given no choice in the matter.

Later as Aunt Martha and I walked to Dabner's, I began to become apprehensive. I had no desire to be seen in this store, by any of the clerks, in my sissy attire. I wished I were back with Aunt Ellen and Uncle Bill rather than face my impending humiliation. Wearing girl's clothes was bad enough, but to be measured and fitted with such attire in a public place with whoever in attendance would be the worst experience of my life, I was sure. We entered the store and

were soon standing in the department titled 'Children and Girls. A jovial appearing woman soon joined us. "May I assist you, Madam?" The query was directed to Aunt Martha, by Mrs. Lisa Kopper, who introduced herself.

After a bit of friendly chitchat, Aunt Martha and Mrs. Kopper finally got around to me much to my regret. Aunt Martha explained that I had only the clothes on my back and I needed to be outfitted completely from the skin out. The continuing explanation left me flabbergasted. Aunt Martha wanted regular summer school uniforms for The Brad' plus all the sundry items needed to support the proper presentation of the uniforms. Mrs. Kopper was informed I would need 6 pairs of the pleated shorts with matching blouses. Also I would need panties, vests, anklets, shoes, etc. In addition I needed nightgowns, slippers, petticoats, blouses, skirts, dresses, keds, etc. Mrs. Kopper asked what sizes I would require. Aunt Martha answered, she didn't know. Mrs. Kopper escorted Aunt Martha and me into a fitting-room. Mrs. Kopper then directed that the young lady should remove her outer clothes so the measurements would be more accurate. Aunt Martha corrected her that I was a boy named 'George'. I would be wearing the normal school outfit with nice children's clothes during the non-school hours. I was standing in front of these two women I hardly knew clad only in panties and a vest. To say Mrs. Kopper's jaw dropped would be a gross understatement. However she quickly recovered her poise as if this was the most common request in the history of the world. Mrs. Kopper excused herself and departed the room.

Mrs. Kopper returned in a moment with a pink 4" x 6" file card. This was a size chart for a girl to be kept on file in the store. It would contain all my sizes and they should be updated every six months. Mrs. Kopper asked what name should I be registered under. George Higgins was my name and Aunt Martha gave it truthfully, but Mrs. Kopper advised against using my real name since a different clerk might be on duty when you need an article of clothing. It may cause raised eyebrows and lead to the child being embarrassed. It was recommended that for purchases at Dabner's, I should use a girl's name or nickname. Aunt Martha suggested that she was Martha Jane and I could be Martha Jane also. I was to be known as Martha Jane or 'Jane' Higgins when I came to Dabner's to purchase clothing in the future. Mrs. Kopper measured me and recorded the information on the pink card. Later she would record pertinent data onto a blue card for George for use when George would need to buy something. Then Mrs. Kopper asked Aunt Martha what she had in mind for lingerie for Jane. At the present time they had a special sale in progress of boxed sets of 'day-of-the-week' panties and matching vests. They were of nylon as an added bonus; the child's name would be stitched on the front of the opposite thigh from the name of the weekday. I would soon possess this boxed set with 'Jane' emblazoned upon each pair of panties, in the same color as the day designation.

Aunt Martha the suggested I be outfitted with sport's briefs so I would not be embarrassed or embarrass anyone else when wearing my uniform, swimsuit or gym bloomers. Embarrassing article of clothing after article of clothing was purchased for me. It was plain as the nose on my face that my girlish life started by Aunt Ellen was continuing here at 'The Brad' with Aunt Martha. After what

seemed an eternity Aunt Martha said that would be enough for today. Enough items of apparel to wear for the next 2 days was laid aside to be taken with us as we left the store. All the other purchases would be delivered as soon as the embroidery work was completed.

Aunt Martha and Mrs. Kopper were standing aside and talking. I now realize that they were talking about me for my benefit, but at the time I thought I was hearing information that I thought they didn't know I was hearing. Mrs. Kopper told Aunt Martha that all my measurements were within a standard deviation of average for a girl my age. At the time I was unaware that I was also well within a standard deviation for boys my age.

I learned that all my measurements were within normal ranges for girls my age. I was devastated, since I had always thought I was a normal boy and now I was hearing I was physically within all the normal ranges for a girl my age. I thought I understood why Aunt Ellen and now Aunt Martha insisted that I wear a child's, a girl's or a sissy's clothing.

It was now clear to me that if I didn't wish to become a part of the county's adoption and foster care system; I must become a girl. My convoluted logic was based on all the bad things I learned at school after the death of my father and stepmother, from classmates in the 'system.' If I was to remain with Aunt Martha or return to Aunt Ellen, they had each shown their preference, that it would be best for me if I were to be a girl.

We returned to 'The Brad' and Aunt Martha's apartment. We were just in time for lunch. After lunch Jenny returned to our apartment to see my new outfits. Aunt Martha made me hold up each item for Jenny to see.

Jenny asked if that was all I had obtained. I explained that Aunt Martha didn't have any more time today for shopping but we would continue another day. Jenny asked if I got any brassieres. I asked why would I need a bra. Jenny advised me, that she didn't need a brassiere either, but she tried to get some each time she went shopping. In fact she didn't know any girls our age who needed brassieres, but that didn't stop them from trying to obtain them. It is a sign of being grownup when you were allowed to wear a 'trainer.' I explained to Jenny that as a boy I would never need a brassiere.

"Martha Jane Higgins, you may be a hoyden today," Jenny said, "but in about two years you'll start to grow breasts like all girls."

"A 'hoyden?'" I asked.

Jenny explained that 'hoyden' was a fancy name for a tomboy. "Your Aunt told me that if we are to be girlfriends, I must call you Jane and not Georgia."

I just hung my head and sighed to myself 'What is happening to me?'

After I had shown each item to Jenny she asked if I could go swimming with her at the school pool. Aunt Martha asked if any adults would be in attendance. Jenny assured her that she was not allowed to use the pool unless an adult was in attendance. I was allowed to go. Aunt Martha told me I had to wear a sport's brief under my swimsuit. I should go and change while Aunt Martha talked to

Jenny. I never did learn what they talked about, however I'm reasonably certain my name came up in the conversation. Jenny said that the two-piece suit looks better on you than it did when you held it up in front a few minutes ago. We were soon en-route to Jenny's to get her suit.

I was introduced to Mrs. McIntyre as 'Jane' and then Jenny went to change for swimming. Mrs. McIntyre assured me, that she knew I was Aunt Martha's nephew. However it was not all that unusual at 'The Brad' for young people of both sexes to be attired in children's style clothing until it was determined if they were to be girls or boys. She commented that my swimsuit was very nice looking. I blushed, a brighter red than the reddest fire engine. Mrs. McIntyre asked why I was blushing when paid a compliment. I assured her I was very appreciative of the compliment, however I wasn't used to all the girlish rhetoric about me. I was assured I would soon be used to that style of compliment, since most children regardless of their sex were addressed as 'Miss' and treated in a feminine way at the summer school and camp of 'The Brad.' In addition I was not to be treated different from any other pupils my age. When I was older, 'in a few years', if I was to become a boy then I would be addressed as 'Mister', however I would not be treated different from the other pupils in my class. That would not be fair to the other pupils at Bradley Academy.

Mrs. McIntyre picked up a book and accompanied Jenny and I to the outdoor pool. Mrs. McIntyre spoke to one of the adults, sunning nearby. Jenny and I were informed that Miss Gruen would look out for us for the next 2 hours. When Miss Gruen was about to leave the pool area and close the safety gate we must return home. While we played in the pool, Mrs. McIntyre would have read a book, if no other adults were in attendance. She would now return to her office at the school to work on her lesson-plan for the upcoming school term. Jenny and I played for about 2 hours until Miss Gruen informed us it was time for us to leave, because she had an engagement and must go to get ready.

When I returned home I found a note from Aunt Martha. As directed I called her at her office, to report my return. I notified her Miss Gruen was responsible for Jenny and me after Mrs. McIntyre escorted us to the pool to be assured we weren't to be left unsupervised. Before I continue with my life at 'The Brad' I would like to digress and explain how Grandma made me rich.

Grandma

Grandma didn't run the family business because she was a woman and the second eldest child of great-grandfather. This galled Grandma greatly, for she had a vision of herself, as the best qualified among the siblings to be the CEO of their inheritance. The eldest boy was chosen to be successor to 'Dad,' by Dad himself. Grandma's share of the profits was growing and she wished to be in business, any business as opposed to attending teas and other upper crust social do-gooder events reserved for and expected of women of her station.